BUCKLEY ARRAIGNED

His Character and Career Vividly Portrayed.

Colonel Stuart Taylor's Scathing Denouncement of the Corrupt "Boss" of the Democratic Party.

The Reformed Democrats held a mass-meeting at B'nai B'rith Hall last night. The attendance was large and represented many of the intelligent voters of the city.

At 8 o'clock the Park Band, which had been playing at the door for half an hour, marched up the aisle, filling the hall with the music of "One More River to Cross." The crowd poured in and filled the seats, and then the following gentlemen appeared upon the platform and occupied the chairs there:

Thomas D. Riley, Martin R. Roberts Jr., D. T. Sullivan, C. D. Cleveland, Stephen Addington, Augustus Fillmore, Charles J. Swift, J. B. Gartland, L. M. Manzer, Thomas B. Cunningham, Stewart Menzies, E. P. Farnsworth, George A. Proctor, Dr. J. D. Powell, Paul Moroney, James H. Barry, Thomas V. Cator and Colonel Stuart Taylor.

The meeting was opened by Eugene N. Deuprey, the Chairman, who announced that the assembly would soon be swelled by delegates from two other mass-meetings being held at Sixth and Townsend streets, and also at a hall but a few blocks away. "They will be here," he said, "to listen to an expose of the infamy of 'boss' rule in San Francisco, and will go forth to join in the strengthening cry, 'This system no longer shall exist.'

A DASTARDLY FALSEHOOD.

Mr. Deuprey disposed of the rumor that the "fine Italian hand of W. W. Stow is back of the reform Democratic movement" by asserting that "the one who utters it utters a dastardly falsehood, and the one who writes it forgets his manhood by penning what he must know to be untrue."

In his confidence in the success of his ticket the Chairman declared that 20,000 votes will be polled for every Reform Democratic nominee on the 4th of November, "for the reason that we have placed before you the office seeking the man, and the men are public spirited citizens and of unimpeachable honor."

He then requested leave to introduce Colonel Stuart Taylor, "one who has been an earnest supporter of good government and is new zealously assisting the efforts to rid the city of an incubus of corruption—Buckleyism." [Applause.]

Colonel Taylor was received with continued cheers. He at once plunged into his subject by remarking: "I am entirely responsible for every word which I utter." His speech, which was interrupted frequently by rounds of applause, was as follows:

STUART TAYLOR'S SPEECH.

Mr Fellow-Citizens: You and I want to see this city the urban splendor of her time. We want to see her not only grow in grandeur and in wealth, but in civic virtue and public decorum. We want to see the public schools free from the baneful influence of politics, and the course of instruction and moral training there of such a character that our gallant boys and comely girls will make better citizens than we are, and their lives, like an autumn day, grow more beautiful toward the evening.

To achieve all this we must be full-statured men, not cowards; and our first step must be to try and crush out utterly and eternally the pirate chieftain and his crew who have so long hurled defiance in our faces and fastened their grip on every public institution and department of this municipality. For nearly ten long years the Democratic party of our city has been led by one who is by profession a Democrat, and by practice a mercenary marauder.

A PITIABLE SPECTACLE.

He has been in all things at all times, and is at once a mixture of Republican, Democrat and free-booter, for the money he can steal. What spectacle do we present to an inquiring State? One of pitiable subjection to the leadership of a man who has grown blind by his own unspeakable propensities and natural debaucheries, and who knows as much about the true principles of Democracy as a cannibal of the Fiji Islands knows about the Christian cross. Not a newspaper in the State which has not at some time denounced him and his methods; not a self-respecting citizen who has not deplored his baleful influence. And yet, with the exception of a few public-spirited men who four years ago banded themselves together to take measures to overthrow him and the movement now afoot for the same purpose, our citizens have sat supinely down, muttered a few curses and let the play of master and slaves go on. And yet respectable neighbors of yours and mine have seen this man and his immediate henchmen grow rich and insolent by a system of political piracy when thirty years ago, when citizens were braver if not honester, would have made him the guest of a vigilance committee and won for him the hangman's rope.

COMMENCING AT HOME.

I am as much opposed to corrupt Republican bossism as to corrupt Democratic bossism, represented by Buckley and Rainey. But I believe that we should first attempt to cleanse our own political house before we meddle with our neighbor's broom. I am one of those who believe that our public offices, which compose our municipal government, should be conducted without any special reference to politics, just as the merchant guides his business affairs, just as the banker controls his counting-house; and that the standard for the incumbents should be intelligence, honesty, sobriety, and fidelity to their trusts. The great scramble for office every two years pollutes the public conscience, and makes men adepts in trickery and fraud. Now, if any of my Democratic friends think this doctrine is treason to the party, then those who condemn can make the most of it. But I have earnestly battled under the banner of my political faith for too many years, and in too many counties of this State, at my own expense, for a few envenomed objections to mar the measure of my fidelity in Democratic allegiance. I am for my party, but first and foremost, for the interests of my fellow-citizens, when I know there is a masked marauder in their midst, with a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute mischief in the city government.

BUCKLEY INIQUITIES.

A full expose of the iniquities of the Buckley system of controlling the party he professes to champion would consume many hours, but as briefly as possible, under the circumstances, and without attempt at rhetoric or flights of fancy, I will give to my fellow-citizens a few startling facts and figures, and then let them determine whether we should or should not attempt the dethronement of this unconvicted criminal. What I say will be the nude and hideous truth, and I challenge a successful and dignified refutation of my statements.

Now, why do we attempt to overthrow Buckley and his methods? For the following reasons: Because he has by the aid of his hirelings and the support of a few rich and unprincipled citizens packed nominating conventions with his creatures, and has, with some noted and luminous exceptions, for the sake of common decency and to allay suspicion, given offices to his tools. Because he has generally sold these offices to the highest bidder, and in a few moments I will give you an illustration. Because he has accumulated blood-money in monthly installments from most of the subordinate office-holders he helped—keeping a man expressly for the purpose of collecting this tribute—I know the name of him who does this work, but will not divulge it, because it is not him I attack, but the unjust and unlawful system. Because he has invaded the School Department with his infamous schemes, and put even some of the teachers under tribute.

COLLECTING TOLL.

I understand from indisputable authority that an affidavit is in existence, sworn to before a notary public, to the effect that a certain ward-striker has been collecting toll of this kind for the boss. The gentleman who told me has promised to obtain the affidavit if possible and allow me to read it. I know the name of the man who swore to these facts, the name of the man who is cognizant of it and my informant is truthful. The trustworthiness of the affidavit maker is the thing in question.

Now, to resume our reasons for Buckley's deposition. Because, again, he has put the Fire Department in chains, and by the aid of one Rainey, the Superintendent of Engines, has made as gallant a band of men as ever showed heroism in time of danger, do their atrocious bidding at elections and in the ward clubs; because he has levied toll upon the accursed dives, so that his solid majority in Boards of Supervisors might not molest them after 12 o'clock at night; because he has maintained and levied tribute upon the pool-rooms, which are compelled to pay him to keep his adherents in the Board of Supervisors from closing their doors; because, finally, this conscienceless pretender to Democratic principles has enmeshed this city in a network of violence, bribery, perjury, conspiracy and ballot-box stuffing, has bought and sold juries (I have the names of some he packed), has debauched Judges, has forbidden the sworn officers of the law to prosecute branded fellows, and has even dared to attempt a sale of his so-called influence with the Supreme Court itself!

CURE FOR THE CRIMES.

These are some of the crimes with which we can charge him, and yet small newspapers deny our right to expose him, and deal in attempts at ridicule because we have taken up arms in a righteous cause. Now, if you admit that there is truth in my catalogue of ills under which we suffer, and as to this man's power, and our lamentable condition as a party, your next thought will naturally be, how can we overthrow this monstrous machinery of political crime?

It can never be, I answer, by ward clubs and primaries. These have been tried, and his hired bullies have been run from district to district to terrorize quiet citizens from voting as the desired. Thus respectability has been forced to surrender to brutality.

It must be by thoughtful and clean-hearted men getting together in conventions, as the Reform Democratic party has done, and placing candidates in the field for your suffrages who are known to be opposed to bossism, and pledged to give no Buckley or Rainey the patronage to which they may fall heirs. Then we must have the Australian ballot system enforced, and if citizens are true and courageous we can bury the bosses so deep that even the howls of half the devils in hell will not wake them to life. The bosses have patience, activity and unity; they all these factors with cunning and want of conscience, and therefore they win, while we wait and are victims.

CORRUPTING THE STATE.

Not only has Buckley ruled San Francisco, but he has attempted to control the State. His creatures in the last Legislature, aided by some unprincipled Republicans, added $4,000,000 to the appropriations beyond the estimates of the Controller. The consequence is a State tax which cruelly presses upon the farmers. In a few moments I will have more to say about this Legislature, and will arouse your indignation. I trust, with my narration regarding it, that this city a high valuation brought the dollar limit to practically $1 25 city tax. The immense sum of $5,000,000 is annually exported from the city in one form or another for municipal purposes. But under the fine adroit hand of Buckley and his gang, the substantial improvements the taxpayers see for their money is about $250,000 or $300,000 expended on accepted streets. Much of the rest goes to the tax-eaters. The man who, through his satellites and tools, is responsible for much of the malfeasance in city and in State Legislatures is the man the Democratic papers here dare not decry, it seems. For what reasons? For party harmony? There is no Democratic party of principle in this city, and the sooner we reform and re-create it the better for ourselves and our children.

NEWSPAPER SLAVES.

If these newspapers keep silent in regard to the evils we are afflicted with they are parties in crime—no more, no less. Well, it is some consolation for us who have effected this agitation to know that we are free men, and to know, too, that free newspapers only dare speak the truth. Whatever citizen or newspaper does not denounce Buckleyism is a slave to somebody or something. Kindle a fire at night when the frogs are croaking and they are all silenced. Thus truth will soon silence the liars. There is a man by the name of Clunie, now Congressman from the Fifth District by the grace of Buckley, and at a banquet given by a few unthinking persons in New York, Mr. Clunie held him up to fame as the "noblest Roman of them all." And a subservient Judge, now on the bench here, toasted him as "An example to the youth of this nation." Great God! are these qualifications I have attached to this conscienceless criminal the measures of manhood under the seal of thy creating hand? And are these unsexed apologists for his infamies and indorsers of his venality his men for public station and the public trusts and responsibilities? Ten thousand times no! They should be politely allowed to lapse, outlawed by the statute of limitation.

Now allow me to ask your earnest attention while I give you something of Buckley's history, and while I tell you, in a condensed form, how he makes money and disgraces this city. He was born in New York, I believe, but do not know the year of his birth. I will take it for granted that his parents were good, honest people, and tried to bring him up properly. He drifted out to California, and went from one thing to another until he opened a saloon called "The Snug" on Washington street, near Montgomery, which became the resort of the gambling fraternity. The next we hear of him he is engaged in running a saloon, or as a barkeeper, at Vallejo, with a man by the name of Jim Nevens. Next peddling and working for wages. This was known among Republicans as the "Tape-worm Ticket," a specimen of which I saw a day or two ago. Next he appears in San Francisco as a worker in politics, or a ward-striker, under the late William Higgins.

BECOMES A "BOSS."

By a series of grand and lofty tumbling for the bosses, in which was in it he drifted into a desire to manage Democratic politics, and in 1877 or 1878 developed into a shrewd and cunning manipulator of the wires, partly with the late political boss firm of Brady & Mannix. Since then he conducted his two saloons on Dupont, near Montgomery, with varying success, and also made politics a trade. At one time he was attached, I am told, for debt. Finding that politics paid better than rum selling and needed less honesty, he gathered around him a band of unprincipled fellows composed of State Prison birds, shorteard players, pimps and panderers, opium fiends, hoodlums and the scum and muck of the city generally. These were well under his command and obeyed orders like soldiers. He had to keep faith with them, better than with some of the gentlemen at the San Jose Convention, for he feared them. I will not refer to the fate of two of his blood relations further than to say it is known to many here and in China. I sympathize profoundly with people in affliction, with the deaf, the dumb, the crippled and the blind, with those whom God has visited by accident or wounds in war. But I cannot wear my heart on my sleeve for this man, who, amid the blaze of noon, has not one single hope of day, because he is said to have lost the power of sight by his own unspeakable propensities and unnatural debaucheries.

GROWING RICH.

Now, following his career up to 1885 we find he is then growing rich. In that year the tax list was consulted to discover what property he had. In 1880 and in 1881 his name did not appear. In 1882 he is put down for one lot, in 1883 for two lots, in 1884 for four lots, in 1885 for six lots, in 1886 for more lots and houses. I have not looked since.

The saloon business did not pay, so politics must be the bread-winner, and the Democrats the dupes. He has erected fine houses and barns on some of these lots, notably on that on which he resides, northeast corner of Post and Baker, 100 feet by 100. Some of the material for building these is said to have come from the lumber then furnished for the School Department, and some of the work thereon done by laborers who were on the municipal pay-rolls. Democrats are generally large-hearted men, so the citizens of that political faith must rejoice to know that the city paid for some of their master's ease and elegance. I have the list here taken from Volume 27, Assessor's books in 1885. Since then I know not what real estate he has purchased here. In addition to this city property he has a splendid ranch at Livermore of over sixty-two acres, which was valued in 1885 at over $200 an acre.

Men on the municipal pay-roll are said to have worked here, and lumber from the School Department is said to have been used for the houses and barns. Since 1885 it has been made public in some of the journals of this city that his personal property is assessed at $5500, but that it is known that he is worth from $300,000 to $500,000, some of it in 4 per cent bonds, and that his annual income is very large. Of course it is. And whence does he derive it, O Democrats?

LEVYING TRIBUTE.

First, from levying tribute on municipal office-holders every month. I know the man who is deputized by Buckley to collect this blood-money, but will not disclose his name. Some of this money is used to support the men who escort him about and do his bidding. They are a fragrant lot, and I have a paper here which gives the history of one of them. I will read you an extract from it, which is given in the Chronicle of October 12, 1887, in an interview with his divorced wife:

"Among the other things he (the man from whom she obtained a divorce, and now a member of the Democratic State Central Committee) told me regarding Buckley's schemes was one about a plot which a rich man here (we all know his name) had to get rid of a negress, a servant, by whom he had a child. Buckley got $3000, he said, for getting rid of the woman, and he got $500 of it. He brought the negress to the front of our house in a hack, and as he was going away said, 'There's our black cattle.' He also saw my father on the Oakland boat, and pointing to the hack, said the negress was inside.' 'Now the question is,' said Mrs. ——, the mother of the divorced wife, 'what became of that negress?'"

CHARMING READING.

All this charming reading you will find, with four columns of spicy items, in the paper I have referred to. I heard a few days ago, as a sequel to this, that the colored mistress was lost by the party in charge of her somewhere on the way to New Orleans. Now, there is one way for the leader of the Democratic party in San Francisco to make money! Do they like the picture? And is the State Central Committee honored by this man's membership.

Secondly—He makes money by getting his solid majority in the Board of Supervisors to grant franchises for big enterprises. A contract is made by him with the company wanting the franchise; they agreeing to give so much in cash or shares for the votes of his allies in the board. If they will not divide the profits, no franchise.

Take an illustration: A wealthy and prominent gentleman interested in the Consolidated Bituminous Rock and Pacific Pavement Company wanted to do business here in this city, and was willing to lay the pavement down for from 21 to 23 cents a foot. Buckley found this out and sought the gentleman interested. "You may own the patent and the pavement," said he, "but I own the Board of Supervisors, and unless you pay me so much you cannot lay it down." The Board of Supervisors, you know, direct the character of pavement to be used, and could, if they chose, by Buckley's orders, prevent any street from being paved with this. Then Buckley got an interest in the Santa Cruz Bituminous Pavement Company, and made an agreement to lay down this pavement. The agreement was not to lay it down for less than 29 or 30 cents a foot. It really costs to lay it about 14 or 15 cents. The exact figures I do not know. But I do know that Buckley gets a large dividend from this, and it all comes from his atrocious piracy and by using his influence with the solid majority in the Board of Supervisors. This pavement should be laid down for 23 or 24 cents a foot, and still there would be a good profit to contractors.

The gentleman that I have referred to went out of the business, I am told, thoroughly disgusted with Buckley's demands. This is only one instance of his blackmailing methods.

EXTORTING PROMISES.

Thirdly—Buckley makes money by extorting promises of patronage and perquisites from certain municipal officers. Take as an illustration a case which happened not so very long ago, about four years I believe, when the Democratic Convention met in the California Theater. Two men were candidates for a certain office. One man offered 75 per cent of patronage and perquisites to Buckley for the nomination, and a written contract was made between boss and victim. But this poor unfortunate never got it, his rival did, and therefore must have offered more to his master. The exact figures and the details of the transaction may soon be made public.

Fourthly—Buckley gets from many companies who ask franchises vast sums of money. And scarcely a company of any description can secure a right for a new enterprise in this city that the pirate chieftain does not demand toll for his influence in obtaining it. Take an illustration: The Electric Light Company, which has a franchise to lay wires in the streets, gives Buckley a large sum of money to prevent any other company from securing a franchise. In all this he is protected by the "solid line." It is told to me by a very responsible gentleman that Buckley got $20,000, or about that, for this privilege at first, and still draws money from their till. A fine leader of a party this! But remember, he is supported in his extortions by rich men. They are to blame as much as he.

POOL-ROOM DIVIDENDS.

Fifthly—Besides all these sources, he draws from the pool-rooms, from the "two-bit" combination—the place where young boyish clerks can spend their money and shatter their morals—he is said to receive at least 12 per cent of the earnings. He also receives a larger share from the four large pool-rooms. It is thought to be against law and decorum to have these rooms open to entice very young men (the old men can take care of themselves); but whenever one of the proprietors is arrested he is brought before a Police Judge who might by some chance be Buckley's friend, and he dismisses the case on the ground that the so-called crime is not against the Constitution. The Board of Supervisors will not, for certain reasons, pass a law closing them. During the sessions of the Legislature they are closed, so that no investigation can possibly harm them. For the first time during my residence here about six or seven months ago I visited them and invested to see what chance there was for success. I concluded they were better let alone.

THE DIVES CONTRIBUTE.

Sixthly—If there is a source of corruption and vile debauchery, it is the dives of this city, those places where brazen, unsexed creatures flaunt their coarse nakedness and pestilent vulgarity, and where the rankest poisons are sold for drink. Buckley, I am told, forced many of these places to raise money for him to use his influence to prevent their being closed at 12 o'clock midnight!

Where do you suppose this money went? To the churches? or to certain tools of the boss to keep them from action in the matter? And this man finds a champion in the little newspaper which gives so many pretty nicknames to the leaders in this righteous movement for reform. Is a press which is used to bolster up such a man entitled to support or respect?

CORPORATION AID.

Seventhly—Buckley has been borne on the pay-rolls of the great railroad company here for various large sums, and at one time I am reliably informed received $10,000 for labors in its behalf, particularly essaying his fine Italian hand in State Legislatures. Why did the citizens who control that great corporation need the services of such a man? I am as much opposed to lobbying and seducing votes from unprincipled, brainless men as to pocket-picking or murdering in a dark alley under a clouded sky. The water company have also generously helped to enrich him for his labors of love. When bosses and Supervisors can be bought up like cattle by these great powers, is it not about time for the last political prostitution to have struck high noon, and for you to see to it that its day declines?

Thus briefly, fellow-citizens, I have given you some idea of this man's sources of wealth and power and corruption. Have I painted the picture with too startling and glaring colors? I have given you only a portion of the true, nude truth.

BRIBERY AT THE POLLS.

Now what has he done at elections? How has he destroyed the sacredness of the ballot-box? Take an illustration; it is only one of many instances of his debauching propensities: When the last election was held in this city he not only had his creatures bulldoze and terrify respectable and quiet citizens at the ward clubs and at polling-places, but he himself, clad in a kind of a pea-jacket (as to the upper part of his anatomy), with pockets in the sides, stationed himself on Leidesdorff street and deliberately paid a lot of soulless semblances of men $2 apiece for their votes. They were led up to him, as he stood against the wall of a building, and he shook their grimy, greasy hands and dropped the bribe money into its unholy receptacle.

The "Little Pete" case, in which he figured as the hero, was fresh in the public mind, and, hearing this new infamy, a thrill of indignation went throughout the city's great pulsing heart, and a mass-meeting of vengeful Republicans was called at the Wigwam. Speeches were made, some counseling violence at once, if he were caught. A movement was made in the throng to seek and lynch him. But more pacific counsel prevailed, and he was taken by some friends and secreted in his house here, and then hurried off to his ranch at Livermore to escape, perhaps, a righteous death. When safely there one of his henchmen, whose eyes are more like a crouching snake's than a human being's, held up his trembling hands and said to an active member of this organization: "We must get away, we must get away somewhere; we have done enough to make them hang us, and we must flee."

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

And these are the men who control the Democratic party in San Francisco! Some of them now are on the State Central Committee and decent men there do not denounce them. Have you ever thought of the vast control he and Rainey have over the Fire Department? In that department there is as brave and heroic a band of men as ever fought in serried ranks for flag or country, or dared death to save human lives or happy homes from fire or flood. And yet many of these men are, under penalty of dismissal, made to do the bidding of the political bosses, and on occasions are moved from club to club to take a hand in the plots and schemes of the night. Any rebellion against these infamous orders is punished either by dismissal or transfer from home and family to some far-off district, where fresh expense is entailed for founding a new home, and, if unable to take the medicine, swift surrender of the privilege of "running with the machine."

I know some of these most excellent men who have proved their right to be called heroes, and they have whispered to me that only the need of bread and butter for their wives and loved ones kept them where they had to obey or fall.

HOW HE MAKES MONEY.

How does Rainey make money by any manipulation of his in the Fire Department? The fire-hydrants, which are bought by the Fire Commissioners and for which they pay $37 50 per plug, you can have shipped to our corporation yard, I am told by reliable authority, for $25, and the hose, for which they pay $1 15 a foot, can be bought, the same authority says, for 75 cents a foot, as any one can see by the catalogue of the manufacturers. Rainey, the boss in this department, gets, so it is said, a margin for every foot of hose, the difference between $1 15 and 75 cents, and on every fire-plug $12 50. Why should this be allowed? This man also is kept steadily upon the pay-rolls, even when absenting himself in Sacramento when legislatures are in session and at political conventions, assisting Buckley, his partner in sin. He gets $150 a month as Superintendent of the Fire Department, and yet now owns a ranch at Mission San Jose, and not long ago bought property on Sixth street, between Howard and Folsom.

There were forty-nine cisterns in this city in 1880 belonging to the Fire Department and distributed in various localities. Each contains, when full, from 20,000 to 100,000 gallons of water, in all, up to that date, 1,899,856 gallons. It may surprise you to know that very few of these have been worked from. Many have not been cleaned or filled for years, I am told. This is detrimental to health, and needs some action on the part of those who are responsible. One is on the corner of Pacific and Sansome, another corner of California and Montgomery, and another is at Bush and Montgomery, of those which are the most stagnant of all. The Fire Department has charge of these. Why are they not cleansed? If all were in working order danger from fire would be much less. The first company on the ground, in the event of a fire, instead of taking the hydrant would take the cistern nearest the conflagration, if it were in good order and not so filthy as to choke up the engines. These cisterns to a great extent are now lying dormant, I am informed. The Grand Jury should examine into this matter.

THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

The School Department should be free from politics—absolutely untainted by bosses or politics. But is it? Even here Buckley sways his scepter. He has forced his creatures upon the Board of Education, and even now a Buckley lamb is the occupant of a most responsible position, the work of which is not done, because the man is seldom at his post of duty. A great many of the janitors, appointed by Buckley's agency, seldom or never work at the school buildings, but send substitutes, who are guilty of gross neglect. One was asked how much he worked, and answered that he had not worked for a year and a half, but sent a substitute. And this man, put there by the Democratic bosses, is said to be a fit subject for San Quentin, if he has not already been there as a guest. There are what are called board appointments of teachers, separate from those made by each Director. Many of these are made as compliments to the County Committee, as the present board contains eight Democrats. And is not Buckley the County Committee? In 1885 and 1886 there were not over three of four appointments of this kind. During the life of the board of 1886 and 1887 there were five or six times that number, and in 1888-90 there were six times that number.

TELEPHONED INTO LINE.

Now, what does this mean? Not long ago, during the sessions of the board in 1887 and 1888, a vacancy occurred in a principalship of a school. This incident will serve to illustrate Buckley's influence even in the School Department. The matter of the vacancy was talked over, and a prominent gentleman, a Democrat, visited Buckley at Livermore to get his instructions or desires. Buckley telephoned to some of his friends in the board to appoint Miss So and So. It was gallantly and valiantly done, and done, too, by the motion of the very man who had previously opposed the measure, and he was only brought into line by the telephonic message from his leader. He is now running on the Buckley ticket for School Director again. And if anybody wants to know who he is, I am told the information can be obtained from an ambitious School Director who has some sounds very much like that of the wealthiest house in London and Paris. The simple and solid fact is that no political boss has ever gotten his clutches so firmly upon the School Department as Buckley. It is shown by his incompetent and neglectful appointees around the buildings, who never cease to be ward-strikers or political statesmen in disguise. And if you want a genuine sensation get the daily papers of 1883 and 1884 which reported the indecent doings of the so-called "tough old board," which was Buckley's body, soul and breeches.

HORRIBLE TO RELATE.

Refined, inexperienced young ladies, seeking positions as teachers, were compelled to literally hang about and haunt the neighborhood of his saloon on Bush street, to get his scholarly influence and advice. And the youth of this city, if I am told rightly, if put in print, would be sentimental reading for the good citizens who have attended his banquets and feasted on the glory of his name. And now listen to the next item about Buckley's "tough old board." The unemployed substitute list was made up at the request of the Board of Education. They take the places of absent or sick teachers. After the "tough old board" lost its life it was discovered that there were many so-called extra substitutes appointed by it, and holding positions, who were in no way connected with the School Department, and who never had received diplomas or passed any examination. Some had held places for six months. To remedy most of these ills the Board of School Directors should be appointed by the Mayor of the city, or the Supreme Court Judges, and salaried. Then bosses would lose a dangerous power.

THE NEW CITY HALL.

Go and visit the new City Hall, see its condition, and smell its assorted flavors. It needs labor to cleanse it, and do not many of the employes there, supposed to do the cleaning, owe their appointments to Buckley? Make inquiry of some truthful, fearless official there, because Buckley's friends will deny this, and find out how neglect thrives, from the serving of the elevator to the sweeping of the deepening dirt. Why, it is denser than the dust on a sinner's bible.

And is not the political machine which controls us all here, or rather tries to, responsible for much of this? Oh, this "machine" is a credit to the city. And is that Democracy not in the grasp of the leader and master of many members of the Democratic majority in the last Legislature at Sacramento which shoveled out the money until the lavish waste partook almost of the nature of a carnival? I am a Democrat, but not a Buckley Democrat, and with heart and soul I condemn the men who have not the manhood to speak out and brand as it deserves the Democratic maladministration in that last Legislature. Let us cleanse our own political house first, and thus confess our misfortunes.

UNITED STATES SENATOR.

I believe in electing a United States Senator by the people direct, but the man I want to see succeeded by a Democrat is one who stand up and fight vote-buying in his own party for high office, as well as throw mud at the opposing forces. I think it would be a calamity to elect any man United States Senator who apologizes for freebooting in the last Legislature by the Democratic majority when he, as President of the Senate, had the appointing of the committees which did so much of the work of the session. There are many men as capable as Mr. White, and with lofty ambition, who would honestly and courageously give both sides of the question.

Now, as for the character of a portion of that Legislature which went from this city, listen to what one of the newspapers of this city briefly says, and what the Sacramento Bee declares: "The mistresses of many of Buckley's lambs were appointed clerks of several committees. The more shameless the woman the more favors she received. Open adultery and beastly orgies, within the very confines of the Capitol, were not an uncommon occurrence. Modest maidens who left their homes to seek some appointment, thinking thereby to earn a little honest money, soon discovered that virtue was not respected by our 'law-makers,' but that it was indeed 'offensive.' They were compelled to listen to the infamous proposals of these foul-mouthed brutes, and if they did not yield, to have their names used as 'food for their mirth, yea, for their laughter.'"

ORGIES AT SACRAMENTO.

The Sacramento Bee, in speaking of these things, said: "The session closed amid orgies that would have put to shame the Bacchanalian feasts of the old Romans and made even the painted visitors of the Jardin Mabille blush in very shame. The underground restaurant and saloon, with its private rooms—the "Well," as it is familiarly termed—was the scene of the most outrageous and semi-nude lasciviousness, and when the Senate of the great State of California was deliberating in its last hours, its owner, Christopher A. Buckley, Esq., was drinking champagne with a female in a little room adjoining, the two of them singing 'White Wings' so boisterously as to drown the proceedings inside. It was veritably a most humiliating, degraded and disgraceful scene brought on."

WHERE THE BLAME LIES.

Voters of California, you are to blame for all this. You are probably no less moral, honest or patriotic than any other people; yet for "harmony" in the party, or because you do not feel that the public good is your concern, you are willing that such things shall be rather than lift your hand or raise your voice to prevent them. And the man who was responsible for sending such men as these to the councils of the State from this city is the same man the unthinking and the timid members of the press condemn us for denouncing, and attempt to belittle us for encompassing his defeat. I say attempt, because, instead of belittling us, they crown us with laurels in the public presence and create in us that contempt for their hypocrisy which makes us feel we would rather be curly-tailed mongrel dogs baying at the moon than such panderers to public indecency. You think I have given you now facts in plenty to prove a good reason for our reform movement, but I have reserved some for the concluding portion of my address.

ASSESSORS' DEPUTIES.

In the Statutes of California for 1877 to 1878, Chapter 130, entitled "Act to amend Sections 1 and 3 of an act entitled 'To authorize the Assessor of the city and county of San Francisco to appoint deputies'" you will find certain provisions made for the appointments. And Section 3 was amended to read as follows: "The seven under field-deputies shall be paid at the rate of $150 per month each, the term for which such deputies shall be paid shall not exceed an average of six months each, namely, from the 1st day of August until the 1st day of January of each year."

Section 3894, Political Code of California, 1885, says: "The Board of Supervisors of each county in this State must allow the Assessor thereof such number of deputies, to be appointed by him in addition to the number now fixed, or where no deputies are now allowed, as many deputies as will in the judgment of the board enable the Assessor to complete the assessment within the time prescribed by law."

Section 3895 says: "The board must fix the compensation of the deputies so allowed, and such compensation must be paid out of the general fund into the county treasury. The compensation must not exceed $5 per day for each deputy for the time actually engaged; nor must any allowance be made but for work between the first Monday in March and the first Monday in July of each year."

ILLEGALLY SIGNED DEMANDS.

I have read you these laws, and want to show how they are violated. Demands for salaries were passed by the Board of Supervisors for services of twelve deputies of the kind referred to during the Month of July, 1890. Here are their names in this paper I hold up to you. Thus twelve demands on the City and County Treasurer were illegally signed by the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors, and also signed by the Auditor. During the month of August, 1890, in spite of these laws, the Board of Supervisors passed ten more demands illegally, and these were signed by the Auditor. You can go for yourselves and look at the books. And here again are the ten names.

In the month of September twelve more illegal demands were passed and signed and the money paid by the Treasurer. Here are the names also. I simply cite these cases to show you how the laws are broken under the present management. These were all Democratic officials who broke the law, all owing their nominations to Buckley.

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Now listen to the way the law is broken in the Sheriff's office: Chapter 287, State of California, 1877-1878, page 355. "An act in relation to the office of the Sheriff of the city and county of San Francisco. (Approved March 20, 1878.)

"Section 5. The said Sheriff may retain out of the moneys received by him from this State for the transportation of persons committed to the Asylum for the Insane and prisoners delivered at the State Prison the actual expense incurred by him in the transportation of said persons to the said institutions, and shall make a monthly report to the Treasurer of the city and county of San Francisco of all moneys expended and received by him; and if any surplus remains of the money so received, over and above the actual expenses incurred, the same shall be paid into said treasury monthly."—Statutes of California, 1877 to 1878, page 355.

FEES FOR BUCKLEY.

This seems a dead letter, as no report has been made since the time Mr. M. Nunan was Sheriff, and this fact was discovered by a gentleman upon inquiry at the Treasurer's office, and he was told that they had nothing to do with it there—thus showing a complete comprehension of duty! What becomes of these moneys not reported? Is it not a fair question? Make inquiry also about the Sheriff's fees, under Buckley, for keepers. Take an illustration:

Mr. A keeps a grocery. An attachment is placed on it at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A goes to the Sheriff's office immediately to file a bond, and the Sheriff makes him pay keeper's fees before he releases the attachment, and, in case he remains to keep the peace two days, he has to pay $12, when all the Sheriff is entitled to is $6. But he makes citizens believe he has to have night fees, and they make the $12. Such fees prior to 1884 or 1885 went to pay the keeper, but since then, under the Buckley regime, the deputies pay them, so that leaves the keeper's fees net gain.

These fees have amounted to as much as $1200 or $1500 a month, I am informed, and that the bosses get their share and whoever besides they choose to divide with.

POLL-TAXES.

Now, take the matter of poll-tax. Out of the number of deputies employed by the Assessor he details some for the collection of this tax, as I am informed. The Assessor takes the 15 per cent on each poll-tax issued, whereas, really to be honest, the 30 cents on every tax should be paid into the City and County Treasury. But is it? No; it is divided between the boss and the Assessor, and amounts, I am reliably informed by one who knows, to at least $10,000 or $15,000 a year. Is not a cleansing needed?

SCORCHED THE SCOUNDRELS.

And now a little personal matter. In 1886, about the time that I was engaged in exhibiting the infamies of Buckley, I received an invitation, from a committee appointed for that purpose, to respond to the toast, "The President of the United States," at a banquet to be given by the Pond Club, of which I was a member, supposing it was, when I joined it, an assembly of citizens inclined to clean politics and honest men. I accepted. Two days afterward, I received a request from its President to call upon him at his residence, where he was lying ill. I went. He was a cherished friend of mine, and told me that threats were made, if I spoke at the banquet, that a large number of men would arise and leave the festive hall. He wanted harmony, and asked me how I could solve the problem. I told him I would address him a letter and decline to speak. I wrote that letter, but he little dreamed what its contents would be until he read it. It scorched the scoundrels in the club who had the insolence to take this stand. They were slaves of their master, Buckley, and as such I whipped them. Then, when that letter had been read in the club, and also published in the newspapers, a creature of Buckley arose and moved my expulsion. No decent man could be induced to do it.

A POLICE COURT RECORD.

Now, here is the record of that person, taken from the Police Court registers:

In 1877, on December 26th, he was arrested for vagrancy. In 1878, on December 20th, three charges were preferred against him on the prison register, viz.: for battery, threats against life and battery on Gussie Hussey, upon whose wages of sin he was living.

In 1879, on February 14th, arrested for battery, and case sent to criminal court; same day, charged with assault on Fannie Webster, and sentenced to fifty days in jail. During the pendency of this case he was sentenced to one month in the House of Correction for an assault, and on the 27th of May, 24th, and on October 11th was charged with battery again and assault to murder. Case sent to criminal court.

In 1880, January 3d, charged with battery. November 17th, charged with carrying concealed weapon.

In 1883, March 3d, arrested for vagrancy. June 8th, arrested for vulgar language and fined. October 22d, sent to the House of Correction for three months.

A SPECIMEN CREATURE.

These facts are from the police records! Quite a gentleman, that! one of the leaders of the Democratic party in this city. Some years ago, on New Year's day, he so brutally beat a woman by the name of Ida Grant, near the corner of Clay street and Waverly place, that her life was in jeopardy. She had never seen the wretch before the assault. For this crime he was sentenced to two years in prison. He also tried to kill a woman by the name of Lizzie Hudson, since dead. I obtained the address of Ida Grant, and she told me personally of the details of the assault. And this fellow was a member and may be yet, for all I know, of the Pond Club. Now here is a specimen of the criminals who have been protected by some of our courts because of what is elegantly called the "political pull" of their master, Buckley. This is a specimen of the creatures who fill the ballot-boxes, who fill the club meetings, who sometimes fill small offices, who generally defy the law and threaten to kill people who expose them and their master.

This species of beast have already been put upon my track by day and by night. I found one watching my house for two nights. The last time he tried it I went out and took him by his cowardly neck, put him on a California-street car and told him if he ever watched or followed me again I would end his miserable existence. I heard of this incident two days afterward, not having told anybody myself, which proves the fellow had been set on by some person or persons for his or their vile ends.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Now, let me ask this audience, and my fellow-citizens throughout this city, are we men and imbued by a spirit of patriotism—that grandest of all passions which spans like a great horizon all meaner feelings—that spirit which makes men heroes in the twinkling of an eye and inspires them to wear the martyr's thorny crown, are we inspired, I say, by this spirit, when we allow this criminal element in our midst to assist in ruling this city, and thus make our name stink in the nostrils of the State?

The last on my list of iniquities which can be laid at Buckley's door will be the reading of some very short affidavits, by lookers-on then friendly with him, showing how he caused thousands of ballots to be scatched in the campaign of 1884, and the names of Republican electors substituted for Democratic electors. Oh, this is a "daisy," as the slang of the day will have it, this Democratic master in San Francisco. [Reads affidavits.]

What do you think of it as far as I have gone? And this is the man who whips self-respecting citizens into the traces, and many of whom in his presence and defying his influence, by the aid of the criminal classes, dare not say their souls are their own. They seem to forget that before man made us citizens great Nature made us men; and if this is a free country and we enjoy the blessings of liberty, how can the citizens of this community allow themselves longer to tolerate this seridom to Buckley? What is liberty without wise counsels and civic virtue? It is the chiefest of all evils, for it is folly and vice without instruction or restraint. We can safely assert that any man, I care not who he is, who indorses Buckley and his methods is not at heart a pure man or a patriotic citizen. Any man who condemns him not is a knave and a trickster.

PALE HORSE OF A NEW DEATH.

And to prove that there is a necessity for grappling by the bridle this pale horse of a new death you cannot find a respectable citizen, rich or poor, who will not, in private conversation, admit the truth of every word I utter to-night. And yet the strange spectacle is presented to a watching State of many Democratic orators traveling and speaking over its several counties, "whooping up" the grand old party, aided by brass bands and blazing fires, and yet not one, outside of this reform organization, that I have heard of,