

THE WEEKLY UNION.

The WEEKLY UNION issued this morning in one of the most valuable papers published on the coast. It is not necessary now to refer to its varied departments and to the skill and labor applied to each, nor to the rare managerial ability displayed in the conduct of the paper—these speak for themselves, and give evidence in every column of reading matter prepared or selected. As a news journal we desire just now to present its claims, and while it is complete in all departments of news, the chief claim is that it gives news fresher and freer than any other weekly. This is so because it is issued in semi-weekly parts, which gives the reader the current fact and opinion of the day long before the old-time weekly is issued. Each semi-weekly part consists of eight pages, making a total of sixteen pages per week, and all sent for \$2 per year, post paid.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

In New York yesterday Government bonds were quoted at 107 1/2 for 4s of 1907; 102 1/2 for 5s of 1881; 104 1/2 for 4 1/2s; sterling, \$4 80/100; silver bars, 114; silver coin, 1/2 discount buying, 1/2 selling. SILVER in London yesterday, 52 1/2; consols, 92 1/2; 5 per cent. United States bonds, 104 1/2; 4s, 104; 4 1/2, 111 1/2.

In San Francisco half dollars are quoted at par; Mexican dollars, 91 buying, 91 selling.

At Liverpool yesterday wheat was quoted at 9s 10d for good to choice California.

The price of the San Francisco stock market is still feeble, and there are no signs of convalescence. Yesterday morning Sierra Nevada fell to 89 25—the lowest this month. Union Consolidated sold at \$10 50, which is the lowest price since April 20th.

In fact the whole list was a little off. Oyster was offered at 80, and Mexican sold down to 85 25. California sold at 87, and Con. Virginia at 83.

The ceremony of turning the first railway soil at Victoria has been postponed.

The Silvertown murder-trial at Shasta has been continued until June 15th, and the prisoner admitted to bail.

An unsuccessful attempt was made Thursday to rob the stage between Leno and Jackson.

The day for the execution of Sprague, at San Buenaventura, for the murder of T. Wallace More, has been named a third time—August 13th being the last.

GENERAL H. M. NAGLER, of San Jose, has been arrested on a charge of perjury.

The Odd Fellows' celebration at Oroville yesterday was a grand success.

Mrs. MARISS EVANS (George Eliot) was married in London Thursday.

The new Cuban loan is to be raised by public subscription.

EXTENSIVE strikes for more wages—less hours are in progress in France among the cotton and silk operatives.

The man who recently murdered a railway contractor on an express train in France has committed suicide.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S youngest son is about to visit Canada.

HENRIETTA of persons will perish at Killebrew, County Galway, Ireland, if food is not sent immediately.

FOREST fires are still devastating portions of New Jersey.

The Canadian authorities will prevent the proposed prize fights between Ryan, Goss, Romeo and Donovan.

RECOLLECT was yesterday convicted at Bridgeport, Conn., of murder in the second degree.

A STRANGER is ashore on Prince Edward's Island.

MINISTER ANGELO will probably leave San Francisco for China on the 10th of June.

The value of British imports during the four months ending April 30th increased \$25,064,656, compared with the same period in 1879.

In attempting to escape from the Kentucky Penitentiary yesterday a convict was killed by the guard.

The fire in the Pennsylvania forests still continues its work.

In a recent duel between two editors at the City of Mexico, one was killed.

GENERAL MIRA FORTES, a distinguished Mexican, is dead.

ANOTHER six-days' go-as-you-please walking match has been arranged in Chicago.

FIRE at Williamsport, Pa.

AFTER the 12th inst. there will be no means in the Treasury Department for the payment of gas and water bills for the public buildings in Washington.

The successor of Postmaster-General Key has not yet been decided upon.

THE Apaches are still giving trouble in Arizona and New Mexico.

THE track of the Southern Pacific Railroad is now laid nine miles east of Pantano, Arizona Territory.

The middle pages of to-day's RECORD-UNION will be found worthy of careful perusal.

NOT A GOOD OMEN.

Though there are so many people to tell us that the South is no longer what it was, and that the era of reconciliation and fraternal accord is about to dawn, there occurs every now and then some little incident which seems to give a very energetic negative to all these rose-colored theories. Take, for instance, the circumstance that Governor Stone, of Mississippi, has just appointed to an office Philip Gully, one of the most prominent of the men who figured in the Chisolm massacre. This Philip Gully rushed into the jail with his brother, at the head of the band of assassins, and having helped to murder Judge Chisolm's son, and fired at his chivalrous daughter, this splendid specimen of Southern manhood raised a clamor to crush the life out of the mutilated and dying Judge who lay helpless before him. His brother Henry was tried in Kemper county, and of course acquitted; not because he was not guilty; not because the evidence against him was not conclusive; but because the jurists of Kemper county approve assassination and woman shooting. Philip Gully was indicted in connection with the Chisolm massacre, but when his brother was acquitted it was no doubt thought useless to go through the farce of trying him, and so the indictment still hangs over him. This is regarded as having no significance in Mississippi, however, as Governor Stone has now proved by bestowing an office upon Mr. Gully; and thus he takes his place in Southern society again with great éclat, and no doubt is regarded as an exceedingly worthy and highly respectable gentleman. While such episodes as this happen, what is to be thought of the new theories of reconciliation and brotherly love, however?

WELLS, FARGO AND THE POSTOFFICE.

It is difficult to understand why the Postmaster-General should have determined to make so full an assault upon the letter-carrying business of Wells, Fargo & Co., and still more difficult to comprehend why the unanswerable arguments advanced in defense of the company should appear to make so little impression upon that functionary and his advisers. There seems to be no shadow of doubt that Wells, Fargo & Co. are doing a work which the Postoffice does not and cannot do, which, however, increases the revenues of the latter, and which confers a signal benefit upon the public. More than this it ought not to be necessary to say. The case is herein made for the retention of the mail-carrying facilities of the express company. We hope the Postmaster-General will come to his senses before long, and realize that the thing he contemplates doing would be an outrage and a flagrant wrong upon the people of the Pacific coast.

IMMIGRATION AND THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The current of immigration from Europe has set in with greater force than ever, and it is estimated that during the present year not less than 400,000 foreigners will take up homes in the United States. It has been the custom to hail these accessions of new blood as cause of congratulation, and statisticians and political economists never weary of dilating upon the increase of capital and productive capacity which they bring to the country. Nor are we at all disposed to underestimate the importance of these aids to material growth. It cannot be denied that a steady stream of immigration, composed in great part of the more robust, energetic and enterprising among the populations of the old world, is calculated to stimulate industry and promote commercial and wealth-producing progress. All the material advantages to be derived from the flow of foreign blood into the American system may be conceded, in fact, but it is well to realize that there are other considerations to be taken into account in which the beneficial effects of this immigration are not so conspicuous. It is obvious that the time has passed when there are any urgent demands for such aids to the growth of population as immigration affords. A nation of forty-five millions must certainly be able to perpetuate itself without extraneous assistance. Its own natural increase will in a few generations furnish claimants for all the openings which are available. With so magnificent a nucleus it may well be doubted whether the continent is too large for the settlement of the citizens of the Republic as it stands today. No one can cast a glance backward, and note the almost miraculous rapidity of this nation's growth, without recognizing the possibility that within a comparatively brief period the domain of the Republic may become all too narrow. Yet we are asked to believe that notwithstanding this swift increase there is nothing to apprehend from the addition every year of from a quarter to a half a million of new contestants for bread, to the population, and we are invited to shut our eyes to the inevitable result of this abnormal accretion, and unite in rejoicings over the conditions which bring to us the surplus adventure and discontent of Europe. And though it is plain that this is a grave consideration, it is really by no means the most serious one which the subject of immigration brings us into contact with. The most serious consideration is political, not material, and it is one which has been engaging the attention of American thinkers more and more for several years past. The safety of a democracy such as ours must ultimately depend upon the intelligence and harmonious action of the people. A deep and abiding sentiment of patriotism is the only foundation upon which a solid and stable government can be established. But patriotism is not a property capable of being transferred or purchased. It cannot be conferred by the process of naturalization. It cannot be instilled even by education, unless that education is commenced at the very beginning of mental development. It is a growth of the environment, of full adaptation to the environment, of long familiarity with our institutions and traditions. And however immigration may avail us in producing wealth, it is very seriously to be doubted whether it does not strengthen that love of country which is the main recourse in time of danger and difficulty.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

To all who walk the earth there comes, sooner or later, that dread experience which each must pass through alone. For the grief which Death brings can never be alleviated by external consolation. Friendship, however deep and true, is powerless to lighten or to share this supreme affliction, and the sympathy which its manifestations elicit falls fruitless at the threshold of Sorrow. It is at such moments, however, that the tortured soul is irresistibly impelled, despite all the teachings of unimpassioned Philosophy, despite the stubborn protests of disciplined Reason, to seek shelter in the only illuminated region—the belief in a life beyond the grave. When Life only is present to our thoughts, when the concerns and the activities of growth and development alone extend their influence over us, it is not difficult to acquiesce in the cold logic of scientific rationalization, and to fancy that we have once and for all emancipated ourselves from superstition, and gained the shadowless heights of Materialism. But Death comes and lays his icy hand upon our loved ones, and in the surging current of grief Philosophy disappears. It is for nothing that this intense, passionate, vivifying yearning after immortality for the loved and lost is implanted in our natures? Does that "Power, for righteousness," deceive us all in the most awful and agonizing period of our lives, with a groundless and fallacious hope? The philosopher may in his calmest hours assert that the yearning is but a relic of persistent superstition, but when the stern reality of Death grips hard at his heart-strings, when he is called upon to choose for himself between the conception which bereaves him forever, and the conception which softens his present pain by suggesting a future reunion, he must indeed be more or less than human if he does not renounce his scientific creed, and strive to recognize, amidst his tears, the light which intimates immortality. And if the tortured soul yields to its unconquerable emotions, and groping for solace and support, instinctively turns to this reviving faith, who shall presume to assert that the refuge is not a withstanding a delusion and a dream, and that science has found no other world? The universe remains a mystery to mankind, despite of the advance of knowledge. "Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers," says the poet, and the knowledge which affects to have swept away all the foundations of hope for a life beyond the grave is protested against and revolved at by the whole pain-racked spirit of Humanity. The time has not yet come when Science can put its finger upon the brain, and explain the transformation of nervous energy into mental phenomena. Between mind and matter there is still a great gulf set, and he who believes that "it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," may cherish this consoling thought without fear that Philosophy can confute him, or Science shatter his tender yearnings for his dead. And so we may with all earnestness echo the words of a sweet poet who has brooded over the Valley of the Shadow:

TOO MUCH UNIONISM.

It is alleged that one unionism why there is at present so great a demand for the skilled labor of Europe in this country (and that skilled labor is immigrating in masses), is that trades-unionism has been carried to such ruinous lengths in the United States. One of the rules by which it has been sought to create a sort of monopoly of various forms of skilled labor here has been the exclusion of lads and young men from apprenticeship. The unions here thought that by keeping out the rising generation they were insuring better wages for their own members, but two disastrous things have ensued: in the first place the boys have gone to the bad, and in the second place foreign workmen have been invited to come out and fill the places which might and should have been occupied by the sons of American mechanics. The latter have been trying to check mechanical education in this country, in order to narrow the field and keep it for themselves. The outcome is not what they looked for, though it is quite as satisfactory as they had any right to expect. They have made work for strangers and rivals, and they have in many cases caused the permanent ruin of their own children. On the whole, therefore, it is not an extravagance to say that trades-unionism has been carried too far.

BRADLAUGH AND THE OATH.

Mr. Bradlaugh has been elected a member of the British House of Commons. Mr. Bradlaugh is an atheist, and therefore he declines to take the oath which is administered to every member on his introduction, and which requires him to subscribe to the tenets of the Christian faith, and to testify to his loyalty. Mr. Bradlaugh declines to take an oath of the kind required of him. He says that he does not believe in the existence of any such God as is there postulated, and he maintains that the House of Commons ought not to offend any man's convictions by insisting upon a form which is against his conscience. A few years ago Mr. Bradlaugh would not have obtained a hearing upon a point of this kind. The fact that he was an atheist would have caused him to be thrust forth into outer darkness. Every preacher would have denounced him, every old woman would have cried out at him. But the

DR. PLATT AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Dr. Platt, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, made a bitter attack upon the public schools in the annual convention of his denomination the other day. He characterized them as "godless," and is represented as saying that "while the Bible and religious instruction were excluded from the public schools, Christian parents could not consistently or safely send their children to them." He, however, went much further than this, asserting that "the boldest infidelity had been taught in some of them without rebuke, and he would urge upon all Christian parents and guardians the duty of withdrawing their children and wards from the godless 'public schools.'" No man is justified in accusing the public schools in this way without adducing specific proof in

FOREIGN CAPITAL IN NEW YORK.

We are glad to find that at least one New York journal deprecates the recent foolish legislation against foreign capital which the Legislature of that State has enacted. The New York Tribune, which we refer to, observes in an article on this subject: "It ought to be the policy in a comparatively new country, and especially in a city aspiring to be the financial center of the civilized world, to invite 'higher capital from all lands, by making 'its burdens as light as possible, so that it 'may come in larger volume to support our 'trade, to open our mines, to run our 'mills and factories, and to place at our 'command the power over the 'world's exchanges which London has 'so long wielded. An entirely different policy has prevailed thus far. 'New York has grown in spite of a most 'blundering, illiberal, and benighted system of taxation. We should have 'treated visiting capital as a welcome 'guest, knowing that it cannot find employment here without adding vastly to 'the permanent wealth and prosperity of 'the State. Instead, we have treated it 'as an interloper and trespasser, deserving 'condign punishment if it can be hunted 'down anywhere on the premises.' This is unfortunately all true, yet New York has had the choice of a system of taxation as excellent and as far above the average as that which she clings to is bad and inferior. And though she has grown despite the narrow-mindedness and illiberalism of her people, it cannot be expected that the agencies which have hitherto saved her from the consequences of her own folly will always be available. The prosperity of which her pernicious fiscal policy would naturally have deprived her has been compensated by the reaction upon her business of the rapid growth of other parts of the country. She has been a very strong young man, the vigor of whose constitution enables him to support great excesses. But the vigor will not endure forever. Presently the constitution must be impaired, and then the excesses will begin to tell. No community can pursue a course of hostility to capital in any form, can persist in double taxation, can encourage any unjust discrimination against the agencies of production or transportation or exchange, without eventually reaping the natural and logical fruit of such a policy in the decadence of its commerce, the exodus of its capitalists, the disappearance of its advantages, and the general destruction of its prosperity. We perceive that Governor Cornell has had the sense to recall the famous bill which caused foreign capital in New York to be called in recently, and it is to be hoped that he will be wise enough to veto it. For unless all legislation of that kind is not only abandoned, but emphatically denounced and repudiated by the people, the dream of making New York the financial center of the world will be as idle and fantastic a vision as can be found in any fairy tale.

TARIFF REVISION AND BOOKS.

We do not find, in the latest reports of the proposed revision of the tariff, any mention of that abatement of the duty on imported books which was promised when Mr. Tucker's bill was first announced. We hope that the omission of any mention of this may be accidental, for we should regret to find that the hope held out to the public in this connection had been a fallacious one. The duty on books is a cruel and useless tax upon knowledge. It falls principally upon the literary class, and they are ill able to bear it. It is not even a protective duty, for the books which are imported are in a large number of cases such as would not be reprinted at all in this country. It produces no appreciable revenue, and it inflicts a very serious injury. It ought to be removed altogether.

BAY GOSSIP.

PLEASANT WEATHER AND NUMEROUS PIGS.

Boys and their Friend—A Sorely Tried Woman—At the Loring Club—Music and Singers—Some Drees.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5, 1880. I never saw anybody so glad to be out as everybody is this pleasant weather. It does seem like the greatest ruck to picnic and the most tremendous chattering over the water to places of resort, and the busiest bustling on the streets I have witnessed for many a season. Spring suits and gypsy hats are blossoming out, and on the whole it seems like an air full of roscods. I went into the Church of the Advent the other morning to hear their boy chorists. I am more and more impressed with the fact that every church is dependent largely upon its young people. If it has a large and interested number of young folks it need have no fears of its future. At the Loring Club we have just about as fine a lot of boys and girls as I ever saw, and the Church has set itself to work to interest them. The pastor, Rev. W. L. Githens, stands alone among the rectors of San Francisco in his

EVERY WOMAN.

Gives a thought of sympathy just now for one preacher's wife in San Francisco. Throughout all the Beecher trial I had thought but for one sorely-tried person—Mrs. Beecher. If her husband was a guilty man, for her, oh how dreadful! if he were innocent, still, for her, oh how dreadful. Whichever way the evidence turned there was a sorrow and a shame for her innocently to endure. And now the one woman is to me Mrs. Kallouch. In her husband's journeyings she has been with him a faithful uncomplaining helpmate. When he left Boston she went with him, still sharing the taunt; when his Kansas record was closed and he came to San Francisco, she was still by his side; and here, through new trouble and attempted assassination, she is still the wife who divides disgrace and suffering with him, and no murmuring from her patient heart reaches the ears of the world. Yet again she called upon to cry unto the God who listened to prayer, for lo! under the dark shadow of his father the son stands forth, and the child who lay upon her breast is a murderer sent to jail. If there be another woman whose heart can be so torn I do not know of her. Whatever the public decision of husband and son, for her must still be the heavy thought and the bitter tear. Passing across the house the other day, I looked up at its bay-window, thinking of the silent guard of men about it, and beheld! a sweet, laughing baby face lit the window for a moment like a star, looking out with shining eyes and a baby smile on its dewy mouth. Instantly it was taken away again, but I suppose that was young Kallouch's baby. The younger Kallouch's first pastorate was in Sonoma, and there he met a girl, Annie Street, the Postmaster's daughter, and the prettiest girl thereabout. This baby was born in Sonoma while he was here, summoned by the news that his father was shot; and it passing across the house, it that the young Mrs. Kallouch's married life can have begun very auspiciously? I noticed a young wife, in the very dew of her happiness.

AT THE LORING CLUB.

The other night, and, somehow, by the old-fashioned quaintness of her dress, she brought to mind that picture in "Harper's Magazine" for May I had just seen, entitled "Perhaps she Sat here While the Stoned her Laisins." A great deal of dress was there and the whole seemed a trifle dry good, but I liked the picture of a piece of dry goods just took me. She was no bigger than a minute and wore the trimmest little waist and the primmest little face you ever saw, with a dimple in its chin and a patch on the cheek. She had on a great drab beaver hat, its brim bent all ways out of shape, and an enormous shining green bird sat on the right side and swept its plumage over the crown. Her jacket was a brown tweed frilled with lace and met by long silk mitts. It was open in front from the waist and displayed a skirt of plain shirred satin, the pleating at the bottom partly brocaded. But after all Mrs. Tippett was the picture of the evening. She is not beautiful, but she is so serene, so simple, so pure looking, that she seems like the echo of beauty. She wore a dress all of white, with no suggestion of color about it, the front of the waist in a plain lace with position back. Long white gloves covered her arms, and her hair, destitute of wave or curl, was brushed straight away from her temples. A magnificent pair of flowers was handed her, and as an encore she sang a soft little German song, which might have served as a lullaby to her own baby. As I remember it, some years ago the first Mrs. L. L. Baker and Mrs. Tippett gave an entertainment to their friends at what a club known as the Comola assisted, being composed of both ladies and gentlemen. Clara Bentler, as she was then called, made what might be called her "appearance" then and was literally

DELICIOUS WITH FLOWERS.

The sweet-hearted little German girl that she was, Mrs. Baker, one of San Francisco's real ladies of charity, is since dead, and Mrs. Powers is at the little Episcopal Church in San Rafael. The Comola Club afterwards sang "The Crusaders," and then "Paradise and the Peri," the last miserably, and so died away; and the Loring Club is the next of flowers in a more lasting aristocratic musical club. One feels—or did feel, as it is not now quite so exclusive as at first—quite "nobly" to be there, but someone one's own plain face as seen in the glass is no matter than twenty others in the same high-toned assemblage, and so the feeling that it's "nobly" to be among any particular set of people gets rubbed off by and by. Mrs. Tippett has been engaged as leading singer at the Loring Club, and who so long held sway there, and fears were entertained lest her voice might not fill it so completely, but it does to the satisfaction of the most critical.

THE HARD WORK.

She imposes upon herself through love of her profession is telling upon her slightly, however, and the outlines of her face are a trifle sharper than they were a year ago. Mrs. Mariner, we still delight to call her so for old time's sake, is loved by us as of old, though heard less often. I go sometimes to the Unitarian church just to hear her sing, and I never fail to feel how sweet the song is that goes up to heaven then. But I miss the tenor that died from the choir with Dr. Maguire—the tenor that was strong among the chords of melody with such a faintly vibrant sweetness about it sometimes that it was like an indrawn breath from some other world. I heard once of the sweetest singing the other day I ever heard from school children. It was not the great hollas and shout that usually goes up to threaten the plastering of the school-room, but a gently swelling, and then a clear, then a throat murmur and plash of a quiet river. The children, all girls, were directed by Miss Marie Withram, one of the lady music teachers of the schools here. Now and then I hear about a new connection of voices about what women shall or shall not be allowed to do, but I don't see as it all makes any difference, for when they have inclination and proper preparation for any occupation or position, I see that women everywhere find their way to it. As I listened to the children singing so sweetly, so properly, so understandingly, in my soul I felt glad it was a woman who had not only shown them how, but had made them do it.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

A new town has been laid out in Fresno county, called Codgerville. Grass Valley polled 215 votes Monday. There was but one ticket in the field. At Truckee wheeled vehicles have taken the place of sleighs around town. The plaza is bare. Over 50,000,000 feet of lumber will be cut in the immediate vicinity of Truckee during the coming season. Tucson, Arizona, was founded in 1524, and is therefore the oldest town within the territory of the United States. There is forty-two minutes difference between San Francisco time and that of Tucson; in the latter place being that much slower. It is the unanimous verdict of the farmers of the upper and middle sections of Soledad, that that county will raise a bigger wheat crop this year than ever before known. The first number of the Marysville Daily Ledger was issued Thursday. It is a twenty-column paper, and has an exceedingly promising appearance in the way of advertising patronage.