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THE GOLDEN ERA



OCTOBER, 1885.

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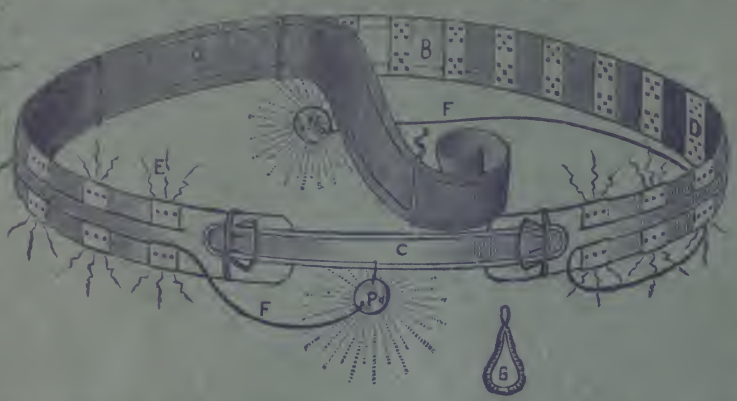
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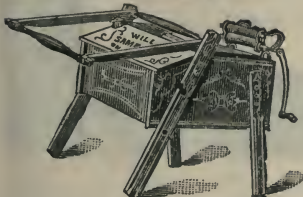
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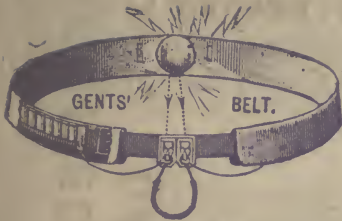
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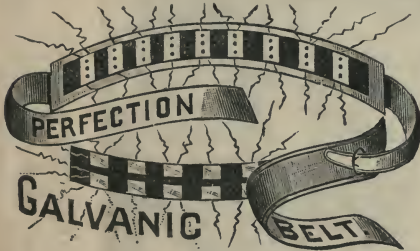
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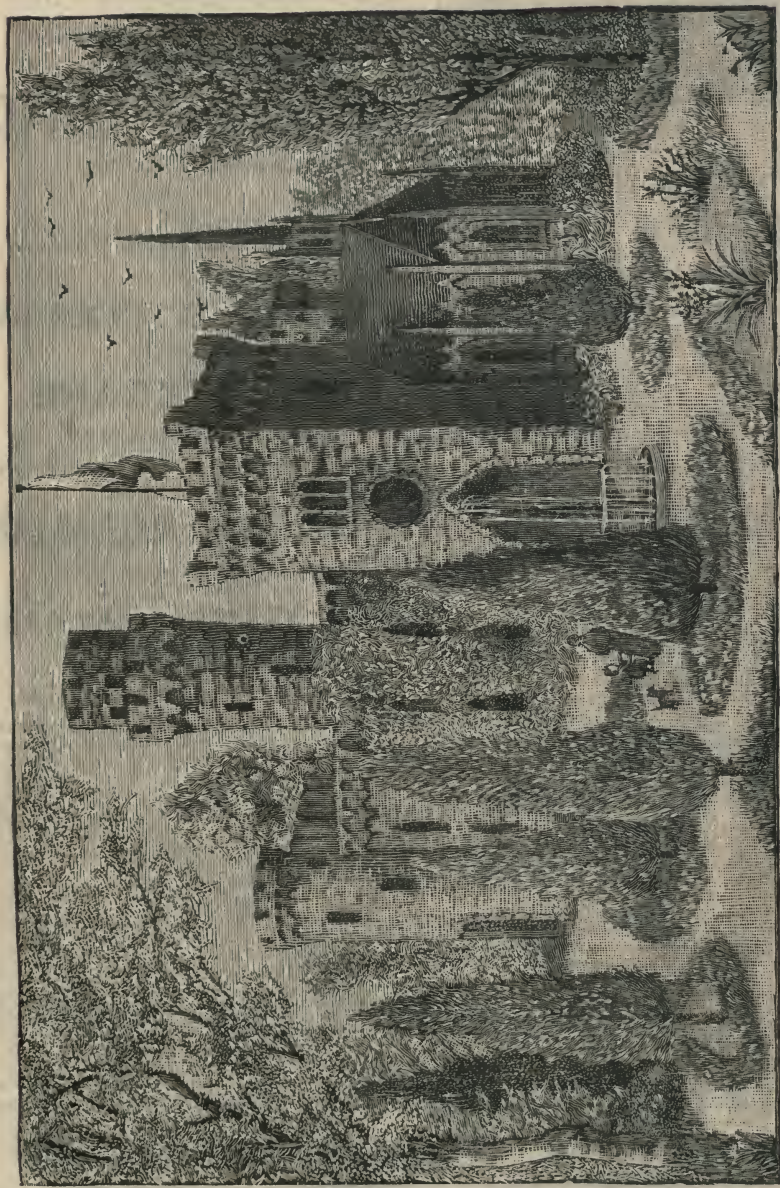
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The Golden Era.

VOL. XXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1885.

No. 6

NOCTURNE.

Along the river bank I stray
 About the time of dusk and dew—
 The river ripples to the bay,
 My thoughts float down the stream to you,—

To you upon the silver sands
 That girt the twilight-tinted sea ;
 From him who stands with outstretched hands,
 Gazing to seaward mistfully.

Among the reeds the ripples sing
 A little song, half sweet, half sad,
 While I, with tear-voiced whispering,
 Bid it, for thy dear sake, be glad.

I would that distance were not wide,
 That Fate might whisper soft and sweet :
 "Set sail adown the trembling tide
 And anchor at thy darling's feet !"

Fate standeth mute ! And so my prayers,
 Like roses on the river's breast,
 Float seaward. May thy tears and cares
 Be soothed by sleep, and peace, and rest!

ENVOY.

The hour grows late—through meadows fair
 The river flows toward rest and thee,
 Meeting the sea-sand close to where
 A star is sinking in the sea.

CLARENCE URMY.

BUZZARD ROOST.

"Dick, I believe they're a follerin' us!"
 "Why, father?" (Dick repeated the new endearing title reverentially) "Seen any sign of 'em?"

"No, oh, no; but I drempt las' night we was camped—and in my dream I saw this very spot, shanty an' all, as nachurl as it looks now—an' I thought it was dark as pitch, an' the wind was a howlin' round the shanty an' shakin' till I thought it'd shake it down, an' I thought we was a standin' out there, you an' Rose an' me; you had ole Jim saddled, an' was a holdin' 'im by the bridle, an' I thought ye was a shakin' hands with us, an' tellin' us good-bye, an' I knowed by the way I felt that I'd never see ye agin. Then I thought ye got on Jim an' rode away towards the mountains, an' me an' Rose stood out there alone a listenin' an' tryin' to ketch a sound o' your hoss's feet through the noise o' the wind, an' pretty soon we hyerd a mighty clatterin' o' hoofs an' a whole gang o' men went tearin' by on yer track. Then it seemed somehow my sperrit got out o' my body, an' I saw ye surrounded, an' I thought I hyerd pistols a firin', four or five uv 'em. I thought Jim fell, and I saw ye layin' on the ground white like ye was dead."

Dick shivered, and looked back over his shoulder. The words were in such a solemn tone! They made so vivid a picture! The three, unconsciously, drew nearer together.

"But, father," answered Dick, trying to laugh, "your dream must have been a nightmare, notwithstanding the shanty coincidence. You see we've been five days on the road—long enough plenty, to have been out of the State if the mare hadn't got foundered—and if they were on our trail, they'd have overtaken us before this time. And besides, the night you dreamed of was dark and windy, this one is beautiful as Mohammed's heaven."

"It aint mornin' yit, Dick," said Uncle Si, and the superstitious foreboding in his voice crept into the hearts of Dick and Rose. They nestled still closer to him. Dick put his arm protectingly round his father, but put it far enough round to half

encircle Rose's waist, too. She gave his hand a little squeeze with her elbow. They had no light, they had not made one any night since leaving the Buzzard Roost, and Dick had invariably kept his horse tied away from the camping-place, and had slept near him and ready for flight at a moment's warning. This night, for the first time, he had taken off leggings, spurs and revolvers, and flung them down in the corner. Half of one side of the shanty had been torn away, or blown down, and they sat on the edge of the floor. It was one of those moonless, California autumn nights that are light without any moon, and which are so still that one can hear the crackling of the air.

After a few minutes of bodeful silence, Dick began telling tales of his adventures. He had a wonderful knack of story-telling, and his adventures had been many and varied, but he could not delude his hearers for one minute. Uncle Si and Rose knew, as well as Dick knew, that he was only talking to make them forget. The ruse was a failure. He soon abandoned it, and the three sat moody and silent. A breeze sprung up, apparently out of the ground. It came so suddenly, and yet so softly, one could have doubted his senses and believed it had been blowing all the evening. The mellow haziness that made the night half twilight, vanished out of it leaving only the darkness.

Away out to the west a solitary light gleamed like a fiery star, a camp-fire, perhaps, or the light in the window of some lonely dwelling. Presently Uncle Si stooped quick, nearly to the earth, and peered out toward the light.

"Dick," he said, his voice full of suppressed excitement, "that's twict I've seen them four objicks darken that light. What does it mean?"

Dick slid down full length on the ground and put his ear lightly against it.

"Stray horses," he said, straightening up again. "Which way were they going?"

Uncle Si indicated the direction, adding: "They moved mighty slow an' careful like for stray hosses."

Dick went over to the corner where his pistols were lying, and belted them on. "Guess I'll reconnoiter," he said, and stepped out into the night.

It seemed to Uncle Si and Rose that they sat there a life-time in suspense. The night grew darker, they could only just discern the out-lines of each others faces. The breezes stiffened into a heavy wind that came in dashes against the frail shanty.

The old man and the girl shivered and drew their scant garments closer about them, but did not seek a more sheltered position. After what seemed an interminable time, Dick came back; he was riding Jim—but rode slowly, and the foot-falls of the horse were noiseless in the sandy soil.

"It's all up with me for any further traveling with you, father," he said; "they're out there—the two men you described at the Buzzard Roost—and two other men. They're rather new at the business, I conclude; the idiots have actually built a fire down in the bottom of the slough. I crept up close enough to shine their eyes."

Uncle Si could not answer. They stood a few moments thus in silence, it was so dark they could hardly distinguish each others' faces, and the wind in the empty chimney groaned like a living thing in pain. It was Rose who broke the silence. "If yer goin' ye'd better go! fust thing ye know Uncle Si's dream'll come so."

"Bravo! little woman, you're right about it! Good-bye father, good-bye Rose! I'll overtake you in a day or two; if I don't, wait for me at the Klamath!" His foot was in the stirrup; then he stepped back, and caught Rose impulsively to his breast, shook hands again with Uncle Si. Without another word he sprang into the saddle and rode swiftly away toward the hills.

"If they'd 'a come up with us any other night it wouldn't 'a seemed so bad," said Rose; "'cause we was kind o' 'spectin' 'em to; but the fust doggoned night we felt safe, hyer they had to come!"

Uncle Si made no reply. After a little while he took her hand and they went into the shanty. He made her go to bed on the pallet of blankets that had been spread down, and he tucked the covering closely around her to keep out the piercing wind. For himself, he wrapped a piece of blanket about his shoulders and sat down,

leaning against the wall, and listened and waited. The hours wore on; the wind rattled the loose boards in the walls and on the roof, and shrieked and whistled, and moaned, and crept down his collar, and up his wrists, and chilled his body into little bumps. Still he sat motionless and silent, listening and waiting. The flying sand struck him in the face, but he did not heed it, 'twas a fitting time for his thoughts. The old dog came up and stood shivering beside him, and then lay down and curled up, shivering at his feet. By and by the wind began to subside; it blew more steadily and less fiercely. The sand stopped flying, and a pale, watery, declining moon struggled through the dark. Then it seemed to the solitary man, waiting for he knew not what, that up out of the earth rose armed horsemen, and surrounded the house. They had come so stealthily he had not heard them—the two men he had entertained at the Buzzard Roost, and two other men. They got but little satisfaction from questioning him, and less from questioning Rose. Awakened by the talking, she sat up in bed with the blankets thrown half off, and her black hair all awry, looking in the dim light eery as an elf from Witchland. To one of the men it was a picture around which he framed his fortune.

After that night the traveling was weary, monotonous work to the lonesome travelers. While Dick accompanied them they had skirted along the border of the valley, keeping by-roads and unfrequented places; now they sought the broadest highways and the straightest roads, traveling faster even than before—anxiety and dread hurried them on—yet it was dreariness. The dry, bare, brown hills, the dry, bare, brown, dusty plains, the rivers that they forded, bordered with brown, decaying vegetation and autumn-burnt foliage! An artist might have painted the landscape along their route, and named the picture "Desolation."

It was the fall of a dry year. Uncle Si's heart was heavy; his dreams had always come true; his life had always been blighted. He did not believe he would ever see Dick again. But a new fear was growing upon him. Rose, whose irrepressible spirits had cheered him in his darkest forebodings, began to pine as the

days passed by and Dick did not come; she lost appetite, and day after day grew thinner and paler. She drooped and withered like a flower with the stem broken.

Then there came a day when he could travel with her no longer. He drove out a little way from the road, in the shade of a broad-branched oak, and stopped, hoping that a few days of rest would (as he expressed it) "set her on her feet agin."

But oh, for human hopes! He sat by the side of the rude couch he had made for her and fanned her with his old weather-beaten hat; and, looking into the face out of which the color and the tan had both faded, and into the hollow, burning, black eyes, he knew that "rest" was not enough.

He took the poor little fever-burnt hand into his rough palms and kissed it again and again: "Rosie, ye ain't a-goin' to leave me too, are ye?"

She looked up uneasily into the kind, old eyes bent eagerly, sorrowfully, upon her face: "*Leave you*, Uncle Si? How could I leave you? I'd ruther die than to leave you!"

"But, Rosie, you might die an' leave me, an' that 'd break my old heart."

"Uncle Si, when people die they put 'em in the ground, don't they? an' heap moun's on 'em, an' build little bedsteads round the moun's with head boards an' foot boards like them we seen this side o' Fort Millerton?"

"Yes, honey; them was graves."

"An' do they alluz stay there in the graves?"

"No, honey; its only the bodies that stays in the ground—'dust onto dust, an' the sperrit onto God who give it'; its soumthin' after the fashion o' that. I ain't fit to teach ye sich things, Rosie; but when ye die ye'll go to heaven an' see the angels an' God."

"Will I see Dick?"

Uncle Si put down the little hand that he held and walked away; he could not speak to answer. He walked over to the big white house that stood around a curve in the creek. It was a pretentious-looking dwelling for that part of the country, and that time in its history. The dark green shutters contrasted prettily with the pure white walls, and the wide porches around it looked invitingly cool; but he did not

notice any of this. He went straight up the wide steps to the front door. A woman, sheltered from the sun by the boughs of a huge fig-tree, sat in a low rocking-chair, swaying lazily back and forward. She had on the daintiest of wrappers, and she tipped the prettiest of slippers-feet on the smooth, swept ground as she rocked. Fashion was stamped on her from the aureole of her golden hair to the tips of her satin slippers.

She looked up inquiringly when Uncle Si approached and stopped rocking. He stood awkwardly silent a moment—it had been a long time, many a year—since he had seen a woman like that.

"Excuse me, madame, fer the boldness, but my little gal's a-layin' very sick out ther at the wagon; I dunno what to do fer her. If ye'd come an' see her an' see what could be done fer her, I'd be mighty much obliged to ye."

The words were awkward and awkwardly said. The man himself was awkward, but the grave voice and the heart-broken air aroused the woman's sympathy—her curiosity as well. She put on a broad-brimmed sun-hat and a pair of gloves to protect her hands—they were small, white, pretty hands—from the sun, and went with him. Rose had fallen asleep when they returned.

The beautiful woman sat down by the sleeping sick girl, and took into her own the hand Uncle Si had been holding. Aroused by the touch, Rose opened her eyes and looked at the strange face bending over her. It was the first white woman's face she had ever seen.

"Then I am dead I suppose, and this is in heaven, and your'e an angel, ain't you?"

The beautiful woman stooped, and kissed the child's forehead. Rose shut her eyes, and the tears squeezed out under the lids and glistened like dew-drops on her long black lashes.

"Where's Dick?"

"Poor little girl! out of her head?" she whispered, nodding to Uncle Si.

"No! no! Madam," Uncle Si replied. "She was never more in her right mind than she is now."

The beautiful woman was very curious about Rose. She questioned Uncle Si with the minuteness of a detective, and

seemed pleased that there was no one to claim the child but him.

She brought soft white garments and dressed Rose in them, in the place of the green calico dress and red jacket.

She brought her husband down to the wagon to see the little girl, and boldly announced her intention of adopting the girl, if they would permit her to.

"We are rich," she explained, "and childless," a look of sadness, strongly in contrast with her frivolous appearance, stole into the blue eyes as she uttered the words. "My husband has dug enough gold out of the Sierra Nevadas to build an Aladdin's palace, and buy his bride from the king, but we have no one to lavish it on; no one to leave it to. I have taken a fancy to the hapless child. I want to take her into my heart, in the place of my own little dead daughter."

Uncle Si fidgeted around, picked things that he did not want, looked at things that he did not see.

"Rosie," he said at last, "would ye like to go? May be it'd be better for ye; if ye was a boy I'd know what to do with ye, but ye'r a gal."

"Uncle Si, d'ye want me to leave ye?"

"Want ye to leave me? Good God! No; ye don't understand?"

"Then I'll never leave ye."

The beautiful woman did not intend to be balked thus, by a child's whim. The dark handsome man, whose black hair was slightly sprinkled with gray, indulged her in every thing, he would indulge her in this. Strangely, he too, looked disappointed at Rose's decision.

Then the beautiful woman, utterly ignoring the decision of Rose, turned to Uncle Si, and asked:

"Did you find nothing on the child, nor among the articles left in the camp, by which she might ever be identified? I would like to feel perfectly safe that no one would ever claim her away from us."

Uncle Si looked thoughtfully at the ground as if recalling something forgotten. Then he got up and opened a large tin box that was a regular curiosity shop in the way of contents. "No, thar was'nt nothin' left but this," said he, holding out a curiously carved oblong, little box. "I found it with some letters among the cloze in a little trunk. It was locked just as it is now; an' not like'n' to tinker with dead men's

belongin's, I never broke the lock." She started up when he held out the box to her; she took it, and all the color fled out of her face. She looked at Uncle Si, looked appealingly at her husband, and then at the box. She took a little key that hung on the watch chain at her waist, and fitted it into the rusty lock—the lid flew open—she screamed, handed the box to her husband, and fell down on her knees beside the couch, wringing her hands and crying out: "I'm afraid to be thankful, afraid to pray, afraid to believe it, but I do believe that this is my own little lost Rosamond! Oh! Harry, Harry! find out, solve the mystery for me and tell me before I go mad!"

The stately looking man addressed thus by his christian name, took the box in his hands; one at a time he took the articles out of it and examined them minutely—a pair of slender heavily wrought gold bracelets, a tiny gold locket hung on a narrow blue ribbon, a miniature of his own face in one side of it, that of his wife and a baby girl on the other, and last a small, red, morocco bound bible. He even opened the book, and put on his spectacles to read the record pages. The record of his marriage, the birth of Rosamond, Oct. 17th, written in his own hand—smaller—a mere miniature hand, written to fit the page, but his own; and between the leaves, folded so long that the folds were worn, their own old-fashioned marriage certificate.

"Have you any of these papers?" he asked calmly of Uncle Si.

Uncle Si produced them—there were only a few, the most of them were written in the same hand—they were letters to a brother, and well nigh all questionings about "our little girl."

"Mother," he said to the beautiful woman, "like you, I am almost afraid to believe it, but if we can believe this man's story of finding the child—and he has an honest face—I think, without hardly the shadow of a doubt, that she is indeed our own lost daughter." These are surely the trinkets you left with your mother, and these are the letters we wrote to Alfred." The beautiful woman had not waited for so much confirmation, She had caught Rose in her arms, and covered her face and hands and head, with tears and kisses. She sat down on the side of the low couch, and dragged her into her arms and rocked her to and fro, and laughed and cried over

her alternately. Rose's feet touched the ground, but to the starved heart of the mother she was the little toddling one she had cuddled in her arms.

"You see," said the grave-looking man turning to Uncle Si, "when I started across the plains in '48, my wife would not consent to remain at home. She could not bear the separation. The child was too young, we thought, to endure the hardships consequent upon so perilous a journey, and we left it in care of my wife's mother."

"I'd never, never do it again," said the beautiful woman, hugging and kissing Rose anew.

He stopped politely for the interruption, and then continued his explanation :

"A year afterward the news came that mother was dead, and then that my wife's brother, accompanied by a maiden aunt, had started to California, bringing our daughter with them. We received one letter after that, written on the plains—the aunt was dead, and the train had decided to come by the Southern route. We never heard from them again. I have spent thousands of dollars searching for the remnant of that train. Many of them starved and perished on the way. Those who survived long enough were met by the Spaniards with provisions and brought to Los Angeles. I have traced every one of them to their journey's end but my brother-in-law—of him I could find no clew. Reasoning that they came by Los Angeles, the man you found dead, and whom you believed to have been kicked to death by one of his own mules, was surely my brother-in-law, and the child could have been no other but ours. The letters and these gewgaws left, establish it beyond a doubt."

He reasoned as deliberately and calmly, as though he had been building a defense for a client.

And so it was settled that Rose, the nameless, mysterious waif, was the child of the beautiful woman and the courtly, rather pompous gentleman—their only child, the heiress prospective to wealth beyond her knowledge of reckoning. He, the father was a lawyer, established in San Francisco ; the mother seeking distraction from her loss in the maelstrom of society. They were making a brief visit to their

rancho in the upper part of the broad Sacramento valley.

All offers of money and a home made to him, Uncle Si politely but firmly refused. On the third day after the wonderful discovery had been made—when Rose, cured by excitement, had recovered strength to walk, Uncle Si hitched up his horses and bade them good-bye.

"Ye won't fergit me, Rose," he said, holding her by both hands; "ye won't quit lovin' me, will ye?" There was a pitiful little quiver on his lips as he said it.

"Fergit you? Quit lovin' you, Uncle Si?" said Rose, with a shadow of her old vehemence. "No : not even when I'm dead. And if he comes, you'll let me know," she whispered, then broke down and sobbed hysterically.

He comforted her with words that had no comfort in them for him. Then he stooped and kissed tenderly, reverently, as one kisses the dead, the shining, black hair—it was smoothly combed and braided—and sad and weary-hearted he went on alone to wait at the Klamath.

He waited a week—a month—but no Dick—no tidings of him came. His money was all gone—he had had but little to start with—and winter coming on. The winters are cold in the region of the Klamath River ; its waters leap down from the mountains where the snows never melt.

Dread deepened into despair, suspense into certainty ; yet ever in his soul he heard this last thing that Dick had said to him : "Wait for me at the Klamath"; and he would wait. Their destination had been Oregon ; the point on the Klamath where he was to wait was that at which the Oregon road crossed the river. Here he waited, working at whatever he could find to do. The ferryman, becoming discouraged at the prospect of high water and little travel, offered his boat to Uncle Si in exchange for his team. Eagerly the offer was accepted. What better life for him than this? Surely fate had made a way for him to wait.

It was then that the Frazier River gold excitement broke out. The stories that came back from the mines were fabulous. It was confidentially asserted that one man had loaded down a pack-mule with solid gold. Men flocked North by thousands—enough to people a State in one month—the road was lined with them in wagons,

on horse-back, afoot. They all had to cross the Klamath.

Uncle Si's ferry-boat was as good as a mint; it made money for him by the hatful. The eager gold seekers had to camp on the bank and wait by turns to be ferried across; they would bid for turns.

"Why do you ferrymen charge so exorbitantly on this road?" a city youth asked of Uncle Si. "Because we hef to charge for both ways, I reckon."

"I do not understand," said the youth.

"You'll be broke when ye come back, an' I'll hef to take ye 'cross fer nothin'."

The words proved prophetic. Many and many of those who went by buoyant and beaming with hope, came back disappointed, dejected, straggling home, and had to be ferried over free.

Uncle Si made his fortune in a season; but what cared he for money then! How many times, when he had been signalled to come back from the Oregon side, had his heart beat high and hard with the thought that it might be Dick—always, always to be disappointed!

The days dragged into months, the seasons run into years, and still he waited.

His hand was ever open to help a needy brother, his heart ever brimming with sympathy; but no joy ever shone in his smileless face.

One day he read a paragraph in a newspaper—left by some traveler—that set his pulses flying with feverish hope: "Information wanted of Cyrus Mordaunt, Sr. He can hear something to his advantage by communicating with Young & Young, attorneys-at-law, Los Angeles, Cal." He wore out a path walking back and forth on the bank of the river, before the answer to his communication came. When at last the old stage came rumbling in, and the bulky envelope was handed him, his hands were nearly too shaky to open it.

The first paper was a letter from Young & Young. He stared helplessly at the lawyer-like hieroglyphics; he could not make out a word. Then bethought him that there was another; this he finally deciphered. After the date, etc., it begun:

"Mordaunt:

I am lying on the brink of the grave; my hand can never reach back to undo the cruel wrong it has done you, but let me

make the poor, weak atonement of confessing it.

Your wife died loving you to the last, though—God forgive me the treachery—she believed you faithless. The message I sent you then was a lie—your son did not die. I educated him because he was my nephew; but I could not forgive him for being your son. I could not forgive him for not having hold enough upon his mother's life to save it. After her death the old place was haunted for me. I sold it and came to California, bringing the boy with me, but his presence was a perpetual reproof—and I hated him. When he was fifteen years old, for some trifling offense, I taunted him with his plebeian birth, and accused him of a crime—I forgot that he had the hot, haughty blood of my own race in his veins—with an oath, he flung the taunt back in my teeth, and strode away from me. I have never seen him since. I will attempt no palliation of my recreant trust. There is none. I had ambitious hopes for my beautiful queenly sister, and when she married an illiterate Westerner (forgive me that) my pride was "cut to the quick." I swore to separate you. Your going to California gave me the opportunity. There is no distinction of *caste* where I am lying now—but there is a mighty gulf between right and wrong. I am on the wrong side.

Si Mordaunt, you are a man, and I a wretch and a coward. I will not insult you by asking your forgiveness—such wrongs only God can pardon. But Mordaunt, my punishment has come—it came thick and fast. Wife, children, only brother—all that was near and dear to me are dead. My name will die with me to-night. I have left all that I possess to you and my sister's son—to be yours in case he is never found.

Good-bye—the last good-bye I will ever say. HATFIELD SUTHERLIN."

Disappointed again! he sat on the river shore, his head bowed on his hands, the fire of hatred in his heart. Could he forgive this man—dead though he was—who had blighted all his life? Surely no! Then out of the voice of the waters, and the shadow of the solemn twilight, his fancy evolved a mist-draped form with tender eyes and shining, golden hair. The face

was the face of his fair girl-wife; the speechless lips smiled on him, the eyes looked lovingly, wistfully into his, and the heart of the river beating against the shore at his feet sobbed: "Forgive, forgive."

He started up expectantly, and gazed around him. No vision of face or eyes or

golden hair; only the darkening twilight, and the river pushing against the shore.

The fire in the soul of the desolate man burned down and died. He calmly folded the letters and put them away; and his heart took up again its dreary burden of waiting.

MADGE MORRIS.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FIRST GOLD IN MERCED.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I picked up the first gold ever found in Merced county," said the doctor, as we lit our cigars and drew up our chairs, prepared to listen to a story of the "tent era" of California. "A party of ten or twelve of us left San Jose in the spring of '50 for the mines, taking with us about two thousand dollars worth of merchandise.

"Among my patients in San Jose was an Englishman named Bill Thorpe, who had been sick all winter. The poor fellow had crossed the plains, and had arrived in the El Dorado of the West, out of both health and pocket. Taking pity on the man, I doctored him for months, and kept the wolf from the door of his helpless little household. In the depth of winter, in the middle of the night, or at midday, I attended him almost constantly. He grew strong as the spring came in, and by the time I was ready to go on my journey he was a well man. He assisted me in my preparations and looked, with longing eyes, on the completion of our plans, and often a heavy sigh would escape him. At last he said, 'Doctor, can't you take me with you?' I had thought of this before, but feared he was not strong enough for the hardship of a prospecting tour. He grew so earnest in his pleadings that at last I agreed with him to go with me. He was to take his oldest child, a boy of twelve years, and I was to pay him one hundred dollars per month to cook for me and take care of my horses and pack-mules.

"We traveled several days, camping one day at noon on Bear Creek, in Merced county.

"Judging from the timber,' said a fellow named Reed, 'we haven't reached the gold fields yet.'

"Mike O'Connor, a jolly, good-natured son of the old sod, stared at the speaker in open-mouthed wonder. 'Timber, is it? Phoy, duz yez expect to find the goold growing on thrays? Its a lazy spalpeen ye are, to want to jist lie under a limb 'til the goold dhraps into yer gub.'

"Reed endeavored to explain, but Mike, lighting his stub of a pipe, betook himself to the shade of a big pine tree, saying: 'I'll jist lie here a while and see if I catch any goold.'

"Mike was apparently a light-hearted, good-natured lad, who took the world, so far as we could see, just as it came.

"After dinner the men lay under the trees to rest, some of them dropping to sleep, while others lay puffing the smoke from their pipes and no doubt building 'castles in Spain.'

"Feeling a curiosity to prospect I said to the boys, 'I am going out to find a nugget.'

"Taking my pan and shovel I started up the creek. Stopping here and there, I washed several pans of dirt and found particles of gold in each one.

"Going a little further on, I began to dig in a spot that looked 'rich,' and as the red earth ran off in a muddy stream, it left its shinning treasure in the pan. Every shovel full grew richer and in less than an hour I returned to camp with an ounce of gold-dust.

"The men, who were lying idle and listless, in the shade of the trees, sprang to

their feet at the magic word. Some of them, who had never seen gold-dust, crowded around to look at it, to touch it, to lay their fingers on its wondrous sheen, and be satisfied it was not a fairy tale.

"'Shure you must have got under a thray that showered it down,' said Mike, as he sauntered slowly up, the least interested one in the crowd.

"This discovery changed our plans and we pitched our camp on the spot.

"Pitching our tents, and building our campfires, we put up our 'store' and built a corral for our animals, and then began to prospect.

"Gen. Fremont and his men and a party of Toqui Indians, were encamped within a few hundred yards of us.

"We located no claim but only gathered the gold. It was gold, gold everywhere; in the rock and in the sand; pull up a tuft of grass, and a nugget of gold clung to its roots; turn over a stone with the toe of your boot, a chispa lay beneath it; look in the track of your horse's hoof, to find gold. It was the land of the Fairy Tale, where one had but to stoop down and gather riches. We grew rich as if by magic. The poor man of to-day was the millionaire of to-morrow.

"We made from nine to ten ounces a day. I paid Thorpe his salary, and as his time was occupied with the horses, giving him no chance to try his fortunes, we gave him an ounce of gold daily.

"Hearing a disturbance among the animals one night, I called to Thorpe and O'Connor and we went out to reconnoiter. We thought we saw some one moving, and the men leveled their guns to fire. Thinking it might be some of Fremont's men I prevented them from so doing, and as all grew quiet we went back to our tents and go sleep.

"In the morning we found nine ropes cut, and the horses gone.

"The neighboring Indians had never come in to trade with us, and believing them to be hostile, we had no doubt but they had taken the animals. Notifying General Fremont of the theft, and of our intentions to recover our loss, if possible, we consulted with him, as to the route to follow them, etc.

"The General, at once, sent a party of his men and some Toqui Indians to accompany

us, the latter discovering and keeping the trail.

"We started at daybreak, and traveled until about four in the afternoon, when we were hailed in Spanish by some one at a distance.

"Looking up from whence the sound came, we saw hundreds of small dark objects moving around on the cliff above us. The Toquis, whose trained eyes gave them a knowledge beyond all our skill, told us they were Indians, and that there were over three hundred of them. Having attracted our attention, they again halloed, telling us that if we wanted our horses, to come and get them.

"After carefully surveying the situation, and knowing that the Indians in general, had no fire arms, we accepted the challenge and started up the mountain.

"We had climbed one or two benches when we heard the report of a gun at intervals, and then a bullet would strike in the branches near us, or whistle by our ears. As we went nearer to our foes their fire increased.

"Four white men had been murdered by Indians a few days before; and now their rifles were carrying their deadly messages to us.

"To go up farther, in the face of a fire from unseen foes, was foolhardy, and we decided to change tactics and try a ruse. Waiting until the next shot was fired, we turned suddenly, as if from fright, and rushed down the mountain. The arrows flew thick and fast around us, striking the ground in all directions, but leaving us unhurt. At the foot of the mountain each man left his saddle, and, wrapping his lariat around a tree to secure his horse, intrenched himself behind the tree ready to fight true Indian warfare. We now began to return their fire, giving them volley after volley until they turned and fled.

"As we mounted our horses for our return, one of the men told me he thought about one hundred and fifty of the savages had gone toward camp. Fearing a massacre, and anxious lest the Toquis, overcome by fright, might desert us, I warned him not to tell them of his discovery.

"It was far into the night before we reached water. The little creek was in a

lonely, desolate cañon; but our jaded horses could go no further. Cold and hungry and in the midst of danger, we bivouaced.

"The night was dark, but beset, as we were, on all sides by terror and uncertainty, we dared not build a camp-fire, lest it prove a beacon light to a horde of blood-thirsty savages that perchance lay in ambush, ready to ply the tomahawk in murderous blow. And even were *we* safe, the more terrible thought arose, that with the swift, sure tread of the forest born, they were nearing the defenseless ones at camp. Yet, in spite of it all, after placing guard, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept soundly.

"We reached camp about noon of the next day to find our fears groundless. The Indians still continued hostile, but gave us no further trouble.

"Thorpe herded the horses and mules some distance from the camp, while we prospected along the creek. The men, who had accumulated several thousand dollars, buried their treasure in convenient spots around the camp, which was left entirely unguarded during the day.

"One day at noon O'Connor got on his mule and rode to camp. In a short time he returned, his mule panting and covered with foam, while great beads of perspiration stood on his pallid face. As soon as he could control himself enough to speak, he told me there was something wrong below. Getting on the mule behind him, I went to the camp to find that we had been robbed. We gave the alarm, and soon found that every coche had been emptied, every grain of dust was gone. I had four thousand dollars in gold-dust in one place, and four hundred dollars in gold coin in another. The latter had been taken up from time to time to pay Thorpe his wages. The boys estimated our loss to be nine or ten thousand dollars, O'Connor claiming to have lost about fifteen hundred.

"But one man besides ourselves knew where the gold was hidden, and he alone could have taken it—Thorpe, the Englishman. The man who had fed from my bounty had paid me in golden coin. Still hoping to find some way of escape for the wretch if he would confess his guilt, I asked to be allowed to bring him to camp. With a heavy heart I went to where he

was at work, over half a mile from camp. Overcome by fear, he denied having been to the tents during the day, and stoutly maintained his innocence. Convinced in our own minds of his guilt we placed a guard over him hoping to find some clue by which to prove his crime.

"We found this clue in a horse's track that had entered the camp from the direction of the pasture, and returned by the same path. Gen. Fremont sent to our aid an experienced Toqui scout, who, scrutinizing the track closely, followed it to where the horses were herded and back again. The thread of evidence had begun to lengthen. On the next morning the scout stood at the corral gate and watched the tracks as the horses came out one by one. Slowly the large herd filed past, ever and anon the scout bent closer and gazed intently at the foot-print only to rise again unsatisfied. One by one they come. The corral is mostly empty. But three remain. Now another and another. No sign from the eagle-eyed watcher.

"The lost horse comes to the gate, goes out. The Indian raises his head and points triumphantly to a mark in the soft mud. It was the horse Thorpe had ridden that day. The thread had become a web.

"We organized a court. I was elected Prosecuting Attorney, while the other men were chosen for the other officers, twelve of them being selected as jurors. We tried the case carefully and impartially, only to find him guilty and to sentence him to be hung. But one man of the twelve dissented from the death penalty. O'Connor refused to sign his death warrant.

"Slowly and solemnly we prepared the execution. Scarce a man spoke, as with swift strokes we dug a grave under the limb of a tree and there threw the rope over, while the doomed man stood by. His little son begged piteously for his father's life. Now joining his wretched parent as he knelt in supplication to heaven. Then to kneel at the feet of the judges, his little hands clasped in agony and the tears of a breaking heart falling over his little brown face.

"We were anxious to recover the treasure and tried by every means to make Thorpe confess. But all to no avail. He stoutly refused to say anything except to deny all knowledge of the theft. Turning suddenly

to the boy, someone asked him if his father had gone to camp that day. The little fellow tried to say no, but the word died on his lips.

"I plead with Thorpe by the memory of what I had done for him. I reproached him for ingratitude. He cried like a child and still asserted his innocence. The preparations were all made, the grave yawned beneath the gallows.

"The blanket that was to serve as his shroud, lay on the heaped earth that was soon to be heaped over the guilty man. The judge held the black cap, a sleeve from an old red flannel shirt.

"We agreed among ourselves to pull him up a little, to try and wring a confession from him, and then let him down. We slipped the noose over his head. He clasped his child to his bosom and then bent his head in prayer.

"The cries of the boy were heartrending waking the echoes of the woods with their sorrow, and many a hardy miner present turned to brush away a tear as they looked on the bereaved child.

"Slowly and steadily the men pulled the rope, but they pulled too long. The man fainted, and away in the woods beside that open grave I did some of the hardest work of my life. He was almost gone and it took me an hour to resuscitate him. As soon as life returned, I whispered to him that I could save him if he would confess.

"He said the gold was in a mud-hole near the camp, he had put it all into one bag and thrown it in there.

"I paid a man sixty dollars to bale out the mud and water and dig out the money.

The prisoner remained perfectly quiet all the time. The bottom of the hole was reached. The money was not there. Thorpe burst into tears, saying, 'I don't know where it is.'

"Here was a man just from the jaws of death, sitting on the very earth that was to cover him, and the noose, with its blood-red mark still around his neck, proclaiming his innocence in the face of flagrant proof.

"But we could not hang him. The men of Forty-nine were not murderers. Great, generous, forgiving hearts beat beneath the red or blue flannel shirts. Thorpe had a wife and little ones at home; and his boy, now grown, still in his misery, plead mutely for his father.

"So we lead him to a tent and placed him under guard.

"Over our camp fire we planned it all. They selected me as Knight-errant. I slipped into his tent, cut the ropes that bound him and gave him the chance for escape. Before daylight he and the boy were far from their judges.

"Several days passed, when suddenly O'Connor got very liberal and gave all his traps to some fellow-miners. He sold his interest in the camp for a song, saying that he was tired of mining and was discouraged over his loss.

"Trading his mule for a fine horse, he left us and went to Monterey. Here we found he spent money freely, exhibiting hundreds of dollars in gold dust. Before our suspicions were aroused, he had shipped for the Sandwich Islands.

"Who took the gold dust? echo answers, who?"

BABEK.

To-day is mine. I hold it fast—
Hold it and use it as I may—
Unmindful of the shadow cast
By that dim thing called yesterday.

To-morrow hovers just before,
A bright-winged shape, and lures me on,
Till, in my zeal to grasp and know her,
I drop to-day—and she is gone.

The bright wings captured lose their light;—
To-morrow weeps, and seems to say,
"I am to-day—ah, hold me tight;
Ere long I shall be yesterday."

Susan Coolidge.

AT THE DAWNING.

Frail little barque, on the rude ocean cast!
 —Ocean of Life, dark and wild;—
 Ah! many 's the storm and fierce wintry blast
 That may shipwreck thy hopes, ere the voyage be past,
 And thou be at rest, little child,
 Dear one,
 Safe from the storms fierce and wild.

Poor little feet! that from thorns shall bleed,
 —Thorns 'mid the roses cast;—
 Thou must suffer alone, for few will heed
 When the footsteps fail, or the tired feet bleed,
 Till the ending comes,—at last,
 Weary feet,
 And thorns and roses are past.

Wondering eyes! to be dimmed by tears
 —Tears often hid by a smile,—
 Glad eyes, you'll grow sad in the coming years,
 For falsehood and treachery weeping your tears
 'Neath the pitiful mask of a smile,
 Sad eyes!
 Weeping a weary while.

Dear little heart! that must ache so sore,
 —Ache with a cruel pain,—
 When the bright visions fade, and hope shines no more,—
 Yes, ache till you reach the radiant shore
 Far over life's troubled main,
 Little heart,
 Where endeth all woe and pain.

—*Carrie Stevens Walter in Ingleside.*

THE CITY OF SHIN-DU-WAN.

NUMBER 4.

Bravely marching on, filled with pie-crust and courage, Job Skriddles walked into another night. Pressing on through the darkness, his ear, rendered acute by the sheer waste of solitude, caught the rat-tat-tat of a shoemaker's hammer, and much to his surprise and satisfaction, he found himself in the heart of a microscopic village, dubbed in deference to the progdnagian idea, prevalent in California: The City of Shin-Du-Wan.

"From little acorns, great oaks grow," and from little oaks great forests. Things in themselves insignificant sometimes lead to things that are great.

The contour of a woman's nose furnished a theme for Homer, and the close student may still discover some circumstantial results of that far-reaching nose. A spider prompted Bruce to victory, and the sons of Scotia pondered the propriety of painting a tarantula on the spines of the national thistle. A goose saved Rome, a cow burned Chicago, and the rat-tat-tat of a shoemaker's hammer discovered to Job Skriddles the City of Shin-Du-Wan.

Shin-Du-Wan, or "Shin," as fondly abbreviated by those to the manor-born, was planted in the earlier 'Fifties on the broad plains of the great Sacramento Valley; and is noted, mainly, as a place of futurity. Never having known a past, it was never coppered by antiquity, and lived, and still lives, wholly in the future. Untrammelled by precedent, un moulded by ancestry, its future is *carte blanche*—boundless immensity, and it presents the strange spectacle of seeking paternity and maternity—blood, blossom and root, wholly in posterity.

The city was composed of public or semi-public structures, and consisted of a hotel, a bar-room, a cattle corral, a shoemaker's stall, a blacksmith shop, a liberty-pole, a store, a railway depot and a cala-boose or lock-up. Add to these a Chinese wash-house with a barracoon attachment and Shin-Du-Wan, as listed by the assessor, is complete. With commendable public spirit the people lived "out back" that the city might have room to spread, and it

only lacked more houses and folks to vie with 'Frisco.

The people of Shin were as singular as the city itself. They were of the high grade caste that measures *quality* by the accepted rule—that of scarcity. The *elite* enjoyed the happy pre-emption of tracing their pedigree—not to honor or affluence, beauty or brains, dowagers and dungeons, grandeur and grandfathers, blue books and bludgeons, browbeaters and bastards, castles and cut-throats—but, back—way back—through all its tortuous windings, gunnysack socks and redskins, to the north fork of the Platte, and the ponderous fact that they had crossed the plains in '49 !!! And among them were three mules, a newspaper man, a nigger and a sawhorse, who shared the same distinction.

As might reasonably be expected, the Shin-Du-Wanians were essentially aristocratic. Among the "old solids" none were to be found who ranked less than "Squaw," all others were "Jedges," "Doc's," "Cap's" and "Kurnels," save one, who was a "Majaw," and, by the by, a turkey rancher who had served in the Legislature of '52, and who was styled "Senataw." The shoemaker, a dabbler in real estate and politics, being a literary chap, was known as "The Professaw."

Democracy was the ruling religion; "Ginral" Jackson, the deity; and blind obedience and strength of lung, the test and measure of faith and favor. Love of whisky was the ruling passion; the main occupation, telling stories; the best poker player was the most important man, and the greatest liar the most exalted.

In the handling and shipment of fruit, berries and vegetables, raised by the Chinese, bloomed the commercial prosperity of Shin-Du-Wan. The Shin-Du-Wanians proper, shipped wood, wool, chickens and turkeys, on the profits of which, added to their Chinese rents, the masters in Shin grew fat and frolicsome, reveled in bean poker and pedro, and fondly debated the growing probability of rehabilitating the "Lost Cause" with the

yellow man in the role of the blackamoor.

Following the lead of his ear Job Skrid-dles found the source of the musical ratta-tat—"The Professaw"—pounding a lapstone prelude to the half-soling of a pair of brogans. The newcomer was welcomed to Shin, and instantly pressed to purchase a corner lot; but in discussing the subject, it fell out that the Vermonter was wholly impecunious and anxiously seeking employment. The Professor would aid him. He knew a man, he said, who wanted to clear up bottom lands "way down in the Pocket" (the name of a bowl-shaped river bottom close by). The Pocket was to be cleared of its oaks and undergrowth, and converted into Chinese vegetable plots. The owner had already hired several white men to cut market wood and grub out stumps—"Come," said the Professor, "I'll introduce you at once." In bare head and leather apron, the literary shoemaker led the way to the bar-room, and in a short and grandiloquent speech introduced his "old friend hyar" (whom he had known just forty seconds) to the big gun of the place:

COLONEL STRETCH.

The "Onorable-Kurnel-Jedge-Squire Stretch" was a power in Shin-Du-Wan; a man of immense physical development, with a shock head, a liver colored face, a mule mouth and a rutabaga nose. His eyes were squint, and he wore a great shaggy beard tangled and gray, and flecked and stained with the juice of tobacco, of which his "chew" cost ten cents per diem—thirty-six dollars and fifty cents per annum. Large as was the man, his hands and feet were too big for him, and flopped about loose and flabby as the flippers of a seal, or the ears of an elephant. Had his general growth kept pace with his hands and feet, Stretch would have been a living model of the Rhodian colossus. He sometimes wore a pair of low quartered brogan shoes, but never owned a boot in his life and heartily hated that article, stigmatizing it as a "new-fangled Yankee trick."

It was no uncommon thing to meet "The Jedge" clad only in shirt and trousers and bare at both ends, striding over the plains from his ranch to Shin-Du-Wan. He was reputed to be very jealous of his

wife, a digger Indian, black as the spots on a polecat—fully as aromatic, and one who had reached that perfection of human ugliness that attracts as much attention—if not more, than the loveliest beauty.

The Colonel was the owner of 20,000 acres of the city of Shin-Du-Wan. He was one of the founders of Shin and regarded it as Adam regarded Paradise. Shin was dear to his heart, for, in Shin he had played pedro and poker the greater part of each day since 1850. Shin was the head and foot of his patriotism and Shin was the belly of his nationality.

All Shin-Du-Wan looked up to Colonel Stretch, and, on the Colonel's part, a proprietary assumption lurked in every step and look, in every intonation of his voice, and in every wave of his flipper-like hands. He loudly boasted in presence of every stranger that he was "Kurnel Stretch, by G—d!"; that "fur forty year, nigh on," he had guzzled his "ragler cornjuice, by G—d!" And never was so drunk but he knew he "wus Stretch, by G—d!" That he could beat "ole hell a lien" and "whup enny durned man on top o' the arth, by G—d!"

Stretch was a man strong in his convictions "fur or aginst." He hated the Pope because he knew him to be an Irishman. He despised Catholicism, Soft-shelled Baptists and Yanks, and mourned "fur the time when this was a whiteman's kentry an' a nigger was a nigger." He had an abiding faith in the "Dimocratic party," believed "Bosting" to be a "furrin kentry" and New Awl-ins the center of civilization. He distinguished a bible from a dictionary by the change in the pictures. He affixed his mark (x) to all documents needing his signature and held school-marms in awe and school-masters in contempt. As a political orator, the Colonel was a success. Though his speech was always the same, it was always brief, always to the point, always understood, always appreciated and, therefore, always eloquent. Hear him: "I'm a dimocrat, I am! I was born a dimocrat, I wus! My dad was a dimocrat, he wus! My grand-dad was a dimocrat tu, he wus! And by the great jumpin' Jim Jiggity Jones I'll allus be a dimocrat, by G—d! Let's lick'er."

Col. Stretch was Shin-Du-Wan's dele-

gate to every Democratic county convention. He was Shin's County Committee man, Shin's member of the Levee commission, chairman of the Swamp-land District Committee and Justice of the Peace. In addition to which, and transcending all other honors, he was referee in all matters pertaining to Hoyle. His religious views were *nil* and his theological information was confined solely to a hearty hatred of the Pope. He never knew how many gods there were. "Not right down pat." "Hearn tell ov a lot cross Bar river," he said, and knew a "hull mess ov 'em on Begbug creek, Buncomb county, ter hum; coorted Sal God onct, when old Jack God was 'cessor thar in '46, never liked 'em though, mighty pesky crowd."

Outside of the bar-room Hon.—Col.—Judge—Squire Stretch was known as an unprincipled skinflint; a dangerous man in trade or barter; one who looked upon *cheat* as the sum of all talent. He would swindle the poorest laborer out of his hire—do it according to law, and boast of the trick; but in the bar-room he would cheerfully spree fourfold the amount stolen, and spree it with the man he had robbed, or loan it to him to make "a cow" in poker, if he liked his style of play. "The Judge" would refuse a starving man ten cents for bread, and in the same breath call all hands to the bar with the cry: "let's licker!" shouting in from the door, stragglers and strangers, including the man he had refused to feed, and woe to him who would not drink, his was an affront not easily forgotten or readily forgiven.

Of such a mould and manner was Colonel Stretch with whom the Vermonter hired as a wood-chopper. The hours rapidly disappeared and so did games and cocktails, straights and sours, gin-slugs and gum toddies. Suddenly the Colonel threw down the cards with which he had spent the evening, marched to the bar, called upon all to "come up an' irrigate"—took whisky straight in "his'n" and without further sound or ceremony bolted out into the night, mounted his mustang and rode away.

Not knowing that his employer had departed for good, Skriddles anxiously looked for his return. Anxiety grew into impatience, and at last he ventured to inquire where the colonel had gone? "Gone

hum reck'n," came like an echo from behind the bar.

"Gone home!" Gasp'd the Vermonter, starting to his feet.

"Where does he live?"

"O'bout haf mile up the rud, fust house." resumed the echo.

Out darted Job like Japhet in search of a father, but with a better prospect of finding the "fust house" and his hairy patron.

He found the house, a redwood box roofed with shakes, and was approaching the door (an elegantly carved one of Eastern manufacture) when a voice came out of the darkness to his right and sternly demanded: "Whar ye gwine?"

In a moment Colonel Stretch stood by his side. Recognition was mutual and expressed on the colonel's part in the exclamation:

"What in h—l ye doin' hyar?"

"I am the man, sir, whom you hired to cut wood."

"Wal, what in h—l ye doin' hyar?"

"I supposed, sir, that I was to stay with you," answered Job, sadly disconcerted.

"Stay wood me! Ho! ho! ho! stay wood me!! Je-e-messes River! Stay wood me!!! Nobody stays hyar 'cept me an' the ole 'oman. Them fellers what chop fur me stay themselves or down to the hotel."

"Ah, sir," said Job, "I fear that the hotel is closed for the night."

"Shucks! No 'taint, nuthen locked 'cept the bar. But, ef ye minter stay hyar all right."

"Thanks, sir," replied the Vermonter, "the truth is, Colonel, I'm very tired and you would confer a great favor by showing me where I am to sleep."

"Wal, come 'long," growled the Colonel, and he led the Vermonter past the house and away beyond a great rambling barn until he reached a tall rail fence, letting down a "pair of bars" he bade the weary traveler—"git over," and when Job "got" the Colonel carefully replaced the bars, struck up Dixie, and retraced his way with buoyant step and musical mein.

A kindly action had waked whatever of melody the Colonel's coarse-grained nature contained, and his singing mood fully evinced the placidity of the soul that ever follows a noble act. The Vermonter, however, had the bad taste to interrupt his host's hoarse warble by calling out con-

cerning where he was to sleep. To which inquiry Stretch shouted back, a patronizing quaver running through his voice :

"Oh, eny whar yer a minter—don't feel eny way kerflumixed—make yersel ter hum—jes rile round how yer wanter, plenty room thar! Three thousand acres in thet field!!—'An live an' die in Dixie—look away—kway—way—ay—a-a-a.'"

As the cadence and the Colonel died in darkness and distance, Skriddles, realizing the situation, scaled the fence and soon overtook his patron who turned in amazement and roared :

"Hel-lo! stranger, thought you'd gone ter bed." "Colonel—Judge—Squire Stretch," said Job, "my wife's gone a-fishing—and—fact is—I've got no blankets—and that bed is too big for me."

"No blankets! Got no blankets! Wh-e-e-ew! Whar'd ye come from?"

"Probnostophilees."

"What's yer name?"

"J. R. Johnson." (Job lied.)

"Hell! no white man can stop on my ranch what's got no blankets. And, say, stranger, I wouldn't hev a feller name Johnson 'round my ole 'oman no how. You'd better stay wood them fellers down to the hotel." The Colonel took up the next stanza of his song, turned upon his heel and disappeared in the darkness, leaving the man who had lost caste when he lost his blankets to meditate upon the ramifications of circumstance, and the multiplicity and fineness of society distinctions in the city of Shin-Du-wan.

STRAWBUCK'S CLOCK.

The hotel was the head and heart of Shin-Du-Wan; and being the principal edifice, and the pride of the surrounding country, it deserves something more than passing mention. The building was two storied and composed of redwood slabs, pine shakes and Fall River muslin, the first story being lined and ceiled with tent dimity.

It was a noted caravansary and well appointed for the reception of guests. Transient customers, of the commoner order, were relegated to "the Corral," of which more anon; but for the accommodation of ladies, permanent boarders and people known to Shin, the upper story was petitioned into ten-by-six sleeping apart-

ments, two rows of which, divided by a three-foot alley, ran the whole length of the structure.

These "rooms" were simply boxes formed of rough boards six feet high, open at the top and ceiled in common by the roof of rough hewn shakes. For economy, if not for sanitary reasons, no two boards came together, and in many places more than an inch of space intervened, providing a convenient passage for air, sound and vision.

Should the apertures thus provided fail to satisfy the Peeping Tom proclivities of the more than ordinarily curious, and the occupant of a room or box, desired to play "Paul Pry" upon a nobler plane, all was necessary to the gratification of that desire was to stand upon the soap box or beer keg, furnished in lieu of a chair, where, perched like Poe's "Raven," he might glare down upon the box beneath and observe, at leisure, the gender and conduct of those it contained.

With one sensitive and very important exception, those apartments were equally furnished. The alley that divided them was known as "The Line," and the rows of rooms were styled, respectively: "The Right" and "The Left;" and their occupants were always referred to as: "members of the right," and "members of the left." Though small, the rooms were neatly fitted out, that is to say, if we are to measure neatness by simplicity. The exception and the difference above mentioned, refers solely to the quality and capacity of the seating garnishment of the right vs. the left, and visa versa.

Instead of chairs the right rooms were furnished with neatly-nailed soap-boxes; while the rooms on the left contained empty beer-kegs. An inky picture, stamped upon each box, was a decoration of which the left could not boast, and which, since the advent of Oscar Wilde, "the right" claimed to be a representation of the Goddess of Liberty, or, at least, a beautiful maiden; but which "the left" stigmatized as a bull's head. (The rules of art were liberally construed in Shin.) As "the left" waxed wroth over the painted prudery of "the right," it waxed proud of its kegs, and the "Line" eventually became a sort of social and political Rubicon.

Though lacking the artistic beauty of

the box, the keg, nevertheless, had been a good and faithful servant. Less æsthetic than its neighbors, more material than metaphysical, it fronted the world with a stolid cheer and a fantastic stoicism wholly foreign to its rival; it had buffeted the tides of time with a purpose ruder and more rotund—less Godly and more human—and occupied a deeper, longer and broader scope in the memory of men. Therefore, cherished for what it had been, it was used for what it was—an experience common to reformers of all grades, and a practice naively human.

The influence exerted by those kegs and boxes was amazing, and proved to be deep and far-reaching. The line of social and political demarcation was drawn at the keg—drawn irrevocably—the community divided—fine-haired fancy reared the standard of the box, while human nature rallied round the keg, and, sooner or later, each citizen was moved by the irresistible force of agitated public opinion to declare himself a box or a keg man.

The partisans of each organized, and the spirit of party sputtered, and spewed, and growled, and grew until contention threatened a feud as irreconcilable as that of the Capulets and Ghibelines. In fact, the Donnybrook must have ended like the famous war of the Kilkenny cats had not the last big fight brought about an agreement to taboo the whole matter. This agreement was the result of a miscue made by Cock-Eye Jones. He shot Whiskey Bill, a man on his own side of the subject. Jones intended to shoot Web-Foot-Joe (a box-man), but was so "riled" by the gravity of the occasion, and the outrageous argument made by the "cuss," that he aimed squarely at him, and, of course, cooked poor Bill's goose. Had Cock-Eye retained his usual dignity he would have aimed at Bill and all would have been well—at least, such were the grounds as explained by his honor, Judge Stretch (a keg-man), upon which the court discharged Jones, and the court and all hands "licker'd;" the taboo, mentioned above, was agreed upon, and the court treated; Bill was buried behind the "sall-oon"—all hands "licker'd" again and peace reigned in Shin-du-Wan.

Because of their social and political importance, the kegs and boxes of the Shin-Du-Wanian hostility have been spec-

ially noted; in addition, however, each upper story bedroom contained a board bunk, and every bunk contained a swarm of fleas supplemented by the drapery of spiders, and a hog-shaped pest double-breasted on the back. Each bunk also contained a pulu mattress, the crystalized modulations of which might be made—by careful adjustment—to fit the curves and angles of the human frame. But much depended upon the flexibility and will of the frame. To use the technical language of the Professor—a technical or anatomical shoemaker—it was a technical or anatomical bed. Add to the foregoing a woolen blanket that might have been gray, or any other color when washed in the Yuba in the spring of '50, and the garnishment of the upper regions of the Shin-Du-Wanian Hotel is complete so far as enumeration may be concerned.

The ten-cent muslin that lined and ceiled the lower regions had never reached the altitudes above, a fact of which the Professor seemed inordinately proud; and of which he commented: "As a lover of science I'm glad to know that muslin has been held in abeyance. Muslin is a thing of deftness and cunning, and cunning is akin to art. Science is divine, and simplicity is its soul. To serve that divinity, in its highest form, the upper portion of our Hotel has been reserved."

Divinity was abashed and remained in abeyance. The roof—the simple, rough-hewn shakes was the only ceiling on high, and when the moon shone bright and placid that roof flashed the lunar rays through its myriad perforations even as the stars blink and leer through the rents and leaks in the curtain of night. While this was the very simplicity of beauty it was also—as will shortly appear—the very soul of practical usefulness. "My Watch" was a standing subject of debate in Shin-Du-Wan, and all such debates were forever settled by reference to the roof, or, as it was universally styled, Strawbuck's Clock.

The manner in which the roof obtained its odd appellation is a little singular, and that that perpetuates it, a scientific curiosity. In fact, the faith reposed in its scientific accuracy was, and is, as boundless as the future of Shin-Du-Wan itself.

A Shin-Du-Wanian Ecumenical Council had long since declared that Straw-

buck's Clock could do no wrong; therefore, should a man doubt his own or his neighbor's timepiece, let it be a wooden wonder from Connecticut, or a gold chronometer from Paris, he was told to—"Gup an' luck at th' clock," and the doubt was immediately and forever dispersed. Another doubt may arise, but that one—never!

To quote the Professor: "That clock's an immeasurable measure—science wholly—solely—only. As a piece of mere mechanism—a product of artful fingers and brooding brains—it is not, perhaps, to be regarded in the same degree of artistic wonder as the Strasbourg affair; but mark the difference, and the difference takes the cake, it is in no sense artistic! No, no, 'tis science! Science, immutable as mind, current as greenbacks, and changeless and undaunted as the democratic party."

As a clock it was all that the Professor claimed. It was a planet clock, took its right of action from the sun and moon, by whose high authority its measurements were made, and its record kept. It was self-adjusting, self-caring, without weights, wheels, pulleys, hands or pendulum, a silent, immovable symbol of perpetual motion that never stammered, staggered, moved or stopped. It made no division of darkness, nor did it note the minor measurements of time, but it marked each fleeting hour of sunlight and moonlight with a certainty as infallible as that that compounded the cocktails of Col. Stretch.

This immortal tribute to science was the work of an Irish vagabond who drifted from the mines when the placers played *out* for the whiteman and *in* for the Chinese. The anti-Shin-Du-Wanian antecedents of this extraordinary man—if he ever had any—were veiled and mystic, and left wholly to conjecture. Nothing was practically known of him further than the all important fact that he had proved himself to be the best poker player in Shin-Du-Wan, a truth, or rather, a reputation, that had raised him to the highest pinnacle of Shin-Du-Wanian esteem. As time rolled on, and practice proved that he could drink more whiskey than "Kurnel—Jedge—Squiaw" Stretch, his popularity boomed, and when he demonstrated beyond all peradventure, that he 'could out-lic' the

Colonel, though his antecedents were doubtful as the devil's, nothing could stay the tide of his glory, and, with one bound he leaped into the hearts of—The People—and reigned there the sovereign of the sovereigns.

As in all such cases—as the truth of history proves—envy, barbed by malice, whispered many bitter things. It was said that the great man was a fish-fed pauper of the kind and character indigenous to Cork—that the Jesuites of Santa Clara had imported him for the purpose of serving as a slyster pope, but that the nefarious scheme had fallen through by reason of the pauper's hereditary instincts which disposed him to the study of social and political problems and astronomical calculations filtered through a native love of whiskey, and a predilection for squaws.

Stretch—jealous as a clucking hen—swore roundly "that the brogy cuss was nothin' but a Yank—a bloody minded furriner from Bosting." And that on "lection day he was no better'n a donkey engine—all noise and no turkey." It was sedulously noised about, that the stranger "was no '49er;" that "morn'n likely, he was a Salt Lake skipper." Meanness went so far as to insinuate that he was a natural born imposter—that he had even imposed upon himself and worked a wrinkle in posterity by marrying his aunt—that he may pose before the world at one and the same time as his own uncle and nephew of himself. It was darkly hinted that he might be a Danite on the trail of Sam Brannan, and that his proper name was Naddy Pash, or Gotlieb Moonihan. But all agreed that he had brought no aunt to Shin-Du-Wan and that they really knew no name for him save Strawbuck. A name by which he has not only immortalized himself but the city of Shin-Du-Wan as well.

Strawbuck, evidently a man of parts, and having a function in the world, following the bent of his astronomical disposition, had carefully noted the varying phases of the sun and moon, and the particular hole in the roof through which each shot its central ray at the commencement of every solar and lunar hour of each day and night. Strawbuck had originated the theory of a "Central Ray," a theory which he termed "Rayology," and time comput-

ed by his method was known as—"Rayological time."

Having determined the holeology of the central ray—both lunar and solar, the particular hour when "The Ray" filled a particular hole was painted in figures upon the inner surface of the roof and close to the astronomical hole. To secure a clear margin for phrases and other planetary eccentricities, sixteen hours of every day and eight hours of every night were registered, every hole having its own hour and every hour having its own sun and moon. All the holes were then thoroughly painted, each hole of every diurnal and nocturnal set having its own peculiar tint, and the central, or "Rayological" ray, assumed the color of the astronomical hole through which it passed.

Thus, by learning the color schedule, if not fully conversant with the rayological theory, anyone peering up the stairway could immediately declare the hour on hand by observing the color of the central

planetary ray at the moment of observation. It must be—for instance: "Full-blown blue"—"Just come gray"—or, "All gone brown." If wholly ignorant of rayology, one could follow the color-beam to its astronomical hole, where he could read the painted figure in the roof. The 12 o'clock hole was a prodigy, being painted black.

There being 365 days in the year, and 24 holes having been registered for each day, the magnificence and magnitude of Strawbuck's undertaking will at once suggest itself. That wonderful work—Strawbuck's Clock, was composed of 8,760 holes in the roof! To which the Hibernian Copernicus added—with an auger—the only bit of art or mechanism that marred its natural simplicity—to wit: another hole to register the advent of leap year, and which, in honor of his nativity, he bored in the shape of a shamrock and painted green.

P. S. DORNEY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOON RANCH.

PART I.

CONCERNING A MAN WHO WOODED MANY YEARS.

Rhoda Kent and Roderick Boon were married one bright morning in January, at the residence of the bride's mother on E street, Sacramento. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony; and when Rhoda's young lady friends had kissed her over and over, because she was so cheerful and animated, and so unlike brides generally, and Rhoda had invited them all out to visit her, a buggy, drawn by two handsome bays, drew up at the gate. The young couple were going on their wedding trip to the husband's farm in the country, which was to be their home. Rhoda would have it so. "What!" she had said to her friend, "go to San Francisco? Why, everybody goes there. I shall go where no one else has gone." But to herself she had said, "Roddy is not rich, and we need the money for our house." So they went down the steps of her mother's home,

and were tucked into the carriage with good wishes and kisses and hand-shakings innumerable. Only at the last the bride threw her arms about her mother's neck and shed her first tears.

"Don't cry, mother, do be brave," she said. "Roddy will let me come in nearly every day, I know."

"O, Rhoda, my poor child, I cannot do without you," cried the mother, breaking down at last. Then the young ladies took her in to comfort her as best they could. Then the young husband lifted the reins, and they were away like a flash down the street. Straight out E, to a side street that led to the country road. The bride drew a veil over her blushing face, for she was sure that every friend that hadn't been invited saw her. They passed a church—not imposing, but much loved by her. "We will come in to church often," she said. "It is not too far, is it?"

The young man looked down smiling and answered: "It is the shortest road in the county to-day, my little wife; as

short as sixteen miles will ever be, I think.”

Rhoda smiled brightly. She was always amused by Roderick's evasive answers. At the levee she stood up to take a last look behind her, while Roderick, with one hand, held her light form in place. She saw the January greens, the whites, the greys, the smoke, the spires and the bright gleaming dome of the Capitol shining above all.

She threw a kiss into the air and waved her veil. “O, you dear old city, good-bye!” The sounds of the city came floating out to her. It was just noon.

“Do you hear the bells, Roddy? They are saying, ‘Bon voyage.’” Then she sank down among the robes.

“Yes,” said Roderick, “they are saying, ‘a good journey’ to the most sensible little bride in the world. The idea of going out to a lonesome farmhouse. If I only had a mother or sister to welcome you.” And he drew her up to him with a grave, tender look on his honest face.

“But it won't be lonesome when we get there.” She was looking up, all smiles.

“O, no, of course not.”

She shook herself away from his kisses, removed the delicate, white kid gloves, and replaced them by strong, dark ones.

“I can drive,” she said, and, with much assistance and many directions, she drove all the way to the farm over the hard level road.

When Roderick Boon set about to win the hand of Rhoda Kent, he did not deceive her about himself and prospects. He had been out from the East but a few years, but had invested his money wisely in land. Already by industry and careful farming he had paid his mortgage, and given himself a year of law study in Sacramento; and it was boarding next door to her, and attending the same church, and being so regular in his habits, that attracted the attention of Rhoda. He was not wealthy, he told her. He would have to work to make the good cheer come.

Rhoda, with the helpfulness of inexperienced youth, viewed the situation bravely. Life with her Roddy anywhere in any style was now a splendid spectacle to her; and whatever hardship or toil she saw in the future was dream-sheened and love-winged. Rhoda, though tenderly brought up, was not helpless; her hands were willing, and

her heart was true to whatever duty might suggest.

She had been her mother's only companion since childhood, and they two had lived in an atmosphere of peace, quiet and harmony.

Perhaps the tender watchfulness of the mother had made Rhoda's sensibilities too refined, and her mind too unskilled to meet successfully the more rugged elements of her new life. It may be that the peace that had made her so pure and loving, had brought her to an open door, too weak to bear up under the chill and exposure.

But her mother saw when she began to love Roderick Boon, and continued to cling to him so persistently, that her opposition would avail nothing against the tide that was sweeping her from her arms. There was a stubbornness in her nature that Mrs. Kent had never baffled feeling her own incompetency. Rhoda took her own course as she had done nearly all her life, and was married after a short engagement of three months.

The mother and daughter resembled each other in looks as well as disposition. Mrs. Kent was taller, and had evidently been the handsomer in her youth. At thirty-five she was still lovely and attractive. Rhoda's laughing eyes were copies of her mother's more calm ones, the features of both were delicately cut, and regular in repose. Mrs. Kent's face wore a settled look of sadness, yet this had not marred its chaste beauty or removed the lines of youth.

On the afternoon of her daughter's wedding-day, Mrs. Kent, after giving directions to her neat Chinese servant to repair the disorder of the rooms, went into the little parlor and replenished the fire, for one guest remained. McPherson Opdyke came and went at will in this quiet home, and when she entered, he went on reading the paper with the air of one very much at ease with his surroundings. Mrs. Kent folded her white hands across her soft brown silk, and put her feet to the fire, looking past him out the window. She was grateful to him for remaining on this day of her second widowhood. She had long since learned to accept his guardianship and kindness as a matter of course. When the smoke of war had risen from the land, her husband's name had been reported, not

among the certainties of dead or discharged, but missing. This man had been her friend and adviser in her time of distress. He had taken charge of her mine, rescued it from her creditors, and had given it such attention ever since that it had yielded her a comfortable income. Mrs. Kent was not a business woman, so that McPherson Opdyke had actually stood between her and want. All this time he had refused to be offended by her many refusals to marry him. Until late years there had hung over her the uncertainty of her husband's fate. She had had a dread feeling that he had deserted her, and it was only after many years that she had allowed herself to feel that he was not among the living. It would not be unnatural to marry this man who had been her friend so long, and she began to wonder now in a feeble way as she sat looking past him, if he would ever refer to the subject again. Presently he threw his paper on the floor, and turned to the full light and warmth of the fire. He was a massively built man with a corresponding head and face. His eyes were deeply set, and the expression of the beardless face was replete with character, but exactly what that character might be, a student of human nature might never determine by simple study. His presence was commanding, and his manner elegance itself. He had a superior education at his command whenever he chose to use it. He habitually quoted poetry in the most graceful and appropriate manner. His eloquence at times was astonishing, and Mrs. Kent, not being familiar with the poets, credited the most of it to his fertile brain. He had been able to influence her in most any thing, except marriage with him, and now that she would be deprived of her daughter's companionship, he hoped to profit by her loneliness.

He looked at her as she sat so quiet and tired in the afternoon shadows of the room, and thought in all his life he had never seen her so interesting

"How very unjust to yourself you are, Helen, to-part with your daughter so soon," he spoke thoughtfully, looking into the fire.

"I fear-I am unjust to *her*," she said without looking up.

"Why? I thought you liked Mr. Boon."

"I do—he is a noble young man, but there are hundreds of noble men who do not understand a woman's disposition."

"May I be so favored as to be allowed to take that kind remark to myself?"

She looked up, the faintest tinge of scarlet coming to her cheeks.

"You ought to know by this time, McPherson, that I am never personal."

"Have I not learned it to my sorrow by your life-long attitude toward me?"

He rested his head on his hand; heavy waves of black hair, lightly touched by grey, hung over his fingers. So long had she schooled herself to resist his fascinations, that she was untouched while he continued:

" ' Though sorrow long has worn my heart,
Though every day I've counted o'er
Has brought a new and quickening smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before,
I still have hopes—for hopes will stay.' "

She waved her hand impatiently, interrupting him.

"What is the latest from the mine—anything special?"

After a moment's silence: "News—yes, in plenty. Kimbal sent down last week for a draw on me to pay the hands. She turns out less and less every month."

"Yes, I know that," she said, but I want to keep it open if possible. Those were Douglass' last directions. 'There are great diggings on it somewhere' he said. 'If I never come back keep it open till you find them.'"

"And I suppose you will still continue to obey a dead man's directions, if you bankrupt yourself and all your friends?" Then he placed his hand on hers quickly. "Pardon me, my good woman, my dear Helen, you have been so patient with me, it is little I can do to comply with your wishes in this."

She pushed his hand away calmly. "You do not offend me—you annoy me."

He straightened up and spoke out bluntly:

"Now tell me, Helen; look at me, and tell me, what is the use of continuing this matter in this way any longer? Did you not tell me upon a certain occasion, that if I loved you at all I could wait fourteen years? Have I not waited patiently for that ghost of an illusion of yours to pass away?"

"Yes," she said quietly, "but I do not know now that he is dead."

McPherson stood up before her.

"Ah! But if he was alive, would he not come from the farthest end of the earth to tell you that I lied, when I said that I saw him fall dead in the heat of battle?"

She put her hand on his arm with a gentle pressure.

"There, there, forgive me. But you know my position is a very delicate one. You two were not the best of friends when you went to the war together."

"But that was no reason why he should have been so absurdly jealous. If there is but one true woman in the world, that one is you." He crossed the room to the window, and came back presently with a slightly flushed face.

"Of course, of course, I know how you feel. One must always excuse a woman for her whims. But will you not give me some hope? Will you not name some day when we can sit down and talk over this subject calmly? Think of what I have suffered all these years. You and I are growing old." It always touches a woman to remind her of her years. She began to rock nervously. He stopped and looked into the fire, saying nothing. She went to the window and looked out into the street. The clear beauty of waning day struck her reproachfully. There were the flowers the young people had thrown after her sweet daughter as she rode away in a glory of happiness. Two children came along, and sprang after the nosegays with cries of pleasure. She turned and walked slowly back to his chair, choking back a flood of loneliness. She put her hand lightly on his shoulder: "I think, McPherson, it would be best to ask you to give me six months more. You can surely wait till June. We will talk about it then. And then, if——"

"And then," he said, grasping her arm eagerly, "I will be the happiest——"

"Hush," she said, going toward the door, "say no more about it. It is growing dark. I will bring in a light and have tea made." She stole a glance at him as she passed out, and he was smiling at her with the air of a conqueror. He staid to tea, as he was in the habit of doing, but never had he exerted himself so much to be abstractly entertaining. McPherson Opdyke

lived well, dressed well, and dined well, no matter which way the tide of fortune turned. Whether he had a mine or two, or none at all; whether stocks were up or down, he kept the same suite of rooms at the best hotel. No one knew of his possessing any great wealth or expectations, but ready money was an equivalent in his case. It was whispered that he was sometimes seen at the gambling table, but, nevertheless, he was always a perfect gentleman in the presence of those qualified to judge. When he left the cottage on E street, on this same evening, he walked directly to his hotel and up the stairs, without stopping in the friendly precincts of the gentlemen's sitting-room. He was just adjusting his key when some one ran up against him in precipitate haste.

"Hello, Max! been pounding at your door for the last three hours. Where have you been?"

"Ah, Hewers! is that you? Hello, hello, yourself. Glad to see you. Come in. Feel round and find a seat, while I illuminate." He lit the gas and gave orders for a fire. In the mean time, Hewers sat down in an easy chair and adjusted his feet to the table.

"That's right," said Opdyke, "make yourself comfortable to your surroundings. What have you been doing? Looked for you down last week. Have a cigar?"

"Well, I did some resting as usual. Then I did a little prospecting on my own account. Yes, thanks, a match."

"That will do, Cæsar. I will tend the blower." And the host closed the door after the servant, lit his cigar and stood toasting his back to the fire.

"Very cold up there? Any snow?"

"Naw, nothing but mud and ice. Thought I'd have a sleigh ride before I came down. Gave it up."

"Didn't know there were any girls up there that would go out with you in the daytime," said Opdyke, looking intensely serious.

"There you're mistaken—there's several."

Perhaps this was so, for Hewers was a fair-looking young man, with agreeable features, a good moustache, and looked very well nearly covered up in a huge overcoat.

"Any excitement?" resumed Opdyke.

"No, only rumors. Picked up a few

ideas to work on when I go back. But I was out to the 'Belle Helen' most of the time."

Opdyke threw away his cigar, sat down to the table opposite the young man, and gave him his whole attention.

"Been all over the ground?"

"Yes. I've stood on every foot of the land—gulches and hills."

"And into those old tunnels?"

"Tunnels, to be sure; and I came near losing my precious life half a dozen times." He now opened a valise and began covering the table with specimens.

"Glorious!" ejaculated Opdyke, "are you sure all this came from the Widow Kent's land?"

"Yes, most of it from near the old dwelling house," answered the expert. "Why in thunder don't you open it up—put it on the market or something?"

"Why in the devil don't I cut off my own head?" said this faithful lover of the

widow. "I wouldn't get any more for taking care of a bonanza than I do for this as it is now."

The expert whistled slowly and thoughtfully as he turned over the rocks.

"Opdyke, you've the intellect of a giant. How long have you been working up this little game?"

"For sixteen years," said the man of depth, "baffled eternally by the whim of a woman. But if you go up to the house to-morrow and swear the 'Belle Helen' isn't worth a cent, I think she'll marry me within six months. Then you can come on with your discoveries."

"Good," said Hewers, lighting a second cigar. "She's got a daughter, hasn't she?"

Opdyke laughed loudly.

"Yes, but you're too late. She was married to-day."

"Then it's my treat," laughed Hewers, "come on."

Brentwood.

LILLIAN HINMAN SHUEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SENATORS IN AND AFTER THE WAR.*

The object of this article is to give something of the after-life of members of the Thirty-sixth Congress who were conspicuous in defending or resisting the doctrine of secession, which led to such lamentable consequences. "There were giants in the land in those days." Not a few "mighty men, which were of old, men of renown." They have almost passed away with their day and generation.

The Thirty-sixth Congress met on the 5th of December, 1859. Considered by results, it was, perhaps, the most important congregation of men that ever assembled upon our continent. It held the destinies of our institutions and races in the hollow of its hand. The Senate was presided over by John C. Breckenridge, Vice-President of the United States. Its members became famous in the two subsequent decades. Hannibal Hamlin became Vice-President and William P. Fessenden Secretary of the Treasury. They were Sen-

ators from Maine. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, was a man of abundant wit and juiciest humor. He became Minister to Spain in President Lincoln's Administration.

He returned home health broken and spirit broken in 1869, because of the attacks of a New York paper. Of the other New England members, Jacob Collamer had been Postmaster-General, and Henry B. Anthony became presiding officer of the Senate. The death of Senator Anthony has recently been deplored with most fervent and sympathetic eulogy. Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut, preceded him as President of the Senate and Vice-President *ex-officio*. Massachusetts had Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson as its tribunes. They were fit representatives of the Puritan and progressive element for which New England has been celebrated.

New York had Preston King, who was known, when in the Democratic ranks, as a devotee of anti-slavery, and William H. Seward, than whom no greater Foreign Secretary has appeared since Jefferson's

* From advance sheets of "Three Decades of Federal Legislation," by Samuel S. Cox, by permission of F. Pearson, Manager of Occidental Publishing Co., 120 Sutter St., San Francisco.

day. Simon Cameron, Senator from Pennsylvania, became Secretary of War, and afterwards Minister to Russia. He lives to a ripe old age, not so much in his son, who is his senatorial successor, as in the generousities of his nature. He was indefatigable in organizing our war forces. He initiated the policy of enlisting colored soldiers. James A. Bayard, the irreproachable Senator from Delaware, died long since, but he survives in his gifted son, upon whom the senatorial mantle also descended. James M. Mason, of Virginia, is most widely known by his association with John Slidell in the affair of the Trent. Robert M. T. Hunter, of the same State, than whom no man was more sedate in judgment, survives in venerable age. He became Secretary of State in the Confederacy. He is now a poor man, but is not the less honored by his State and by his record. Since the close of the war he has served his State in some fiscal relation. He will be known to those who care to look into his life, and service as one of the best economists, theoretically and practically, known to the decade which preceded the war. Among other Confederate Cabinet officers, he was for some time a prisoner at Fort Pulaski, Georgia. He had been a short time before a member of the commission that met at General Grant's headquarters for the purpose of considering terms of peace. Had he but exercised the immense influence which he had in the South, he might have been more potential than almost any other man—not excepting Jefferson Davis—in the Confederacy. Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, became a Confederate general. He still lives, though suffering from many wounds. He gives his time to science, and his memory to politics. James H. Hammond of South Carolina was a man of splendid ability and rare oratory. He was the author of *The Pro-slavery Argument*.

He long since preceded his colleague in that Senate, James Chesnut, Jr., to the other world. The latter became an aide-camp on the staff of Jefferson Davis, and afterwards a general of brigade. Alfred Iverson, of Georgia, was then an old man, but strong of will. His name indicates that he belonged to the Norse race, whom no disasters by sea or land

could intimidate. He served as colonel and brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and his son commanded a Confederate regiment. Robert Toombs, his colleague, was the first Confederate Secretary of State. He retired from that office in July, 1861, to enter the Confederate army. He commanded a Georgia brigade in Longstreet's celebrated fighting corps. He had some differences with Jefferson Davis. He is a man as opulent in purse as he is generous in disposition and able in oratory. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, retired from the Senate a few months before the war began. He was a plain, old-fashioned miller, and not a man of conspicuous ability. He had not the audacity peculiar to men of dash and skill, like his colleague, Clement C. Clay, who also withdrew from the Senate about the same time. The latter was a gentleman of elegant and dignified presence and calm elocution, but of defiant attitude upon questions affecting Southern policy. Mr. Clay became a Confederate Senator. In 1863, he went on a foreign mission for the Confederacy. In 1865 he was arrested and for some time imprisoned at Fortress Monroe.

Of the Senators from Mississippi, one was Jefferson Davis. He retired from the Senate on Jan. 21, 1861, and became President of the Confederacy. His record forms a large chapter of American history. He is more widely known than any other man connected with that Congress. Albert G. Brown, the other Senator from Mississippi, raised a military company. He became its captain and fought at Leesburg. He was afterwards elected to the Confederate Congress. When the war was over he returned to his plantation. He was foremost in advocating and advancing the acceptance of the legitimate results of the war. In season and out of season, he opposed all ineffectual efforts to continue the conflict. He opposed all policies that were contrary to public or personal liberty and to the progress of new opinions and new elements in his State. He died in 1883, generally regretted.

The senators from Louisiana were John Slidell and Judah P. Benjamin. The career of each had its romantic side:—Slidell became the minister of the Confederacy to France, and gave tone to a certain class of society in the French capital. Ben-

jamin was an Israelite. He was the first Attorney-General of the Confederacy; afterwards he became its Secretary of War and Secretary of State.

He was thoroughly educated in the canons and practice of the civil law. After the war was over, he betook himself to London. There he became one of the most successful, as he was one of the most accomplished of the solicitors and advocates of the British bar. He died recently in Paris, long after the ardors of his young ambition had been burned out. Of George E. Pugh, of Ohio, the writer has already spoken. Benjamin F. Wade is best known as a man after the Cromwellian type. He was of rugged, fierce and vindictive feeling. His climax as a politician was reached when he failed to take the place that would have been vacant by the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

Kentucky was well represented in that Congress. John J. Crittenden had been twice Attorney-General of the United States. He had been the governor of his state, and been four times elected to the United States Senate. Afterwards, and during the war, he became a member of the House. He was a fervent patriot and a leading light in the Union cause. Lazarus W. Powell, Mr. Crittenden's colleague in the Senate, was a man of large and stalwart frame, whose heart was co-extensive with his body. He is best known by his wonderful speech against military interference in the elections of the people. It is a monument of which his children may be proud. It is worthy of the State of Henry Clay. It is worthy of a State which has produced a galaxy of men, each one of whom would have been a conspicuous star but for the varied lustre of other stars of primary magnitude. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee, had been a devotee of the Union. He had been a writer for the Washington organ of the Democracy. Andrew Johnson was well known for his devotion to the Union in peace, in war, and in reconstruction. Graham N. Fitch and Jesse D. Bright were the senators of Indiana. Both were intense in their notions of duty. They had an inclination toward the South, but with no loss of steadfastness toward the Union, which, they thought, could not be preserved by coercion. Trustee Polk, of Missouri, was a man whom it

is pleasant to recall for his amiable disposition. His name is associated with many heroes, clerical, executive and legislative. James S. Green, the other Senator from Missouri, although he sank into comparative obscurity after the war, was a champion for the vigor of the Constitution in its relation to slavery. He competed with Douglas for the honors of the great debate on territorial power over that subject. Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was afterwards Secretary of the Interior. He was the third of his name and family in the Senate. Kingsley S. Bingham, his colleague, died in October, 1861. Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida, became the Secretary of the Navy of the Confederacy. He had been Chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate before the war. After the close of the war he was arrested on a charge of treason, and confined for a short time at Fort Lafayette. David L. Yulee now resides in Washington City. He lives there in elegant leisure. He was the companion of Mr. Mallory in the Senate, from Florida. He was also a companion of Mr. Hunter in arrest at Fort Pulaski. Mr. Yulee is a man of wealth, which he accumulated by foresight and skill in the management of railroads.

At the end of that Congress there was only one Senator from Texas—John Hemphill. He died at Richmond, as a Confederate Senator, in the early part of the war. Lewis T. Wigfall, his colleague, participated in the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. He was for a short time a brigadier-general in the Confederacy, and afterward a Senator. James Harlan and James W. Grimes represented Iowa. The former has since been Secretary of the Interior. He is now connected with the Alabama Claims Commission. Senator Grimes was a man of clear intellect. He was a leader in the business of the Senate. He has long since deceased. He, too, was a man of wealth. Charles Durkee was known for his hostility to the fugitive-slave law, which Wisconsin had resisted almost as persistently as Ohio. James R. Doolittle, his colleague was then a Republican Senator, but the excesses of his party after the war was over, and especially in connection with reconstruction and impeachment, drove him to his early love, which was the Democratic party. He is

a prominent man now in the resumption of power by that organization to which he gave the devotion of his earlier years. The only prominent Senator from California in that Congress was William M. Gwin. He was a native of Tennessee. He is a man of herculean build. He was early associated with Southern sympathy and interests. He gave his whole heart to the cause of the Confederacy. In many relations with politics, before and since the war, he was a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, upon our extreme western coast. When the Thirty-sixth Congress met, Minnesota had but one Senator. Henry M. Rice is recalled, for it was by his side, when he was a delegate from Minnesota, before the state was admitted, that the writer sat in the old hall, on his first entrance into Congress in 1857. Oregon was represented by Gen. Joseph Lane and Gen. Edward D. Baker. Both were heroes of Mexican fame. General Lane was known to every part of the country as the associate of Mr. Breckenridge upon the Southern ticket. His name recalls a pleasant incident. In moving into the new hall and drawing for seats, General Lane was awarded the seat that had been temporarily occupied by the author. When the name of the latter was called, although the youngest of the members, General Lane gallanted him amidst the cheers of the house, to the new seat, since so often occupied by him, saying at the same time: "I have no need of a seat, sir; but I expect you to vote very soon for the admission of the State of Oregon, I am but a delegate and you are a member. You may survive me in the work which is here to be done. I go to another sphere. As soon as the vote on the admission of Oregon is taken, I shall be its Senator." At the outbreak of the war General Baker took command of the "California" regiment, and fell at Bull's Bluff in October, 1861, while gallantly commanding a brigade.

S. S. Cox.

AMORIS MEMORIA.

But I was not long in musing
 Ere my senses grew confusing—
 When, softly, softly, softly,
 Dropped the folds of Psyche's vail
 O'er my spirit weak and frail;
 At the touch appeared a form
 Airy, mytic, beauteous form,
 And together we arose
 In an Eden of repose,
 Where a sun eternal bright
 Shone with a pale golden light.
 Our arms entwined we wandered,
 And at every step we wondered
 At the fairy birds and flowers,
 At the shady groves and bowers,
 At the liquid silvery stream
 And the music of seraphim.

Then arose before my sight
 A slender tomb of marble white,
 And on it like burnished gold,
 Shone these letters bright and bold:

AMORIS MEMORIAE.

As with longing eyes I gazed
 And the letters' meaning traced,

Saw I melt the marble white
 Into form of radiant light,
 Form of woman, fair yet human—
 That my arms no longer clasped.

Then I heard with rapturous ear
 Music of a voice most dear—
 And my soul e'er came a longing,
 Sweet, impassioned, empty longing.
 But the beauteous vision fled,
 And the sweetest voice was dead ;
 Longing still stood I and sighing,
 Stretching forth my arms in vain—
 Memory only never dying,
 Only, only, did remain.

McMinnville, Or.

CHARLES GRISEN.

 THE DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO.*

San Francisco, which has since proved the most important point upon the Pacific coast, was discovered late, Cabrillo, in 1542, approached it very nearly from the south, and Drake, in 1579, from the north; but neither saw it or had any idea of its existence. Viscaino, in 1603, passed by and anchored in its neighborhood, but he likewise had no conception of the magnificent bay, locked in among the mountains, upon whose bosom have since floated the ships of every nation. All that was known was the expanse of water lying between Point Reyes on the north, the Farallone Islands on the west, and the main coast line on the east, and this, from very early times, had been known as the bay or port of San Francisco; but no white man had ever seen, or at least penetrated the narrow entrance, flanked with precipitous rocks, which forms a Golden Gate, or gazed upon the smooth and deep waters, extending northeastwardly and southeastwardly almost as far as the eye can reach, which form the arms of what is now known as the bay.

The first mention made of any bay of San Francisco seems to have been in connection with the loss of the ship San Augustin, in the year 1595, and the turning aside of Viscaino in search of its wreck in 1603. It is very likely, as was stated in

relating the voyage of the San Augustin, that, if that vessel was lost in the coast of California at all, it was nearer the Santa Barbara Channel than San Francisco; but, be this as it may, there can be no doubt that Viscaino never entered what is now known as San Francisco Bay. The bay of those days, and for upwards of a century and a half afterwards, was the outside bay above mentioned, and the only safe place of anchorage in it was at its northern extreme, under Point Reyes. It was there that Drake had found a refuge from the northern winds and careened his ship. It was there, also, as near as can now be ascertained, that Viscaino anchored in 1603, when he looked for the wreck of the San Augustin. That this was what in those days was known as San Francisco Bay, is rendered certain by the description of Jose Gonzales Cabrera Bueno, a Philippine pilot of great skill and knowledge, who, in 1734, at Manila, published a book on navigation, in which he gave an account of the California coast. When speaking of the port of San Francisco, and he evidently spoke of it as if it were well known, he said that it lay in the latitude of thirty-eight and a half degrees, having Point Reyes on the north, and the Farallone Islands on the south-south west.

As a matter of fact, San Francisco, or what is now known as San Francisco, including the port and bay, was absolutely

* From advance sheets of "History of California" by Hon. Theodore H. Hittell, by permission of F. Person, manager of Occidental Publishing Co., 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

unknown to Europeans until 1769. It was discovered, not by navigators, but by the land party, which, in the year named, marched from San Diego in search of Monterey, and failing to find that port at the Point of Pines, proceeded on, along the coast northwestward, in further search of it. • The party, as will be remembered, consisted of Governor Portolá, Captain Riveray Moncada, Lieutenant Fages, Engineer Costanso, Fathers Crespi and Gomez, Sergeant Ortega and thirty-four soldiers, besides muleteers and Lower California Indians, making sixty-four persons in all. They left their camp at the mouth of the Salinas river on October 7th, advancing very slowly on account of the sick, many of whom were suffering from scurvy, and some so severely that they had to be carried on litters. The next day they reached the Pajaro or Bird river, which they so named on account of a stuffed eagle found there. On October 17th they reached and named the San Lorenzo river and Santa Cruz. Thence they passed up along the coast, at one time halting on account of the sick or to rest their animals and at another stopped by early rains, until October 30th, when they reached and camped at a pleasant spot near the beach, remarkable for the abundance of its large and fine mussels. It was what is now known as Point San Pedro, but was then named Angel Custodio by Father Crespi, and was called by the soldiers Punta de las Almejas, or Mussel Point.

The next day, upon resuming their journey and ascending the promontory made by the point, they beheld, spread out before them, a great bay, formed by a distant headland running far out into the ocean, which could be no other than Point Reyes, and six or seven small rocky islands to the southwest of it, which were clearly the Farallones. It was plain that this was the bay or port of San Francisco, as described by Cabrera Bueno, whose book they carried with them, and that they therefore must have passed by Monterey, the real object of their search, without recognizing it. There seems, however, to have been considerable uncertainty in the minds of some as to this, and it was deemed proper, under the circumstances, to camp again and make investigations. The party accordingly chose out a little valley about six hundred

yards long by one hundred wide, on the north of Point San Pedro, having two small streams running through it which united and flowed into the ocean. It was covered with reeds, brambles and roses. There were no trees in the vicinity, except some small willows, and none on the hills around; only on the distant mountains could any be seen. It might be difficult at this day to point out the exact spot, but there can be no doubt about the neighborhood. There, the party having camped and disposed itself for a stay of some days, Sergeant Ortega was ordered forward with a company of soldiers to explore the country, so that all doubts might be settled before any further action should be taken.

On Thursday, November 2, 1769, some of the soldiers remaining in camp, seeing a number of deer, asked permission to hunt them. The request being granted, they proceeded to the hills lying to the eastward, ascended them, and spent the entire day upon the hunt. In the evening, upon their return, they said that towards the north they had seen an immense arm of the sea running inland, and that it extended in a southeasterly direction as far as they could see. They also said they had seen beautiful plains, well covered with groves of trees, and that from the number of columns of smoke observed, they judged the country thickly populated with Indians. This account, which is given in the Journal of Father Crespi, is the first notice, so far as known, of the bay of San Francisco. It is possible that Ortega and his soldiers, who had gone off the day before, saw it as soon as the hunters; but upon this point Crespi gives no definite information. All that he says is that, on the night of November 3, Ortega and his party returned, signaling their approach by firing off their guns, as if they had good news to communicate. This news turned out to be that they had been given to understand by the Indians that at a distance of two days' journey from the end of the bay there was a port and a ship. It being supposed from this information that Monterey was not far distant, Governor Portola resolved to march in search of it in the direction indicated by the Indians. He accordingly set off, traveling northward along the beach for some distance; and

then turning off northwest and mounting the hills, he and all his people saw the great bay, apparently four or five leagues across, stretching out to the northeast and southeast below them. Descending the heights they marched for several days southeastward, in what are now known as the San Andres and San Raimundo Valleys, having a line of hills on their left between them and the bay, and the main chain bristling with redwood trees on their right. After traveling a little over nine leagues, they reached the end of the valley, where it turned, so to speak, to the eastward, and camped on the bank of a stream whose waters came from the mountains and ran swiftly to the bay. From that place they sent out the explorers

again, for the purpose of gaining further information about the port and ship previously spoken of. On the night of November 10, after four days' absence, the explorers returned with discouraging news; confessing that they had misunderstood the Indians, and describing the country on the other side of the bay as very rough and impassible on account of the scarcity of pasture and hostility of the natives. They said further that they had seen another arm of the sea of equal magnitude with that in front of them and communicating with it; that it would require a journey of many leagues to pass around it, and that there was nothing to indicate the proximity of a port in that direction.

THEODORE H. HITTELL.

THE LANGUAGE OF GOD.

The iron of civilization
 Not yet had disfigured the sod,
 The spirit of equalization
 Spake still in the language of God.

And shadows reposed in the canyon
 Like bears in their sleep stretched out,
 And hurricanes panted in passion
 In the wings of the waterspout.

The valley kiss'd love to the hillock—
 The paps of the hills suckled all,
 And midget, and buzzard, and bullock—
 Echoed their amorous call.

The lillies made love to the waters—
 And the waves, leaping up to respond,
 Drench'd the nude knees of the daughters;
 They seeded below and beyond.

Hoof'd as with thunder—the stallion—
 As proud as a deed that is done,
 Swept with his brood thro' the canyon
 To the lips of the lake in the sun.

And the puma lithe limb'd as a lion,
 Imbued by a passion as vast,
 Roar'd like the whirlwinds of Zion,
 And clutched his mad mate— like a blast.

THE GOLDEN ERA.

E'en rattlesnakes dwelt with the squirrel,
 And owls wound the family horn ;
 No lover was strangled in quarrel,
 Or wither'd, or perished in scorn.

God fondled the fangs and the features—
 Nor ruled by the wrath of the rod ;
 Love mellow'd the mood of His creatures,
 And flower'd the face of the sod.

And all that could love was loving—
 E'en the brown'd mesquit in its pod ;
 And all that could bud was budding,
 And all bore the signet of God.

No dogma had peddled Salvation—
 No human had truckled to sell
 The talent to picture damnation—
 To mould or remodel a hell.

And the life giving lips of the maiden
 Knew nothing of gall—or of gold,
 But blush'd as the bloom blush'd in Eden
 E'er the tempter emerg'd from its mould.

The dew trickled down from the mountain,
 And the flowers drunk deep of the cheer ;
 And fearlessly flock'd to the fountain,
 Rook—robin—and raven and deer.

And the sunrays—flashing like lances—
 Swept over the earth, and the flood—
 A torrent of kisses and glances—
 Gush'd, pulsing and warm—like blood.

And the tall pines guarded the canyon,
 And rivulets murmured in song,
 And love ever found its companion,
 And rivers swept dreaming along.

For the iron of civilization
 Not yet had disfigured the sod ;
 And the spirit of equalization
 Still spake in the language of God.

P. S. DORNEY.

RECENT CALIFORNIA POETRY.

Circumstances have placed California in a peculiar position as regard matters of art. The isolated situation she occupies, the distinctive character of her physical features, the romance which surrounds her early history and the delightfulness of her climate, give her a unique place among the States of the Union, and lend her a peculiar attractiveness for artistic natures.

That these advantages have not resulted in the development of a higher culture in art and literature than has yet been seen here, will scarcely seem strange when we reflect that this is yet a new community, and that, in this busy, money-making age, artistic recognition is always slow. The difficulties which beset the path of the tyro in any artistic pursuit, among the eminently practical people of America, are particularly to be encountered here, and this is especially true in literature.

California is intellectually still in leading strings. The comparatively limited number of cultured people who make up the highest class of our reading public, form no distinct literary circle as in New York or Boston, and pretend to no independence of judgement; so it is that they invariably wait for the larger and more generous audience of the East to set the seal of its approval upon a work, before they will even pretend to give it acceptance.

That the lack of practical encouragement is the chief obstacle in the way of work of permanent value in the field of authorship here, seems to the writer impossible to question. The present condition of Pacific Coast literature is strongly analogous to that of the Eastern States at the time when the great school of American authors whose names lend lustre to the first century of our national literature came upon the field. It will be remembered how Longfellow, Bryant and Poe, Washington Irving and Cooper, all had to find their first recognition in England; and the treatment which New England gave to her greatest original genius, Hawthorne, the master who embalmed the characteristics of her early settlers in romances, whose wonderful power will for-

ever throw a halo of imaginative splendor round the rugged figures of the Puritan fathers, was not greatly different from the scornful neglect which the two men imperishably associated with what is most distinctive in Pacific Coast literature, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, met with here.

The condition of things above described has had more effect on this coast than a similar state of affairs could have in the Atlantic States, since it has resulted in the more brilliant of our authors seeking homes in the East where their work is best appreciated and receives the highest remuneration, and to others who might have written successful books, confining themselves to journalistic work which at least brings in sure returns. The great writers of our fathers' day were too patriotic to transfer their residences to England, because they might have found a higher appreciation of their genius there than at home; but nothing is to prevent a young man who has shown a high literary promise here from seeking a better market for his intellectual wares in New York or Boston, save the reluctance he may have to leave "the glorious climate of California."

These introductory remarks have been rendered necessary in order that the reader may have a clear comprehension of the chief cause of the acknowledged poverty of imaginative literature on the Pacific slope at present. The fact that art will thrive under favoring conditions, whatever may be the fate of the artist, is shown, however, in the fact that California, even when less advanced in artistic culture than now, has fostered the genius of authors whose productions have achieved world-wide fame. Not only is this true; but even at present when wide-spread general culture has made creditable work in every department of lighter literature more common than at any previous era of our century, both in this country and England, the work done here in that very field which is acknowledged to be the least profitable and most difficult to succeed in, verse writing has been, if inconsiderable as to quantity, by no means inferior in quality.

Few in number as are the names of those who may be counted among California poets, the writer has found it so difficult, owing to the neglect which published works of this kind usually met with here, to find copies of all the books of verse which have been printed here within the past few years, that he is sensible that possibly he may, unwittingly, have overlooked some which are as worthy of notice as those he will mention; but it is his desire to do as near absolute justice to all as his knowledge will allow.

To Clarence T. Urmy belongs the distinction of being the first native California poet to publish a volume of verse, and, on this account, as well as because of the really superior merit of his work, the writer gives him the first place in his list. The grace and finish of Mr. Urmy's verses entitle him to a high rank as a poetic artist. His skill in the management of the dainty metres and intricate melodies of verse which the latest school of English poets derived from French and Italian models, as well as the manner in which he has caught the warmth of color characteristic of the great masters of that school, show that he has been a diligent student of Rossetti and Swinburne; but he is by no means a slavish imitator of either, and his work is entirely free from that tendency to pander to the baser passions which makes the latter often descend to absolute lasciviousness, his poems being always marked by the highest purity of thought and feeling. He bears a stronger resemblance to T. B. Aldridge than any other American poet, and some of his verses might well have been penned by that sweetest and most ethereal of American singers, such, for instance, as—

“Last night a star from Azureland
Shot through the silent air;
It clasped its trembling hands, and fell
Out in the dark somewhere.”

“Last night a soul from life-land fled,
We cannot tell how far;
Perhaps its angel mission was
To seek the fallen star.”

Mr. Urmy's dainty volume of verse, “A Rosary of Rhyme,” is promising to the highest degree; and it only remains for him to produce a connected work of high merit, for which there can be little doubt that he has

the skill and ability, to place him at once in the front rank of the minor poets, not only of California, but of America.

Madge Morris is wanting in the artistic finish so noticeable in Mr. Urmy, but she is superior to him in intensity, and also, so far as the work of the two may now be compared, in imaginative power. Her first volume of verse, “Debris,” was published some three or four years since, and met with quite a favorable reception; and last March, she issued a second, of which the initial poem, “A Mystery of Carmel,” showed in its conception a high order of imagination as well as capacity for the delineation of human passion which was altogether promising. Mrs. Morris has written several lyrics which, in a time less rich in fine work in this line, would have been sufficient in themselves to have made her a reputation. Of these, “Rocking the Baby,” is probably the finest, and the writer cannot forbear quoting an extract from it here, only regretting that space forbids the insertion of the whole poem.

“While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness,
I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine;
And breathe a prayer in silence
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.”

Mrs. Morris' late poems contributed to current periodicals since the issue of her last volume, for the most part, exhibit signs of growth both in artistic mastery and depth of thought.

Miss Ferra has published under the *nom de plume* of “Hannah B. Gage,” a small volume of verses, most of them of a light satirical character. The more elaborate pieces, in imitation of Owen Meredith's “Lucile,” are lacking in finish, but several of her shorter poems have considerable grace and spirit. Her “Waiting for Santa Claus” reminds the reader of Burn's “Halloween,” without being directly imitative, except in the refrain, which, however, Miss Ferra does not use with the skill of the great Scottish bard.

“A Red Letter Day and other Poems,” by Judge Lucius Harwood Foote, is the work of a professional gentleman to whom poetry has only been a diversion from the

engrossing duties of a busy life. His elegant volume shows, however, that had he made the Muse a mistress, instead of an occasional companion, he might have won a high place among American poets. His descriptions of California scenery have all the charm and fidelity which are found in Bryant's characterizations of nature, while his verse has a purely distinctive tone, and his shorter lyrics, dealing with human life and passion, have often a touching pathos which gives evidence of a warm sympathetic nature.

Frank Gassaway and Daniel O'Connell, both humorists and journalists, the former well known under his pseudonym of "Derrick Dodd," and the latter long connected with the editorial department of the *Wasp*, for which he has contributed many admirable satirical articles, and clever humorous verses, have each written much serious verse of a distinctively lyric character, often marked by an unusual grace of diction and tenderness of sentiment. Mr. O'Connell published, a year or two since, a collection of his verses under the title of "Lyrics," to which what has been said of Judge Foote's volume would be generally applicable.

Richard Edward White is another business man who has published a book of verse of quite unusual merit. In his "Chimes of Monterey and Other Poems" he shows a fine command of rhythm, and much poetic power, though his work lacks the individuality of either of the last mentioned writers.

"The California Pilgrimage," by one of the Pilgrims, Mrs. Truesdell, is written in the rhymed hexameter which Bret Harte used with so fine effect, and in a larger way than Mr. White's book deals with the romance of old mission days, and attempts to describe fittingly the magnificent scenery of the Golden State. The work is, however, inferior to Mr. White's in poetic inspiration.

"Imbroglia," by George Wilson and the modern dramas of Adair Welcker, shows the absurdity of attempting to make Elizabethan blank verse serve the exigencies of conversation between people of to-day; though Welcker's dramas have occasional passages which, were it not for his overweening conceit, might be considered

to exhibit signs of real dramatic and imaginative power.

Ina D. Coolbrith, formerly the acknowledged head of California female poets, has, of late, written but very little, though her poem in memory of Helen Hunt Jackson, recently published in the "Overland Monthly," shows that she has lost none of her power.

Fanny Isabel Sherrick, a former resident of San Francisco, who still occasionally contributes to California periodicals, last year issued at her present home, St. Louis, a volume of verse, which has been favorably received.

It is scarcely possible to make a just critical estimate of a work still on the press from a fragmentary knowledge, but the writer, who has been allowed to see some of the advance sheets of the epic poem, "Montezuma," by Hiram Hoyt Richmond, now being issued by the GOLDEN ERA Company, deems it too important to be passed over without mention. The plan of the poem is an excellent one, and very comprehensive. It traces the origin of the Aztec nation, and reviews the entire history of that people through the Spanish Conquest. The narrative throughout is exceedingly interesting, the verse being easy and flowing, and the regular form diversified with lyrical passages, often delicate in fancy and graceful in expression. Mr. Richmond has lately contributed some verses for the GOLDEN ERA, which are remarkable for their originality of thought and power of expression.

California can claim several German poets who rank deservedly high. Rudolph Thoman is known as a German Bret Harte, his verses having a flavor of keen satire and delicate wit, which together with a distinctive western tone, makes him like Harte, a true interpreter of the spirit of California life. He has published several volumes, and has quite a reputation in Germany as well as here. Theodore Kischhoff, until recently a citizen of San Francisco, now a journalist of St. Louis, also published here some fine lyrics, mostly of a sentimental order. A. Hoepke, a pioneer of '49, who left this coast in '61 and died at New York in '70, wrote some fine German poems in the early days here. Dr. Behr and Dr. Castilhum have both published volumes of German lyrics here. All of

these poets, though of foreign birth and writing in their native tongue, breathe into their verses a spirit of enthusiastic love for their adopted home.

In the collection of "College Verses," published a few years since by the students of Berkeley University, are found the names of several who have since become known as magazine poets, writing principally for the *Overland Monthly*. Among these are Milicent Washburn Shinn and her brother, C. H. Shinn, conductors of the above periodical, both of whom have published verses of a high order of merit, which have attracted some attention. Another Berkeley poet is Chas. S. Green, who enjoys the distinction of being the finest sonnet writer on the Pacific Coast.

A contributor to the *Overland* who deserves special notice is E. R. Still, whose verses are remarkable, not only for fine poetic merit, but for the vain of elevated philosophy which runs through them.

Among the poets who have contributed principally to the GOLDEN ERA, we have, beside Madge Morris, Clarence Urmey, Hiram Hoyt Richmond and Miss Sherrick, a number of brilliant writers of occasional verse. Mr. P. S. Dorney, who has a reputation throughout the State as an orator, has furnished a number of poems, remarkable for vigor of imagination and rugged strength of diction. The following lines from his "California" are so much like Joaquin Miller in their power of picturesque word painting, that the writer cannot refrain from making them the one exception from the rule which space compelled him to adopt of quoting no magazine verse:

"That wondrous vast and unknown land,
Where nature's younger face is seen—
Where all her measurements are grand,
And garbed in God's primeval mien—
And where Sierra's peaks arise
To pierce the blue bosom of the skies."

Mr. B. P. Moore, whose romance, "Endura," is now in press, has been quite a voluminous verse-writer, and many of whose pieces have received favorable no-

tice from local periodicals, has contributed occasionally for the ERA. His longest published poem, "The Snellings," is an elaborate novel in verse.

Miss Alice Denison has written satirical verses which are remarkable both for pointed wit and graceful construction, and she has published several serious poems showing real poetic inspiration.

William A. Cheney, of Los Angeles, has written a number of exquisite sea poems, which have become very popular.

Among others who have contributed occasional verses to the ERA, which deserve notice are, Adel B. Carter, Fanny Avery, Ella Sterling Cummins, Fanny Bruce Cook, Mrs. Washburn, Charles Grissen, Will S. Berger, Dr. A. S. Condon, Miss M. Belknap Davis, Miss Lawson, and others.

The verse published in "The Overland Monthly" is always of superior merit, and the writer regrets that he is unable, on account of lack of space, to mention all who have done good work in this line.

It is worthy of remark that the writer in preparing material for this paper, was unable to find at any one of the great libraries a complete collection of California books of verse, no one of them possessing more than one or two late publications of that class. This fact is a sufficient verification of the author's introductory remarks, and will account for any unintentional omissions on his part. He has purposely refrained from mentioning most of those writers who, beginning their career here, have achieved their chief fame in the east, and are therefore well known to the general reading public. In conclusion he can but feel that he has here advanced sufficient proof that there is promise for California poetry, in the time which her greatest singer has hailed in prophetic vision:

"When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift

"And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see."

J. D. STEELL.

A GLIMPSE OF CALIFORNIA JOURNALISM.

In the present article it is the writer's desire to give as brief and comprehensive a glance as possible at a few of the representative journals of our State in the past and present, noting the predisposing causes that led some able and well-conducted sheets toward success, while others seemingly as bright and deserving, utterly failed for want of patronage.

Notice of not a few of great value and influence must, for lack of space, be omitted. There are in San Francisco alone over 125 newspapers and journals, to say nothing of the press throughout the State. Newspapers mirror the civilization of the communities of their time; and, looking over the first files of the *Alta Californian*, published in 1846, it seems indeed a magic mirror that has faithfully retained its reflections. One almost feels that the imposing buildings on Kearny, Montgomery and Sansome streets have vanished, and, in their stead, lie great hills of white sand, through which the weary pioneer wades, or the more independent Spaniard spurs his spirited "caballo." The first paper, size 8x12, was published in Monterey. It bears the motto, "Evils from ignorance; Remedies from knowledge." It was first edited by Colton and Semple; afterward, before the publication of the second volume, it was removed to San Francisco, and Robert Semple assumed the entire management.

It was a quaint sheet, one side Spanish, the other English. It contained, principally, mining news, and long advertisements appeared almost entirely unpunctuated.

One, I noticed, contained a list of mining tools, tin cups, pans, blue jeans, calico, men's shirts, crinoline and bonnets—for the Indian and Spanish maidens, perhaps, as there were then so few white women in California. A notice signed by a leading Spanish resident stated that he owned a flock of goats on Telegraph hill, and any one annoying, wounding, killing or stealing said animals would be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. A casual observer might imagine the *Alta* possessed decided

esthetic proclivities from its appearance in the year of '52. It was printed on tissue paper, wrapping paper, chocolate brown, mazarine blue and yellow, and was undoubtedly well patronized and liked. The proprietors were not to be deterred from publication by such a trifle as the paucity of proper material. Had it been impossible to obtain such papers as they used, it probably would have been printed on bark or old linen. It cost \$600 a year, single copies 12½ cents (they had coins of that value then). It is the oldest paper now in existence in the State—was probably the first published—and has been fearless, newsy and bright from the beginning.

Messrs. Fitch and Pickering, now proprietors of the *Bulletin* and *Call*, published the *Placer Times* and *Transcript*, of Sacramento, in the fall of '49. Mr. Pickering, having been publisher of a bright sheet in St. Louis, brought a fund of journalistic knowledge with him.

James King of William was editor of the *Bulletin*, a talented man, and very much loved. He was shot by James Casey in a very cold-blooded manner, and without provocation. Casey was immediately hung by an excited mob. The *Herald*, edited by John Nugent, came out next morning denouncing this act of the populace. Every merchant withdrew his patronage, and the next *Herald* was almost a blank sheet.

In a short editorial notice it stated that it was sorry that its course had been so strongly disapproved, and thanked the fishermen and a few others for their continued patronage and evident intention to support law and order. These men immediately denounced the paper, and withdrew their support and it was forced to suspend, killed in forty-eight hours by popular opinion: a striking example of the unanimity of the people, their force and earnestness.

The *Pictorial News Letter*, published by Hutchings and Rosenfield, and the *California Magazine*, by J. M. Hutchings, were the first illustrated sheets in California. Mr. Hutchings is a very happy writer, and has published the best

and most comprehensive work ever issued on the Yosemite valley.

The GOLDEN ERA, the first distinctively literary paper, was issued December, 1852, by Foard, Brooks and Daggett. It was much larger than its contemporaries, and boasted a number of the most brilliant and fascinating writers of the day. Star King, Joseph T. Goodman and Bret Harte were contributors. Charles Warren Stoddard wrote a series of peculiarly bright papers called "Swallow Flights," that greatly increased its popularity, each person being on the *qui vive* to see into whose home the little bird would peep next.

Its columns were filled with dissertations on law, marriage, divorce, religion, and love. There was small opportunity to gain any news from the East, and when news was received, it was frequently inaccurate. Fanny Fern was then in the zenith of her fame, and the GOLDEN ERA gave much space to her productions; but, in one number, an item copied from an Eastern paper is given as authentic. It states that Fanny Fern was no woman but a dandified man, very fond of smoking choice cigars. Much space is given to long poems on sunset skies, etc., and below in small type, we frequently find small bits of news that to-day would be printed in large type, and greatly elaborated. As an instance, the following is given copied *verbatim* :

"SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Dec. 3, 1853.

Our California dames physically, though not perhaps mentally, have no equals in the world. An old lady, seventy-three years old, rode half the distance between Santa Cruz and San Jose yesterday on horseback, returning without fatigue. She went to see a young miner, who had been disabled by a bear while hunting; don't know whether you would care for a detailed account of the accident, or the news that our custom-house here was robbed of \$1,000 worth of property last night."

In a file of 1853 we find this :

"News from Gibsonville, a small mining town, gives us the information that several prize fights were held there on Sunday last, the first was between a bull and a bear, the second between a bull and a woman, the third between a dog and a bull. Our suburban friends don't seem

to realize that there is a first day of the week."

No word to tell us, as the boys say, which whipped; no condemnation of the barbarous fun, save that it was a Sunday amusement. Singular oversight this in a paper so lofty and ennobling in its character; but, all jesting aside, the GOLDEN ERA contained many beautiful things. I noticed one thing in advice to a young writer that I thought particularly fine: "I would not advise you to depend upon literature alone for support. You cannot make a crutch of it, it is only a stick at best."

Samuel Brannan, leader of the Mormons, in '47 published the *Star*. It was rather erratic, but bright, always making some new departure. In '50 it advocated the plan of conquering the Sandwich Islands, arguing that as it was inhabited by barbarians it would be an easy conquest.

The *California Daily Courier*, published in '58, by Crane & Rice, was very popular. Judge Crane, in '56, advanced the proposition that the State should strive to become an independent province, but it was not sustained.

The San Diego *Herald*, a very pronounced Whig paper, was owned by Col. James. Going away, he left it in charge of an intimate friend, Lieut. Derby (John Phoenix), who changed the politics of the paper, and the result may be imagined when Col. James, filled with consternation, returned to find his patronage all withdrawn.

The *Rural Press*, published by Messrs. Dewey & Ewer, the latter a journalist since '58, has had marked success. Prof. Wickson is the editor:

The *Mining and Scientific Press*, under the able management of Chas. Yale, has no rival.

The *True Californian* was published in '55, by Washington Bartlett, W. H. Rhodes, well known as Caxton, and Almarin B. Paul. The first and last named gentlemen are still alive; both prominent socially and politically. Judge Rhodes has entered the city of silence, regretted by all. The power he wielded in literature and law is well known; what the paper must have been with such an editorial staff can only be surmised.

The *Examiner*, first called the *Press*, was for many years an evening paper. It

was the only paper here during the war outspoken in its allegiance to the South, and once, in a time of great excitement, the office was assailed and all the type thrown out of the window. It is now published by George Hearst and Clarence Great-house, and is considered by many the leading Democratic organ of the State.

The *Chronicle* was printed in '65, by the De Young brothers. It was then called the *Dramatic Chronicle*. It is now edited by Mr. M. H. De Young. It is probably the most enterprising sheet in the State, and has the largest number of reporters upon its staff. It is printed in superb type.

The *Call* is exceedingly conservative and careful, very accurate in its statements, and has the personal supervision of its proprietors. The same may be said of the *Bulletin*. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Densmore, managing and City editors of the *Call*, possess great powers of discrimination, and both wield powerful pens. Mr. Henderson possesses the faculty rare among editors of refusing an article so gracefully as to almost make the recipient feel under obligation.

The *Bulletin* gives much literary, social and political information. Its editors are Messrs. Bartlett and Evans.

The *Argonaut*—Frank Pixley publisher and editor—is very popular, and has a great circulation throughout the State. Whether people approve or not of its contents, they take it out of curiosity. Mr. Pixley, as a vigorous and powerful writer, has no superior in the State.

The *Wasp*, a comic and illustrated paper, was first published in '76 by George B. Macrett. It is now owned by Col. Jackson, former proprietor of the *Post*, and ably edited by Dan O'Connell.

The *Evening Report* is the most enterprising and sensational of the evening journals.

The *Post*, under its present management, is a clean, healthy journal. Messrs. Sheehan and Backus are gentlemen of excellent journalistic qualifications.

The *Ingleside*, a weekly journal of politics, society and literature, has attained a wide circulation and great influence. H. B. McDowell, the editor, is a writer of marked ability. The business department is ably conducted by Wm. Langton.

The *San Franciscan*, *News Letter* and *Argus* are weekly literary and political journals of merit.

There are many interior journals of excellent editorial ability. *Times* of Los Angeles, *Record Union* and *Bee* of Sacramento, *Mercury* of San Jose, *Sun* of Colusa, and *Mail* of Stockton, are deserving of notice.

Perhaps in closing it may be well to speak of the great difference between a newspaper man and an editor. The former may not be able to write a line, yet, with shrewd business faculty, may be eminently successful. An editor must not only have a quick flow of ideas, but must be able to put the thoughts of others in shape, and that explains why reporters' work is so often preferred to special writers, and why work, often apparently newsy and valuable, is refused. Editors do not always have the time or inclination to correct articles, and so sometimes an article is refused that has really better ideas than one accepted, simply because the latter is properly worded and punctuated.

ALICE DENISON

ART IN CALIFORNIA.

SKETCH OF MISS NELLIE HOPPS.

Thus far in our series of sketches of California artists, we have not yet touched upon the lady members of the profession, though there is evidence to prove that among the younger school is careful conscientious work, and even in the possession of talent, that the ladies surpass the gentlemen. This being the case, a Ladies Exhibition is to be held in this city, at the Art School, on the 14th of December, which will arouse a sort of competition, perhaps, and act as a stimulant for the next Spring Exhibition. Fifty names of talented women have been secured in cooperation, including those of Miss Nellie Hopps, Madame de L'Aubiniere, Mrs. Mary Richardson, Miss Albertine Randall, Miss Alice Chittenden, Mrs. Campion and Mrs. Dora Williams.

As an active organizer of the movement, and a bright and particular star in the firmament, we select Miss Nellie Hopps for our study this month.

A native San Franciscian, one who has grown up in the midst of an art atmosphere, Miss Hopps is a type of another kind of California girl than that made famous by the Bret Harte stories. Petite in figure, refined and yet original, she is the representative of a new type not yet made known to the outer world, a type of refined ladyhood mingled with the strength of creative force.

Miss Hopps is a natural artist from childhood, beginning at the Art School under the direction of Virgil Williams, the very first day it opened. Afterwards, with her father, she spent a year in Europe, upon her return, coming back to the study of art with renewed enthusiasm. But, different from those around her, she had no taste for studies from the cast, and had a positive dislike for still-life. All her tendency was toward landscape, and so, by herself, she went off sketching from Nature two days out of a week for many months. Then, taking a studio by herself, in a common art center, where Hill, Tavernier and other famous artists had a stamping ground,

she applied herself to landscape, under their guidance, gaining much from their influence and kindly advice.

For six years she has devoted herself to her art, coming in contact with the brighter people of our times, which is an education in itself, and winning a high place for herself by her originality and native talents. While landscape is her special study, she combines with it the highest sense of decorative art, and specially excels in exquisite screens, which contain more than the mere floral display, having here and there a beautiful scene half hidden away—something to awaken thought and fancy.

Last summer Miss Hopps had an auction at the Art Rooms—the first art sale in San Francisco by a woman—and here were displayed treasures of decorative art and exquisite landscape. According to the usual taste of the public, the choicest gems sold for less than value, while the others brought far more than their worth. But as a whole, from a financial view, it was very successful, the artist receiving nearly two thousand dollars above all expenses.

With this neat little sum stowed away, bright visions of a course of study in Paris and mingling there with her friends, Miss Matilda Lotz and Miss Lizzie Strong, who are achieving great things, filled the young lady's mind. Ambition and hope led her on. She got as far as New York, when the tender touch of romance somewhat dulled the power of ambition, and she returned to San Francisco and her fate.

But, notwithstanding her yielding this much to the natural domestic side of her character, she continues to be an artist still, retaining her maiden name in her work, and having certain days for her studio and certain days at home, while in every movement concerning artistic matters she has a prominent place. She has many pretty reminiscences to tell of many of the artists who have come and gone. The tale of Miss Lizzie Strong would make a tragic chapter among the rest, her

struggles and final success being almost heroic in character. Of Thomas Hill, she says: "I have a great reverence for his genius. There is nothing more delightful than to watch him while he is at work. But no one can tell how he does it, or what colors he uses. I have seen him put emerald green on a cow, but when it was finished the effect was perfect. Tavernier is a genius of the first water—everything he does is marked with his remarkable individuality—not even his enemies attempt to deny his powers.

"A change has begun in San Francisco lately, bringing the women more to the front, and it is nothing but conscientious, original work that has done it. We have a number of very talented lady artists, and

at the exhibition to be given on the 14th of December we shall have an opportunity to see what they can do. We are to have every kind of artistic work, as well as paintings, screens, water-colors, pastels and decorative work of every description, and everything is to be fresh and new and original. I do hope it will be a success."

Miss Hopp's enthusiasm pervades all that she does, and, indeed, is infectious, making us to echo her wish most heartily. If we have any desire to see a growth of art in California, it will be brought about only by encouraging such attempts as these in producing "Everything fresh and new and original."

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

THE RIGHT OF NECESSITY.

There is a great deal of needless agony over the progress of women into so many departments of mental and manual labor. We are, in the main, troubling ourselves over a necessity for which there is no avoidance, and making an ill-welcome for an invited guest. There are many men to be seen begging bread, but none of them are in any sense fitted to fill the places of educated, energetic women, such as are at the head of the intellectual invasion.

That women are making great approaches into professions formerly monopolized by men, should, in truth, be no one's agony and concern, except those who are quietly assisting and admitting women into all these elevated places. In reality, the busy masses pay very little attention to the matter. That a woman sends a telegram, extracts a tooth, or fills out a power of attorney, does not trouble them much if the matter in hand is handled correctly. No one quarrels with fate because a female physician having a large practice, owning a handsome residence and paying taxes on considerable property, thereby becomes possessed of an unmanageable notion that she has a right to vote for the city fathers. She seems to have just reasons for being wide awake. Somehow people are never

disgraced by anything they have acquired if it is good or its equivalent.

But if we wish to indulge in reflections, perhaps we might think a little about the condition of things in the background, that has thrown into such a strong light certain women and classes of women of our times.

A combination of circumstances and events, which only the philosophical historian of the future can explain, has brought about a state of reasoning and observation that exacts of the daughters of the household, as well as of the sons, moral responsibilities and powers of action. Modern thought and the exigencies incident to the building of a new nation, such as ours is, has not expected woman to be a coward, in fact, it is demanded of her that she shall not be. A woman can no longer attribute her downfall to the death of her father and the inefficiency of her brother. What the gray-haired pioneer father and the undeveloped farm cannot do, the daughter as well as the son is expected to supply. A girl can no longer reasonably say, "Papa was too poor to give me an education, therefore I am ignorant." Somehow a girl is expected to be the architect of her own fortune. In spite of the veneration they have for women, they being the mothers of us all, we almost invariably lay

at a woman's own door the faults and misfortunes of her career. Most girls undertake careers away from home, beginning with self-support, with much fear and trembling, but deeming her dislike for the bluntness of the world no ground for cowardice. It must have been easy to be a secluded princess with her tapestry and her knights; it must have been delightful. But it is not so easy to be an every-day princess nowadays (albeit there are plenty of knights), whose only tapestry is the noble remark made of her: "She helps her poor, old father."

No one wonders greatly because an orphan girl burns the midnight oil till she gets a Second Grade certificate, and teaches in a mountain country till she returns to the metropolis a First Grade teacher. It is expected of her that she shall do that very same thing rather than go and live as a dependent with an uncle or a cousin. A girl is considered rather graceless and indolent who will take her living from a salaried brother, who thereby cannot afford to marry the girl he loves.

Women are held for more responsibilities and accountabilities than in the old times when they made samplers and strummed on the spinnet. Taking all these things into consideration, let us be consistent. And you, dear knight of the pen, do not pat yourself on the head because your sister-in-law has at last obtained a position in the mint and is thus off your hands, then go down to your office and write about the faults of the progressive women. Have you any distant female relative who is supporting herself? If so, go and relieve her of that necessity, then you can be consistent.

People learn how to do things, as a rule, when they have to, that is, things out of their chosen course. A woman will learn to look after a mortgage when she is *obliged* to; however, she would much rather be decorating her home. But present ignorance by no means disqualifies the mental abilities.

Possibly it would be quite a task to teach Tom how to make a mince pie; possibly he would learn then only under protest. Meanwhile, I will not be so ungracious as to say he could not learn. Necessity is universally, in man or woman, the mother of invention. If there is anything that pro-

gressive women ask for in the way of tolerance, it is the right of necessity.

Of the government, which is not tyrannous at any time, she only asks a voice in the measures which control her property. Of the customs and fashions of the lands, she only asks that her home-born womanhood be not assailed, because she must sometimes defend that womanhood.

It is now asked of those people, who, doubtless, only chivalrously fear the self-abasement of womanhood, that they look upon the aggression of progressive women, simply taking into consideration always the needs of the present day.

A certain high and royal pride has increased her necessities.

I once had a sweet and gentle friend, lovely and refined, with features of the most exquisite type, and manners unexcelled in the drawing-room, who, during the period of our friendship, had forced upon her circumstances of great sorrow. Her father was sent to an Asylum, there to remain; her only brother, a young man, succumbed to the influences of the gentlemen of the sample rooms, and it was found that he had no moral strength to rally to his help. The mother began to fade like a severed flower. My friend's bewitching smiles faded from her dimpled cheeks, her bright and sparkling eyes began to droop. She was a rare maiden, most suited for the most loving protection, but the lovely picture came out of its frame. There came to this radiant maiden that high, strong pride that characterizes so many women of our time.

She became a teacher, and calmly took upon herself the support of her younger sister and invalid mother. But there were well-to-do relatives to whom they might have gone, and she still remained the clinging, fragile in-door model of dependent womanhood. But the world demanded nothing of this sort, it seemed to call for just such calm and heroic independence.

Below the ranks of the wealthy, many brothers expect their single sisters to get employment of some kind; fraternal societies expect widows to get something to do after a time; husbands count upon government positions, and what not for mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law. The poor old lady, who went "over the hills to

the poor house" in the years gone by, is now supported by her single daughter, who is a telegraph operator, or a type-writer, a clerk, orange grower or raisin-maker. There are very few men below the fifteen hundred-dollar income who have families who care to support a female relative. There is nothing unjust in that. A lazy, unambitious woman in dependent circumstances is intolerable.

And yet with all this, knowing that you demand fifty per cent more of women than in former times, you want to know what in the name of common sense she wants to vote for, and what on earth she is doing, trying to get into the learned professions.

Even married women are not exempt from the world's decree that exacts equal responsibilities. The world's keen eyes glass sweeps round upon her and says: "You were the eldest daughter, or most capable daughter, and here you are living in the lap of luxury, and your father and mother are needy. The exactions of duty must fall upon you." Which is all fair and right; no noble minded woman ever resents anything of that kind; but she humbly asks that out of virtue of her keen necessities that every thing be granted equally to her which is due to her energies, her labors or her talents.

L. H. S.

THE AZTEC NATION.

In very many respects the Aztec Nation are the exceptional race of all time. The Columbus discovery, for the first twenty years after its date, gave no indication that any part of the new found continent contained races that had reached more than the very lowest primitive development. The islanders were without exception of the most squalid character; and the Cabots found nothing to indicate that the North American Aborigines were much superior to their West Indian cousins. They were more aggressive, and, of course, more pointed in character, in proportion to the increased rigor of their respective climatic surroundings, as the explorers penetrated farther North and into the interior; but in point of positive social development they were substantially the same. None of them had crossed the primitive border of the stone age, and there was no indication that their contact with Nature had taught them to avail themselves of her infinite resources, and children of Nature, as they were, they had signally failed to interpret her character in any marked degree beyond the very lowest necessities of life.

A few years previous to the conquest of Cortez, however, Aguilar and others who had been wrecked on the Central Ameri-

can coast, had caught rumors of a powerful race in the interior of Mexico, who had not only a well-organized system of government, but well-built cities and systems of pastoral labor that comprehended in a large degree the whole range of social development. Cortez was a man every way fitted to penetrate the unknown field; and, had he been a man as conscientious in his character, as he was energetic and determined as an explorer, no better conjunction of circumstances could have been reached for reclaiming that part of the world, or rather of forcing an acquaintance with a people who, in many respects, should have been met with and dealt with as equals. After many difficulties and delays in Cuba, Cortez succeeded in fitting out an expedition to Mexico. He started quite early in 1519, for the coast, and having landed near the sight of Vera Cruz, set directly about his preparations for the Conquest; to insure against treachery or desertion he destroyed his fleet, and with a very small body of followers, explored the coast for quite a distance. He very soon became satisfied that the rumors of Aguilar were but a tithe of the real facts. After some little delay, he left the coast and began to penetrate the interior.

The natives, although warlike and well-

armed compared with any whom they had previously met, were but poorly prepared for the superior weapons of the Spanish, and were easily overcome.

Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba, had regarded him with a jealous eye, and opposed the expedition, and soon after the departure of Cortez, had fitted out a fleet to intercept Cortez and arrest him; and Cortez halts his forces at a little distance from the coast and determined to await the issue of this *contretemps* of the Governor. To make matters short, the forces of Cortez and Velasquez meet, and with but little parley unite in the enterprise. They then continue their march, meeting stubborn resistance each step of the way, and yet carrying every obstacle before them. They succeed in making alliances with the provinces overcome, and swelling their army to quite a formidable force.

Montezuma, the Aztec king, has had his line of couriers from the day of the landing to watch every movement, and seeing how apparently invincible they were, he sends them an embassy with the choicest of presents, and requests a delay and parley with Cortez; but the commander cannot be swerved from his course, and reaches the capital Tenochtitlan, the present city of Mexico in November, 1519. Montezuma, finding it useless to oppose Cortez, receives him in the most princely style and accords to his immediate followers quarters and grounds adjacent to his palace.

One feature of the case should be mentioned, and that is that the Aztec people were at that time looking for the return of their god Quetzalcoatl, who, according to their legends, was fair-skinned, and should have come from the east over the gulf. This religious vaguery, and the fact of the Spaniards coming from the direction, from which they expected their Messiah, made an easy conquest for Cortez, and he was only too glad to avail himself of their superstition and to impress them that he and his followers were the legates of Heaven. He so plays upon their superstitions as to induce them to give up their treasure, amounting to a large sum, in crude bullion, and plate; and he further induces Montezuma to so place himself under his surveillance that he really becomes his prisoner before he is aware of it.

Feeling himself sufficiently strong, Cortez now, after adopting every deception to gain his ends, wishes to impress them with the religious character of his mission, and to force the people to abandon their worship. Their worship had many abhorrent features, but their stage of enlightenment was such that they could readily discern that the Spaniards, claiming to be the vanguards of great Quetzalcoatl, were really but a set of bandits, who had succeeded in deceiving their King, and not only despoiling him of his treasure, but holding him as prisoner.

The Aztecs revolted, and the Spaniards, really less than 300, with a few thousand native allies, were driven from the city. They had tried every device to pacify the people, and among others induced Montezuma to address them. The infuriated mass, though they had an almost sacred regard for their King, could not hear words of defense for the Spaniards, even from Montezuma, and hurled missiles at him, which took fatal effect. He died, however, true to the Aztec faith, refusing to receive the rites of the Catholic church, proving that at the close of his life he had penetrated their deceptions, and was really but masking in attempting to pacify his people.

The Spaniards, after the death of Montezuma, received still stronger alliances in the unsettled condition of the country, and returned with their enlarged forces, reduced the capital, and completed the conquest of the nation.

The origin of the Aztec nation is, of course, shrouded in mystery. They were, in many respects, superior to their eastern prototypes, of Egypt and Hindostan, and it is yet to be shown how the 300 years of Spanish control that followed the conquest showed any substantial improvement over what it supplanted. It is true that Christianity, in its very essence, can never supplant a superior; but, reading it by the historic landmarks of Spanish conquest, it is hard to conceive how any system of ethics could bear a more inferior fruit. Like the play of "Hamlet" without the moody Dane, it has been (with a few exceptions) Christianity without the transcendent Christ; a mere mummery without a soul, fit only to warp and distort.

The extracts given below are from that

portion of the epic "Montezuma," which the author, Hiram Hoyt Richmond, who immediately precedes the conquest, and closes his poem with the death of Montezuma, indicates the treatment of the subject by Montezuma.

* * * * *

God drops no nobler anchorage on earth,
 Than those who mold a nation, and a name;
 Whose travail in the wilderness gives birth
 To some great epoch, without thought of fame.
 The pioneers of empire, for all time,
 Are gold-dust, from the placers of our homes—
 The surface croppings from a nation's prime,
 The mellow acre of the richest loams.
 They overgrow the boundaries of life,
 And push the horizon far out in space.
 With lethargy they wage a ceaseless strife,
 And with the whirling earth, they keep their pace.
 All honor to the soul who sets his stake
 Where human kind have never trenched before;
 Where only God his thunders o'er it shake,
 And solitude shall murmur, "nevermore."
 Such men are sovereigns, though they grasp no crown,
 And raise no jewelled scepter in the hand;
 Yet are they Princes, in their bronze and brown,
 And demonstrate their fitness to command.

The Norsemen, on the North Atlantic wave;
 Columbus, passing out in unknown seas;
 De Soto, gaining but an unknown grave;
 The hardy Pilgrims, on their bended knees;
 The Argonauts, upon the Western slope—
 These are the souls no human praise can reach.
 Each, in their turn, gave empire back to hope,
 And all are greater than the gift of speech.
 No pen can lustre their unfading claim;
 No cenotaph do honor to their dust—
 These are crown jewels on the brow of Fame;
 Their conquest is supreme, their laurels ever just.

Yet, in the van of empire, still is left
 The noiseless print of ancestry more grand;
 Indentures chiseled in the highest cleft,
 By giants of a long forgotten land,—
 The nameless graves of centuries untold;
 The ashes of the prehistoric age;
 The self-forgetting litany of gold—
 How vast their monuments, how broad their page!
 In what a grand democracy of death

They lift their silent fingers to our years,
Melt our memorials with a single breath
In mute companionship of life and tears!

We are but pygmies to the almighty past,
The names we honor but the surface-mould;
Beneath must lie an empire far more vast,
Whose fundamentals alone deserve the name of "old."

PREHISTORIC RENDEZVOUS OF THE AZTECS.

On either side the crest of the Madre,
Where mountains kiss their hands to either sea,
One slope to blush upon the opening day,
The other, to drop down its tapestry
And hold the hand for promise of return,
Three nations, as three stars, to being burn.
The Toltecs, purest of the primal race,
The Chichamecs, devoted to the chase,
And Aztecs, strongest in the arts of war—
All, seeming thrown beneath one fateful star.
No painter limnes upon his labored scroll,
Be it fantastic, feast, or forest shades,
As war upon its victims; from the soul
(Plastic as new damped clay) it never fades
Till Time has ironed out the furrowed past;
And Peace, by laying fevered brows to rest,
Over the present has its mantle cast;
Then Nature folds its wardling to its breast.
So on these nations had been writ, in brief,
The deep-burned liturgy of hardened strife,
And through the furnace of their pungent grief,
They learn to plant the rootlets of their life.
One thing is never lacking, at the time,
When in their nascent passions, nations rise:
The craft of Priests, in every age and clime,
To "point a moral," or portend the skies.
And so, from cast-off altars to the sun,
New pleadings to new conjured gods arose;
The selfish passions since the world begun,
All seek supernal outlet on their foes.

* * * * *

Their rudely fashioned lodges soon gave way
To buildings of a more pretentious form;
The forests and the quarries and the clay
Were forced to human vassalage. The charm
That held the forest templary from spoil

Was not entirely broken ; after years
 And Christian conquest must consume the toil
 And travail of the centuries. Our tears,
 Are but a poor atonement for the brand
 Our westward march has made on Nature's back.
 We mourn our forest fastnesses too late ;
 With hand unbridled we have torn their face,
 And given legal sanction to their fate—
 But what companionship can take their place?
 Nearest to Nature's very heart of hearts,
 The verdant monarchs beckon us to God ;
 Their benison with life alone departs ;
 They testify of Eden from the sod.
 O man ! that thy perfection should be lost,
 When so much pefectness is left on earth !
 How much of bitterness ! With what a cost
 Didst thou forget the sacred touch that hallowed thee
 at birth !

* * * * *

THE AZTECS—AZTLAN.

The silver current of the upper Grande,
 And where the Gila penetrates the East,
 The Zuni lines its rocky bed with sand,
 New ground from granite that has been released
 From mountain base. The vertebrate Madre
 Breaks into several center-stays of spine,
 Which form the watershed that feeds the sea,
 On either side the sunny slopes recline.
 Where Coronado laid in after years
 The scepter of his Sovereign, and bespoke
 The unbroke silence, as the cycle nears
 The bending of the neck to Hispagniola's yoke.

Here was the fabled Aztlan ; and the race,
 Whose ancestry had circled half the globe,
 Have now their latest destiny to face.
 O ! could they peer the darkness through, and probe
 The deep recesses of impending time !
 Look for one moment on what was to be !
 How would they cling to this rude mountain clime,
 And bar the door of their futurity !

THE MUSEUM.

The Fastness of Oregon.

Not long ago a very remarkable story was published to the effect that in Oregon, among other natural wonders, was a singular peak of quartz, which could be seen clearly and distinctly for miles around, but when approached, disappeared utterly. Among those who endeavored to reach the mysterious realm was an old man—a trapper in the region, who for twenty-eight years had scaled every rock, and passed down into every cañon that seemed to lead to it, only to be baffled at every attempt.

That there is, at least, a basis for this mysterious "peak of quartz" story, cannot be denied when we consider the experience of a young man possessed of inherited pioneer proclivities, who, during the last year, has made himself a home in the heart of the Oregon wilderness. His is a match for the peak of quartz, and might be known, as "The Lost Cabin" story.

He took up a piece of land in Lane county, covered with forest-growth so thick, that there was not an ingress through it, except by a trail over and under the brush. Upon taking possession, he was informed that there was a legend to the effect that there was a cabin on the place, but it had not been seen for years.

Inspired by the thought that here was really something to discover, he set forth to investigate his real estate and hunt up the improvements, legendary or otherwise. He had also purchased a right to the live stock on this wild place—cinnamon, black and grizzly bears in all their native ugliness, and they were worth while investigating; so he started out with considerable enthusiasm and a gun.

His adventures were thrilling. Indeed, they could fill a book. The first day he saw a grizzly of enormous size, but let him get away. By the time he had come in contact with two or three generations of them, he felt more at home, and killed four with five bullets, which was a pretty good average. The first day was spent fruitlessly, however, so far as discovering any vestige of the improvements upon his

real estate, but the live stock had exceeded his expectations.

The next couple of days he traveled along the trunks of partly fallen trees, and peered into the forest thickness around him. To his great delight, he finally caught a glimpse of the so-called "lost cabin." But catching sight of it, and approaching and entering, were two completely distinct operations, without any real relation between the two. He got down from his high perch and crawled along through the thick underbrush in the direction he supposed it to be. It was in vain. He had missed it utterly.

Again he mounted the tree and again took his bearings—with the same result as before. He walked along fallen tree-trunks in the hope of approaching it more directly, only to find himself upon the verge of a precipitous height looking down from the tip point of the tree at a sheer fall of forty or fifty feet. Cautiously he would retrace his way and start afresh. For two days he was in plain view of this elusive cabin, but still so far away that he almost despaired of ever reaching it himself.

At last perseverance and energy won. He finally struck upon the only opening through the underbrush, and stood proud and triumphant in the doorway of the "Lost Cabin."

Such tales as these seem almost incredible, but they give a better idea of the fastness of Oregon than any mere description, and show the prowess and endurance required by those who go out to subdue the wilderness.

A REMINISCENCE OF DEATH VALLEY.

We were in a charming drawing-room full of light and merriment, the mirrors reflecting color and the crystal sparkle of the chandeliers. A new map of California was the subject of discussion, when suddenly one voice broke out, "Oh! here is the dreadful Death Valley; I didn't know it was in California."

The mere mention of the place seemed to cast a gloom over the scene, when the gentleman from Arizona gave one of his

peculiar glances over the circle, and said quietly: "I've been through there, twice."

"Oh, have you?" and they gazed upon him as a visitant from a strange world. "Was it really as awful as they say?" asked one. "And did you live to get through?" queried another, innocently. "And oh! do tell us about it," exclaimed great and small.

"There were years in which I never reverted to it," said the gentleman from Arizona. "But I have gotten over it, now."

"Oh, do tell us! do tell us!" cried the chorus.

And then he told the tale:

In 1866, iron was very valuable in Nevada and the frontier, and had to be brought many hundreds of weary miles from the East, so that old iron was utilized for many purposes, and had a price of its own. The story of Death Valley was known to every one—how, in early times, a whole train had perished there—men, women and children and cattle—and for many years their bones lay whitening in the sun.

Often while discussing the scarcity and need of iron, this story was repeated, ending with: "I wish we had the iron that was on that train. It's no use to them, and we might as well have it."

"It would take an awful lot of grit to go down there for that there iron," would be the response, and there the matter would end.

But with the daring of youth, our gentleman from Arizona, then in the first flush of manhood, had resolved to be the one who would capture the prize—to face the dangers of Death Valley, and bring out the iron that was left from the ill-fated train.

Securing a good four-horse team and preparing for the journey, he made for the ill-omened valley. He knew the difficulties before him, the over-powering oppressiveness of the desert, the lack of water, the terrible effect of the atmosphere upon the tongue, making it swell and turn black in many cases, and he prepared for them. He was careful to supply himself with water, and for assistance got two Indians for guides. They knew all about the valley, and even had a legend of their own in regard to the emigrant train that perished

there, which in every way corroborated the well-known story of their sufferings, except, that it was, if anything, more realistic and full of detail.

He followed the trail till he came to the scene of the tragedy, where, one by one, the exhausted and famished people yielded up their lives. Very little of the remains was to be seen, but while the wood of the wagons had entirely disappeared, the tires and bolts, and bars and bands, and thousand and one pieces of iron used in construction, lay just where they had fallen, perfectly free from rust, although it was many years since the fatal day.

He gathered the bits and pieces of iron up, one by one, and filled his wagon bed, then hastened on to where he should find fresh clear cold water, the memory of which already was beginning to torture him.

That night the Indians made off with his horses and mules, and he awoke to the awful fact that he was at the mercy of the valley. The tremendous energy that had led him into its awful power, however, came to his assistance to get him out again. He started on foot to get back his animals, and soon came upon his saddle-horse lying dead, killed by the Indians rather than let him escape.

He then made his way to the spring, almost famished by this time, and drank to his heart's content. While there, he listened cautiously for sounds, knowing that in that desolate region, there were many strange hauntings of the spring. Suddenly he heard a peculiar clink in the rocks from far away, which to his trained ear, bore the welcome sound that his mule, at least, was not more than two miles away. He took his bearings and went in search, toward morning capturing the three remaining animals. And then instead of getting out of the awful place as quickly as possible, glad and thankful to save his life, he returned for his wagon, two day's travel back into the deathly region.

For iron he had come, and iron he would have, in spite of all peril. Of him it might well be said, "The iron had entered into his soul." He had to struggle against the oppressiveness of the heat, causing respiration to become an agony, and to breathe painfully to avoid letting the tongue come in contact with the burning air. At last he succeeded in getting the horses hitched

to the wagon, three in a line, and drove out of the realm of death, fortunately escaping where many others have perished.

As a result of his few day's awful experience, he sold his load of iron for six hundred dollars. The money has long since melted away, but the experience remains like the scar from a red-hot iron.

An Actual Occurrence.

An ignorant Sabbath School teacher once had a class of inquiring youngsters who made his life a burden to him. He was expatiating upon the transfiguration :

"*And the Disciples were astonished to see Moses and Elias upon the mountain.*" Said a sharp youngster: "How did they know they was Moses and Elias?"

The teacher looked puzzled and repeated, "How did they know?"

"Yes, how could *they* tell? 'Cause they couldn't remember 'em for hundreds

of years afore they was born, could they?" The teacher looked dumbfounded. Then a bright idea came to his relief: "Why, they had their photographs lying around the house, of course!"

Behind The Scenes.

A little girl with a literary mother came to play with another little girl with a literary mother, the other day. Thinking to please her playmate, the second child began to read aloud from a late magazine, the opening chapter of a story by the other one's mother.

"Oh, don't!" said she, wearily, "Mamma read all that to me before ever it was published."

"Oh," said the other, sympathetically, "and do you have to endure that, too. I have to listen to everything my mamma writes. I guess she practices on me first."

And they consoled with each other.

WITCHLAND.

Where does Witch land lie?
In sea, or earth, or sky—
Where does Witchland lie?
A merry folk the witches be!
With prank that none but they may see,
They bite the babes to hear their wails,
They braid the horses' manes and tails,
And ride a broomstick on the sea,
And ride a moonbean on the sea.
In sea, or earth, or sky,—
Where does Witchland lie?

A TRAVELER'S TALE.

Half a century ago, in the Laurel Mountains in West Virginia, a solitary traveler, wending his way toward the beautiful Ohio—the river whose crystal waters rolled between the slave and the free—paused at nightfall before a humble cabin and craved him a rest therein from his toilsome journey of the day. The only occupants of the cabin were an old—very old and age-wrinkled—woman, and a young and beautiful maiden—her daughter. They demurred much at the request of the traveler, and counseled much between them; agreeing at last that he might remain, with permission to make him a bed on the floor by the fireplace.

When y midnight hour approached, a

wakefulness came upon the traveler, and he fell to wondering what manner of people were these, whose grudgeful hospitality he was sorely taxing. A fitful blaze flickered up from the coals covered in the bed of ashes, and faintly lighted the room with its glow. He thought a cat walked across the floor and round his bed. Opening his eyelids, but just enough to look out through the lashes, he beheld the old woman walk stealthily to the side of the fireplace opposite that where he lay, and take a stone from the jamb; after the stone, she took out a small tin box. The traveler watched with curious interest. She dipped her middle finger into the box and anointed her eyelids, and the palms of her hands, and the soles of her feet, repeating to herself the while :

“Round the room, and round the room, and round the room, and up the chimney, and over the mountains, and over the rivers, and over the forests, and through the keyhole, and into old Misenheimer’s cider cellar.”

She put the box back into the hole in the jamb and replaced the loose stone; then she made a little skip up from the floor and sailed three times round the room, and then out of it up the chimney.

Next came the daughter slipping stealthily along, with the velvety footfall of a kitten. She, too, went to the jamb, removed the loose stone, and anointed herself from the tin box, as the mother had done, repeating the same rigmarole, in the same chanting monotone. Replacing the box and the loose stone, she skipped lightly from the floor and sailed three times around the room and out at the chimney.

“Well,” said the traveler to himself, “this is a new mode of migration. I will try it too.”

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, his fear was lost in curiosity. He got up and removed the loose stone, and took out the box. In the box was a yellow-looking salve. Into this he dipped his middle finger and rubbed it on his eyelids, his palms and his soles, in the way he had seen the women anoint these parts of their bodies, repeating to himself the rigmarole as they had repeated it. He put the box back and replaced the stone. Then he began to feel like he had suddenly turned into a great ball of thistle-down, and he began to pop up and down and up, like a toy balloon that is inflated too much to lie on the floor, and not enough to float in the air. And the first thing he knew he skipped up and went sailing round and round and round the room, and out up the chimney.

But woe to the traveler! In repeating the rigmarole he had lucklessly said, “through” instead of “over,” and on and on he went flying—swift as the wind—through the mountains, through the rivers, through the forests, and through a keyhole, and landed—cold, draggled, drenched and briar-torn—on the floor, in the middle of a great cider-cellar. The cellar was full of witch-women. They were drinking and dancing on the heads of the cider barrels, and having a witching good time of it. When the traveler appeared so unceremoniously in the midst of them, there was a momentary hush, then a hul-lul-loo like the sighing of the wind among the reeds on a river-shore, and every woman of them vanished through the

keyhole. The poor traveler had failed to catch the words that metamorphosed, and there in the cellar he had to stay until the owner of it came down the next day after some cider. He was surprised to find himself five hundred miles from the place where he had gone to bed.

THE WHITE ART.

Two old men—Spills and Holright—were neighbors. They both believed in witches; they had both made witchcraft their lore. Because of some slight difference of opinion, they began practicing upon each other. Holright’s pigs and chickens were bewitched, his horses came home at night with witch-balls braided in their manes. Spills’ little grandchild took sick—“bold hives” the nurse said. Spills knew it was witch-bites, and he retaliated on Holright. Holright’s best cow died with the murrain. Holright was “wrath unto death.” He delved into the deepest depths of conjury, and he discovered the *Black Art*. He made a silver bullet and loaded his gun with the bullet he had made. Then he took the heart and liver of the dead cow and laid them upon a little fire that he had kindled out in the “clearing,” and drew a ring around the fire, and then he sat down in ambush to wait.

Very soon the old man Spills came dancing along toward the fire; he danced round and round the ring, and closer and closer to the fire; from his ambush, Holright took sure aim, and shot Spills in the thigh with his silver bullet. The next day Spills was laid up with the rheumatism in his hips, and Holright gloated over his agony.

Then it came that Spills studied vengeance. He took to the forest and gathered the deadliest herbs and roots. He made up a decoction, of which only he and the imps of darkness knew the ingredients, and he put it into a mysterious pot, and began to stir it; and he stirred, and stirred, and stirred, until the smoke of death arose from the pot. He had discovered the *White Art*.

Holright fell violently and fearfully ill; and still Spills stirred his pot, and still Holright grew worse. In fearful contortions, he tore the garments from about his throat; he fought with invisible demons; and in his pain and horror he cried aloud:

“Legions and legions and legions of devils, all black! black! black! black!” and died. The *White Art* had triumphed.

M. M.

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

CALIFORNIA:

Optical illusions are bewildering and pleasant. The mock moon beneath the smooth surface of the water, which tells of a true moon somewhere, is as interesting as the real moon. So it is with California, even when times are hard, the country dry and tawny, the flowers stained with dust, and the cry for bread heard along the poverty-stricken streets in Tar Flat; the illusion that good times are coming, that good times have been, is pleasant and agreeable to contemplate. California, dull as it is, surpasses every other spot in the world. There is no country equal to it in climate, soil and scenery. Poets will sing of its ethereal grandeur for ages to come. Artists will paint its magnificent scenery, and the man of uses will adapt its barren plains to the gardens of our dreams. California is ever interesting. There is not a dull spot in the realm—in this the kingdom by the sea. Even the vice of San Francisco, repulsive as it may seem, is attractive to nearly all. Once a year we take the privilege to pause, cast our hat in air, and hurrah for "California," the grandest, most glorious country in the universe of worlds." The frost of an October morning in the Eastern States is all that is needed to revive one's patriotism for California, and a sniff of the hot air of the San Joaquin, is enough to drive us back to the city overlooking the bay.

DR. SPRECHER.

S. S. Sprecher, L. L. D., the eminent theologian, is at present in our city. He is the father of Dr. Samuel Sprecher of Calvary church, and of Rev. C. S. Sprecher of Stockton. He has been a teacher of the higher branches of philosophy for more than forty years, and has contributed greatly to the formation of the present tendency of Christian thought. Ministers of the gospel in every State in the Union have been under the instruction of this master. He is the author of the 'Ground-work of Evangelical Theology;' and, while his life has been spent within the limits of the Lutheran Church and mostly within the walls of Wittenberg College, yet his influence has been felt wherever Christian thought is encouraged. He belongs to the school of the noted German Theologians, and is one of the most noted expounders of German philosophy in this country. It is a pleasure for us to welcome such a man among us. Californians are apt to forget that

there is a Christian philosophy. The pursuit of wealth and pleasure seems to concern us more than an earnest, sincere desire to derive at a clear understanding of the supernatural.

WANTED—1,000 POETS.

The above extravagant desire, expressed in the September issue of this magazine, needs a word of explanation. You have perhaps noticed that the most effective advertising is done by extravagant lying. We desired to attract the attention of good poets, indifferent poets, and very bad poets, to the GOLDEN ERA. We want four lines upon the "Spirit of California"—that is, four lines that will express the tendency of life in California. We will pay one dollar a line for the poem, to be printed in the November number. Ella Sterling Cummins, Madge Morris and J. D. Wagner will decide upon the poem entitled to first place. The other poems submitted will be published, if of sufficient merit, and paid for at our usual rates. Poems should be submitted by October 20th. In order that no partiality may be shown competitors will enclose their names in a separate envelope, which will not be opened until after the judges have decided. Address all communication to Harr Wagner in care of GOLDEN ERA.

GOVERNOR STONEMAN.

The present Governor has never had an expression of good will from us. He has not been fortunate as the executive of the State, but his manly, Christian and moral utterances at Santa Rosa are enough to win the applause of all good people. He hurled anathemas at rich libertines, and poor ones, too, and condemned the vice that degrades in language sufficiently earnest to be sincere. If Governor Stoneman should be renominated, we would be tempted to vote for him. The time has come for men who publicly proclaim their moral dishonor to be drummed out of the community.

MAGAZINE POSTAGE.

Arthur B. Turnure, editor of the *Art Age* in a timely article, has set forth the discrimination in postal laws upon magazines and other monthly publications. As the law now stands the GOLDEN ERA is delivered in New York at one cent for each pound, while in San Francisco de-

livery through the postoffice costs two cents per copy.

It is claimed, and very fitly too, that if weeklies are admitted at the pound rates, magazines should have the same privileges. Magazine publications certainly benefit the community as much as any of the weeklies. It is strange, indeed, that this discrimination should be made against the dailies and monthlies. If Congress would establish a uniform rate it would establish justice. As it now stands magazines are compelled to pay an exorbitant rate for postage.

GOLDEN ERA CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Endura: or Three Generations. By B. P. Moore. Ready October 10, 1885.

Montezuma. An epic, or the fate and origin of the Aztec Nation. By Hiram Hoyt Richmond. Ready October 20th.

Manual of Elocution. By Prof. W. T. Ross, A. M. Ready November 10th.

Short Stories. By Sam Davis. Ready November 15th.

Mt. Tamalpais. A souvenir. By Adele Brown Carter, Ella Sterling Cummins, Madge Morris, Clarence T. Urmy and Harr Wagner. Ready December 1st.

The Child and the City. A novel. By Ella Sterling Cummins. Ready December 1st.

Natures By-ways In California. By Harr Wagner. Ready December 15th.

TO "ANNETTE."

Annette, you are a literary thief. It may seem undignified to call you such a name, but by all the Muses at once, you are more a thief than a poet. The editor of the *Monitor* is your accomplice. We are surprised that a man in this age should live to aid in such a heinous literary crime. Perhaps the editor of the *Monitor* does not read

the poetry he prints. If so, we will forgive him; and, in many cases, we think he is wise in not reading the *Monitor's* poems. We will submit the poem by Annette. It is needless to say that it is an exact copy of Ella Wheeler's famous production:

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep all alone,
For the brave old earth must borrow its mirth
It has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes rebound to a joyful sound
And shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are *none* to decline your nectared wine,
But *alone* you must drink life's gall.

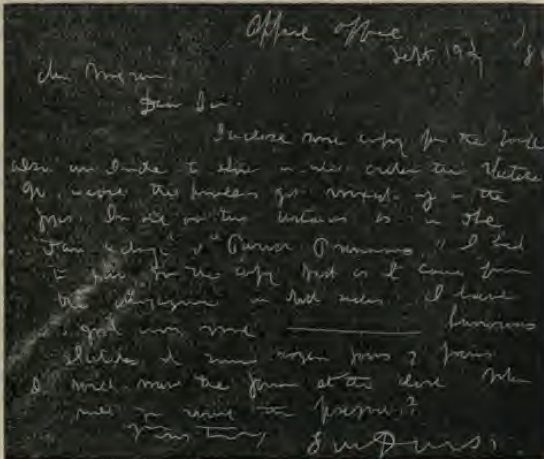
Feast and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by,
Forget and forgive—it helps you to live,
But no man can help you to die!
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But, one by one, we must all march on
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

ANNETTE.

Grass Valley, August 30, 1885.

\$10 REWARD.

The following letter is submitted for a correct reading. It was written by a well-known editor of this coast. The engraving is a fac-simile of the letter received at this office. Ten dollars will be paid by the GOLDEN ERA Co. to any one who will read it correctly. The author is, of course, debarred from attempting to obtain the \$10, though we doubt his ability to read his own writing:



THE LIBRARY TABLE.

"ENDURA; OR THREE GENERATIONS," by B. P. Moore. Golden Era Co. For sale at the book stores.

The hand must be tender and closely gloved that touches the imperial scepter of the Sunrise Queen. Her laurels are not easily won, and are held all the more tenaciously for that. The decadence of New England country and village life, so much regretted by the author in this work, is, after all, but in keeping with a much broader area. The tendency of the American people at present is toward the metropolitan, and the smaller homes in the country are being taken to aggregate the larger homesteads.

The story has no lack of incident, in fact, one is almost bewildered with the succession of events, startling in character and graphically portrayed by the author.

An outline of the story was given last month. The plot is well founded. The turning point in the story, revolves on the restoration of an immense estate in France.

The characters of a New England village are sketched with remarkable clearness. Mrs. Tartar, Deacon Snow, Sally Vic, and all the others, reveal a critical knowledge of the people described. Donal Kent and Endura, the hero and heroine of the story, are attractive characters and win the attention and sympathy of the reader. The life of Gen. Ivers is also drawn in keeping with the customs of village life. Perhaps there may appear a few inaccuracies, such as the use of "servant" for "hired help," and other errors scarcely noticeable.

The pictures of domestic life are generally good, and one is carried back to the old surroundings, and memory refills the vacant chairs; and how hallowed is the name of home across the bridge of a score or more of years!

The secret of Mr. Moore's success rests in the fact that he grew up among the scenes and characters described, lending an accuracy to the work not to be attained in any other way. The following is a fair example of the author's style. In writing of a pauper auction, he says:

"In some of the New England towns it has been a custom from time immemorial to farm out the poor. There have scarcely been paupers enough to warrant the building of a poor-house, so that the disposing of such unfortunates in some way became a matter of necessity. Usually, at the June town meeting, several of these dependent creatures were struck off to the lowest bidder; as, for instance, some poor old man or woman who could not support themselves, were put up at auction. If it was supposed to be worth two dollars a week to support them, and any one who was responsible would agree to take them for one dollar, believing that the person could earn enough to half pay for keeping them, he or she was awarded to such a person, provided no one would agree to take them for less.

"About the time that Donald Kent left for the city, the town meeting took place, at which quite

a number of the poor of the town were to be auctioned off. General Ivers, being the 'overseer of the poor,' was the one whose duty it was to provide such with temporary homes.

"Among those who were to be let out upon that particular occasion was the Widow Cramp, who was quite aged, but by no means an imbecile. She could knit and sew some, and as mending was an item where there were several boys in a family, she could make herself quite useful. A neighboring farmer, who had a large family, finally agreed to take care of her for one dollar a week.

"The next to be bid for was Miss Cutting, a 'maiden lady,' as General Ivers rather facetiously remarked as he named the person to be bid for. He said she was not so old as the Widow Cramp, and would be an agreeable companion for a woman whose husband was away from home a great deal. He said she was a good talker and very pious; she could spin, or sew, or knit, and was entertaining to strangers. The last remark was emphasized so strongly that it almost implied that she was not particularly entertaining to anyone else. She was 'knocked down' to a neighbor who said he would give her a home for seventy-five cents a week."

And again the author's tribute to France, belongs to the eloquent in literature, and shows the general scope of the work:

"To think of visiting the Eternal City and standing beneath the great dome of St. Peters together—to tread upon the sacred pave where the pilgrims of centuries long past had trodden, was itself joy in anticipation. To breathe the air of Rome, to walk above the buried thousands who long since mingled with the dust—those who once lived to love, to honor, and be beloved and honored, but whose names shall never more be recalled. They would behold the muddy Tiber, still going on as of old. There was the great Coliseum and the Vatican, a vast palace of the Pope filled with the finest works of the great masters, Raphael and Michael Angelo. What a wonderful city is Rome! If wonderful to-day, what must it have been at the height of its ancient splendor, when it stood the empress of the world, and the greatest honor was being able to say, 'I am a Roman citizen.'

"All these thoughts arise in the minds of those who approach the Eternal City, or of those who contemplate a journey thither. It was no wonder then that Donald Kent determined to visit Italy, and his wife and mother anticipated it as much as himself. But first, la belle France, prosperous happy France, must be visited. Her wonderful monuments, her beautiful temples, her grand forests, her beautiful vineyards, her castles and her cottages—France, the favored of the earth, the country of endless beauty and boundless resources, the country that paid millions upon millions indemnity for a great war, and lost vast territories which were given over to the conquerors; and yet grandly emerged, richer than the victors, and more glorious far than ever she had been before.

"Such is the France of to-day, and her star is still in the ascendant. Independent France, Republican France, the mirror of civilization, the pride of her sons, the garden of the world. May she ever flourish as a Republic, growing wiser as time rolls on!"

Mr. Moore has succeeded in writing a readable book, one that has positive merit and filled with valuable information. It is to be hoped that it will meet with the success it deserves.

H. H. R.

A ROSARY OF RHYME, a book of poems, by Clarence Urmey. The "Atlantic Monthly," known to all authors as a severe critic, speaks as follows of the above volume: "Mr. Urmey respects his work, and has shown a care in his form which augurs well. If the poems reflect rather moods than states, they have at least the merit of not attitudinizing. He has evidently read other poets, but read them thoughtfully. 'She and I,' for example, recalls Browning's 'Evelyn Hope,' without at all imitating that poem, and there are other coincidences which are not mere echoes." Price \$1. Address GOLDEN ERA Co., 712 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE CENTURY shows a wealth of exquisite illustration which ought to make an impress upon the art of wood-engraving the country over. A vivid picturing of the little known Alaska, by Frederick Schwatka, and "The Last Days of General Grant," by Adam Badeau, are especially interesting; while "The Bostonians" still winds in labyrinthine intricacy and microscopic involution. A dainty little bit is, "Love at First Sight," by Brander Matthews, and of a higher grade than usual is the verse that decorates the page.

THE CURRENT of Chicago has received a new lease of life under the management of G. C. Matthews and John McGovern as editors, who maintain the same standard of excellence and dignity as before—bits of philosophy, history and poetry interlaced with an occasional short story or editorial or serial. Chicago itself ought to make a point in sustaining a journal of its kind.

THE ART AMATEUR, full of delightful art gossip and practical schemes for beautifying the home, comes laden with illustration and a thousand and one bits of useful information not to be obtained elsewhere. The Morgan collection of painting is given in full, and quite a description of the many treasures bought by the lady herself, and her love for them all made the subject of a little sketch very interesting.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART displays its usual rich engravings, notably the representations of Arnold Böcklin's paintings—wild, weird pictures and singular effects; also in "Current Art" is displayed many late masterpieces. "A Romance of Art: A pretty Tale," by Harry Bamett, is decidedly interesting, being of a pair of twins, brother and sister, who together made a wood-carving during the time of Pope Honorius, the thirteenth century, but which is declared to be pure fiction, thus destroying the romance at one fell blow.

PROF. W. T. ROSS, the eminent elocutionist of this city, will shortly issue a "Manual of Elocution."

THE ST. NICHOLAS brings to a conclusion this month the two serials, "Driven Back to Eden" and "His One Fault." Frank Stockton's story of "The Miner Canon and the Griffin" is declared by the children to be "awfully funny," and "Peggy's Garden" especially good. "From Bach to Wagner" is a historical sketch most delightfully written, while the jingles and rhymes and illustrations awaken fresh joy in childish hearts. "The St. Nicholas Song Book" is announced as ready, having contributions from many of our best musical composers, Damrosch, Thomas and others, and will doubtless make a charming gift book for the coming holiday season.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE illustrated, published in Philadelphia, contains simple little stories and pretty bits of philosophy with a number of excellent engravings. The tone is good and pure, but it is not very strong in its quality, treating of home problems, more particularly needlework and domestic matters.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY, published in New York by Blake & Co., is devoted to fashion, literature and the fine arts. It has a good solid appearance and is full of matters pertaining to the realm of woman.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW opens with an article by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, defending the course taken by Mr. Stead of the Pall Mall Gazette, and stating that, as a whole, the statements there made are substantially true. "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois," by E. B. Washburne, is full of personal incident, while the article by Edwin P. Whipple, upon "George Eliot's Life," is one of the most interesting in its slight touches upon her home life. "McClellan's Change of Ease" is made the subject of quite a caustic sketch by one of the "No Name Writers."

THE CINCINNATI GRAPHIC is rapidly attaining a standard place among the illustrated papers of the world. It is for sale by newsdealers in this city.

DR. DODSON, the editor of the Red Bluff Sentinel, has been in the city, looking after the interests of his paper.

PIERCE'S JOURNAL.—Dr. Pierce & Son, of this city, have recently issued a fine illustrated, eight-page journal. It has a varied table of contents, a number of fine illustrations and some important facts in relation to the business they have carried successfully for many years. It contains a large amount of valuable information in reference to magnetic elastic belts and trusses. Copies will be sent free by addressing Pierce & Son, 704 Sacramento street.

OUR STAR, a new Prohibition weekly, is well edited, and presents each week an excellent table of contents. The subscription price is \$1 per year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for October contains many bright and interesting articles, notably the new story by Thomas Wharton, entitled, "The Lady Lawyer's First Client," which is told in a very natural style. "The Eye of a Needle," by Sophie Swett, a story of New England life, and "The Philosophy of the Short Story," by Brande,

Matthews. A very remarkable tale is that of "Anthony Calvert Brown," by P. Denning, which reveals the inner workings of the mind of a youth upon discovering that he has negro blood in his veins. He considers that the general opinion which holds a black man accused as utterly inferior to his white brother, merely because of his color, to be founded upon a lie, and will not yield and accept it as a humiliation for himself. After

he has fallen in the War of the Rebellion, it is revealed that he is not the child of the octoroon, but of aristocratic white lineage. The point to the reader is, that his proud reasoning could never have sprung from a brain having the taint of color in any degree, and that that in itself proved that there is a basis for the generally accepted opinion. It is a very clever study.

THE THEATERS.

San Francisco has been afflicted with poor plays the past month, and the theatres have not been well patronized. The best presentation has been given at the California Theatre, where "Step by Step" has given place to Glenny's dramatization of Hugh Conway's greatest novel, "Dark Days." The excellent company at the California present this piece in fine style. In the cast are Messrs. Harkins, Bishop, Wallace, Holland, Wright, Thayer, Misses Ellie Wilton, Mabel Bert, Trella Foltz and Helen Rand. Popular prices still continue—25c, 50c and 75c.

AT THE BUSH-STREET the popular "Rag Baby," suggested by one of Thurman's rag-baby speeches, holds the boards. C. P. Hall has a host of attractions in store for theatre-goers.

DEAKIN BROS. & Co.'s "Trip Through Japan" is unique and interesting, and is deserving of patronage. It has had large crowds in attendance.

THE PANORAMA OF WATERLOO continues to attract visitors. It is now recognized as a most important addition to standard places of amusement in the city.

MISS TRELLA FOLTZ, the beautiful daughter of the well-known lawyer and orator, Clara Foltz, is playing in Conway's "Dark Days," at the California. She is exceedingly graceful in her movements on the stage, and by her charming manner wins the admiration of all.

CLARA FOLTZ delivered her lecture on Col. E. D. Baker in Irving Hall recently, to a large and fashionable audience. The faultless prose that fell from her lips charmed all, the changing ex-

pression of her face, the graceful pose of her figure, and timely gestures, established her at once as a favorite. In many passages she showed remarkable powers as an orator. Mrs. Foltz is a genius, and we trust that she will be received everywhere, with the enthusiasm that she so richly deserves.

THE BEETHOVEN QUINTETTE CLUB gave the second concert of the season at Irving Hall, October 2nd. It was a success. This is one of the most interesting concert seasons ever given in San Francisco. Marcus M. Henry, the indefatigable manager, deserves the success so lavishly bestowed upon his enterprise.

OTTO BENDIX gave his second piano recital at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening. It was an artistic success. Mr. Bendix has won many friends and admirers by his musical skill.

THE BALDWIN has been playing to poor houses for some weeks, but Mr. Hayman has made arrangements with some of the first companies in the country. The "Mikado" and "Nanon" will shortly be presented here.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE Italian opera is presented. Sordelli and Baldaza are sufficient in themselves to attract large crowds. The orchestra will be under the direction of Signor Spadina. A unique feature of this engagement is the special subscription tickets, admitting bearer to all final dress rehearsals and public presentations during the week, with good seats, for the small sum of \$5.00. The Grand Opera House, under the present management, deserves success.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE DANICHEFF GLOVE.

There is no glove manufactured west of Chicago that has attained a reputation equal to the Danicheff dress, walking and driving gloves. Mr. Clark superintends the manufacture of the gloves, and every pair that leaves his establishment is warranted. It is well to patronize home manufacturing, especially when, as in this case, a better article is obtained for less money. The factory

and salesroom is located at 119 Dupont street. Order by mail or express.

EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

Mr. P. Beamish has recently enlarged his store. He now occupies both salesrooms in the front of the Nucleus building, and has arranged a splendid display of all the latest novelties in gents' furnishing goods. Mr. Beamish has the leading trade in his line in California, and his excellent business methods deserve the success which he has attained.

PET CIGARETTES

ARE THE BEST.



Cigarette smokers who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes will find the

PET CIGARETTES SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

They are made from the most delicate-flavored and **HIGHEST-COST GOLD LEAF TOBACCO** grown in Virginia, and are

ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT ADULTERATION OR DRUGS.

The Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes are made from the same stock as the **Pets**. They are shorter and thicker than the **Pets**, but the same weight.

While the sale of the adulterated brands of many American manufacturers has been prohibited in Great Britain, our **ABSOLUTELY PURE GOODS** have attained the largest popular sale ever known in Cigarettes in that country, with a steadily increasing demand.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VA.



Needham's Red Clover Blossoms and Extracts prepared from the Blossoms, cure Cancer, Salt Rheum and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. It will also clear the complexion of all pimples, eruptions, etc. Is a sure cure for Constipation, Piles and many other diseases. Is both laxative and tonic. For full particulars, address W. C. NEEDHAM, Box 422, San Jose, Cal.

When In the Wrong Channel

The bile wreaks grievous injury. Headaches, constipation, pain in the liver and stomach, jaundice, nausea, ensue. A few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will reform these evils and prevent further injury. It is a pleasant aperient, its action upon the bowels being unaccompanied by griping. The liver is both regulated and stimulated by it, and as it is very impolitic to disregard disorder of that organ, which through neglect may culminate in dangerous congestion and hepatic abscess, the Bitters should be resorted to at an early stage. Failure to do this renders a contest with the malady more protracted. Fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles, are remedied by this fine medicine, and the increasing infirmities of age mitigated by it. It may be also used in convalescence with advantage, as it hastens the restoration of vigor.

WANTED

Good reliable agents in every county on the coast to collect small pictures to enlarge. Work finished in water color, India ink and crayon. All work guaranteed; great reduction in prices. We also have a small household article that sells on sight, which agents can handle at same time. For full particulars, address or call on

BAXTER & CO.,

432 Sutter Street, S. F.

THREE NOTABLE BOOKS.

ALASKA: Its Southern Coast and the Sitkan Archipelago. By Eliza Ruhama Skidmore. Fully illustrated. 12mo. cloth, \$1.50.

No book yet published bears any comparison with this volume in respect to valuable and authentic information relating to the history, geography, topography, climate, natural scenery, inhabitants, and rich resources of this wonderful *terra incognita*. This book has all of the interest of a delightfully written story of adventures in a comparatively unknown region, and with the additional value which it possesses as the only approach thus far made to a trustworthy treatise upon the history and resources of Alaska, it will commend itself to all persons interested in that country, either as students or *royageurs*.

BOY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By H. H. Clark. 12mo. Illustrated, \$1.50

In this graphically written and wonderfully entertaining volume, boy life in the Navy of the United States is described by a navy officer, in a manner which cannot fail to satisfy the boys.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED. By Anna Laurens Dawes. 12mo, \$1.50.

The task undertaken in this work by the accomplished daughter of Senator Dawes has been to present an explanation of the constitution and government of the United States, both national, State and local, in so simple and clear a way as to offer to the masses everywhere such an opportunity for their study as is not afforded by the numerous volumes in which such information is chiefly to be sought. She has accomplished her aim with remarkable success, and her book will have a hearty welcome from the thousands who appreciate the need of it.

Full Catalogue and the Household Primer Free.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers,

Franklin and Hawley Sts., Boston

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb'y 17, '85.

C. MULLER, No. 135 Montgomery St.,

Dear Sir—Actuated by the debt of gratitude I owe you for services rendered—which, I am compelled to confess, you did not only scientifically, but moreover, conscientiously as well—the undersigned has penned these lines as a token of recognition. Having naturally a defective vision, which is mainly due to incorrect refraction or extreme near-sightedness. I was first noticeably annoyed when I attended school, and although permitted to occupy front seats it availed but little. My eyes were periodically irritated and at times inflamed; and the fact that one is weaker than the other made me look cross-eyed when reading. Having had no one to advise me I indifferently let matters go from bad to worse, under the impression that nature would ultimately remedy the defect, until about six months ago when I was irresistibly impelled to act for myself or suffer the consequences of my negligence; and, as fate would have it, I fortunately sought your advice and assistance. I rejoice to inform you that since I am wearing glasses my eyes are greatly relieved and the feeling of melancholy has vanished, for I now behold the world in a different light than formerly. I am enabled to distinguish objects infinitely better than before, while colors come out with wonderful brilliancy. Now I realize how much has escaped my observation, and what a blessing perfect vision is. In conclusion I wish to say that I shall do all in my power to induce others, who may be similarly affected by defective vision, to seek your aid, and in so doing I am not only helping to pay off the debt of gratitude I owe you, but at the same time assisting others—who may be too skeptical or timid to try—to have science do for them what nature failed to provide. You are therefore at liberty to use my address for reference, and I shall assuredly answer all inquiries in person and respond to letters with cheerful alacrity.

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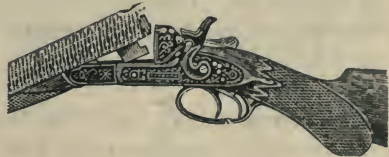
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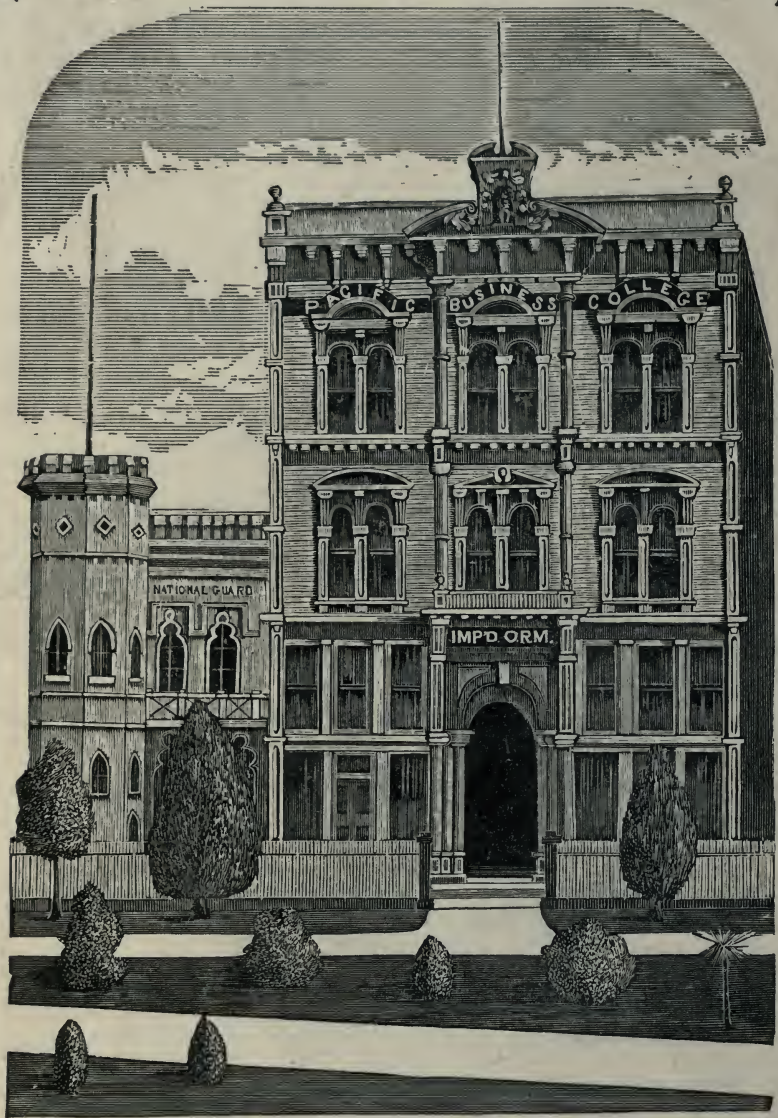
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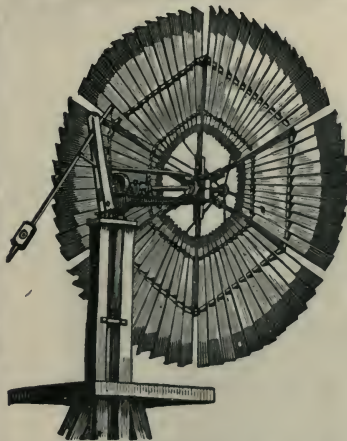


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432 Sutter Street, S. F.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE MYSTERY.

At the late Fair held in this city a reward of a bronze medal was offered for the best coal oil cooking apparatus. Hoping to win this prize we entered the California Oil Stove for competition. At the close of the Fair we learned through one of our city papers that we had gained the bronze medal, but at the same time a competing stove had received a bronze medal. Now, we do not understand how there can be two best coal oil cooking stoves. If our competitor has a better stove than ours, then we think it is not treating him right that we should be awarded a bronze medal also. However, our opinion is that we have the better stove for cooking purposes. In fact, we think there is as much difference between the two stoves as there is between sunlight and moonlight, and that any eye without sand in it can readily discover this difference. Now, we are willing to back this opinion with the proposition to have these stoves tested before competent judges for a purse of \$100. The party who has the superior cooking apparatus and wins the purse to donate the same to some worthy charitable institution of our city. There may be others in our city and State who do not fully understand this award business, and a little explanation may be of interest to them also.

WIESTER & CO.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

All lovers of Choice Flowers should send to the Dingee & Conrad Co., West Grove, Pa., for some of their lovely Roses. The Roses are certain to bloom, and are the finest in the world. They are sent safely by mail, post paid, to all post-offices in the United States. This company is perfectly reliable, and noted for liberal dealing. They give away in Premiums and Extras more roses than most establishments grow. Send for their New Guide, a complete treatise on the Rose, (76 pages illustrated), free. See advertisement in this paper.

READ THIS.

Mr. A. H. Baldwin, formerly McDowell & Baldwin, of the New San Francisco Carpet Beating Machine, 1321 and 1323 Market Street, has improved new machinery throughout. He calls for carpets, cleans and relays them, all in one day. Renovating and refitting carpets a specialty. Telephone 3036. Only first-class workmen employed—no Chinamen.



Cooper, pinx.

Harris, sc.

Her breath is the purest, the wine of her mouth
Is richer than Circe's of old ;
Her sandals are laced with the silk of the South,
Her bosom is woven with gold.

The Goddess of Earth

MADGE MORRIS .



The Golden Era.

VOL. XXXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

No. 7

PRIZE POEM.

CALIFORNIA.

ACROSS THE SAN JOAQUIN'S BROAD REACH OF VINES
AND WAVING WHEAT,
THE OLD SIERRAS TOSS THEIR GOLD; AT FAIR LOS
ANGELES' FEET
SOFT SIGNS OF PINE AND ORANGE-GROVES WOO SEA-
WINDS FROM THE WEST;
AND OVER ALL A SPIRIT BROODS--OF ROMANCE AND
UNREST.

San Jose, Cal.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

THE GODDESS OF HARRI.

Words by Madge Morris.

Music by HENRY J. CURTAZ.

MODERATO.

mf

1. We'll sing boys a song of the God - dess of earth, The land of the Gold - en
 2. They say she is "fast," o - ver there in the East, Our land in the Gold - en
 3. Hur-rah! then, hur-rah! for the land of our birth, The land in the Gold - en

Of fair Cal - i - for - nia, the land of our birth, We pledge her the brightest, the
 West, And wastes all her liv - ing in ri - ot and feast, We pledge her the brightest, the
 West, Our own Cal - i - for - nia, the queen of the earth, We pledge her the brightest, the

best,
best,
best,

Her pines are the tall - est, her
Her hand ev - er holds to the
Her breath is the pur - est, the

val - leys are wide
suff' - ring of earth
of her mouth Is

As king - doms the O - ri - ent
Her guer - don of toil in their
Is rich - er than Cir - ce's of

Ritard.

a tempo.

claims,
need,
old,

And high on her granite-wall'd sum - mits in pride,
Her char - i - ty show - eth the depth of its worth,
Her sand - als are laced with the silk of the South, Her bos - som is wov - en with gold.

children are carv - ing their names,
As broad as the world is her creed.

Maestoso.

f



MARY ANDERSON.

A NATIVE CALIFORNIAN.

Native Daughters of California

SKETCHES AND PORTRAITS OF NATIVE SONS.

L. W. Juilliard, Grand Marshal of the Native Sons of the Golden West, was born at Red Bluff, California, on the 29th of June, 1861. He was educated at the Pacific Methodist College, and is also a graduate of the Pacific Business College in San Francisco, where he took the medal

James H. Corley, Yosemite Parlor, No. 24, Merced Grand Inside Sentinel was born in Vallejo, Solano county, February 5, 1857, and attended the public school at that place up to his fifteenth year. In 1873 he was apprenticed to the blacksmith trade in Napa City. In 1875 he came to



JOHN A. STEINBACH. Past Grand President.

for the best declamation. He is at present the efficient Deputy County Clerk of Sonoma County. He is a Charter Member of Western Star Parlor Native Sons of the Golden West, and was the second President of the Parlor in which he has always taken a lively interest, being ever ready to pull the laboring oar when occasion called for special effort. He was a delegate to the Grand Parlor which met at San Jose in 1885. He was there unanimously elected Grand Marshal, which position he now holds.

Merced and worked at his trade down to September, 1882, when he sold out his blacksmithing business and started into the cigar, tobacco and stationery business. He is located in Marysville, at the present time.

John Louis Vignes, Grand Outside Sentinel of the Grand Parlor, was born in Los Angeles, on the 13th of July, 1863, of French parents; was raised in Los Angeles, has a good education, and speaks both French and Spanish. He is a wine-maker



L. W. JULLIARD, Grand Marshal.



GEO. A. WHITBY, Grand Lecturer.



J. L. VIGNES, Grand Outside Sentinel.



CHARLES L. WELLER, Grand Orator.



FRED. H. GREELY, Grand President.

by trade, and is regarded in the section in which he lives as a young man of good promise.

Marcellus A. Dorn was born in the mountains of Los Angeles county, on the 15th of August, 1857. After a course in the common schools, he entered the University of California, from which he graduated in 1879, and he then entered Hastings' College of Law, from which he graduated with distinguished honors in 1882. Since then he has practiced law in San Francisco, with a degree of success that has placed him in the front rank of the young lawyers of the metropolis.

Mr. Dorn is a man of fine classical attainments and large reading, distinguished in appearance and fluent of speech, popular and respected among his associates. Mr. Dorn is a Past Chancellor of the Knight Templar in the Masons; and in the Native Sons he has been President of Pacific Parlor, No. 10, and in the Grand Parlor of 1882, his eloquence caused his unanimous selection as Grand Lecturer,

which office involved the delivery of the oration of that year. At the last session of the Grand Parlor at San Jose, he was elected to the responsible position of President of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Robert T. Devlin, Sacramento Parlor, No. 3, Grand Trustee Native Sons of the Golden West, born in Sacramento city, California, and is by profession an attorney at-law. He graduated from the Sacramento High School and afterwards pursued an extended course of study in the classics, modern languages and literature under private tutors. He has been a member of three Grand Parlors, was formerly President of Sacramento Parlor, No. 3, and last year was Grand Orator of the Order. He is now a member of the State Board of Prison Directors, having been appointed such by Governor Stoneman in last December.

John A. Steinbach, Past Grand President of the Grand Parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West, was born in San

Francisco, October 21, 1854. He was a boy when Gen. Winn called the first meeting of Native sons in 1869, and was one of the first who met in the Police Court room on that occasion; also attended the second meeting which was held on June 29, 1875. On the 11th of July, 1875, he was elected President of what afterwards became California Parlor No. 1, and during the first term of its existence conducted its affairs with signal ability.

Mr. Steinbach is a jeweler by trade, having learned that business with A. Sor-

ods, is a fluent and elegant speaker, and his knowledge of the affairs of the Order of which he is so distinguished a member, extends from the first meeting in 1875 down to the celebration held in Santa Rosa.

Fred. H. Greely, Grand President of the Native Sons of the Golden West, was born at Galena Hill, Yuba county, California, on the 5th day of July, 1856. He is Secretary of the Buckeye Mill Company, and is also a Director and stock-



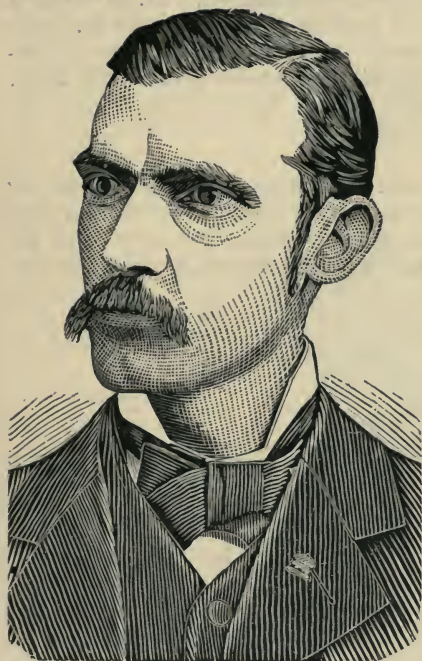
CHAS. W. DECKER. Grand Vice-President.

rier, at 605 Montgomery street, San Francisco. His term as President of the Grand Parlor was marked by an extraordinary increase of membership and resources of the Order. He is a fine speaker, and a very determined man, one who is destined to exercise a large influence in the affairs of the Native Sons of the Golden West. That his influence will be for the best interest of the Order may well be believed from his past successful record.

Mr. Steinbach is systematic in his meth-

holder in the same corporation. He is a graduate of the Marysville High School, and attended afterwards the Wesleyan Seminary, at Kent's Hill, Maine, and also the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. He served as a member of the Marysville Board of education, and was tendered the nomination for the Assembly from Yuba county, but could not accept, on account of business engagements.

He is a member of Marysville Parlor



J. H. TIBBITS, Grand Treasurer.



M. A. DORN, President Board of Grand Trustees.

No. 6, and was Grand Treasurer of the Order up to the last session of the Grand Parlor, when he was promoted to the high position he now holds—that of Grand President. Mr. Greely is a very resolute and determined man, of strong executive capacity, of clear and sound judgment and most convincing address. He has the undivided confidence of the whole order, and his administration will be one of peace and progress.

J. H. Tibbits, Grand Treasurer of the Native Sons of the Golden West, was born on April, 27, (?) 1853, at Newton copper mine, near Ione City. His father and mother are among the eldest settlers on Sutter creek. He follows the same profession as his father, that of a miner.

Mr. Tibbits is a charter member of Amador Parlor, No. 17, in which he passed through all the chairs. At the last meeting of the Grand Parlor, he was elected Grand Treasurer of the Order.

Charles W. Decker, California Parlor

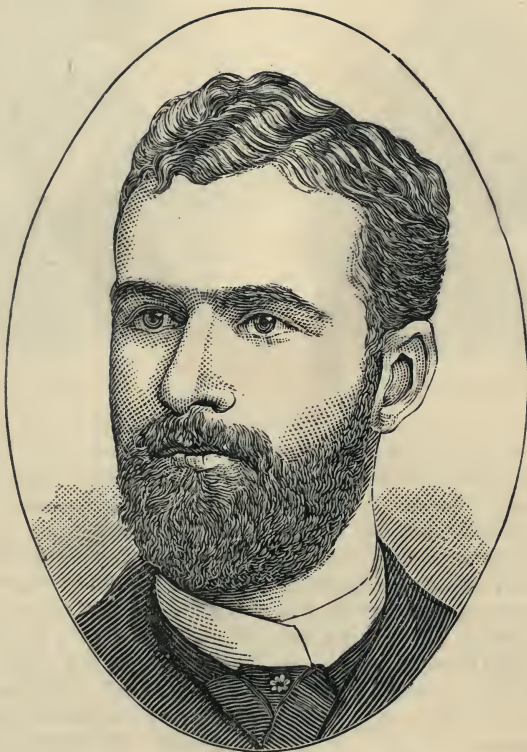
No. 1, San Francisco, Born at Sutterville, Sacramento county, March 31, 1855. His parents were old residents of Sacramento county, residing there as early as 1850. From there they removed to San Francisco, where he has since resided. He graduated from the Lincoln Grammar School, entered the office of Dr. C. E. Blake as a dental student. After five years' pupilage, studied at the Medical College of the Pacific, from which he embarked in the practice of his profession. He joined California Parlor, No. 1, in its infancy, and is a Past President of that Parlor. He has been three times to the Grand Parlor, the first time was elected Grand Treasurer, the second time Grand Lecturer and at the last session was chosen Grand Vice-President of the Order. He is also P. M. W. of Valley Lodge, No. 30. A. O. U. W., P. D., of Tancred Lodge, 1,927, K. of H., a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow.

Dr. Decker is a man of boundless enthusiasm in his work, and has visited more of the Parlors than perhaps any other man in the Order. He is personally one of the most popular men in the city.

The subject of this notice, George A. Whitby, Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of Native Sons of the Golden West, was born at Shaw's Flat, Tuolumne county, on the 25th day of December, 1858. He lived at Shaw's Flat until he reached the age of eleven years, when he removed with his family to Stanislaus county, near where the city of Oakdale is now situated. He attended the public school and worked on the farm until 1875, when he began an academic course of study. From the

Charles L. Weller, of San Francisco, was born in Sacramento, Cal., on the 27th day of June 1858, whilst his father, John B. Weller was Governor. Traveled extensively with his father through the north, east and south, living for some years in New Orleans.

Took a summer course of law, at the University of Virginia, in 1878, and after reading by himself for two years, was admitted to the bar at the November term of



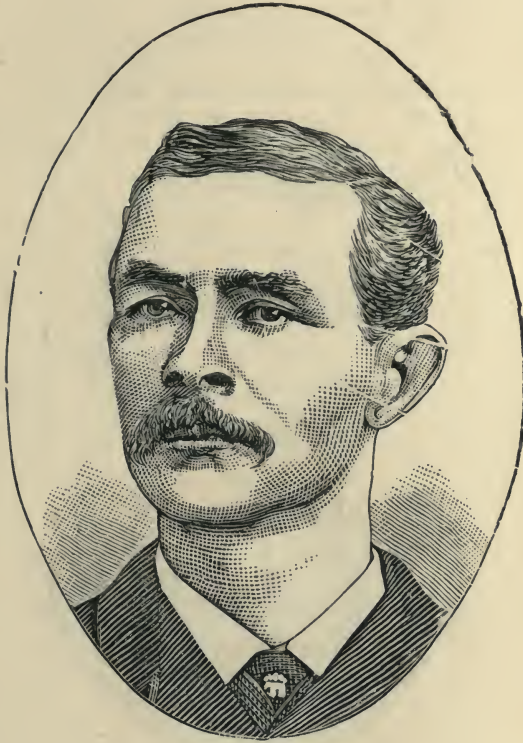
ROBERT T. DEVLIN, Grand Trustee.

Academy he went to the University of California, where he pursued a special course for two years. He then entered the Hastings's College of Law, from which he was graduated in May, 1882. Since that time he has been engaged, with success, in the practice of his profession. From what we know of Mr. Whitby, we think he has much originality; that he is enterprising, thorough in his methods, and that he will make a success as Grand Lecturer, and a success in life.

the Supreme Court, held at Sacramento, in November, 1880.

In 1884, Mr. Weller was appointed Assistant City and County Attorney, of the city and county of San Francisco, and held that office for the term of two years. He is now engaged in the practice of his profession.

Mr. Weller joined the Order of Native Sons, on the organization of Pacific Parlor, No. 10. on the 3d day of November, 1881, being elected its first President. At the



JAMES H. CORLEY, Grand Inside Sentinel.

session of the Grand Parlor, held in 1882, he was elected Grand Secretary, and in 1884, was appointed District Deputy Grand President for the district of San Francisco, Alameda and San Mateo counties. At the meeting of the Grand Parlor at San Jose, in April, 1885, Mr. Weller was unanimously elected Grand Orator, a position which he now holds. Mr. Weller is one of those earnest natures who impress themselves upon the times—one of those who seem born to lead and control the minds of men. Large-brained, liberal and broad enough for our whole land, earnest in his work and in his friendships as he is eloquent in his speech, he is deservedly admired by his conferees and loved by his intimates, and to say that there is a great destiny before him, is but to give expression to the general conviction of those who know him. It is said that he is the handsomest member of the order.

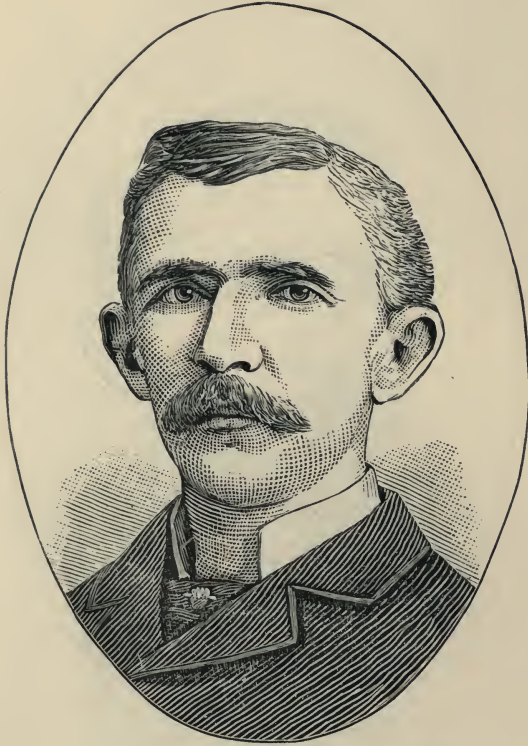
C. H. Garoutte of Woodland Parlor, No. 30, is Superior Judge of Yolo county, in which section of the State he has long

been a prominent figure in public affairs. He is one of those quiet, unassuming men, whose "Modesty's a candle to their merit."

Jas. T. Murphy—genial, happy Jimmy Murphy of San Jose, is well known throughout the whole State. He was formerly one of the Bank Commissioners. Mr. Murphy is a brilliant, generous man, gifted with talents and natural endowments of an unusual order, and has achieved quite a fame for wit and eloquence. He is one of those silver-tongued orators whose voice falls upon the grateful ear with a melody that long lingers in the remembrance, and one is tempted to say with Milton:

"In our ear he so charmingly left his voice that
we awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to
hear."

W. H. Lawrence of San Joaquin Parlor, familiarly known as "Lodi," is County Surveyor of San Joaquin county, and has been prominently and well known in several Grand Parlors last year, being one of the District Deputy Grand Presidents.



HENRY LUNSTEDT, Grand Secretary.

Henry Lunstedt, the present efficient Grand Secretary of the Native Sons of the Golden West, was born in Tuolumne county. He removed in early boyhood, with his parents, to San Francisco. He was educated in the public schools of this city. We are an advocate of education, but think a great many young men get too much of it. They think they know it all, when they get the diploma of a college. This was not Mr. Lunstedt's idea. He recognized the fact that on leaving the school room his real education would begin, in self-culture, and the study, jointly, of the ways of men and books. He was fond of study but not a recluse, he studied books and mingled with men. There is no better scheme for an education.

He is one of the pioneer founders of the Native Sons of the Golden West. He was an officer and leading member of the

Parliament, organized by Gen. A. M. Winn, which was one of the first institutions that the founder of the Order devised for the improvement of its members. He has been a member of every Grand Parlor which has convened since its organization—and is thoroughly familiar with its history. He is a Past Grand Lecturer, and is now Grand Secretary of the Order. He is unusually efficient in his present position; his facility for organization is large. He has brought order out of confusion in the department he so ably fills.

Mr. Lunstedt is well known throughout the State, and for so young a man has achieved remarkable success. We are largely indebted to him for aid in presenting this number. He is a man of fine critical taste, and splendid executive ability.

THE MYSTERY OF BOON RANCH.

PART II.

RHODA AND RODERICK.

The Boon Ranch of one hundred and sixty acres, was a good property for a young man of industrious habits. But its possibilities for beauty were as yet undeveloped. But along the country road Roderick had planted trees--willows, poplars, cottonwoods, such as would grow easily and without care. The dwelling-house was a small, white cottage, duplicated on every farm adjoining.

The front yard was the ghost of a garden with great rose bushes straggling out, lilac trees stretching their winter-bared arms to the sky, and mission grape vines sprawling over the yard. The house was still furnished just as Roderick had purchased it, much less beautiful than useful. The girl who had been engaged to preside for the wedding occasion, had swept and scrubbed till everything was shining clean.

The furniture that had been sent out, she had dusted and rubbed with admiring care. Most of it she had contrived to crowd into the little parlor, arranging it rigidly against the wall. Just at sundown on their wedding day, the expected couple arrived at the gate.

"Our wedding tour is almost over," said Roderick, stopping under the cypress trees in front.

Then he took Rhoda in his arms and carried her over the damp walk and into the dining-room, where the girl was setting tea.

"Miss Small, this is Mrs. Boon," he said, glowing with pride and embarrassment. "Please show her to her room and make her as comfortable as possible."

He changed his coat, and, with a hasty glance at Rhoda, taking off her wraps, hurried out. For on his wedding night, in unison with Rhoda's frugal plan, he made no change in his industrious habits, doing his chores with his own willing hands.

"We ain't fixed up much," said the girl, taking Rhoda's hat.

"It is very warm and pleasant, indeed," said the young wife, "but I think I will go

to my room, please. I must open my trunks I sent out yesterday."

The room was a large east room, but as yet bare and uninviting. But there was a little stove with a bright fire in it, and she made Miss Small happy by praising the clean floor. She shook out a few dresses, removed the crushed orange blossoms from her hair and throat, and when Roderick stole up behind her, she was looking thoughtfully around and burning one bronze shoe on the stove.

"Doesn't look much like home, little wife, but don't get discouraged."

"O, no, no, Roddy. We'll make a paradise of it," her arms stealing about his neck.

Her dress was drab silk with crimson vest and trimmings. With her dark wavy hair coiled closely at the back of her neck, with her shining eyes and flushed cheeks, she looked like some crimson throated winter bird that had fluttered, panting into a strange land. They had hardly finished their quiet tea, when the house was invaded. They heard a loud thundering at the front door. There was no escape. It was a surprise party.

"I sorter suspicioned they'd come," said Sarah Small.

The enthusiastic company filled every room, sitting on tables, pushing, laughing loudly, joking and throwing candy. They were intent on having a good time, and did, to the great satisfaction of the young husband. But it was all a bewilderment to Rhoda till she discovered, that their entertainment needed no effort on her part.

Finally they seated her at her organ, that, happily, had been sent out and she played, patiently, while they sang every popular hymn and tune and melody that could be suggested. Then they departed, leaving Rhoda tired and Sarah Small delirious with happiness. For Tim Gross the richest man in the neighborhood had really proposed when he went with her to the woodshed after apples. Bright star of youth! What a valuable charm is health minus education, and what an envious

wedding dowry is a good substantial country breeding!

The next day they rode, for it was still fair, and Rhoda never could see enough of those lovely horses; and the next day she must needs take a flying trip to town to see her lonely mother, and invite her out for a dinner some day.

But the day following the bride came out in her plainest dress for she must change everything before her mother came, she said. She had always had a passion for reconstructing and planning, and now she was eager to begin her household arranging. The dark papering must be changed to something more bright and cheerful, and all that green woodwork painted white. The sitting room was too dark—it must have another window. She had ever so many vine bulbs she must start at once for inside growing. She was festooning the lace curtains, before Roderick had finished tacking the carpet.

"How much better this is, Roddy," she said, "than staring about some stupid old city, and every body looking at us. There, isn't that sweet!" She had finished the knot with a bunch of immortelles.

"Yes, lovely," he said, looking at the pretty hands he had imprisoned. She brought out the pictures she had painted that she had not dared show him before, and hung them about the room. Roderick did not think to praise them, till she called his attention to them, then he thought them all equally pretty. This was a little monotonous, for she would like to have had him perceive that she might make an artist if she could study long enough. But one picture he liked—the sketch of a dog's head.

"I think that is my line," she explained. "When I take lessons again I shall take animal paintings." "Painting lessons?" said Roderick; "you don't expect to paint any more now, do you?" But he regretted his remark from the look in her face even before she answered quickly: "Why, you don't suppose I am married to be a nobody, and do nothing but keep house, do you?"

"Of course not, my dear wife," he said gently. "Take lessons in anything you choose, and don't mind my blundering." But she felt a shadow, and wondered if he

thought painting lessons too expensive a pastime.

"I won't ask him for money for a long time," she thought, "I can go to mother."

"Now I have something to unpack," called Roderick from the porch. "They are for my winter evenings and rainy days," he said, placing a great pile of law books at her feet. "I bought them of Munster, he's given it up."

Rhoda sat down on them and spread her skirts all around them.

"You shan't study them. I'll be too lonesome. I'll hide them." But when she looked up at his now sober face she was laughing. "Of course you shall, you dear old boy. You know mamma and I want you to be a lawyer. Now come, I'll fix a place to put them."

And the study of law was instituted that very evening. But there was not much done. Who could study with that little wife sitting so close, trying so hard to keep still with that light, fluffy, bewilderment of some kind of fancy work all over her lap?

Rhoda was not suited with Miss Small's cooking, something owing to that person's blissfully chaotic state of mind, and much to her natural inability to get anything just right. Rhoda was a natural cook; she had never needed a French master to teach her to make dainty dishes. At home she was wont to supply the invalids for blocks around with appetizers.

So she spent a forenoon in the kitchen trying to improve the state of affairs. The result was a perfect dinner, for she had prepared it herself. But she must needs go every meal.

She had invited her mother for a certain day, and the day previous she received a note.

"You need not send after me," it said, "McPherson will bring me out and I will only spend the day this time."

"Pshaw!" said Rhoda, "the idea of his coming to spoil it all. He'll be quoting poetry, and giving me presents, and calling me a pretty little thing—I won't have it."

"Why, I thought you liked him," said Roderick.

"Yes, but not since I have been married."

"And how long have you been married, little lady, pray?"

"Five or six years," she said looking away soberly.

She was out under the cypress tree as soon as breakfast was over, looking anxiously. She was rewarded, for they came early. She dragged her mother joyfully to her own room.

"I am so glad, so glad, my pretty mother! I could have cried if you hadn't come!"

The mother looked grave.

"You are not lonesome, so soon?"

"But Roddy goes out to work so much," pleaded Rhoda excusing herself.

"My dear child, you must expect that; every man has to work. You ought to have taken a trip away."

"I was afraid he could not afford it mother, you know." The mother kissed her daughter.

"You are very thoughtful. I hope he will be as tender of your interest."

"Oh, he is—he is just as good as good can be," cried the little child-wife.

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Kent, impatiently.

"Come out now, Rhoda, Mr. Opdyke has something for you."

"O, dear me," she said, following out ruefully, "what is it?"

"A canary, my dear, and you must thank him for it. The cage was very expensive."

Soon after dinner the men walked out. A fine yearling colt in the barn-yard was sufficient to claim their attention for several hours.

The two women sat down by the low window and talked quietly.

"I need a little money," said Rhoda timidly after a little while, "could you let me have it, mother?" Mrs. Kent smiled.

"Why don't you get it of your husband, my child?"

"Well, I should think he would offer me some," cried young Mrs. Boon with a ring of indignation in her voice.

Mrs. Kent felt a little moved that Roderick had allowed her to be out of money, but she thought it best not to betray any sympathy.

"You are wrong, my dear," she said. "you ought to ask him freely—but here," she continued after a pause and showing

that she had no conception of how to adjust the trouble, "take my purse this time and take out what you need."

Then when she told her about the failing mine, Rhoda felt her heart sink. She had had hopes that her share of the income would contribute greatly to improve her home.

"But we won't sell the old home up there," she said.

"I hope not," answered her mother. Then Rhoda noticed that she had taken from her pocket a diamond ring, and was slipping it on her finger. She sprang into her mother's lap and threw her arms around her neck.

"O don't do that, mother, please don't marry him," she cried.

"The buggy is waiting," called Roderick, coming in the front way.

Mrs. Kent pushed her aside, then when she had put on her cloak and bonnet, she kissed her tenderly.

"There, there, my child, you have your husband, and you ought not to miss me so much." And when Rhoda saw her drive away with the ring still on her finger, she felt as if her life had suddenly become quite barren.

Sarah Small being away that evening they sat down to a quiet evening by themselves.

"How much nicer it is to be alone together!" said Rhoda. "I wish Sarah wouldn't come in here."

Roderick looked at her with manifest surprise.

"She is a nice girl—just as good as we are!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Roddy, you don't understand! Of course she is. But I like to have you to myself evenings. I don't have you daytimes."

"But we can't do otherwise than ask her in, here in the country, can we?"

"No," said Rhoda, slowly; "life in the country is different, after all. I thought it would be just the same."

"My little girl," said Roderick, drawing her to him, "I fear you will find many things unlike what you expected. But we must do the best we can. I am sorry I cannot make you as happy as your mother could—"

Rhoda put her hand over his mouth.

"Now you are jealous of my mother.

I think I must have loved you a great deal, you foolish boy, to leave her all alone."

"Yes, yes, my dear, of course you do; and in course of time we'll make a genuine farmer's wife of you, won't we?"

"Oh, yes," she whispered. Then she put her head on his shoulder and was silent a long while.

The next day Rhoda's love for home-making broke out with renewed fervor. There were several packages of roots and slips her friends in town had sent out. Would Roddy help her? Some must be set in the ground, and pots must be filled for the others. He went out and looked thoughtfully at her while she cut the strings and removed the damp cloths.

"They won't half of them grow," he said, dubiously.

"Of course they won't," came a voice from under the green bonnet, "if you look at them so cross. Be careful; don't step on that fuchsia."

He refused to be convinced that they would be a mass of blossoms before spring; but he grew more friendly to the limp, unpromising things, and carefully obeyed her directions. But he wanted to throw half of them away, and made fun of the row of unsightly boxes.

Roderick had been somewhat at leisure for a few weeks after his marriage; but now there was no more play—work on the land could not be longer postponed.

Rhoda's bright eyes clouded when he went out for all day with the plow, only stopping for a hasty dinner.

There was a gentle old horse in the barn, and Sarah volunteered to teach her to ride. There was no saddle, but she soon demonstrated to Rhoda how much more healthful and graceful it was to ride with a strap and blanket. A few trials and several slides from the fat sides of the patient animal gave her confidence, and she made great progress. Then she surprised Roderick by galloping up behind the plow one day. From this post she refused to be driven. She came out daily and would ride by his side for hours.

"Rhoda, if you are lonesome, you must go in and see your mother," Roderick would say.

"No, it is not that," she kept insisting, "I want to be with you."

After five weeks of service, Sarah Small gave her notice. She couldn't work for her "no longer"; she was going to be married herself, she said. Rhoda was not sorry; she was tired of her intrusive ways and colloquial disposition. She was a poor servant and worse companion.

Rhoda went about the house musing. She had heard Roderick say he could never have a Chinaman—they were so thriving. As for herself, she had had quite enough of girls. "Why not do it myself," was her prominent thought. "Roddy has to work, why shouldn't I? It may be better for me to be occupied; I won't be so lonesome." So she told the girl she could go on the first wagon that passed. The girl hastened to make herself ready; she was lonesome herself.

When Roderick came home that night he found Rhoda in the kitchen almost disguised in an immense apron, and her sleeves rolled up from her white dimpled arms.

"Well, well, what does this mean—where's Sarah?" said he.

"It means that I am going to be my own mistress for a while." She sprang into his arms throwing his wide field-hat across the room. "I think I can do the work; a girl is such a bother. Mother feels poorer now and I must begin to be economical."

"You are a wise little woman," said the young farmer; "but I don't want you to work too hard. Come, let's have dinner—I am starving."

In fact, he had expected her to perform the labor of the house, never having had association with women of other habits, and he did not perceive any special heroism in her conclusion. At dinner he said he had never seen her look so pretty with her flushed hot cheeks and the little curls peeping out from her disordered hair. Rhoda came around and kissed his brow and brown hands (a fashion she had), and forgot that she was tired.

There was pleasant weather in April, and Mrs. Kent came out to spend a few weeks. She found things progressing not as favorably as she could desire. Rhoda was growing pale and dispirited, and Roderick seemed too busy during the day and too sleepy at evening to give his wife much attention. Rhoda wore her plainest dresses.

"Why don't you wear this pretty garnet dress," said Mrs. Kent taking it down from the closet.

"It is too nice, Mother, for every day out here, besides Roddy doesn't notice my dress. Then I must save my dresses—we want to buy some more horses this spring."

"Of course that is all right to be economical," said Mrs. Kent vigorously, "but you wear this dress and when it is gone I will see that you have another." And Rhoda did wear it while she was there.

One night Mrs. Kent followed Roderick out to the milking.

"Can't you spare Rhoda for a week or two?" she said. "I think she must be feeling poorly and a change would do her good."

"She hasn't said anything to me about not feeling well," answered Roderick looking up quickly.

"No; she very seldom complains—she hasn't complained to me, but I would like to take her home with me."

"Certainly, she can go whenever she likes," he said, with signs of irritation, "I didn't know she wanted to go."

"No, she is anxious to stay at home, such is her desire to please you, and I am trying to persuade her to go."

"Then what's to hinder her going?"

"But, Roderick," persisted Mrs. Kent, "don't you see that she won't act without your will? I think it would require some urging on your part to induce her to go. She is so afraid of offending you."

"Pshaw," said Rhoderick, curtly, "she is whimsical. I am not going to urge her to run around if she don't want to go."

Mrs. Kent went in the house sighing. She did not doubt but that Roderick meant well, but she felt sure that he did not understand Rhoda's intense passion to please rather than to be pleased.

A woman of independence who would noisily assert her wishes might have obtained more deference from him. He was mistaking Rhoda's gentleness for unqualified happiness.

"We are so happy," she had said many times with her arms about his neck.

He had his own ambitions and was looking forward to the time when she would be envied for her wealth and standing.

He had not thought but that visions of

future glories would satisfy through those lonely days and select evenings of study. Evening after evening she would get hold of his disengaged hand, place her head in his lap and lie quiet for hours. He did not suspect that her foolish little heart was aching. Roderick was preeminently honest and straightforward. He had not learned

to stoop to little extravagances that would have made him none the less noble, and a loving woman much the happier. She had yielded all to him when she gave a part, and was now relying upon his wisdom to be borne along. There are women who trust not at all, and women who trust too much. There are women who make men less manly by keeping their own wills predominant. But Rhoda worshipped her husband, not with the usual blindness of wives, but with a prophetic ambition that forbade her to drag him down. She unnaturally humbled herself, making a great sacrifice to elevate the god. She was too sensitive to his position and her self-assumed attitude before the throne. When he only meant to be earnest she thought him stern. Had she revealed her weakness by tears or poutings or appealing despairs, he might have given her more protection and tenderness. She seldom shed tears; she was too reticent and proud. It never occurred to her to explain to him in some way, that her new responsibilities and cares were crushing her spirits, and thwarting her reasoning powers, and that more companionship—far from being a luxury—was absolutely necessary to her proper mental growth. She was proud of being a helper to him, and felt that she must make herself equal to the situation. When her mother came out and told her she was lonesome, she was surprised. She had not thought of this explanation of her downcast feelings, though she had not been thinking much of her mother.

"Perhaps it is that after all," she said. "I ought not to stay at home so closely. It makes me stupid."

So that night, brushing her dark hair all over her face and shoulders, so that she could not see out, she said to her husband:

"Can't I go home with mother and stay a few days? You wouldn't miss me very much, would you?"

"Yes, go," answered Roderick, not no

ting her particularly. "Go, if you think it will do you good."

"But how can you get along without a cook?" She looked out at him, brushing the long ends of her hair.

"Oh, I'll batch it some way—just as I used to do."

The picture of the tired man making his own tea in the cold, cheerless kitchen, was not pleasing to her. She threw the heavy cloud all back, and went up to him softly.

"No, Roddy, dear, I won't go and leave you so lonesome. It seems too bad."

"Guess I'll get along," he said, flinging away his boots, annoyed at her childish manner.

"To be sure, he doesn't care, and it makes no difference," she thought going back to the bureau.

But Roderick did seem to care when he kissed her good-bye, and put her in the carriage that had come out for Mrs. Kent.

"Shall I come for you in a week?" he said.

"No, come when I write," she pleaded. A week seemed so long for her. And so it proved. In a few days he received a note by the post from the hands of a farmer passing that way.

"I am so lonesome," it ran, "it is not right for me to be here enjoying myself, and you at home at work. Please come for me."

She came home mourning over her mother's contemplated marriage.

"Do give up this house, and come away with me," Rhoda had urged. But Mrs. Kent did not wish to be confined to the country, as all her friends were in town.

"And then Roderick has not asked me to live with him," she said. "I do not think he would be pleased, Rhoda."

Rhoda reflected that this was true.

The young wife returned home with her arms full of flowers, and her attention was immediately directed to her garden. It must needs be spaded and the fence repaired. When would Roddy do it? "As soon as he had a little spare time," he said. She waited patiently, but he never had time somehow. His own work was now more than he could do, and he looked upon a garden as one of the luxuries of life, that could wait till any convenient hour. Indeed, he forgot to speak about it, not knowing that the tears of disappointment came to Rhoda's eyes whenever she looked at her garden of weeds. She never had had brother or father to teach her the ways of men, or she would have coldly swept over his forgetfulness with a storm of musts and shalls, and carried her point without sorrow to either.

A great many things conspired to bring about in her an unhealthy state of mind.

Her mother had commenced by giving her money for her little necessities, and she had no need of going to Roderick. So that time passed when she could have best learned to depend on him trustingly, and he would have been most loth to refuse her petitions, at least, unkindly. Now a dread began to take hold of her, either that he would refuse her first request, or receive her with wondering questions that she should have need of anything. She found herself planning how she could get along without this or that, and postponing the first trial till its dangers and possibilities increased daily. She could not bear to think of receiving an impatient word from him. And Roderick was ignorant; his eyes had not yet learned to penetrate the mysteries of a woman's needs. And so Roderick stumbled along, seeing nothing of the mountain of trouble that was growing before his wife's eyes.

LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

The present age is the world's great age of progress. Our fathers can regale us with stories of the time, when, in their memory, the mail-carrier, the sailing vessel, the stage-coach and other primitive methods of communication, were the only resources of civilization in its intercourse with other and distant people; and they can tell us how, in spite of popular prejudices, they were gradually but surely superseded by the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph and other marvels of steam and electricity. They have seen the wilderness blossom into cities, and the mighty ocean plowed with splendid steamers, riding its waves with a majesty that seems conscious of man's triumph over nature's forces, and they have seen the railroad and the telegraph encircle every civilized land on the face of the earth, almost annihilating time and space.

The whole world seems to keep pace with the wonderful strides that science has made in the last generation, in dispelling the time-honored traditional allusions of the dark ages, for with every day we see the old opinions and prejudices fading away before the light of investigation and education.

Of the prejudices that education has softened and almost eradicated, none were perhaps more violent than that so unjustly cherished against fraternal societies, mis-called secret societies, because they chose to envelop their private business and their charities in a modest and unostentatious veil of secrecy—a secrecy born of the conviction that publicity would rob charity of its charm and its comfort.

The Masonic Order, the greatest and most universal of these societies, was as much feared as it was hated, and for many years its members, when known, were proscribed and visited with every indignity and form of persecution that the ingenuity of their oppressors could invent. The anathemas of Church and the edicts of emperors were issued against it. But persecution was as impotent to crush it as the persecution of Galileo and Harvey was to arrest the planets of our universe in their

orbits, or the red current of life in our veins; as impotent to crush it as it was to crush the religion of Jesus Christ, for it was founded on the holiest attributes of our nature; it derived its vitality from the heart's inherent craving for sympathy and love, and the strong anxiety for mutual assistance in distress and protection from common dangers. It not only failed to arrest it, but it caused its principles to spread to the uttermost regions of the earth. In the course of time, many kindred societies sprang into existence, until to-day there are hundreds of fraternal orders founded on these cardinal principles of brotherly love and mutual aid, which feed the hungry, clothe the naked, protect the widow and educate the orphan; and who can deny that mankind and society is better and happier in their existence.

Here, in our State, whose people are proverbially generous in their support of public and private charities, these societies flourish to an unusual extent. Without making invidious comparisons I want to speak of one in particular—one that my heart has been bound up in and my energies have been given to ever since its conception; one that deserves in its very nature the support and encouragement of all Californians—adopted as well as native; one around which to me cluster the beautiful and thrilling memories of boyhood's happiest hours, spent among the pioneers of the mines of Tuolumne county. The organization I refer to, it is superfluous to say, is the Native Sons of the Golden West. To quote the language of the Constitution:

“The Society of the Native Sons of the Golden West was organized for the mutual benefit, mental improvement, and social intercourse of its members; to perpetuate, in the minds of all native Californians, the memories of one of the most wonderful epochs in the world's history—‘the days of '49,’—to unite them in one harmonious body throughout the State by the ties of a friendship mutually beneficial to all, and unalloyed by the bitterness of religious or political differences, the discussion of

which is most stringently forbidden in its meetings; to elevate and cultivate the mental faculties; to rejoice with one another in prosperity, and to extend the 'Good Samaritan' hand in adversity."

The principles need no enlargement from me; they appeal to all the noblest emotions of our nature, and especially to our inherent pride in the glories of our pioneer parentage. These are the principles that "Never grow old, nor fade, nor pass away." They are the corner-stone of our order, the foundation upon which the genius and patriotism of the Native Sons will erect a noble and beautiful structure. Upon these the society was ushered into existence in this city in June, 1875. Of course many difficulties had to be met and they were bravely overcome and ere long appropriate rituals and constitutions were prepared and the appliances for its spread over the State were soon ready to be put into practical operation. For a time the resources of the society were necessarily limited, but as soon as sufficient means were acquired other parlors were organized in this city and throughout the State.

It soon became very popular among the young men, and it became necessary to form a Grand Parlor for the government of the numerous subordinates. The membership was intelligent, talented, energetic and respected, embracing many of the best minds and most enterprising young men of the rising generation, which made its prosperity a matter of easy prophecy. Their character and their zeal in the advancement of its growth insures its stability and its permanence. Ere many years have passed over us, I am convinced that

it will be the strongest as well as the most preferred order in the State. There are most potent reasons why it should be so. It has not a single repellent feature, either in its principles, its methods or its membership—nothing that the most prudent philosophy can cavil at, and it has all the best features of other fraternal orders. While it is naturally intensely Californian, it seeks to discourage sentiments of antagonism or prejudice against things that may not happen to be Californian. Above and beyond this, its allurements lies in its appeal to the most ardent affections of human nature—the secret and sacred sympathy the soul discovers and uncovers in the congenial companionship of one's own countrymen, where his native tongue is the universal language.

That such an institution—divorced from the twin evils of religious and political prejudices—is pregnant with incalculable good to California, is incontrovertible. Its mission is not so much one of fraternity as of patriotism, not so much to worship at the shrine of the Good Samaritan as to garner new lustre to the glory of our State—that the name of California may ever illumine the Union.

Even as California grew from a wilderness into a great State in the Union, springing beautiful and bright as Venus from the sea, so will the Native Sons, springing from the loins of our fathers—alike our fathers and the fathers of California—grow and expand into a great and powerful institution—great in the good of country and humanity.

HENRY LUNSTEDT.

San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA.

Thou art the painter's pride, the poet's hope, the bright ideal
Of sage and seer, the Fate-crowned Land of Lands.
Out from the block, to meet the thought of each, thou stepst, the real,
True Galatea to each sculptor's hands.

—Richard Henry Penssell.

THE NATIVE SONS OF SACRAMENTO.

The second Parlor located in Sacramento, Sunset Parlor, was organized January 26, 1884. It was instituted by the G. V. P. J., A Steinbach, assisted by D. D. G. P., R. T. Devlin, C. L. Weller, C. W. Decker, G. T. and J. H. Grady, P. G. P. Although in existence but a short time, it has made rapid progress. Among its members are to be found many of the most representative young men of Sacramento, and the prospects of the Parlor are favorable for a bright future in the Order.

The charter members were : Charles E. Burnham, A. J. Johnson, F. T. Johnson, W. A. Stephenson, F. E. Ray, A. E. Shattuck, H. R. Johnson, E. Lee Brown, F. F. Freeman, F. E. Lambert, C. R. Parsons, O. H. P. Sheets, F. Talbot, D. H. Lindley, Wm. Williams, T. P. Ross, J. W. Shepherd, B. Leonard, H. A. Marvin, Frank Hickman, F. H. Moore, J. E. La Rue, W. W. Marvin, Jr., A. Abbott, F. C. Weil, H. I. Seymour, P. B. Johnson, A. J. Muir, E. F. Smith, A. P. Scheld, W. E. Osborn, Wm. Ingram, Jr., F. V. Flint, W. C. Stose, Scott Ingram, Joseph D. Crittenden, J. E. Terry, James Devine, E. B. Carroll, C. J. Cox.

To these new members have been added as follows : E. E. Smith, W. D. Duden, E. E. Earle, J. O. Funston, C. S. King, John Reith, Charles Thompson, W. W. Bassett, George J. Davis, W. R. Ormsby, R. A. Rose, H. J. W. Damme, W. C. Hevener, H. I. Crouch, H. W. Bassett, J. H.

Smith, William J. Hoehn, Victor Hartley, Morton Lindley, Arthur M. Seymour, Walter Greer, S. P. Maslin.

Sunset Parlor almost from its organization took a leading position in the councils of the order. The character of its membership, embracing as it does, some of the brightest minds among the younger portion of our citizenship, gave it a reputation and prominence of which it justly feels proud, and which it has well sustained. At the meeting of the Grand Parlor in 1884, only a few months after its institution, one of its members, Mr. J. E. LaRue, (a son of ex-Speaker La Rue) was chosen to fill the responsible post of Grand Marshal. Sunset Parlor took an active part, in conjunction with its sister parlor of Sacramento, in making the Admission Day celebration at Sacramento, in 1884, the great success which it admittedly was, and to the influence and earnest work of its members may much of the support and assistance which the Committee of Arrangements received from Sacramento's press and people, be ascribed.

The following poem composed and read by one of Sunset's most gifted members, Mr. H. J. W. Damme, on the occasion of that celebration, fitly illustrates the capabilities of our Native Sons, when their attention and thought is directed to the more intellectual pursuits, and with it we close our sketch :

THE LAST CRUSADE.

No pomp of pageantry was there, in this, the last crusade ;
 No tinsel show of man-at-arms a braggart challenge made ;
 No pennoned lances wooed the breeze ; no burnished armor shone ;
 Nor gilded targe, nor golden spur, the Knight's estate made known.
 From half a thousand cities far, came the invading throng ;
 From half ten thousand hearth-stones had been the journey long
 Of those who stood in 'Forty-eight, the Argonautic clan ;
 To show the world of latter days the chivalry of man.

Of homely stuff their garniture, their trappings rough and rude ;
 The mountain rill their wine-butt, the desert fare their food ;
 The sturdy ox their steed of war ; from dawn to twilight gloam,
 The canvassed ship of desert seas their fireside and home.
 No "ladye fayre," of sweet romance, sighed waiting for the hour

Her Knight, triumphant, lay his spoils within her silken bower ;
 Yet by the ruddy blaze in camp arose each night of life,
 The tender songs of love and home, of sweetheart and of wife.

All honor, then, till time forget, the men who did and dared ;
 All laurels for the hardships known, the perils met and shared ;
 For never horde of Saladin, nor Moslem in array,
 The perils dark presented that beset the desert way.
 And well, indeed, may tribute come from this, the age of gold,
 To those whose courage won for it the god it doth enfold,
 The men who fought in 'Forty-nine, the men born not to fear,
 The men who gave to chivalry the name of " Pioneer."

The white death waited on the plain, nor slumbered night nor day,
 Till starved form ceased tottering, to fall beside the way,
 And oft the broken prayer arose, for bread that was not sent,
 And whitened bones remained, alone, their cross and monument.
 On juiceless wing, through fevered air, sailed down the griffin Thirst,
 To noiseless bear to burning throat the death of deaths accursed ;
 Till in that realm of pastures green, where crystal waters lave,
 The anguished heart found rest and peace—its soul with Him who gave.

In mountain glen, in silent wood, the red foe savage lurked,
 In deadly stillness watching till fatigue its woe had worked ;
 Till wearied vigil closed its eyes, and on the zephyr's breath
 Flew arrow tip and tomahawk, mute messengers of death.
 A mountain pine, grown white with years, crowns a Sierra vale,
 And rears but half its olden height to tell a simple tale—
 Its tribute to the history of days of long ago—
 How many closed their eyes for aye, in cerements of snow.

In fevered swamps, a southern sun arose for them no more,
 They sank beneath the storm-tossed wave, their tomb a stranger shore.
 They fell, as ever soldiers fall, to gain a country's cost—
 The gainers gaining glory, while the losers were the lost.
 The Spring-time flowers hang their wreaths, the Summer blossom waves
 Fair tribute from kind mother earth to their forgotten graves.
 The whispering breeze, the murmuring brook, the story tell, alone,
 Of all the manly hearts that lie unnumbered and unknown.

But, as in battles lost and won, wherever soldier falls,
 A hundred spring to fill the breach or mount the bristling walls ;
 So in this march from East to West, into the setting sun,
 The army of the Argonauts all undismayed pressed on.
 The fight was won ; forgotten were the perils and the cares
 When forth the message sounded that the golden West was theirs.
 And still the thought a throbbing brings to aged breasts elate,
 They came to find a golden stream ; they found a golden State.

Ye native sons, know you indeed what heritage is yours ?
 What country grand lies in your hand on these, the western shores ?
 What mighty triumphs wait to crown this empire yet to be,
 From southern line to Siskiyou, Sierra to the sea ?
 The prophet's mission is to please, the minstrel's task to praise,
 And mine to twine for you and yours a gen'rous wreath of bays.

Yet list the words that Fate has writ upon the future's wall,
 "Of all the States, this Golden State shall yet be queen o'er all."

As sturdy childhood wrestles with the throng of cradle ills,
 Till hardy manhood braves the years, and vein and sinew fills,
 So this, the babe of statecraft, through its childhood's tender length,
 The fateful ills hath not escaped, but grappled with full strength.
 Far from the guiding parent hand, the shield of vested law,
 Its trials all its own have been, such as no sister saw.
 But where the State in all the list of Union's bright array
 That stands as California stands, to dare the world to-day ?

Where once the virgin rivers ran to gleam with precious sands,
 The gold of tillage glitters over league on league of lands.
 Where once the lucky toiler eastward bore his hoard of gold
 Sails ship on ship adown the main with treasured store untold.
 On hill and vale, through mile on mile, the patriot soil upgrown,
 Yields wealth to mold a continent from fields that are your own.
 Then think ye, if this be the morn, what be the splendor soon,
 That when the hours pass shall shine, the glory of the noon !

On fairer land and richer realm no earthly sun shines down,
 From nature's hand no greater gifts e're won a world's renown.
 By wood and field, by vine and tree, no Arcady of old
 So promised at the worker's touch, to yield a hundred fold.
 The future's prize is rich and rare : a prize that, yet ungrasped,
 Stands waiting for the hands that now in brotherhood are clasped.
 Yours by Divine inheritance, to cherish and renew
 This State your fathers founded, and its future rests with you.

From out the stores of destiny whatever gifts befall
 A country as its dower, noble men are best of all.
 And chieftest of the blessings that this western wild has won
 Is the spirit of true manhood that from father comes to son.
 The chosen of a nation saw this California dawn,
 Their vigor, valor, honor, made this State ere you were born.
 And prouder than all other boast let on your banner shine
 That, natives of the Golden West, you're sons of ' Forty-nine.

Broad acres make up countries, but a State is made by men,
 And if this land grow justly grand, be ye remembered then.
 Remember, as each plenteous year its ripe reward outpours,
 You by your father's glory shine—your sons must shine by yours.
 If civil strifes in future rise, your hand must guide the helm ;
 Your wisdom and integrity stand fast when storms o'erwhelm.
 And may God grant to us and ours, in all the years to be.
 Our State still holds her ocean throne in peerless majesty.

A MOORISH PRINCESS.

A TALE OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The driver mounted his box, gathered the lines over his four important bays and called, "all aboard."

We obeyed the summons and took our seats in the stage. I shared the driver's throne, and looked with some little anxiety at the new occupant of this important post. One look sufficed to give me all confidence in the new Jehu, who held his lines and cracked his whip as if he held the guiding reins over a whole world of horses and controlled them by the snap of his scepter, as it went hissing into the air and rebounded with a report like that of a genuine Smith & Wesson. He was a little fellow and, as we went bounding away over the mountain road, it seemed as if he must be jerked from his seat by every lurch of the coach. But he never lost his balance, never disturbed by the deepest rut or steepest grade. On, on we went, now stopping for dinner and now to change horses, and on again behind four dashing grays that seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. It was a beautiful day, balmy and bright. The pure, fresh air of the mountains seemed like the fabled elixir of eternal youth. Away! through cañon and mountain pass. Past river that looked like threads of silver. Past giant oaks and towering pines. Away through valley and dell, over hedge and brake, the shadows nodding, bending and dancing and creeping along the steep hill-side and steeper walls like phantoms.

Away! round and round the road that wound like a huge cobra about the mountain, the American river looking a black serpent, roaring and dashing hundreds of feet below. Back and forth, back and forth, down, down, nearer and nearer the hissing, frothing serpent below, nearer until at last we drive along the turbulent dashing stream.

Away! across the massive suspension bridge of solid iron, hanging across the river from walls of solid rock. Then up the other side, past snow-clad peaks; up, up past larger pines and cedars and red-

woods; past dense forests and echoing gorges; past more slow-moving coaches, whose occupants seemed to envy us our rapid ride. Our Yosemite coach is not one of your slow-moving, jog-along carriages, drawn by steady, sober-paced steeds, but a rattling, rolling, bouncing vehicle behind restless, mettlesome horses that dash recklessly down hill, round sharp corners with a whiz! never slowing down, except up the steepest grade.

Now, down again, driving at reckless pace, as the driver gathered the lines over four fresh horses. Then up again until the summit is reached, and then to rest. To climb to the crest on a bank of frozen snow and to make the glad echoes of the mountains with the grand, old strains of Columbia's National hymn, and list the glad refrain re-echoed from the hills, and gaze in wonder at one of the grandest sights ever presented to mortal eyes. The panorama before us rivals any scenery of this grand, old earth.

The grand sublimity of the forest-covered hills, defies a pen to picture them. The deep cañons, with their huge cliffs and dashing streams, on whose waters the sun never shines, rest secure, that their shadows no hand shall portray.

On, on past logging camp; past yokes of patient oxen that slowly toil with one of the dead kings of the forest as their burden: past a little farm, with its mountain grain field, tiny orchard and smaller garden patch; past the house with its every window filled with curious faces, pressed against the pane, to see the stage go by.

On, past some laborers on the road, who step back and return the driver's "hail," and "farewell"; past toll-house (after paying a dollar and a half apiece); past Dean's mills that are fast going to decay; past disused sleighs, that carried the passengers over the snows before the roads were open; past a little hamlet, whose houses, but three months before, were covered three feet deep in snow; past Tama-

rack Flat (a level top of a mountain covered with tamarack trees—a beautiful spot, so even that we might dance in its needle-covered sward.)

Down again, past mountain and dell; past rushing torrent and gurgling stream; past Cataract creek, the most beautiful stream we have ever seen—a laughing, gurgling, dashing stream, that playfully sports over its rocky bed, forming white, foaming cataracts, at intervals of every few feet, that toss their diamond spray aloft in showers of glistening crystals, that fall in a mass of rainbow hues to the emerald pool below, and then ripple on to the next fall to dash and play again.

On, over the most wonderful of roads, till at last we arrive at the noted Horse-shoe Bend. As the driver swings his horses around the abrupt and perfect curve, we look with admiration on this splendid piece of workmanship. The foundation of the road on which we are is built of solid rock hundreds of feet up from the foot of the mountain. And here we catch our first glimpse of the Valley of Wonders. To our right, a tiny silver ribbon is swaying in the breeze. The driver tells us it is the Bridal Veil with its numberless rainbows.

To our left, the grand sentinel, El Capitan, stands in awful majesty. We need no guide to point it out.

Down into the valley, to meet with a keen sense of disappointment, as we see the narrow space between the walls, and cross the little bridge over the placid Merced. Even the walls don't seem *very* high. We have been becoming accustomed to immensity so gradually that we know not the wonders around us.

Now past a stream of water flowing over the rocks, as it seems about a hundred feet above us, and to turn and look again as the driver says, "There is the Yosemite Fall."

We are disgusted. We have been imposed upon. Such little streams! Why, even the valley is not so wide as we are told.

It is late, and we are tired, but we will walk over to this big fall before dinner. Our host smiles and tells us it is over three miles to the foot of it. We yield half, believing it some ruse for fear his dinner would grow cold.

I have grown to like the genial, careful driver, and inviting him to smoke with me, we drift into talk as we sit on the porch in the evening.

"Do you see that little cottage down there to the right of the road under those large redwoods? There is a beautiful story, a whole love tale, in that little house."

"A love tale, perhaps a mystery?" I ask, ever eager to pick up such bits.

"A real Moorish Princess lives there. Do you want her story? But stay, she will tell it to you herself some day. "Poor Obeyda!" he sighed, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Why, poor Obeyda?" I asked, "is she unhappy?"

"She is an old woman now. Her life has been strangely eventful, filled with intense happiness and deep sorrow. But wait; she will tell it in her own way.

In the morning, taking our stout canes, we started for the foot of the fall. Before we got there we willingly admitted that our host was right as to distance, as with aching limbs we carefully clamber over the slipping rocks, wet with the spray for hundreds of feet around.

Putting on our rubber coats and high boots, we enter the vestibule under the lower fall and stand shut in from the outer world by a wall of water, falling by tons before our resting place.

Behind, the mighty grandeur of this wonder of wonders, as the echoes of the cavern resound in resonant tones, there comes to my memory the tale of the beautiful Indian princess, Yah-wah-ne-tah, who loved a poor brave of her own tribe, and fled from the chieftain husband her father would wed her to.

Her brave young lover took her in his arms, and fleeing to the mountains, hid his bride beneath the over-hanging rock, invoking the Spirit of the Waters to protect his love.

The Spirit of the Stream hearkened to his cry, and sent his sprites in a mighty veil to cover the lovers.

And o'er them, like a cloud descending,
Rainbow tints in circles blending;
Always dashing, never ending,
Comes the mighty veil extending.

Months passed, and the lovers were found locked in each others' arms in their hiding place behind the waters.

But the Spirit of the Stream never recalled his sprites, and they dash fearlessly on and on over the rocks, and often, 'twixt the dawn and the sunlight, two mystic figures glide safely over the foaming spray to be lost in its mist. We come out and gaze around, half hoping, half fearing, to see the shadows pass before us.

We look up to where the mighty spirit of the stream sent his water dashing down, up, up till the vast expanse is lost in a narrow rill; up a perpendicular height of two thousand five hundred feet, nearly ten times as high as the highest redwood tree we have ever seen.

Thoroughly drenched with the spray, in spite of our rubbers, we put on our overcoats, and walk rapidly to the hotel.

In the afternoon I wander off alone, and saunter leisurely down the street, stopping at the shop, where wondrous little vessels of all kinds are wrought of the different woods of the valley. Noticeable among them is a beautiful table, which contains over two hundred different kinds of wood, all found in the valley.

It takes the sun some time to give one a good square look in the morning here, and long before he reaches us we can see his rosy smiles on the walls above us, and as we walk along he slowly peeps into the furrows of the mountain's brow, as if he took a pride in showing up the wrinkles time had made.

Before sunrise the next morning I took my cane and started for Lake Ah-wi-yoh (Mirror Lake). As I stand on the shore of the crystal mirror, and watch reflected on its bosom the majestic grandeur of its walls, and see mirrored there my own thoughtful face, I suddenly start, for there opposite me is another shadow—a face. A beautiful, dark face, bringing to mind the beautiful Fatima. A face with large, luminous eyes, that look intently at me; beautiful lips that smile, showing rows of white, even teeth. There was something peculiar, even in the reflection, of the fashion of the garb the figure wore.

Looking up, half expecting to see the phantom vanish into air, I see, standing on a rock that juts out into the lake, a woman apparently past the middle of life. She must have seen my image in the water as I saw hers; yet, she appeared entirely unconscious of my presence.

Taking advantage of her abstraction, I notice her more closely. The face, that shows so beautifully rounded in the flattering glass, shows now no resemblance to the famous Mohammedan beauty, save in the yet luminous eyes, that even now, when dimmed by age and sorrow, still possessed the glory of the East. The once rich, velvety skin is deeply seamed by the threads of Time, while the frost of his winter is in the thick black of her hair that hangs in two heavy braids over her shoulders, reaching down and lying on the rock beside her as she sat. The hands that lie idly in her lap are curious, yet beautiful hands. Dark, slender, graceful hands, with long tapering nails, stained to a beautiful rose hue. Nervous, restless hands, that twist and turn the long fringe of the crimson scarf that has fallen back from her face, and lies loosely around her shoulders. The fingers are nearly covered with rings, that flash and sparkle as the sun begins to send his beams down to us, while on the dark, slender wrists are still heavier bands studded with precious gems.

From her ears hung large, round hoops, set with brilliant emeralds of great size and lustre, giving the ring the look of a coiled serpent, the fancy being heightened by the blood-red ruby that hung suspended in the center of the hoop, gleaming like a spark of fire.

Emerald and ruby seemed to be her favorite colors, for her gown, which was of silk, was of the same glistening hues. She wore silk stockings also of emerald green, and her little feet were encased in slippers of ruby velvet, the whole toe of which was gaily embroidered in many colored beads.

Loth to leave a vision so fraught with mystery, without knowing more, I threw a pebble into the calm waters.

As the ripples spread over the surface, the long, silky lashes that lay almost touching her cheek, slowly raised and the great, brilliant eyes looked direct into mine.

Touching my hat, I bade her good morning.

She replied in soft, liquid tones in pretty, broken English, using the beautiful fatalism of the Arab salutation, "If God wills it, ye are well."

"Do I greet the Princess Obeyda?"

"The Princess Obeyda is no more," she mournfully replied.

"Is she dead?" I ask, wondering that the driver did not tell me of this.

"No, not dead. Her spirit has gone with the rushing waters and the moaning winds."

"Will you tell me her story?" I ask, as I jump to the rock on which she sits. It is a daring thing to ask, but story-tellers are often given to strange ways of finding their tales.

She saw nothing unusual in my request, but rather seemed pleased at the opportunity of talking, as she signed me to sit down.

She seemed to forget my presence for a moment as she again bent over the lake, and gazed into its limpid depths. Then, turning suddenly to me, she said, "Don't you see it there?"

I look, but see nothing save the clear lake whose bosom the Sun-god is now making throb with his smiles.

"No, you do not see," she said, looking intently into my face.

"It is too late, the sun is here now. Come to-night just at sunset and I will tell you my story."

"Your story? but I want to hear—"

"Yes, you want to hear Obeyda's story. I was the Princess Obeyda, but she is lost in the sighing of the pines at night, in the complaining of the waters that fall ever and on, and this poor frame is left."

She drew her crimson wrap around her shoulders, and, ignoring my offer for assistance, stepped lightly over the rocks to the bank, where she waved me a graceful adieu. Going a few steps into the woods, she blew a small whistle that hung at her belt. Presently a tiny vehicle drawn by a sturdy mountain pony came in sight, and the driver, a large, well-formed negress, steps out, and lifting Obeyda in her arms, places her in the little carriage, and tucking the fleecy robes around her mistress, drives off.

Just at sunset I again approach the lake. The scene possesses all the beauty of the morning. The lake, as if tired of sparkling all day in the smiles of the sun, lies placidly reflecting the walls and trees and sky.

Obeyda has not come. My present position affords me a splendid view of the majestic Mount Tis-sa-ack (South Dome) that proudly, yea defiantly towers above all else in that valley of wonderful heights!

The grand dome looks down and sees its face in the bosom of the lake its walls protect, while on the opposite is apparently the twin dome, or rather, the other half of what must have been the most enormous formation of solid rock in the world. The South Dome, four thousand, five hundred and ninety-three feet high, is the traditional home of the guardian spirit of the valley, the angel and beautiful Tis-sa-ack, after whom her devoted Indian worshippers named this glorious monument to the Great Spirit's glory. As I ponder on the mighty force that must have cleft this rock in twain, a beautiful legend beautifully told by "Iota" comes to my mind. He relates it as he got it from the lips of an old Indian.

At the lower end of the valley stands El Capitan, which you all know bears in certain shadows a strong resemblance to a huge face.

This rock is one of the few spots in the valley that have preserved any semblance even in meaning to the musical andromantic Indian nomenclature. The children of the sun called it Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, the chief or captain.

THE LEGEND OF TU-TOCK-AH-NU-LAH AND TIS-SA-ACK.

It was in the unremembered past that the children of the sun first dwelt in Yo-Semite. Then all was happiness; for Tu-tock-ah-lah sat high in his rocky home, and cared for the people he loved. Leaping over the mountain plains, he herded the wild deer that the people might choose the fattest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cavern in the mountain that the brave might hunt.

From his lofty rock he prayed to the Great Spirit and he brought the soft rain on the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air and the golden sun breathed warmly through its blue haze and ripened the crops that the women might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the winding river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the wind swept sadly through the singing pines; if he spoke, his voice resounded in the roar of the cataract; and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge—echoed from mountain to mountain. His form was straight

like the arrow, and elastic like the bow. His foot was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was strong and bright like the rising sun.

But one morning, as he roamed, a bright vision came before him, and then the soft colors of the West were in his lustrous eye. A maiden sat upon the southern granite dome, whose gray head towers upon the highest peaks. She was not like the dark maidens of the tribe below, for the yellow rolled over her dazzling form, as golden waters over silver rocks; her brow beamed with the pale beauty of the moonlight. Two cloud-like wings wavered upon her dimpled shoulders, and her voice was as the sweet, sad tone of the night-bird of the woods.

"Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah," she softly whispered, then gliding up the rocky dome, she vanished over its rounded top. Keen was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the foot of the noble youth as he sped up the rugged path in pursuit; but the soft down from her snowy wings was wafted into his eyes, and he saw her no more.

Every morning now did the enamored Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah leap the stony barriers, and wander over the mountains to meet the lovely Tis-sa-ack. Each day he laid sweet acorns and wild flowers upon her dome. His ear caught her footstep, though it was light as the falling leaf; his eye gazed upon her beautiful form, and into her gentle eyes; but never did he speak before her, and never again did her sweet-toned voice fall upon his ear. Thus did he love Tis-sa-ack, and forgot the crops of Yo Semite, and they, without rain, wanting his tender care, quickly drooped their heads and shrunk. The wind whistled mournfully through the wild corn, the wild bee stored no more honey in the hollow tree, for the flowers had lost their freshness and the green leaves became brown. Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah saw none of this for his eyes were dazzled by the shining wings of the maiden. But Tis-sa-ack looked with sorrowing eyes over the neglected valley, when, in the early morning, she stood up on the gray of the mountain; so, kneeling on the smooth, hard rock, the maiden besought the Great Spirit to bring again the bright flowers and the delicate grasses, green trees and nodding acorns.

Then with an awful sound, the dome of

granite opened beneath her feet, and the mountains were riven asunder, while the melting snows from the breath of the Great Nevada gushed through the wonderful gorge. Quickly they formed a lake between the perpendicular walls of the cleft mountains, and sent a sweet murmuring river through the valley. All was changed. The birds dashed their little bodies into the pretty pools among the grasses, and fluttering out again sang for delight; the moisture crept silently through the parched soil; the flowers sent up fragrant incense of thanks; the corn gracefully raised its drooping head, and the sap with velvet footfall ran up into the trees, giving life and energy to all. But the maid, for whom the valley had suffered, and through whom it had again become clothed with beauty, disappeared as strangely as she came. Yet, that all might bear her memory in their hearts, she left the quiet lake, the winding river and yonder half dome. As she flew away, soft, downy feathers were wafted from her wings, and where they fell on the margin of the lake, you will now see thousands of little white violets.

When Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah knew that she was gone, he left his rocky castle to wander in search of his lost love. But the Yo Semites might never forget him, with the hunting-knife in his hand, he carved the outline of his noble head on the rock that bears his name. And there they remain, three thousand feet in the air, guarding the entrance to the beautiful valley that had received his loving care.

OBEYDA'S STORY.

"Before my reverie is finished, I hear the fluttering of silk near me, and Obeyda stands before me. She looks into the mirror below and seems well pleased with the reflection, for, looking up, a smile brightens her whole face, as she says, "Ah, now, you can see it. All poor Obeyda's life that was."

"See, there are my father's palaces, with their domes and spinarets, their windows of jasper and emerald. See, there is one more lofty and beautiful than the rest. There my mother, the beautiful Alee, and the king's favorite wife, dwelt, and there poor Obeyda first saw light. Look!"

I obey, and see but the reflecting beauty of a sunset in the Sierras. Magnificent

piles of fleecy clouds crown the lofty mountain heights, and indeed fancy might see gorgeous palaces, rivalling in architectural beauty the Moorish palaces of old, whose domes and parapets glisten in the last rays of the setting sun like burnished gold against the azure sky, while ever and anon a pencil of light shoots athwart the heavens, tinting the highest cupola with faintest ruby hue.

The woman beside me saw her home in far Tripoli, in the cloud-capped heights and changing hues. It was a beautiful thought, and I humored her bent and said softly :

“Yes, I see it all.”

“Ah! but you don't see the happy life of the petted child of the Sheykh; the beautiful dresses and jewels, and the ayohs who took all care of me. Here all is so changed, so dull and so cold—so cold! I was young, and they were fair of face. I had never loved. The followers of our tribe that my father would wed me to, found no favor in my eyes. As I grew, my ambitious father, although he loved me, would have married me to the son of a neighboring Sheykh.

“The Moors are kind, indulgent parents. They yield to every wish of their children, lavish richest dress and priceless jewels upon them, and indulge them in luxurious ease and every amusement. But they had not the affections of their daughters.

My father, who loved my mother devotedly, showered every comfort and luxury upon me that love suggested that money could buy. Long years before, some travelers who were journeying through Tripoli stopped and asked shelter in my grandmother's palace. My father was then a lad of scarce sixteen years of age. The young wife of one of the travelers was suddenly taken ill. The company could not wait and journeyed on, leaving the husband alone to care for his wife. She died, leaving a helpless babe a few weeks old in that strange Moorish land. The husband, bowed with grief, was soon laid beside his wife, and the beautiful, white-skinned babe became the pet and plaything of the old Sheykh, who grew to love her even as his own dark son, and at last adopted her, christening her ‘Alee.’ The child possessed a rare and beautiful nature, and daily in the mosque went up

the rekahs for the life of the little waif.

“She grew in beauty, and at fifteen years became the wife of the young prince, Dahabeih, to whom she was most passionately attached.

“A year later I was born. My beautiful young mother could never get accustomed to the other wives. And although she always remained the favorite, she lived but a few brief years, sorrowing constantly over the love and caresses her rivals received, soon wore her life away. Daily she prayed Allah (the only God she knew) to protect her one ewe lamb and shield her from such a fate.

“Possessed of great talents and natural ability, my mother was the counselor and companion of my father, and was allowed many privileges unknown to the general Moorish woman. She attended him in his councils with other sheykhs, and in all other times of need. And I who scarcely ever left her, would stand by her as she sat on her divan, or lie on the carpet at her feet.

“One day my father summoned us to his council chamber. My mother ordered her slaves to dress her in a beautiful robe of azure velvet, trimmed in silver lace. Her white arms and neck were bare, save for the roses of pearls that entwined them; round her head and half shading her face, but leaving her beautiful eyes and golden hair exposed, was wrapped the long, white shawl of the Moorish princess. It was of the finest crape and richly embroidered in silk and pearls. On her delicate hands flashed gems worth the gold of Golconda.

“My Ayah had dressed me by her orders in a rich tunic of emerald satin covered with beautiful flowers in crystal beads, while round my head and shoulders was drawn a priceless crimson scarf. My long hair was braided with strands of emeralds, and the same precious jewels decked my hands and arms. I was fifteen now, and nearly as tall as my mother. Taking our places in the litter the slaves bore us to the audience chamber of the palace, where my father, now one of the most powerful sheykhs, awaited us. He was a handsome man, straight as an arrow and as lithe of limb as a gazelle, fine dark features and bright eyes, as piercing and fearless as that of the eagle. He was a grand scion of a once proud race.

"Leaving the raised dais on which his divan was placed, he stepped toward us and lead my mother to a seat at his side. I sat on the rich rug at her feet and leaning against her I watched my beautiful, gifted mother, and all-powerful father.

"Some merchants who were taking a caravan across to Soudan, had stopped to negotiate for wares and camels. My mother who *intuitively* knew the ways of people nearer the setting sun, was called to aid the great sheykh in his traffic. As the captain rose and made known his errand, the fate of the Moorish maiden was sealed forever.

"'Allah, Allah ! is it Allah, mother?' I asked as he approached. He was tall, much taller than any man I had ever known, and was dressed in your fashion here, which I had never seen. He wore no hat, and from his high, white brow the light hair waved in silken rings. His skin was soft and white, the blue veins showing their delicate tracery, while a deep crimson flush rose to his cheek, and his deep-set, gray eyes sparkled beneath their brown lashes. He walked with a graceful step, unknown to the people of our land, and threw his head back, as if he were majesty giving audience to a subject. His slender, arched feet were encased in shining black boots that reached far above his knee. He spoke in clear, rapid tones, in a tongue unknown to me. But it was music to the ears of the desert child.

"He did not see me for his eyes were riveted on my glorious mother, resplendent in her jewels and fairness.

"She pressed my arm gently, and slipping her arm closely around me, drew me closer, while her clear, true eyes were turned to her dark-skinned husband.

"The bargains completed, my father signalled the slaves of the litter to approach. The young American, unaccustomed to our ways, and partly from that daring that possesses every nation of this free soil, approached my father, saying :

"'I have not met your ladies.' Sheykh Dahabeih was a gentleman, despite his belief. The man was his guest, and had just promised to pay him a very large sum of money.

"Turning slowly, the proud chieftain moved the litter back, and in calm tones introduced his wife and daughter in good

English, translating it to us as our own tongue.

"Thus I met Philip Dale," she stopped, a few minutes passed, and arose. The sun was long since gone but in the golden twilight I could see the tears gather and fall over the wrinkled face. She loved Philip Dale still whoever he was.

"I must bid you good-night, but I will tell you the rest some day."

There was something so calmly grand, so free from affectation, so simple and true about her, I could not urge, but only wait.

The next day was planned for a trip to the Bridal Veil fall and our guide told us this story of its name. There is a lake at the foot of a bold crescent-shaped perpendicular rock some miles above this fall.

The Indians believe this lake to be bewitched, for anyone who once falls into it is never seen ; hence, they call it by the musical name of Pohono, or Evil Spirit, whose breath is a blighting and fatal wind. Whenever the Indians are compelled to pass it, they hurry by it, fearing it as the Arab does the simoom of the desert. To point to it, means to them sure death. Nothing could tempt them to sleep near it, and they believe they can hear the voices of the drowned warning them to shun Pohono. But we cannot believe the cruelty of the fairy-like stream, as we stood at four in the afternoon and watched its numberless rainbows sport around us in infinite, unrivaled luster and variety.

Everywhere is beauty—around, above, below. Each scene surpasses the other in grandeur of subject and variety of sketch. Daily new beauties unfold to our wondering eyes as each morning we mount our rugged ponies and start to new and beautiful scenes of infinite variety. Walls of granite, nearly perpendicular, to the height of nearly four thousand feet, tower above us; over their sides ribbon-like, streams are creeping.

And here and there, on this vast mountain wall, a tree or shrub is standing, as if defying the solid rock to deny its right of life. As we look, we can trace resemblance to hundreds of objects on the walls before us ; a bear's head, a cathedral, a mammoth face, the royal arches of Egypt, and as the shadows change, you count as many now.

To-day we stand at the foot of Vernal

Fall. Why did they call it such a commonplace name? There is nothing vernal about it, even the banks are of soft whitish stone. Pi-vy-ack, the name given it by the Indians and meaning, a shower of beautiful crystals, is indeed its name, for the very fold itself is one vast sheet of sparkling, brightness and snowy whiteness. Still ascending we arrive at Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada fall. After we have lunched I wander over the hills near, and come upon an old Indian wigwam in front of which sits an old woman, leaning on a crooked stick. Her sparse locks blew in the breeze, and her dark eyes were deeply sunk in their bony sockets, while the huge cheek bones of the Indian race almost protruded through the dark skin.

I spoke to her in Spanish, and she replied in the same tongue. Finding that she understood, I questioned her regarding the two falls we had just left, and she told me this bewitching story:

YO-WI-YE.

"Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah, the great chieftain of the valley, had a beautiful daughter Yo-wi-ye. She was the fairest of all Indian maidens; her step was like the fawn; her voice like cooing of the wood dove; and her eye as soft and dark as the limpid pool. She was held so sacred by the Indians that only the greatest braves might sue for her hand. Among these were To-coy-ae, the son of the beautiful Tis-sa-ack. To-coy-ae was the Spirit of the Lake, while the other brave was A-we-ah the Spirit of the North Dome.

Yo-wi-ye, like fairer skinned maidens, gloried in her power and now bent her smiles on To-coy-ae, and wooed A-we-ah with her eyes.

But Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah was wise, and bade her choose, and she replied:

"Know ye, oh my father, ye who have made me the Spirit of the Waters, that whosoever will make me the loveliest dwelling-place shall have my hand."

A-we-ah then called his sprites and they threw down large trees that fell across the stream, and huge rocks obeying, fell into place, and the waters came gliding over the rocks in resplendent beauty, and A-we-ah leading the fair maid to it called it Yo-wi-ye. For a time To-coy-ae was forgotten; but the guardian angel of the val-

ley forgot not her child. Giving her wand of command into his hand, he bade the waters obey. The waters stopped, and as he raised his wand, they rushed on, dashing down in a shower of numberless glistening crystals, that fell into the emerald sheen below. Not a stream of water, but a glistening, dazzling mass that gurgled and rippled over. Now leaping, as they increased dashing and splashing over and over into the shady pool below.

To this he brought Yo-wi-ye, and she, laughing with delight, called it "Pi-wy-ack," and gave her hand to To-coy-ae. Then A-we-ah, broken hearted, threw himself into the cataract of his love, and now when the night winds blow, the Indians believe they can hear his wondrous moaning for the lost one.

OBEYDA'S STORY CONCLUDED.

Returning one day from an excursion, I met Obeysa in her little carriage. She asks me to come to her home to hear the story finished. I go. It is a cosy, comfortable and well furnished cottage, boasting of many luxuries not expected in these wilds. Obeysa, seated on a divan, is smoking a Turkish pipe. She does not rise as I enter, but pointing to a chair near her, signals her servants, who stand behind her, to give me a pipe. I would fain refuse, but through courtesy and partly from curiosity I accept. It is a pleasant aromatic smoke, and the novel situation helps to lend the real to her tale:

"Thus I met Philip Dale. My mother, who always possessed unbounded influence over my father, saw a way of escape, from me, from the Moslem harem. So he beseeched that the Americans might rest and be entertained in the palace, somewhat after the manner of the people of her own land, that she might see what they did. Dahabeih yielded, and Philip Dale and his followers became the guests of that palace.

"Whose enchantments still are with me, round me, wander where I will.

"My mother dressed me in richest robes and veils of finest gossamer, round my neck and arms and ankles were ropes of pearls, emeralds, sapphires and rubies. Great *efettahs* [banquets] were prepared, and hundreds of dancing girls in glistening

gold brocade, swinging the castanets with lute and zil, and swinging Alatuyehs.

"All was pleasure, and in the mild gray eyes of Philip Dale my soul was lost.

"Oh, the music of his voice when he spoke his love!

"That assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That I was loved, well warmly loved.
Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;
How exquisit one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of Misery's cup! How keenly quaffed,
Though death must follow in the draught!

"Hads't I been but a Moor, O Dahabei, how blessed would have been me to woo and win your princess child,' spake Philip Dale.

"My father paused, and o'er his brow a dark cloud gathered as of ire. And to his lips rose bitter words, when my mother's gentle voice was heard. Raising her blue eyes to his stern face, she plead my cause, saying:

"By the pure and holy love I have give thee, O Sheykh; by the dreams in which I've only heard thy pleasure's sigh; by the spirit that has lived and looked and spoke through thee, let our child choose her husband as she may!

"The stern Chieftain of the desert wild, whom wives and slaves alike obey, turned his yes to the wife he loved, and, placing his eand upon my head, and my hand in hers said:

"Alee, thou hast spoken well. Thou hast been a noble wife to me. Obeyda is thy child, do with her as thou wilt.'

"And my mother, leading me to Philip Dale, placed my hand in his. And so we were betrothed. And when his journey was over we were married, and greatest bliss was mine, to dwell always and everthe cherished wife of the husband of my heart.

"But I grew lonely, no one could speak my tongue, no women came to visit me.

I was dark, and they did not understand. But a proud heart beat beneath my dark bosom, and I did not seek them. We dwelt in the cities, and my husband never wearied of showing me the beautiful things of his land. He never tired of his dark bride, but ever seemed proud of his Moorish love.

"But the heart of the desert child longed for home, and chafed at the restraints of such a life. But I would not leave him and so I hid my grief. Then we came here, and I grew more content, for the walls and the beautiful streams and the birds and trees and flowers talked to me and wooed me from my sad thoughts of home.

"And in the lake yonder I see the city of my youth, and my parent's sepulcher, and I know ere long I too shall sleep and rest.

"This restless heart will lie from the graves of its kindred. But I am content—my husband comes."

A tall, elegant man of about fifty entered. He greeted me cordially, and then raising his wife's hand to his lips, kissed it, and spoke to her in the Moorish tongue.

I looked astonished, and Obeyda smiled as she said:

"Oh, yes; he has been very good to me. He learned to speak my language that I might not forever be without its music."

Philip Dale placed his hand tenderly on the dark hair of his wife and said: "Then, my princess has been telling you her story?"

And I could see that though the charm of youth was gone, the helpless, lonely woman was near to his heart still.

When I left he went with me and said: "My wife's health is more frail than she thinks. She cannot linger long. Keep my story till she is at rest."

A year ago I read her death in a daily paper, and now her story is done.

BABEK.

LONGINGS.

I oft long to roam mid my own native mountains,
 And once more to stroll through the forests of pine ;
 To drink once again from the pure, sparkling fountains,
 Half hidden from view 'neath the flower-decked vine.

To wander alone through the meadow lands grassy
 Where flowers that I knew in my childhood days grow ;
 To lounge on the bank of the rivulet glassy
 And list to the bird songs I loved long ago ;

To seek the dark shade of the cañons, deep-wooded,
 The wild narrow cañons, that wind round the hills—
 That reach to the far-away summits snow-hooded,
 And mark the long course of the brooklets and rills.

On the earth to recline in some green nook inviting,
 Neath the great leafy curtains that hang overhead.
 The days of the past with the present uniting—
 To think of the living, to dream of the dead.

The sweetest of memories ever are thronging
 The mind, fairest pictures of life's early dawn.
 And oft do I long, O full often I'm longing,
 To see the bright faces I knew years agone.

To hear once again a kind playmate's fond greeting ;
 To hear the young voices so merrily ring ;
 To hear them again in full chorus repeating
 The airs we, as children, were first taught to sing.

To romp on the playground, the old games rehearsing ;
 To see the old schoolhouse, the teachers, and friends ;
 All thoughts of the present a moment dispersing,
 To sip of the sweetness that infancy lends.

To see once again the old arbor, vine-covered ;
 The bloom-laden creepers that drooped o'er the door ;
 To enter the home o'er whose mossy roof hovered
 The spirits of dreamland in bright days of yore.

Though many the charms that in life bid us dally,
 The earth hath no picture so tempting to me,
 As rugged Sierra and dear native valley,
 Which ever before me in fancy I see.

Every scene of the olden time fondly we cherish ;
 A halo of gentleness circles each view :
 And ne'er shall those visions from memory perish,
 But 'ith charms e'er-increasing their beauties renew.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE WEST.

Much has been written of the adventurous race that first peopled these western shores of the Pacific. Song and story have received a fresh impetus from the daring deeds and peculiar conditions of life that prevailed in the early times. The men and the women who left peaceful homes to wrestle with the wilderness were stirred by the spirit of adventure, dazzled by the glitter of gold, and by those circumstances became differentiated from the kith and kin left behind. As a people, in a few short years, they developed in daring and fortitude, with strange contrasts of gentleness and roughness, and became the fathers and mothers of a new race upon these shores. The third of a century has passed. A new generation has arisen. The old circumstances have died away, and civilization has laid her strong hand upon every part of this wilderness, subduing all these peculiar elements of this first stock. Is there any vestige of these singular traits to be found in the descendants of this race, born in the midst of this "gold fever epoch;" or are they tame and conventional, ordinary children, of extraordinary parents just like the generations with quiet stay-at-home fathers and mothers?

"Native sons" have arisen under the banner of the West, organized themselves into societies, proudly boasting of their native land, and easy it is to read the record of their lives and ambitions. But more difficult is it to gather together the record of the "Native Daughters," for they are scattered, and shy as the quail of the mountain fastness. Only a few of the names may be traced, only a few facts gleaned. And yet among them is a multitude of brilliant, accomplished women, still young, and in their first flush of success.

The whole world knows that the gifted Mary Anderson lays stress upon her California birth—first seeing the light in Sacramento. She moved away when a child, but carries still fondest feelings for her native State, as may be seen by a late notice culled from the *Chronicle*:

"It is just two years and a half since I went away," said Miss Anderson, "and I have acted

during that time, let me see, just two years. I have played 'Pygmalion and Galatea' 200 times, 'Romeo and Juliet' 100 times, Comedy and Tragedy, 150 times, 'Lady of Lyons' 50, and so on. My American tour is to last ten months. The only thing I know of it is that I am going to California again, to Sacramento, my home."

Doubtless, the fire and ambition that have blazed in her soul, forcing her onward and upward to the success which has brought even London town to her feet, have been but a natural inheritance from the parents who had the gold fever in their veins.

In the whole of America there has never been one actress who has achieved such a triumph, who has won such laurels. She has been accepted and acknowledged by the critical world of England, France, and America as the highest type of perfection in beauty, grace, manner and talent combined. What more remains to be said? It would be merely gilding the lily and painting the rose.

It has been published broadcast that Emma Nevada, one of the most successful American prima donnas, is a native of the "Sage-brush State," and comes from the pre-historic town of Austin, a town now almost obliterated from the page of memory, but once a teeming spot full of wild excitement and thrilling adventure. Were not the hope and courage that sustained the little songstress through her dark hours, while trying to obtain her musical education and afterwards, recognition, a true heritage from these singular times, when every man braved the wilderness, and elusive hope filled every breast? Many an American maiden has been gifted with as clear a voice as "Our Nevada," but few have the fortitude and courage to carry themselves to the highest round in the ladder by means of it. Her pictures are always unsatisfactory, as it seems almost impossible to represent her as she is—a round-faced little girl, with a certain attractiveness of manner that endears her to every one.

Again we have to chronicle a successful young actress, Miss Eleanor Calhoun,

a native of Visalia, Tulare county, but who grew up from childhood in San Jose. She made her first appearance in San Francisco some four years ago, and awakened wonder at her ease and natural grace. Mrs. M. H. F——, a talented contributor of the *Overland*, writes of her:

“Miss Calhoun is a representative daughter of the West, a most brilliant and promising young actress. You cannot speak too highly of her beauty and histrionic ability. She is engaged at the Old Haymarket theater, London, and is really petted by royalty. During her late visit to her home in San Jose, the whole city combined to do her honor, giving her a grand ovation, and proving false for once the old adage about a prophet in his own country.”

From the *Chronicle* of several weeks ago we cull the following:

“Miss Eleanor Calhoun, after a short visit to her home, has returned to England. She is an admirable instance of a young lady endowed with beauty and talent, who is resolved to learn her profession thoroughly, and cannot be commended too highly for the course she is pursuing in her dramatic career. She is an active member of a stock company at the Old Haymarket theater, London, and fitting herself, by years of careful preparation, for the vocation she has chosen.”

In the realm of the drama we have a number of lesser stars, bright, intelligent daughters, who excel in certain lines of dramatic work. Miss Emma Schultz is an electrical creature, well fitted for burlesque comedies. Miss Charlotte Tittel is a rising actress, much appreciated in San Francisco in more serious parts; and Ida Aubrey is a porcelain like creature of exquisite mould, who gave a phenomenal performance of “Juliet” at the age of fourteen.

In the realm of art we see a pronounced element of Native Daughters; Miss Lizzie Strong, born in Oakland, perhaps takes the lead. Many tales are told of this brave little girl's struggles and trials in obtaining an art-education abroad. Naturally gifted, she brings to her work an inherent beauty of sentiment that lifts it to the highest place in artistic excellence. To gaze upon the animal's heads that she makes to live and breathe on canvas, one would imagine her a strong woman with manly ways. On the contrary, she is represented as a young, slight creature, with two braids hanging down her back—the picture of childish inexperience.

In the art notes of the *Chronicle*, we find the following:

“That clever artist and talented little lady, Lizzie Strong, has sold her last Salon picture for \$1,000. Her many friends will be glad to learn that this industrious girl has at last gained such a foothold in Paris, that she is practically beyond the reach of misfortune or privation. Several prominent Paris dealers have asked her to paint for them, and the small student from San Francisco is fast becoming famous. A local dealer has now on exhibition a very fine study of her's, painted two or three years ago. It is a half-length picture of a big, smooth, white dog, with a pink muzzle. He is looking up in life-like fashion, and while he is looking at us, there is a tortoiseshell cat at the bottom of the picture, who is looking up at the dog. Lizzie Strong has a feeling for color unusual in an animal painter, and her distinguishing characteristic is, that any canvas she touches a brush to, is found to have a motive, or tell a story.”

Of Miss Nellie Hopps we can do no better than quote from a late sketch in the *GOLDEN ERA*:

“A native San Franciscan, one who has grown up in the midst of an art atmosphere, Miss Hopps is a type of another kind of California girl than that made famous by the Bret Harte stories. Petite in figure, refined yet original, she is the representative of a new type not yet made known to the outer world, a type of refined ladyhood mingled with the strength of creative force.”

As a landscape and decorative artist, Miss Hopps stands high among the people of San Francisco.

Another gifted daughter is Miss Albertine Randall, who has a special line of her own in the illustration of books, and decoration of title pages and in fancy designs, all which is rapidly bringing her to the front ranks, and making her in great demand. Among the art notes we find it announced that

“Albertine Randall has received an order from a New York Publishing House for the illustration of a book for the holidays.”

And these are the notices which mean something—something accomplished by industry, energy and talent combined, and show the beginning of fame and fortune.

Another realm of the arts is that of wood engraving and designing in which Miss Mary Ingalsbe easily takes the lead. She is a native of Eldorado county, and belongs to the firm of Chamberlain & Ingalsbe, Engravers.

Several years ago, the *Argonaut* made special note of one of her title-pages of a song, which was acknowledged to be one of the most artistic of its kind, and from

time to time the art-critics make mention of her special designs. Any sketch of Miss Ingalsbe which omitted reference to her late office in the Crocker building, just destroyed by fire, would be incomplete. Her beautifying touch and artistic instinct had decorated it and made it more like a cosy home of the arts than a mere business office. Upon the walls hung beautiful cabinets carved by herself, pictures, etchings and dainty little contrivances to delight the eyes, and the most harmonious combination of color in Indian reds and olive greens. It was a spot to be happy in. But the ruthless hand of the fire fiend was laid upon these treasures, and Miss Ingalsbe with her partner, Mrs. Chamberlain, lost everything, even to their tools and necessary appliances—all was swallowed up in a few brief hours.

This brave young lady quickly recovered from the shock, however, and set herself to work once more, beginning over again. But already the plain office begins to take on a new guise, touched and beautified in many little ways by her artistic fingers. All kinds of designing and engraving on wood is done here, from the plainest, most practical, to the finest work, making her the competitor of any engraver on the coast.

In the realm of literature, nothing great has yet been achieved, but the promise of things to come is abundant. Perhaps Miss Millicent W. Shinn, a native of Alameda county, holds the most responsible position as editor of the *Overland*. Last month's *Century* mentions her among the poets, and the volume of "Berkeley Verse" testifies to her skill, while her first short story, "Young Strong of the Clarion" has been included in an Eastern book of short stories. But from the writings thus far from her pen, it would seem that her critical instinct is more highly developed than her creative, which will be apt to lead her into a different vein of literature than that usually chosen by women.

Mrs. Mina B. Unger, a native of Nevada county, is an acknowledged art-critic. For years she has fitted herself by study and practical experience to follow this branch of journalism. Her style is bright, terse and original, and whatever department she takes up is done in a finished, readable manner. As a conversationalist, she is witty and clever and has an admir-

able quality in speaking well of every one, and according each and all a full meed of praise for his or her special gift. She is a bright, breezy little woman, quick of step, and full of a strong magnetism. Should she turn her attention to creative work, her occasional short stories show that it would be strong and original.

Perhaps the very strongest literary work done by a Native Daughter, has been that of Mrs. Annie Lake Townsend; known under the *nom-de-plume* of Philip Shirley. Her novel of "On the Verge," has passed into its third edition, and by its vigor and merciless portraiture of character, provokes a feeling of wonder, especially when it is remembered that the author, at the time of writing it, was but twenty years of age. A number of short stories in the *Argonaut*, all of them strong, peculiar studies of character, reveal her to be possessed of an original mind, gifted with a marvelous insight, and mistress of a finished style. The *Ingleside* says of her:

"Annie Lake Townsend, author of 'On the Verge,' dramatic critic, journalist and poet, has a bright, frank face, dazzling teeth, snapping brown eyes, and a slender, active figure. She has been writing from her cradle, and is now in years, looks and enthusiasm but a young girl just beginning."

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, the author of the "Little Mountain Princess" and the "Portrait of a California Girl" in the "Short Stories by California Authors," and an occasional contributor to *St. Nicholas*, was born in Placer county. She enjoys the proud distinction of having been rocked in a miner's gold rocker instead of a cradle, and grew up in the midst of gold and silver mines. She has imbibed the spirit of the mountain, and it marks nearly everything she writes, many of her stories telling of quaint incidents of the past.

From the *Ingleside* we take the following:

"Ella Sterling Cummins is young and interesting. She has a very white face, intensely black eyes and a Joaquin Millerish, child-of-the-Sierras style. She does all kinds of literary work, stories, essays, and heaven knows what not."

In the realm of music we have the Joran sisters, the eldest not more than sixteen, perfect marvels in their way, with brilliant execution and a matured musical taste.

Of accomplished young ladies of great

promise, but whose names are not yet made familiar to the public, perhaps there are none more thorough, more brilliant and yet more shy than the Misses Ellen and Elizabeth Sargent, daughters of Hon. A. A. Sargent our late minister abroad. They were born in Nevada county, and have devoted themselves always to the deepest study. They are, perhaps, more inclined to the philosophical than the creative or critical instincts, but if their industry should ever bear fruit as promised, we should have works of deep thought and meditation added to our list.

Miss Adele Carter, another accomplished young lady, was the first white child born at Port Chehalis, Or. Like another Emma Nevada, she made up her mind to obtain a European education, and she accomplished her purpose. Paramount above all else is the creative instinct in Miss Carter's make up, leading her to compose music and verses, and also to work out her original ideas in the realm of art. Should she concentrate her powers on any one of these branches, she might achieve something great. Her verse is especially beautiful. In appearance she is fair as a lily, and her hair almost a white blonde; while her chief charm lies in her manner, which is the perfection of good breeding.

Annie C. Barry, well known to readers under the name of "Babek" was the first child born of American parents in Tuolumne county. She has achieved great success as a principal in our public schools. Her life has been typical of California's history—"full of romance and unrest." She has written many things for the press, and has published in a neat form, "The Crescent and the Cross," a California story.

No sketch of our Native Daughters would be complete which omitted reference to Miss Katie Hittell, a graduate of the University at Berkeley, who spent the

year following her graduation studying art in the famous galleries of Europe. Upon her return she went through her home with a fairy's wand, giving palpable or at least visible evidence of her native talents.

The reception room is especially wonderful to be the result of a young girls' fingers—the design being original and unique. Gold checker-board squares cover the ceiling, the frieze has a gold ground, on which are painted Pompeian figures in black. A rich, wine-colored velvet paper is on the walls with a dado of mythological scenes painted in brightest colors on a gold ground. A wine-colored carpet covers the floor, blue curtain hangings and divans add to the harmony of color, while a red shade in the bay-window sheds a soft, rosy light over the marble bust of Apollo, and makes the place mysteriously beautiful. Original to her finger-tips and yet full of a meditative spirit, she forms a strong contrast to the ordinary young woman of the fashionable world. In the midst of this softened, rosy light, she sits and communes with her soul, and is perfectly happy, evading all notice and as shy as a creature of the wildwood, a bright, quaint figure, dark-eyed and dark-haired, she is fitting elf to the enchanted room she has evolved from her brain and made actual with her fairy fingers.

There are many more typical daughters, but these must suffice, showing sufficiently that the impress made upon these young women by their native land, has been unique and peculiar. In even this faint outline enough has been shown to convince us that originality, courage and a high degree of talent, are the natural heritage of these daughters of adventurous fathers and mothers of the past, and altogether, these names constitute a roll of honor worthy of this first generation of the West.

J. D. W.

BUZZARD ROOST.

There was to be an exhibition of paintings by California artists at Mrs. Ivanhoe's on Rincon Hill; it was the first event of the kind in San Francisco, and coupled with this was the announcement that the beautiful heiress of Henri St. Clair, but recently returned from Europe, would be a guest at the reception. Young ladies were not many at most, and "beautiful heiresses but recently returned from Europe," few, indeed, in that day of San Francisco society. Society was a-tip-toe with expectancy. Mrs. Ivanhoe had formerly kept a restaurant on Montgomery street. The ships landed nearly at her door, her place was over-run with custom, and according to her own reckoning, she had "made money hand over fist." A lucky venture in stocks—buying at two dollars and a half a share, and selling at six hundred—had suddenly transformed the mistress of the dingy eating house on Montgomery street into the mistress of the palace-like structure on Rincon Hill. True, the metamorphose had not included her manner; she still spelled company with a *u*, and a Frenchman, watching her management of the elaborate train she dragged after her, would have given his shoulders the slightest perceptible shrug, and whispered *gaucherie!* The barbaric taste in the colors she wore, and in the gorgeous splendor of the furniture and decorating of her house, had it been exhibited a quarter of a century later, would immediately have 'throned her queen of the *renaissance*. True, she could not have told a strain of the divine deaf composer from the "Arkansaw Traveler," played on a squeaky fiddle; and choosing between a highly-colored chromo and a picture by one of the princes of art, she would most likely have chosen the former, because it needed not any particular light; yet she had a Paul Veronese that had hung in the Academy at Venice. And the rosewood, pearl-inlaid instrument on which she took private lessons had lost her two thousand dollars. Her dinners were royal; she wore dazzling jewels and paid for her box at the theatre by the year. She was a patron of

art, a connoisseur of glass and china. She had a set of champagne glasses that could not be matched in the world; each little figure on each one of them had been cut with a diamond.

"*Maman*, my own, are we not going to Mrs. Ivanhoe's to-night?" Beautiful Miss St. Clair twirled the costly card of invitation with her thumb and finger, as she addressed the question to her mother. Beautiful indeed, she was—a dark, splendid beauty, a queen of women; but out of the dusky, wonderful eyes, looked the same soul that had watched the blackbirds flying to the tules at the Buzzard Roost. She had spent six years in France under the most careful masters; she had spent two more years in London's world of society, admired, feted, petted—the beauty of both seasons, and much to her ambitious mother's disgust, had returned to California without a title.

The mother reached languidly for her scent-bottle. "My dear Rosamond," she replied, "how can you wish to associate with such low people?"

"Low, mamma! is not Mrs. Ivanhoe respectable?"

"Why, certainly, she is *respectable*. You are so queer, Rosamond, do you not know that she used to keep a restaurant? It's only the money that makes her what she is!"

"Mamma, dear, so far as that part of it is concerned, it is the money—or the lack of it—that makes the most of us what we are. What, think you, would your adorable daughter have been had you not found her just at the time you did? She might have been keeping a restaurant and she would have spelled company with a *u*—if she could have spelled it at all. The only difference I can see between us, is that the money came to one of us while she was young enough to be regularly educated, and to the other one after she was too old—that fate lavished it on one without any effort of her own, and the other had to work for it. Only the money, after all, mamma; the difference in its effects is

simply the difference in its time and manner of coming."

She said it with an audacious little smile. Madame St. Clair (she preferred Madame to the plainer English Mrs.) had recourse to the scent-bottle again. "Rosamond," she said, clasping her hands with a little Frenchy flutter, "how *can* you, after all the money that has been spent on you, your careful training, and severe education, *how can* you have that rebellious, plebeian spirit? You seem to me sometimes, more akin to that horrid old man, than to me. I almost fear that there might have been a mistake."

She was excited.

A shade of paleness crept over, and hid the pink in Rosamond's cheeks, the smile died on her lips.

"Yes, mamma, there might have been a mistake—a terrible mistake, if it were one."

She said it so calmly, and so strange a light shone in her eyes, the mother was frightened. The vision of a romantic girl thinking herself an imposter in her home, and going away from it to seek an old man to whom she owed an imaginary debt of gratitude, flitted over her intuitive brain.

"No! no! no!" she almost screamed, "there was no mistake, there could not have been a mistake, you are my own precious child, my own beautiful queenly Rosamond; but why am I afraid of my own?" She was near into hysterics.

Rosamond gently unclasped the arms from around herself, and reseated the mother in the luxurious chair from which she had risen, and put back into her hand the neglected scent bottle. She patted the smooth cheeks that were but little less youthful than her own, and insisted that it would be better for them not to go to Mrs. Ivanhoe's—that she was "only talking." Remonstrances were useless. Go they must, and go they did.

Fate shapes itself in little things.

Rosamond St. Clair walked in the brilliant throng at Mrs. Ivanhoe's, the cynosure of all eyes. Scanning the pictures critically, but quietly, she paused before one hung in an out-of-the-way corner and stared at it; then passed her hand across her eyes and stared again. The picture took away her breath; the hand on her father's arm trembled.

"Papa, I want that picture; I want to see the artist, too."

For his daughter to express a wish to Henri St. Clair, the lawyer-banker, was to have it granted, if it were in the reach of money.

A request was left, with the offer that the artist could have five thousand dollars by delivering the picture in person, to Miss St. Clair at No.—St.

Rosamond had no further eyes for any other picture. She stood before this one, looking through it, back into the past.

It was a night scene, full of shadows; a faint moon struggled through them and dimly lighted a rude hut, from which, one of the sides had been torn. An old man sat on a sill and leaned his shoulder against the wall; his head was bent forward, his face despairingly sad. Dimly out-lined in the shadowy darkness were grim, bearded faces, peering into the hut; and just starting up from a pile of blankets on the floor, an elfish little girl, with long, frowsy black hair, and big, black shining eyes, rested her weight on one hand and looked defiantly at the faces in the dark. How well she remembered that scene!

She could hear the moan of the wind in the dilapidated chimney. After that glance into the past, it seemed to her the night would never pass; and when the day had come that it would never end. She sent a messenger to Mrs. Ivanhoe to know if the message had been delivered, and waited with feverish impatience. Madame St. Clair could not understand why so restless a spirit had taken possession of her calm, self-commanding daughter, nor why she should take so violent a fancy to a horrid, black picture like that.

On the second day after the reception, the artist was announced. Rosamond waited with an eagerness she could barely conceal; and harder yet was it, for her to repress an exclamation when she looked searchingly into his face. What she had hoped for she hardly knew. It was the man of the mild manner and the two revolvers—older, changed with time, but surely the same. She half expected him to laugh and say *bravo*, as he had done on that morning so long ago.

Instead, he made her a bow that was politeness itself, and began a profuse apology for having kept her so long waiting.

A gentleman from Australia had seen the picture, and had doubled her father's offer for it—he told her with much hesitancy, and a little thrill of pride in his voice. He was in a quandary, poor fellow!

The very ill-concealed admiration in his eyes told Rosamond, without words, that his heart would have given the picture to her. The artistic slenderness of his purse spoke loudly to his heart that it would be wisdom to sell the picture to the man who had offered the most money for it.

Rosamond declared she would have the picture at any cost. Then something—a thought—set her heart to beating fast. "Would he bring the Australian to her, and let them settle between them about the picture?"

He agreed that he would bring him.

Never had Miss Rosamond St. Clair been more exacting with her toilet; never had she looked more queenly fair than on that day when she went down to meet the Australian about the picture.

The tall, handsome, tawny-moustached stranger bent over her hand with courtly reverence.

It seemed to Rosamond that the floor—everything in the room—mistily mingled together, and slowly rose up and closed around her. She wanted to fling her arms around him and scream out till the heavens heard her—"Dick!" for he it was who stood bowing so deferentially before her. She could never forget that face; but he—alas! he had forgotten. He very gallantly offered to withdraw his claim to the picture.

Rosamond proposed that they each pay the artist five thousand dollars and own the picture together, "Since we cannot divide it," she smilingly added. And thus it came that the obscure artist, whose best effort had never brought him a paltry hundred dollars, received the princely sum of ten thousand for one picture. The news was told over the city; he discovered that he was a genius of much importance. Every little daub of a picture that he had painted was sold within a week, and he had received enough orders for portraits to keep him painting the next twelve month.

Mr. Mordaunt, the Australian, became a daily visitor at the St. Clair Mansion,—

came, he said, to look after his picture. It was partnership property, and Rosamond invariably came down to look after it too.

One day he asked her why she had cared so much to have the picture.

"For the old man's face," she answered him.

"And why did you care so much to have the picture?" she retaliated with a saucy smile.

"For the old man's face," he quoted from her, "and the little girl's." There was a tender pathos in his voice, and it dropped to a lower tone. Rosamond turned away to the window and looked out on the street—turned away to hide the happy light in her eyes; he had not forgotten. They were delicious days that followed, days full of the pain of pleasure. Every new minute was a new proof to Rosamond that she was crowding herself out of his heart. She reveled in his loving her, but perversely desired that he still love the little girl in the picture. His wooing was not like any other's, the oddity of it fascinated her.

A week after that first meeting, taking leave of her one evening in the parlor, he held her slender, soft hand in both of his, then raised it to his lips and kissed it. The touch of her hand on his lips set the blood to dancing riotously in his veins; he put his arms around her and held her close—almost fiercely against his breast, and whispered in her ear. Her cheeks flushed crimson; she loosed his arms a little and laid her hands upon them and looked up into his face wistfully, eagerly. "Did you ever love any other woman?"

"What an answer to me!"

"Did you?" she persisted.

"No; I never truly loved any other woman."

Rosamond dropped her hands from his arms and her eyes from his face. Such answer would have made any other woman happy—it disappointed her.

Dick looked at her incomprehendingly. How could he know that she was jealous of herself.

"But if her sovereignty must have something to be jealous of, listen while the culprit confesses."

He drew her to a seat on the sofa and sat beside her.

"I said truly, darling, that I never loved another woman. A long time ago—I have been well nigh all over the habitable earth since then—I loved a child, a nameless little waif, who went barefooted and talked the cant of the sheep-herders and vaqueros of the Tulare plains, and whom I taught to read in the only book which she had,—an old almanac. You are what she might have become, with your opportunities. I was only a boy—it was only a boy's love—but I have carried the memory of that little girl warm in my heart all the years since."

"Why did you not come back to her?"

"Why do we so many times put off till to-morrow, and to-morrow, what our hearts are longing to do to-day? I started to go back to her and I met you."

"Why did you go away from her?"

"My precious interrogation point, there-by hangs a tale."

"Tell me the tale."

"I was a reckless, wild boy, but I loved the girl—and the old man"—he glanced at the picture. "I was accused of a crime—why do you not shrink away from me?" She sidled up closer to him. "And I ran away. It was in the night, some how—I never could understand—I got mixed in the dark, and lost my bearings. When toward morning, the moon came weakly out in sight—are you interested?"

"Yes, yes; impatiently interested."

"I discovered that I was going in the opposite direction to that I wanted to go. I knew the black line toward which my horse was making good time, was the timber of the San Joaquin, and I wanted to go north-east to the foot-hills. It was too late to turn back as the sheriff and his posse were trailing me, and I could never make it across that bare plain in broad-day without being seen. So I struck a bee-line for the timber. I seemed to be the only living thing in that desert of gray dawn, and I was beginning to feel secure for the day, and to realize that I was tired and hungry when my eyes lit on a most suspicious looking object to the west of me. I shut my eyes a moment, so that I could see plainer afterward, and looked with all my power of vision.

"The object was a party of horsemen, they had apparently discovered me about

the same time that I had them. One of them was holding a glass on me.

"As nearly as I could measure the distance with my eyes, we were about a mile apart and equally distant from the point of timber—a place where the river made a long bend. It takes me a good deal longer, I assure you, to tell it, then it did to take in the situation.

"There was nothing to do but run. I snatched the dirk out of my boot, and cut the strings that tied my blankets behind the saddle, and pushed them off. Jim (my horse), seemed to know what was the matter. I leaned forward and shouted something to him in Spanish, which would not bear translating in the present narration, he sprang to the race with the eagerness of a war-horse going to battle. Heavens, but that was a run! We had only got over about half of the ground, when I noticed that Jim was getting lame in one shoulder. I pulled off my coat and threw it away, and then my broad-brimmed, heavy hat. The lameness in Jim's shoulder became more noticeable every rod we went. He breathed heavily, and the foam from his nostrils flew back into my face, at every breath.

"It was still a good mile to the timber and I was a little bit a head. I kicked my feet out of the stirrups, slipped over the the horn of the saddle and cut the cinch, and pushed the saddle off behind. With his lightened load, he seemed to gather new strength. I remember I kept saying to myself: 'If he can only hold out to the timber!' but poor old Jim! something had gone seriously wrong with him. His ears began to lop, he staggered, and fell on his head a helpless heap. I went over his neck and lit on my head.

The fall kind of stunned me, and I lay a minute, dazed too much to think. Shouts and clattering hoofs roused my senses. The Sheriff's gang were upon me. The timber was not thirty yards away, the distance looked as wide as the world. I ran almost under the breasts of their horses, but I seemed to be bullet-proof, and just as the sun rolled up over the top of the Sierra Nevada I made a dive into the grape vines and blackberries in the Joaquin bottom.

"Poor old Jim! If I could find his bones I would give them a Christian buri-

al, and build a monument to his memory.

"Are you not tired of the story?" Dick asked of Rosamond, kissing softly the ends of the fingers he held.

"Nay," she answered. "I am thy Desdemona to-night; but pray thee, my lord, do not strangle me when the story is done." Dick resumed the story:

"I crawled on my hands and knees through the brush and briars, and I was careful, too, to keep in the brushiest, hardest-to-get-into places—till I came to a tree that was completely covered with wild grape vine. I climbed up in it, and sat on a limb till near the middle of the day.

"I got so sleepy I could hardly hold my eyes open, and I was hungry enough to have eaten a coyote. Then I got to longing for water. A man may be very tired, and stand it, or very hungry and stand it, when his neck is in danger; but when thirst gets hold of him danger does not count very far.

"I was a lamentably forlorn looking individual when I got to the river, coatless, hatless, muddy, scratched, and my shirt-sleeves torn into strings; but I got a drink, and never any water tasted as good to me as that water did. I sat down on the bank and tried wearily to think a way out of the predicament. Just then I heard a steamer puffing around the bend. It was an inspiration to me. I tore off one of my stringy shirt-sleeves and tied it at the end of a stick for a signal.

"The boat happened to be one that I knew, run by old Captain Jones. He was one of the old big-hearted pioneers of California. After he had taken a good look at me and lavished some very expressive pet names on my personal appearance, he ordered the cook to give me a "square meal" and show me a bunk.

"I did not get up again until we were running into the bay here at San Francisco. The Captain furnished me an ill-fitting coat and hat, laid a twenty in my hand, and I made my first bow to the city.

"The first place I strayed into after night-fall was a gambling den. I staked ten of my twenty dollars on a card, and lost. I staked another ten on another card and lost again. I was ashamed to hunt the Captain and ask for a loan, so I wandered aimlessly to the wharf, and sat down on an old box among the rubbish to think. Soon I

heard stealthy steps behind me, but thinking it some other unhappy wretch trying to get away from himself, I paid no further heed. Suddenly there came a blow on my head as though heaven and earth had come together and crushed me between them. I went sinking, sinking down, and I felt hands turning me roughly over and rifling my pockets. I remember I felt a grim satisfaction in knowing they would not find anything. Then the side-walk dropped from under me. I felt a breath of cold, damp air on my face and fell, swift as a dart down into the blackness. I heard the lapping sound of water, then the top of my head collided with something that evidently was harder than the head was, and I did not know any more about it. I came to my senses aboard of one of Walker's filibustering outfits bound for Nicaragua. I lay in the dark hold, listening to the sloshing of the waves against the side of the vessel, home-sick, heart-sick, and sea-sick. I did not know how long I had lain there. Pretty soon a rough, burly looking fellow, attracted my attention with his foot, and made me understand that I was wanted on deck. The captain, a heavy-set, devil-faced fellow, imperiously ordered me to scrub the deck.

"I told him I had never done any of that kind of work, and I did not know how to do it. For my impudence he grabbed a belaying-pin and struck at my head, the pin happened to be a wooden one, and I partially dodged the blow; quick as I could think, or rather, before I could think, I struck him square between the eyes with my first, and sent him floundering half way across the deck. There was a silence then which I cannot describe; it seemed to me that every man held his breath. The captain's face was purple with rage; he scrambled on his feet again, and glared at me like a famishing wild beast. He had his hand on the handle of his knife, I expected to be hacked into mince-meat. Instead, with mock politeness he informed me that I would be hung at sun-rise the next morning, and assured me that immediately after the ceremony I would be nicely carved and fed to the sharks."

Rosamond shivered and laid her cheek on Dick's shoulder.

"They clapped irons on my wrists, arms

and ankles, and dragged me back into the hold to meditate—. Are you not tired of my story?" he asked, turning his face to Rosamond. "The list of my follies is but just begun; sweetheart, do you love me yet?"

She put her arm round his neck and gave him a shy little hug which was a very close relative to the squeeze with which she had measured his belt on that ride at the Buzzard Roost; but she did not say, as then, "Dick, you're bully; I like you," instead, she gaily quoted:

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in thy heart,
I know that I love thee whatever thou art,"

hastily adding: "But hurry and tell me how you got out of that?"

Dick continued:

"I knew that nothing short of a miracle could save me. By and by—I could not tell how long, for it was pitchy dark, and I could hear no sound but the waves against the vessel's side—I heard the faintest rustling noise; I thought it was a rat. Soon I became aware of a presence other than my own, and the softest of soft Spanish voices whispered in my ear, '*Vamos?*' I answered in as low a whisper, '*Si.*' Two warm little hands fluttered over my wrists"—Rosamond drew her hands away from Dick and dropped them in her lap—"and slipped round the handcuffs. I heard the click of the key in one, then the other, and my wrists were free. The little hands slipped up my arms to the irons above my elbows, and turned as cautiously the key in them, and my arms were free. A moment of hesitancy, and the fingers patted lightly over me, down to my ankles, and unlocked them.

"A delicious sense of mystery crept over me. It was dark as Erebus, but I had a vision of a pair of bewitching dark eyes that had peeped out from the Captain's window at me, as I was dragged back to the hold."

Rosamond moved slightly toward the further end of the sofa, widening a little the small space between her arm and Dick. "A hat was put on my head, a cloak thrown around my shoulders, and I crept out with the hands now pushing, now pulling me the way. Out on deck, the Senorita, for it was she that I had seen in Captain's window, pulled my arm coquet-

tishly round her waist, and we walked boldly across to the taffrail. The man at the wheel did not pay any attention to us, it seemed to be the thing for me to walk there with my arm round the Senorita's waist. I began to dimly define her daring game. I had on the Captain's slouch hat, and long cloak. The night was dark, or my unaccustomed gait might have betrayed me. We walked round to the stern of the ship, and stood looking out on the water.

"The warm little hand then took hold of mine and laid it on the life preserver that hung at that end of the ship; together we slipped the cumbersome thing under my cloak and buckled it round my waist.

"The Senorita took a small bundle from under the *serape* which she wore and tied that round my waist, too. Again her hand took hold of mine; this time she laid my hand on the end of a rope that was fastened just where we stood, and thrown over the outside. She looked up in my face, pointed down the rope and out over the water. I understood: it was better than hanging. I raised the hand to my lips and kissed it again and again and again."

Rosamond put her hands behind her and moved a little further away from Dick.

"She crossed herself, and I climbed carefully over the side and swung myself down the rope. When my head was below the rail, the hands reached after me and took back the captain's hat and cloak. It was a doubtful-looking deliverance. The black, boiling water rolled up in a mountain of moans, and flung its foam in my face; and I thought I could hear the wail of the Banshee in the wind. I swung myself as far out from the side as I could, and dropped into the sea." Rosamond stole one arm back round Dick's neck, and shivering, hid her face on his shoulder. The rain pattered against the window; the flames in the grate flickered up and down and made shadows in the softer glow of the wax light. Dick took her in his arms; she lay on his breast a minute of happy abandonment, then jumped up and dashed the tears from her eyelashes and called him a pirate.

"I will tell you what, Rosamond, my love," he continued, "when the sun rose on that morning and I looked up and around me, and could see nothing—not-

ing but ocean and sky, and sky and ocean, I began to realize the immenseness of immensity. And when I untied the oilcloth bag that the señorita had tied round me, and took out the biscuits and bottle of water, my sympathy for poor Hagar in the wilderness was very deep.

"I was prosaically picked up, of course, before the sharks ate me or I starved to death, and landed on a foreign soil. But this story is much too long for one evening, and if your royal highness will permit me, will make a thousand and one entertainments of it, and postpone the continuation until we're m——." Rosamond put her hand over his mouth. She was again the impetuous little girl at the Buzzard Roost—the intervening years and her dignified young ladyship forgotten.

"But I *must* hear the last of it now—just the last."

"To read the last chapter of a book just spoils the preceding pages for one."

"Not if the book is interesting enough to read twice."

"But—Rosamond—fair Rosamond! it is late and a vision of my papa-in-law elect, with wrath in his eyes, is——"

"If you do not tell me the last chapter I will not let you go to-night."

"You tempt me not to tell it."

"With the vision of the wrathful papa-in-law," she said, blushing.

"Your majesty is correct. I will proceed."

"Not in that mocking tone."

"Nay, verily, not; I will paint it in the solemn, sombre hue of reality." He twisted his moustache into a miniature buffalo horn, and straightened a smile out of the corners of his mouth.

"Three years ago, after wandering over nearly all of the habitable part of the earth, I landed in Melbourne. I had a few dollars in my pocket, and I got into a game with a boyish-looking American, who was just in from the mines. I lost right straight along, till my last dollar was gone. He offered to lend me fifty to try my luck again—he was fascinated with playing. I accepted, and we began again. This time the luck was changed, I won game after game; we played all night; and when the barkeeper blew out the candles in the morning, I had transferred to my pocket every cent that he had—twenty

thousand dollars. I'll never forget how he looked, his face was as white as yon wall. He had a thin gold band on his little finger, he pulled it off and started to lay it on the table, then he slipped it back on his finger and got up and walked out. I thought of the night I had wandered down to the wharf in San Francisco with Captain Jones' old coat and hat on, and I followed him out. 'Jack,' I said, 'I don't want your money, and I'll give it back to you on one condition.'

The blood flushed up to his cheeks, and his voice was so hoarse I hardly recognized it.

"'I will give it back to you,' I said, 'if you will swear to me never to play a card again, or gamble in any way, as long as you live.'

"And what do you think the boy did; instead of accepting it eagerly, and drowning me with thanks, as I expected him to, he quietly folded his arms across his breast, and looked straight in my face with two of the bluest eyes I ever saw, and startled me by saying: 'I will accept your condition conditionally.'

"'Name your conditional condition,' I said, looking down on him with what I felt was a very fatherly smile.

"'I will take the money back from you,' he answered, 'if you will keep half of it, and swear to me never to play a card again, or gamble in any way, as long as you live.'

"I was sort of thunderstruck with the reply, but he resolutely persisted, and—well, the long and the short of it is—we each swore to the other, shook hands over it, and divided the money. We would have hugged and kissed if we had been two women."

"Or if one of you had been a woman," suggested Rosamond, archly.

Dick feined not to notice the interruption.

"We staid together that day and night, and talked the most of the time. The result of it was we planned a gigantic speculation, the magnitude of which I will explain to your ladyship later. Two months ago we sold out and divided up—the scheme had been successful beyond our planning. I loved that boy like a brother. We both took ship on the same day for America—he to New York to comfort his

mother's old age, and I to California to find an old man and a little girl of whom I had dreamed through all the adventurous years. The captain of the steamer I came over in was a friend of Mrs. Ivanhoe's; he took me to her art reception, and I found their pictures. He looked up at the costly framed painting. 'God bless him; he was too good a man to be my father.'

"And the little girl," said Rosamond; "have you loved her all the time?"

"She never had a rival until I met you."

"What if you should find her alive, and loving you yet?"

"I will never find her; I have found you."

"But if you should—if you should find her; if she were alive and standing here to-night."

"If she were standing here to-night—God help me; I could not choose between you."

"He forgets the lateness of the hour and the vision of the papa-in-law elect," said Rosamond, a mischievous smile twinkling in her eyes. Dick gets up with the lazy grace that is peculiarly his own, and took her in his arms. He kissed her forehead and the soft crown of purple black hair.

"A month from to-day, sweetheart," he said, looking into the shining, upturned eyes. "I will start the day after to-morrow on a short visit to the Klamath. You can have your *trousseau* made while I am gone."

"Say the day after to-morrow, instead, we will not have any *trousseau*, and I will go with you to the Klamath."

Blushes flamed in her cheeks, and made little spots of red on her white throat. Dick lifted the bowed face, and peered into the drooping eyes.

"Why should you go to the Klamath?"

"Because you go."

She had her way.

The beautiful blonde mother had French hysterics over the suddenness of the marriage—and her vanished dream of a title—but the wealthy Australian speculator was not to be scorned. The father was rather proud of his far-seeing son-in-law.

It was an odd bridal tour; and only the beloved scent bottle could support mamma St. Clair in the trying thought of it.

But Dick, and Rose—what cared they?

The two black horses and the light-covered spring wagon were to them Aurora's chariot of light. Over green flower-dotted plains, through broad fields of wheat and barley, and blossoming orchard and bearing vines, and wastes of waving wild oats, they went at last to the Klamath.

* * * * *

Uncle Si sat out in the shade of his house in the noon of one Spring day—sat watching the rings of smoke curl up above his old sweet-briar pipe. There was a look of hopeless waiting in his eyes: he had waited ten cruel years.

He looked older, he was slightly stooped, and he wore glasses when he read.

Some hens were wallowing in the ashes, and a top-knotted rooster tried loudly to call them to a bug he had found in the chips.

Uncle Si smoked on; the top-knotted rooster jumped up in the door and crowed.

"Sign, somebody's a comin'," said Uncle Si, his eyes mechanically turned to the road, down toward the Sacramento Valley.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and slipped it into his vest pocket.

"Ten y'er, an' mighty nigh half uv another'n," he repeated the words absently, wearily.

He had invested his money in land down on the plain, and it had doubled and doubled in value twice over. He might have lived like a prince with a palace of retainers, but he intrusted the managing of his thousands of acres of grain to an agent, and lived alone at the Klamath waiting for Dick.

He knew that his agent was appropriating enough out of the property to make himself rich, but he pretended not to know it.

"It's a doin' his family a powerful heap 'o good," he told himself, "an' it ain't a hurtin' me any."

A two-horse spring wagon coming up the road turned out toward the house and stopped at the woodpile. A man jumped out of it and helped a woman to alight; they walked slowly toward Uncle Si. He got up and stood waiting for them to approach. They looked curiously at him, and he at them.

"My wife," said the man, after he had passed the time of day, "is not used to

traveling, and is very tired. She would like to rest in the house a little while if you would kindly permit her.”

“Certainly, certainly,” said Uncle Si, taking off his hat and stepping politely back for her to pass. “Walk right in, Madame.” She walked a step or two past him toward the door, then turned back and threw her arms round his neck, pulled his head down to hers and commenced kissing his face. Uncle Si stood helpless a minute; he had a faint suspicion that it was a crazy woman; then he held her face away from his own and looked deep into her eyes.

“Lord God! its Rosie come back to me!”

The exclamation was a cry of thanksgiving.

Dick stood looking at them more helplessly amazed than his father had been. “Rose!” was all he could say. Uncle Si heard it, he reached out one arm and pulled Dick to his heart, and mutely held them both. Great tears, glistening in the sunshine, fell down his withered cheeks, and dropped on Rose’s head like pearls of dew. The noon zephyr toyed with his thin, white locks, and the Klamath, booming with its spring freshet, rolled angrily by.

MADGE MORRIS.

THE END.

A FRIENDLY WISH.

We list the story of a noble deed,
 And think no other e'er can be so great;
 But ah! the actions yet undone may speed
 A nobler actor to a nobler fate.

We watch the glory of the brightening moon,
 And deem no other e'er shall be so bright;
 But ah! the dawns that are yet unborn
 May wake more brightly some still-slumbering night.

We feel, entranced, the beauty of a thought,
 Assured no other e'er will be so rare;
 But ah! the fancies that are yet uncaught
 May prove to be how much more passing fair.

Be thine, my friend, that brighter morn to view;
 That fancy rare to grasp, that deed to do.

RICHARD HENRY PENSELL.

THE ORDER OF NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

The order of Native Sons of the Golden West, has grown so rapidly into importance of late, and is so truly patriotic in its principles, that all Californians must naturally feel deeply interested in its affairs.

On the 9th of September, thirty years ago, California sprang into existence, and became an integral part of this great Republic. This child of Freedom knew neither infancy nor youth. It was subjected to no tutilage, but rose, and grew, and blossomed, and took its place at once in the sisterhood of matronly states. The history of California is in many respects peculiar. Scarcely had the Stars and Stripes shed their glorious influence over this favored land, when the accidental discovery of gold brought hundreds and thousands of adventurers in search of the precious metal. In an incredible space of time,—a few months only, a population had gathered sufficient to warrant the admission of California into the Union as a State. The history of the admission is familiar to everybody—the long struggle, the difficulties overcome, and the final struggle on September the 9, 1850. That was only thirty-five years ago. Could the most sanguine spirit have anticipated such a change? The natural features have been adorned by the skilled handy work of man, and the scene has been so marvelously changed, as to be scarcely recognizable to one who may now return, after a lapse of but comparatively a few years.

We call those who came in 1849 and 1850, pioneers, and to us they are such; but the time will come, when the memory of their sons, and of even later immigrants, will be associated in the minds of men with these early pioneers. In California there are boundless resources yet undeveloped, or but partially developed. There still remains unlimited work to be done, and this work devolves to no small extent upon the present generation. They will prove equal to the occasion—there is not the slightest doubt of it. The Native Sons of the Golden West are to-day proud of the land of their birth, flushed with the vigor of manhood, and burning with a noble ambition to make for themselves names

that shall live on the pages of history long after they have been gathered to their fathers in the life beyond the grave. The generation now passing away has laid the foundation broad and deep, and to their sons is left the task of raising a superstructure upon it, which shall be grand and noble in design, and enduring in character. The work in which they are now engaged is pioneer work for the development and improvement of the State, and it will be taken up where they leave it, and carried on from generation to generation for centuries to come. How important it is then, that they should do their part well, with wisdom and discretion.

The character of the manhood of this State, is as yet undetermined; but we believe it will be inferior to none. The Native Sons, who gathered together on the 9th of September last, to celebrate with appropriate ceremony, the birthday of their State, will show to advantage in comparison with the young men of any other State in the Union; but they are, as yet, little beyond the threshold of their manhood, and their success in the battle of life is still to be determined. We have every assurance, however by the early promise, that distinction awaits many of them; and that in the broad field of learning and genius, California will take her place in the front ranks, shoulder to shoulder with the foremost.

The first years' history of California Parlor's existence will ever be of great interest to the Native Sons of the Golden West. Every incident in the history of that period, will have a call upon the attention of the Order. Now that it is strong and powerful its history is interesting not only to the 3,500 members of which it is composed, but also to thousands of others, who wish it success. The following history of the first year is carefully compiled from local newspapers.

It was during his office of Grand Marshal, for the celebration of the Fourth of July in San Francisco in the year 1869, that General Winn thought an exhibition of young Californians, would be an interesting feature in the procession. He advertised a time and place for them to meet. They

came in large numbers, but were much too young to appreciate organization. The matter was then left in abeyance for some years, but the General still kept the matter in his mind, with the view to a future and more auspicious occasion.

In June 1875, when General Winn was again engaged in making preparations for the celebration of the Fourth of July in San Francisco, he made the proposal to Gen. John McComb, who was Grand Marshal at the time, that the Native Sons should be a feature in the procession. General McComb concurred, and a meeting was called, at which Myles O'Donnell was elected to the chair, nothing more was done until the 1st of July, when the organization was affected for the celebration of the glorious Fourth.

With a borrowed flag and temporary decorations, the proceedings were looked upon as a mere boy's freak, that would end with the parade. But time has shown that the patriotic feeling in the breast of a Californian is no respecter of either age or sex. On this occasion, all under the age of sixteen were excluded, so that the order maintained was an improvement on the former occasion.

From this time the Order may be said to have been first called into existence. General A. M. Winn had long wished to establish a monument to commemorate the admission of the State of California into the Union, and he thought that the organization of an Order of Native Sons would be not only the most appropriate but one which would last throughout all time. At the request of several members he drew up a constitution and by-laws, which was submitted at a meeting held on the 11th of July, when John A. Steinbach was elected temporary chairman and Louis D. Patrick secretary.

The name of this club (for then it was no more than a club) as agreed upon was "Native Sons of the Golden West."

After the installation ceremony, it was unanimously resolved that General A. M. Winn be elected an honorary member of the Society, a distinction to which his services certainly entitled him.

A parliamentary class was formed, and gradually, under the sanguine Californian patriotism, the society assumed the proportions and ambitions of a fraternal and bene-

ficial society. The name "Parlor" was then given to the organization to denote its social character. The *Alta California*, with which General Winn was connected, lent its powerful aid, and did much toward spreading a knowledge of it throughout the State.

On Admission Day in 1875, the Society was escorted by the French Zouaves to Woodward's Gardens, where the occasion was celebrated with literary exercises, at the conclusion of which Miss Nellie Fenn, representing the Native Daughters of California, presented the Parlor with a beautiful silk flag. General Winn, in addressing the French soldiers said: "The French soldiers came to our aid in the revolution and saved the country whilst it yet hung quivering in the doubtful balance; and now, at this far off shore, you Frenchman have, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Admission of California into the Union, kindly escorted the Natives of this distant Pacific State to the scene of their celebration of the day endeared to them above all others in the history of their native State. So should the natives of the United States and France honor each other. So should their flags be linked, for between them there is an hereditary friendship."

General Winn presided over the parliamentary meetings for six months, and their regular officers were elected. John E. McDougal was chosen President and H. Lunstet, Secretary.

The first social party was given by the Order on the night of the 21st of October, 1875, at Sander's Hall; the occasion was the anniversary of the 21st birthday of the first President, J. A. Steinbach. In the course of the evening, Jaspas Fishbourne called the assembly to order, and addressed the President in a neat speech, presenting him with an embossed certificate of membership, adding to the value of the gift, by the very happy way in which it was presented. The President said in reply, that the Native Sons of the Golden West had been but four months organized. He was proud of the Association. He believed the hour would come when the Order would control the destiny of the Golden West. He concluded with a neatly turned reference to the very lively interest which the Native Sons felt in the Daughters of the Golden West.

The next meeting after this social party was held at Anthony's Hall. Two new members were initiated, others were elected, and twenty-four applications for membership were received. Among the active members at this time, one was twenty-nine years of age, one twenty-seven, one twenty-six, one twenty-five, two twenty-four, four twenty-three, four twenty-two, twelve twenty-one, fifteen twenty, five nineteen, six eighteen, seven seventeen, nine under seventeen. There were forty-seven members altogether.

The San Franciscan *News Letter*, a rather free and withal keen lance in journalism, gave the Order a hit, which did more good as an advertisement than harm as a sarcasm. Everybody reads the *News Letter*, though they pretend not to like it. On this occasion it said: "A sickly guild of callow simpletons, who meet sometimes and say things, have the good taste to name themselves Native Sons of the Golden West, and the newspapers considerably meddled them. We fatigue of this and demand that it cease. Idiocy of the ordinary type we can, and do, endure with considerable fortitude; but idiocy that is grass-green, stone cold, and gone sour, we can by no means tolerate; and if it continues, we shall find a way to make it very awkward for the Natural Sons, and may inadvertently do a mischief to the Golden West."

At a meeting held Thursday, November 18, D. W. Whepley was elected marshal in lieu of Fred. Streeter, resigned; and General Winn was requested to deliver the first lecture to the order. The Constitution fixing the limit at sixteen years of age for membership, was changed to eighteen years, and two dollars was fixed as the initiation fee after January 1st, 1886. General Winn delivered the lecture as requested, on the Monday following this meeting. The subject was "Etiquette."

The next meeting took place on November 27, when one candidate was initiated, and application for authority to organize Parlors in Marysville and Modesto, were favorably received. In December much work seems to have been done by the Order. Considerable excitement took place over the election of new officers in January. Arguments were made to change the place of meeting, from Anthony's Hall to the new building of the Red Men on Post St.,

but it was not ready for the meeting at which the new officers were elected.

On Tuesday, the 6th of January, 1876, the new officers were elected. Two candidates ran for president, Mr. John A. Steinbach and Mr. Jasper Fishbourne. Mr. Steinbach had served one term and had made a good presiding officer. Mr. Fishbourne was first Vice-President in the line of promotion; he was a native of San Francisco, and aged 24, was educated, prudent, industrious and temperate. Seventy-five members were present at the meeting; and Mr. Fishbourne was elected President by a majority of four. H. C. Stevenson was elected first Vice-President; F. C. Ree, second Vice-President; E. B. Marx, Recording Secretary; Thos. L. Stowell, Financial Secretary; and W. Whepley, Marshall; J. H. Grady, Treasurer; B. T. Mouser, Surgeon; H. F. Hamion, J. E. McDougal, W. Coffee, H. Marx and E. Brackett, Executive Committee.

At the close of the year 1875, the Society had one hundred members, some of whom resided outside the city. It had then been in existence only six months. The new officers were installed on Tuesday, January 12, 1876, in the new hall on Post street, fronting Union Square. Paul Hamion took the chair, President Steinbach acting as installing officer, who, on his appearance with the installation committee, was welcomed with grand honors. He began with the Sentinels, and closed by conducting the new President to the chair. The new officers then made addresses, and the late F. G. W. Fenn, Chaplain, concluded with an appropriate address.

On Thursday, January 20th, the first meeting under the new officers was held; ex-President Steinbach delivered a valedictory address, of which we make the following brief summary:

"During my administration, there has been harmony among the members to a degree that could hardly have been expected, in a society organized seven months ago, by those who were strangers to each other. Since then we have become friends and brothers with a common destiny.

"Without your united efforts, nothing could have been done, and mine would

have been fruitless. 'The sea is made up of drops—the islands, of particles of sand, and our Society of individuals, each having a part to perform, in perfecting our Society and moulding it into an harmonious, effective, progressive Order. Our policy must be to strengthen the weak, to correct errors by good advice, and good examples. By pursuing this course our march will be onward until the order of the 'Native Sons of the Golden West' will be a star of the first magnitude among kindred associations. It would be ingratitude in me, to close my remarks, without assuring the members of this Association that I am under many obligations to brother A. M. Winn for his kind, generous and voluntary assistance in the discharge of my duty; I thank him with all my heart and know you will join me in that expression."

A meeting was held in January, for the purpose of securing a beautifully printed copy of the Charter of the Order—the gift of the *Alta California*—set in a frame, the present of General Winn. Ex-President Steinbach, in presenting the frame, took occasion to give the following brief biography of the foundation of the order. He said :

"*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen;* I have the honor to present to this Society this magnificent frame, in the name of Bro. A. M. Winn, who first conceived the idea of forming this Association and called us together on the 29th of June, 1876. He then met with us and has attended every meeting since. He also organized and served the first six months as President of our Parliamentary School, giving us the benefit of his experience at every meeting of that department. No eulogy could add to the honor of our brother. His history is so merged with that of our native country, that the mere mention of his name brings his public acts and private benevolence fresh to our memory. He was a member of the City Council, and Mayor of Sacramento in 1849. President of the first Odd Fellows' Association at Sacramento, President of the first State land commissioners, general of brigade for seven years, President of the mechanics' State council for eight years, and held a number of other positions too numerous to name on this occasion. His prominence

as the poor man's friend and advocate of the labor interest has endeared him to the masses, to an extent seldom attained by any man, and last but not least, he has won for himself our warm attachment by his energy, fidelity and perseverance in our behalf. Everything he could do for us he has done; always ready to give counsel and advice to promote the interest of our Association, and make it strong in the estimation of the public.

"It is not too much for us to say that we may consider him the staunchest, firmest and truest friend. I hope this frame and charter will always hang together on the wall of our meeting room as mementoes of friendship to the Native Sons of the Golden West, which we will cherish through life and hand down to our successors with hope, pride and pleasure, ever remembering the many acts of kindness of the givers, which will always be fresh in our memory."

President Jasper Fishbourne then received the gift on behalf of the Association, especially thanking Mr. Fred. McCrellish and William A. Woodward, proprietors of the *Alta California*, for the charter, and General Winn for the frame.

The legatees of Henry C. Reed presented the Association with a silk flag in February. It was the flag which had been borrowed by the Association on the occasion of its first public parade on July 5th, 1875. At a meeting especially convened for the purpose of receiving the flag, eloquent speeches on behalf of the donors of the flag were delivered. President Fishbourne accepted the gift on the behalf of the Association, with a very appropriate speech.

A Bible was soon afterwards presented to the Association by A. L. Bancroft & Co., also an elegant carved frame for the pictures of General Winn and Daniel McLaren as President and Secretary of the Odd Fellow's Association, which met in the State. The frame was carved and presented by F. V. Hart, a member of the Order, and was a very creditable piece of work. At the bottom were the figures 1846-1876. The design is a grape-vine in full bearing, running down the sides of the frame. On the top of the frame in light-colored wood is the appropriate figure of a bear.

So far, the organization had only seen its first year; but in two years, despite the extravagance and contingent expense incident to a new society, the books showed an accumulation of over \$1,000, and a library had been established.

But in the midst of all this prosperity the Society was overtaken by a very severe loss. The entire amount of the savings had been deposited in Duncan's Bank, and in the panic of 1877 the Bank collapsed, and swept away every dollar. This was indeed a severe and discouraging blow to so young an organization; but the characteristic energy of the young men was never shown to a better advantage, for they set to work with indomitable energy to rebuild their lost fortune. Instead of losing heart, they projected the spreading of the Order to other cities in the State. The plan was successfully undertaken, and two new Parlors were established—one at Oakland—Oakland Parlor No. 2; the other at Sacramento—Sacramento Parlor No. 3.

The mother Parlor was then designated the "Charter Parlor," since it conferred charters, and instituted new Parlors at its own expense.

Before very long considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by the outside Parlors, at Sacramento and Oakland, because they had no representative whatever in the management of the affairs of the Order. The Charter Parlor, then in the interest of harmony and justice, proposed to form a "Grand Parlor," to be composed of five delegates from each of the then existing Parlors, and to delegate all power to such Grand Parlor.

This movement met with the strongest approbation, and on the 30th of November, 1878, the first Grand Parlor convened at San Francisco, in the rooms of the Charter Parlor, or as it was thereafter known, Californian Parlor No. 1.

The Grand Parlor effected a permanent organization by electing the following officers: Grand President, W. G. Hackett; Deputy Grand President, Benj. O'Neil; Grand Secretary, H. W. Taylor; Grand Treasurer, J. W. Bankhead; Grand Marshall, W. A. Marsh; Grand Chaplain, Geo. C. Kohler; Grand Lecturer, Benj. G. Worswick.

The first general celebration of Admission Day, by the Order of Native Sons of

the Golden West, took place at Marysville. California Parlor No. 1, had always celebrated in San Francisco in a local way; but in the demonstration at Marysville, delegates from all the Parlors assembled, and made the affair a grand success. This, of course, tended to largely increase the application for membership and charters, and on the 31st of December, 1881, the number of members had increased to four hundred and twenty-three, showing a gain in six months of fifty-five per cent.

At the fifth annual session which convened at Sacramento, the Grand Secretary was able to give a most favorable report of the state of the organization. The number of Parlors had increased to 13, and the members had increased from 425 to 625.

The year 1883 was marked by the grandest display the Native Sons had yet made, as an Order. This occasion was the celebration of Admission Day at Stockton. Delegates appeared in line from the most distant Parlors in the State, and those within fifty miles sent every man that could be mustered.

The seventh annual session of the Grand Parlor was held at Marysville on April 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th. During the five months following and up to the 1st of July, 1884, the Order made the most gigantic strides. Within that time ten new Parlors had been instituted, and the membership increased in a corresponding proportion. The Secretary's report showed a total of 38 Parlors and 1,793 members.

The eighth annual session of the Grand Parlor was held at San Jose April 13, 1885, Grand President Steinbach presiding. Delegates from 57 Parlors were represented. The Grand President made an interesting speech, in which he drew attention to the rapid progress of the Order. He said the membership had increased from 1,248 to about 3,400. The financial condition of the Grand Parlor was also satisfactory; showing a balance of \$3,247.73. Grand Secretary Henry Lunstedt made an interesting speech in which he showed his decided ability, and clearly showed that a more able secretary would be difficult to find in the order.

The following Grand Officers were then elected for the present year: Past Grand President, J. A. Steinbach; Grand Presi

dent, Fred H. Greely; Grand Vice-President, Charles W. Decker; Grand Secretary, Henry Lunstedt.

It was decided to hold the next session of the Grand Parlor at Los Angeles. The report of the committee on ritual was considered and some important changes made. On the 16th the Grand Parlor adjourned, having first passed a resolution of thanks to Past President Steinbach, for the splendid service he had rendered the Order.

The greatest and most successful of the annual celebrations of the Native Sons was held this year at Santa Rosa, on the 9th of September last; and it has more historical interest than any of the preceding ones. Early on the auspicious morning, which dawned as if it had been specially made for the occasion, a salute of guns was fired, which woke all who were trying to indulge in sleep; shortly afterwards the streets were full of life, and Native Sons were everywhere to be seen in neat and appropriate uniforms.

At 9 o'clock, nine bands began to discourse at the various headquarters, to bring the members of the various Parlors together. When the train arrived at 11:15, it brought 500 more to join the 1200 who had arrived the previous evening. After the parade, which challenged the admiration of all, literary exercises were indulged in at the Atheneum, and some splendid specimens of oratory delivered. The addresses were made by J. H. McGee, Governor Stoneman, and Charles L. Weller, of which we give the following résumé.

Mr. James H. McGee, in the course of his address, cordially welcomed the Native Sons. He said that he believed the people of Santa Rosa have earned a reputation for being proud of their city, their climate, their hospitality, their generosity, their fair women, brave men, and Native Sons of the Golden West. They were met here to-day, to signalize the recurrence of a day, celebrated in our annals, and venerated in our memories. That the Grecians and Romans preserved the memories of their illustrious times, and dedicated to their honor, games and fetes. Why should we not imitate their example? He said that if men are distinguished by birth upon Californian soil, they should show that it is really a distinction by right of excellence, as well as accident of birth.

In conclusion he again bid the Native Sons welcome to the Queen City of old Sonoma, not as pioneers are sometimes welcomed "with bloody hands to inhospitable graves" but with music, merriment and gladness.

Governor Stoneman's address should be read by every young man: "We often hear the remark made, that such and such a young man who, perchance, gets into a difficulty, belongs to one of the best families, and this is given as a reason why he should be dealt with leniently, and I often hear it assigned as a reason why the prisoner should be let out from behind the bars. Instead of its being a palliation, I hold it should be his condemnation. It simply proves that not even pride of birth or respect for his ancestry, or regard for his kindred, can have an influence over him, and prevent him from disgracing himself, and tarnishing their fair fame. When we look around us, and see how few of the rich men in California are examples for our boys to follow, we cannot wonder that so many young men who have the means to gratify their vicious tastes—inherited from their fathers—turn out bad and get into trouble. You can almost count the moral and respectable nabobs of San Francisco on the fingers of your hand. Some of them, thank the freak of fortune, are pulling up and migrating to pastures new, and scenes more exciting than can be enjoyed within the limited opportunities of the State of California. Let me urge upon you to shun as you would a physical leper the contaminating influence of these worse than lepers. If from whom much is given much shall be required, be a law of nature, these old reprobates will have plenty of time to repent in purgatory, and a hot place in sheol to regret their lost opportunities for good.

"They might all die to-morrow, and who, outside the limited circle of their own families, would shed a tear, or heave a single sigh of regret—unless it might be the various women, who are either suing for alimony or breach of promise; these hoary-headed old lechers—most of whom part their hair with a towel. Oh, that I might see before I die, the time when this class of men shall be ruled out of every house, and particularly every ladies parlor, in this our State at least. The drunkard only injures and disgraces his wife, and family,

but these men disgrace and contaminate the whole society in which they may reside. Their backs should be lashed with scorpions by every right-minded father in the land, and the pulpit and the press in particular, should lay on and spair not. A hotel keeper told me the other day, that one of the rich men of California had given him positive directions not to trust his own son for a meal of virtuals on his account, and yet this son was only following, perhaps, the example set him by his own father. In every day life I feel keenly and therefore speak freely upon these matters, for I have sons of my own.

"It may be said that every man and woman has the right to do with his or her own as he or she may please. Not so. The courts say that no one has a right to use his own to the detriment or injury of his neighbor. No one has the right to contaminate a spring from whence flow the waters for the common use of all. Should any one persist in so doing, it is the right as well as the bounden duty of each and every one to take any steps to abate the nuisance. So it is the bounden duty of every conservator of morals, to see that society is kept free from the contaminating influences of vice, in every form, from whatever source. We may not be able to regulate public morals by legal enactments or Constitutional amendments; but there is such a thing as a higher law in morals, known as public sentiment. Let this be brought to bear with crushing effect upon every one, however prominent may be his station, who is known to have violated the common decencies of private life.

Chas. L. Weller, the eloquent young orator, also delivered an address, of which we give the peroration:

"On an occasion of this kind, when our hearts are full of tender memories of the past, and our minds turn again to the golden days of boyhood, when life seemed all sunshine, and our highest dreams and aspirations were so quickly gratified, ere we had learned the bitterness of defeat or the hollowness of victory—before we drank of the cup of knowledge which brings sorrow, who of us, turning again to the sweet past, has failed to look for one form dearer than all others, the pioneer mothers of our State. Would that I had the eloquence with which to

pay a fitting tribute to their memory—coming as they did across the desert plains and over thousands of miles of ocean, leaving behind them, without a murmur, all the comfort and refinements of civilization, content to take their place beside the one they loved, and suffer all for his sake. Their life-work lies before us in the homes that are within our borders.

"Oh, firesides, dotting mountain, valley and plain, ye by your thousand voices bear testimony of the noble work and worth of the truest mothers of our State. May God bless them to their latest day!

"Standing here to-day among the vine-clad hills of Sonoma, on ground rendered historic as being the place where the first blow was struck by Americans, having for its object the conquest of this fair land, almost in sight of the spot where the famous Bear Flag fluttered in the breezes of that summer day thirty-nine years ago, we are more than impressed with the vast evidences of progress that meet our view on every hand. Where once the mountain and hillside were covered by mighty forests, inhabited by savage beasts or still more savage men, now we have the vine and the fruit tree, under the shadow of which dwells the happy and contented husbandman.

"The old pioneer, his life work almost finished, here rests and dreams of the stirring days of yore, happy in the knowledge that through his exertions this goodly heritage was secured and that his children's children will rise up and call him blessed.

"To the noble pioneers, California owes a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. By their efforts she has been placed within a few short years in a position second to none in the sister-hood of States. Situated as we are, upon the utmost western border of the Republic, far from the center of Federal authority, we have not received the same amount of comfort and assistance from the general government that our sister States have enjoyed.

"Yet our loyalty and love for our common country has never wavered in the past, nor will it ever falter in the future. Each star in the flag is dear to our hearts, and we are content to bide the time when we shall be better understood. Standing at the

gateway of the East, with the manners, customs and civilization of an alien race, old when our world was born, menacing our homes and institutions, we have been forced to bar the way to this servile flood, that we might protect our own firesides. To the rest of the world California bids a most hearty welcome. On our great fertile plains is room for all, with enough of food to fill the hungry of other lands.

"To those sitting in the darkness of a despotism kept alive by force in the old world, we offer all the blessings which liberty ever brings to its happy possessor.

"Founded, as this State was, by men of every clime under heaven, we have absolutely no prejudices, judging all by their works and making none responsible for the errors of his ancestors.

"With these blessings on every hand, and with the vast resources of our soil, there is practically no limit to our possibilities as a people. A grand destiny awaits our State. May each of us be prepared to act well his part with honor to himself and his fatherland.

"To you, pioneer fathers, we turn this day with hearts full of gratitude for the blessings you, by your valor, have conferred upon us. To those who, having passed over the divide, look down upon us from the heights of eternal bliss, guide, we pray you, the destiny of the State you loved so well.

"To others who are still with us, we wish all happiness and peace. May their last days be indeed their best ones; and when the sun for them shall, for the last time, shed his brilliant rays upon the land they held so dear, may its declining light guide them safely into the eternal rest.

"And now to thee, Oh, Colifornia, brightest and purest star in all the galaxy to us, we, thy children, do, on this day, renew our fealty to thee. Loving thee as no other people can love thee, springing from thy bosom and nurtured on thy breast, we pledge our lives, our honors to the preservation of thy liberty in all its pristine strength!

"May he be greatest among us who does the most for thee.

"And through all the cycles of the ages, God grant that thy fair shield shall shine far out over the western waters in all its radiant splendor!"

The object and aim of the Society cannot be better expressed than in the following prefatory to the constitution and by-laws:

"The society of Native Sons of the Golden West was organized for the mutual benefit, mental improvement and social intercourse of its members; to perpetuate in the minds of all native Californians the memories of one of the most wonderful epochs in the world's history—'the days of '49'; to unite them in one harmonious body throughout the State by the ties of a friendship mutually beneficial to all, and unalloyed by the bitterness of religious or political differences, the discussion of which is most stringently forbidden in its meetings; to elevate and cultivate the mental faculties; to rejoice with one another in prosperity, and to extend the Good Samaritan hand in adversity.

"The members must bear a good reputation for sobriety and industry; they must follow some respectable calling by which to make a living, and as a vital principle of the association, it encourages temperance among its members and recommends total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."

With regard to the qualifications for the order, it is distinctly and exclusively a California order; recognizing no Golden State, save such as the American flag has waved over, and none are eligible for the order, save white males, born within the State of California, since the 7th of July, 1846; being the day on which Commodore Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey.

None are eligible for membership who have not in addition to a good character, a recognized trade, calling, or profession. Its members, therefore, belong to the brain, or the bone and sinew of the State. No one is received under the age of eighteen years, and each subordinate Parlor has the right to debar older Natives, if it chooses. Many Parlors have placed the eligible age at twenty years. At present charters are granted only within the State boundary.

The library, previously referred, to was opened on the fourth of July, 1885, for the use of members of the Order in the city, and members from the interior Parlors visiting the city. The rooms, which are at 105 Stockton Street, are comfortably furnished, and on the tables may be found the

newspapers and periodicals of the day. The rooms are open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M., daily. All members are cordially invited to make the rooms their headquarters when visiting the city, and they will there be able to gain all information concerning the meeting of Parlors, etc. The brotherhood of the Society will also relieve many of the feeling that they are strangers in the city. Donations of books, papers, minerals, natural curiosities, etc., are thankfully received, and there is little doubt but that many who are not Native Sons, but who wish the organization the success it deserves, will be tempted to contribute.

The following article from the *Sonoma Republican* of the 9th September, '85, expresses concisely the history of the origin of the Library :

LIBRARY AND READING-ROOMS, N. S. G. W.—Prominent among the many forward strides made by the Native Sons during the past year, stands the establishment of a library and reading-room by the Parlors of San Francisco for the use of its members in the city, and those visiting the city from interior Parlors.

Since the inception of the Order, a clause has appeared in the by-laws of the Parlors, providing for the establishment of a library under the direction of the respective Parlors, but nothing was ever accomplished. California Parlor, No. 1, made several attempts to carry out the objects of the provision, but for various reasons abandoned its efforts in that direction.

The unprecedented and rapid formation of new Parlors, and the consequent interest and additional increase of members, demonstrated to the thoughtful the necessity of devising some plan, having for its object the centralization of the Order, providing a place where members from all sections of the city and State could meet together at all times, form and strengthen each other's acquaintance and friendship, and where all information and data pertaining to the fraternity and its interests could be obtained, and the founding of which would tend to the exemplification and realization of the grand objects and principles of the Order of Native Sons.

Fully impressed with the importance of the scheme, and sanguine of its entire feasibility, Past President Edward Hartmann, of California Parlor, with character-

istic energy, succeeded early this year in enlisting the interest of the six Parlors of San Francisco in the enterprise. Committees were appointed by them, and the first joint meeting, thereof, by its harmony of thought and unity of action, assured the movement a success.

It was decided to establish a library and reading-room under the auspices and support of the Parlors. A resolution was adopted asking them to set aside monthly, for reading-room purposes, five per cent. of their monthly income, and, when submitted, it was unanimously endorsed by them, and the amount required unhesitatingly voted for the purpose.

The committee set actively to work and secured desirable rooms at 105 Stockton street, and on the 4th of July last, they were formally opened to the members of the N. S. G. W.

Conveniently located and comfortably furnished, they became at once the daily resort of the members. Their popularity is demonstrated by the large number of names daily recorded upon the "Visitors' Register," and representing many parlors.

Generous donations of books, papers and natural curiosities are being continually received, and the members manifest in many ways their appreciation of the efforts of the committee to make them attractive as well as a useful feature of the Order.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the members of the committees, whose names are appended, and by whose energetic and active co-operation this important undertaking was accomplished: California Parlor, No. 1—Edward Hartmann, J. A. Rutherford, J. J. Suffern. Pacific Parlor No. 10—Wm. McCloskey, J. A. Steinbach, Wm. H. Miller. Golden Gate Parlor, No. 29—C. E. M. Hinckley, J. B. Eagan, F. J. McConnell. Mission Parlor, No. 38—Walter N. Brunt, E. J. McNamara, J. L. Nagle. San Francisco Parlor, No. 49—C. A. O'Brien, L. Carrau, Wm. Lambert. El Dorado Parlor, No. 52—R. W. Neal, F. A. Avery, E. Soher. Wm. H. Miller, President; Edward Hartmann, Secretary; R. W. Neal, Treasurer.

The opening of the Library is no longer an experiment, but an assured success. The attendance for the first three months—July, August and September—has been over

4,000,—all members. By strict economy the money allowed by the Parlors, has more than covered the expenses. The benefit given at the Mechanic's Pavilion, on the 16th of October, was a financial and social success, enabling the committee to liquidate all debts, and leaving a handsome balance to the credit of the fund, which will be devoted to the purposes of improvement and increased facilities.

The energetic action of the Order in establishing a library in connection with so sincere a brotherhood, cannot be too highly commended. Every step that can be taken towards a high moral and intellectual status, is being actively advanced. Al-

ready the Native Sons count among their members some of the most promising men of the State. It is a great deal to be able to say this of an organization, whose oldest member cannot count more than 39 years, but it is nevertheless the case. One has but to consider the work they have already accomplished, to read the glorious future. In the time to come, when the whole of California pulsates with their influence, when they count their members, not by thousands, but by millions, men will turn with gratitude to the memory of General Winn, the founder of the order of Native Sons of the Golden West.

W. E. A.

LOLITA.

A TALE OF SANTA MONICA CAÑON.

It was the eve of the *diez y seis* (16th) *Septiembre* (Sept.) at Santa Monica Cañon, and all the inhabitants of that little village were in a state of joyful excitement. For was not this the eve of their loved Mexico's natal day—their own 4th of July—and it had been determined by all the people of the Cañon to have a *gran fiesta* (great feast) of pleasure to commemorate the birth of Mexico's liberty. At the house of Don Vicente Sanchez, the largest and most commodious in the village, all was bustle and excitement, for the Don, a wealthy old *ranchero*, had determined to spare no expense in furnishing amusement and hilarity to his numerous dependents. The house, a low, rambling adobe, with a flat, asphaltum-covered roof, and long arbors of grape vines in front, was all ablaze; lights streamed from every window, and numerous attendants ran hither and thither preparing for the coming festivities. Out in the evening air floated the smell of *tomales*, *ench el a des*, *chili con carne* and other favorite dishes, their piquant flavor lending zest to the mirth and merriment that prevailed within and out of the house. Away down in one corner of the old Don's hacienda, in an old adobe building were assembled more than an hundred of the Don's *boregeros* or (sheep shearers), a motley gathering of half Mexican half In-

dian sheep-shearers who had come in from the neighboring hills and mountains to join in the sports of the morrow. *Mescal*, a powerful intoxicant, flowed freely and loosed the tongues of many a *boregero*, and now and then there would burst out the not unmusical voice of some half-drunken *boregero* singing some plaintive love song or some fiery, patriotic air of the days when the hated Maximillian was driven from Mexico's shores. As the singing was always accompanied by the ever present but melodious guitar, and every *boregero* would join in the chorus, the effect was not unpleasant. At the *casa* itself the Don was entertaining a goodly company of neighboring *rancheros*, and also two personal guests, one a fair haired blonde mustached young American, by name, William Kelly, who had come to the Cañon as the representative of a syndicate of wealthy capitalists who had purchased for a mere trifle hundreds and thousands of acres of broad lands, barren it was true, but they intended to bring from the hills and mountains in close proximity, water in sufficient quantities to irrigate all their lands and turn the barren plains into magnificent orange groves and vineyards. Kelly was their superintendent, and as the Don was very much interested in the plan, and also as Kelly had shown him a sure method of

exterminating scale-bugs, then making fearful inroads upon his orange groves, the old Don had insisted upon his becoming a guest at the house. Kelly, whose devotion to his business had earned for him the sobriquet of "Water" Kelly, had gratefully accepted. The other guest was a tall, dark complexioned young Spaniard, by name Tomaso Garcia; his father was a lifelong friend of the old Don's and the young man, whose home was in Mexico, was here on a visit to his father's friend. Both young men were rivals for the hand of the Don's only child, Lolita, a beautiful type of the Spanish Californian beauty. Tall, lithe and exquisitely formed, a complexion of deep olive, but clear as crystal, eyes as black as midnight that danced and sparkled with mischief, a mouth perfectly shaped, lips of deepest carmine, and long, raven glossy hair, she was indeed a superbly beautiful maiden, and the pride of the whole Cañon; she had long been sought after by every young *caballero* for miles around, but as yet had held aloof from all, preferring to be in "maiden meditation fancy free," and preferring her outdoor life of riding around the hacienda and rambling in the mountains, to the humdrum life of a married *senora*. But since the advent of the young American, her heart had been strangely stirred; his ardent, admiring glances had more than once caused her pretty face to blush and set her pulse to bounding wildly underneath the veins in her beautifully moulded wrists. While as yet no word of love had been spoken between them, things had progressed most favorably for the young American, until young Garcia had appeared upon the scene and he, becoming infatuated with Lolita's beauty, had determined to win her for his bride. He was a splendid conversationalist and a fine singer, and so delicate and numerous were his attentions to the gentle Lolita that the balance had swayed from side to side, first Kelly being the favorite and then Garcia.

Both ardently pursuing their wooing, until at last, Lolita, more in a spirit of mischief than seriousness, had promised her hand to the one who was the most successful in the sports of the morrow, little dreaming of the awful consequences to follow. The programme embraced horse-racing, chicken-pulling and picking up a

handkerchief while riding at full speed, winding up in the evening with an old-fashioned *baile* (dance), the same as danced by their great grand-parents in loved Mexico.

Kelly and Garcia were the owners of two thoroughbred horses, and each entered his animal in the coming contests, each confident of winning the races and the hand of the lovely Lolita. The morrow dawned bright and sunny and at an early hour the Cañon was alive, every one making preparations for the coming festivities. Every house was decorated with evergreens, flags and lanterns of their national colors, in honor of the glorious event. Barefooted *muchachos* (boys) ran through the Cañon in as high glee as the average American youth on the 4th of July.

Inside the old adobe dwellings the mothers were busy washing and dressing their young children, and trimming them with pieces of red, white and green ribbons. The old señoras were busy making *cascarones* for the *baile* in the evening—these consisted of egg shells filled with colored paper, cut in minute pieces and covered with the white of the egg. These the amorous young *caballeros* would gently break over the head of the Señorita that attacked his fancy and she would return the compliment, this being what the American youth would call "a mash."

The colored papers gleamed and glistened in the black hair of both sexes, presenting a brilliant spectacle lit by the light of numerous lamps and lanterns.

In the afternoon the race-course was prepared. It consisted of a straight level stretch of ground, five hundred yards in length, and the race was to be run by the starters facing the reverse way, and then suddenly turning and running at full speed, a feat requiring considerable dexterity and horsemanship. About two in the afternoon the grounds were filled with an eager, bustling crowd of pleasure-seekers, all anxious for the coming races, none more than Kelly and Garcia, for was not the pretty Lolita there to greet the victor with a smile of approval. Soon the starter, an old imperturbable Mexican, with the everlasting brown paper cigarette in his mouth, rode to the starting point and called for the contestants. But two responded—Kelly and Garcia, each mount-

ed on his own thoroughbred horse. The other young *caballeros*, recognizing the superiority of the two horses, had refused to enter.

Either side of the track was thickly lined with a moving mass of humanity, each straining their necks to catch a glimpse of the start. The old Mexican waved his red bandana handkerchief as a sign to clear the track, and every breath seemed to be held, so still became the crowd—"Santiago," shouted the old Mexican, and, like a flash, both horses turned and came thundering down the track, neck and neck, each straining every nerve to win, but fortune seemed to rest with the American, for his horse just at the outcome stretched out his long neck, and, poking his nose in front, won by a nose. The crowds at once set up a shout of welcome to the victor, and crowned his horse with wreaths and flags, while pretty Lolita smiled her prettiest on the victor. Garcia, hiding his mortification as well as he could, led his horse back to the *corral* to prepare for the other contests. After a sufficient time had elapsed, the track was once more cleared for the old-time sport of "chicken pulling." A chicken was brought out and buried up to his neck in dirt in the center of the track, and again the crowds eagerly looked to see the victor in this old-time favorite pastime. Garcia and Kelly both took their places amongst the numerous starters, and awaited the signal which was soon given. Down the track thundered the horsemen, but Kelly and Garcia at once took the lead, and it was an exciting race between them, Garcia being confident of winning, he being an adept at this kind of sport; but Fate seemed against him, for the young American gaining a slight lead, flung himself over the side of the horse and with a dexterous pull, drew the chicken from the dirt, and held it aloft as a trophy of victory. Garcia was right at his horse's heels, just a moment too late.

Again thunders of applause greeted the victor, and he became at once immensely popular. As for Lolita, she beamed her brightest upon the gallant young American señor. Garcia, his heart filled with rage at his lack of success, again led his horse to his *corral*, to prepare for the contest of picking up the handkerchief, but he was

no more successful in this than in the others, his rival Kelly carrying off the honors of the day. Toward dusk the people scattered to their various homes to rest for the festivities of the evening, the principal event being the old time baile in ancient costume, with the ancient music, consisting of an old violin and guitar, the directions to the dancers being sung in a chanting tone by an old superannuated Mexican.

On the way home Kelly managed to ride close to the side of Lolita, and the ardent pressure of his hand being returned at parting, had given him an elasticity of step and buoyancy of feeling, that it seemed to him as though he was walking on air. In the evening, clad in the old-time Mexican costume, he led the beautiful Lolita through the mazes of the *Cachucha*, La Jota, Los Pollitos and the intricate Mexican quadrilles, but he was in the seventh heaven of bliss when he glided through many a dreamy waltz with the beautiful Lolita in his warm embrace, she being like all Spanish señoritas, a divine waltzer. Garcia stood aloof throughout the entire evening, his heart filled with a burning hatred for his fortunate rival, and his mind continually dwelling on his mortifying defeats of the day, until at last unable to longer witness the happiness of Lolita and Kelly, he rushed from the dance into the darkness of the night.

Throughout that long night, strife as he would, he could not banish thoughts of revenge from his mind. All night he laid awake planning schemes to revenge himself upon his hated rival, and secure Lolita for his own.

He arose in the morning half-crazed from brooding over his trouble, the loss of Lolita and the happiness of Kelly. His heart was a seething mass of hatred and he kept its fires alive by nursing his fancied wrongs. He planned a fearful revenge but resolved to be as secret as the night in removing his rival and securing Lolita. He at once set about accomplishing his object. Far up the Cañon resided an old Indian woman, famous over the whole Cañon for her knowledge of herbs and medicine. During the day he sought out this old Indian woman and purchased from her a deadly poison—it was the poison of the deadly rattlesnake and tar-

antula distilled into a colorless liquid and as deadly as prussic acid. He returned to the *hacienda* and mingled with the guests as usual. The next day Kelly led the blushing Lolita to the Don and asked his consent to their speedy marriage. The old Don was at first reluctant to part with his dearly loved daughter, but at last consented to an early marriage. The days sped on loving wings for both Kelly and Lolita, and they were supremely happy in each others's company.

At last the marriage day arrived and in order that all the tenantry might witness the ceremony and join in the festivities after, the Don had determined to have the ceremony performed under the old arbors in front of the residence; in consequence, long tables loaded with delicious wines and food had been placed there to accomodate all the guests.

The Good Padre was summoned from Los Angeles to perform the ceremony. He arrived about 1 o'clock, and after a comfortable *siesta* announced himself ready to unite the loving twain. All repaired to the open air, and underneath an old fig-tree, its branches forming an evergreen canopy over their heads, Lolita and Kelly were united. After much hand-shaking and kissing all repaired to the repast, spread underneath the old arbors. At the head of the table sat the old Don with the Padre at his side; next were Lolita with Kelly and Garcia on either side. Unperceived the wily Garcia poured the contents of the deadly vial into his wine-glass after the solids had been disposed of. Garcia arose and addressing the assemblage said: "I ask you all to drink a standing health to the happy couple; but in order to satisfy my desire to do homage to the work of the happy groom, I ask him to exchange glasses with me and drink to long life and

happiness." Kelly laughingly complied, and raised the glass to his lips. At this moment an old yellow Mexican dog, lying under the table, snapped at Garcia's leg, he having stepped on his tail. The dog's teeth penetrated the flesh and caused Garcia to utter a cry of pain. Every one looked to see the cause of the exclamation and in the confusion set down their glasses. In the excitement the glasses became changed, Lolita unconsciously replacing them as they were originally. A few well administered kicks drove the offending animal from under the table. Garcia, not perceiving the change, again asked every one to drink a standing health to the happy couple. Each drained their glass, when from Garcia's lips burst an awful cry of terror; he fell to the ground writhing in the agonies of an awful death—instantly all was confusion and excitement. Garcia was carried into the open air, but nothing availed. In a few moments the unfortunate victim of his own plot was dead. Lolita, remembering the change of glasses, turned faint at the deadly peril her lover had so narrowly escaped. In a few words, all was explained. The old Don was horror-stricken at the death of the unfortunate Garcia, who was afterwards interred with fitting respect and ceremony, all realizing his changed and crazed condition of mind. The work Kelly was engaged in proved a grand success, and soon the barren plains bloomed and blossomed with oranges and vines. Lolita and Kelly continued to reside with the Don until his death, when they entered into possession of his vast estates, and lived happily, surrounded by a numerous progeny of Native Sons and Daughters.

HOMER C. KATZ.

Los Angeles Parlor, No. 45.

PROGRESS OF CALIFORNIA.

The generous fellows of the olden times,
 Despised the quarters and ignored the dimes;
 But as prosperity and wealth increases,
 We break our necks to grab the five-cent pieces.

SAM DAVIS.

A FOREIGNER'S IMPRESSION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

"You are a stranger in this city?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Englishman?"

"No, Australian."

"Well, its about the same thing, is it not?"

"No, indeed, you don't flatter an Australian by mistaking him for an Englishman."

"Well, what do you think of America, anyhow?"

"So far I have only seen San Francisco and it would not be fair to judge America from so comparatively new a city, but if you would be interested in hearing how a stranger finds San Francisco I will be glad to tell you."

My companion gave his assent, and resigned himself stoically to his fate.

"Well, San Francisco has its virtues like every other city in the world; but the virtues are not the most striking thing to the stranger in any city. I will, therefore, just give you my ideas as they come, with reference to what appear to me to be the most striking features about San Francisco. If I should make any comparison with Sydney it is not with the idea of showing Sydney to an advantage, but from want of another criterion.

"To do this properly, I should tell you my impression or, rather, my anticipation of America before I set out. It is probable that I shared, to some extent, the opinion of other Australians, who, as a rule, know as much about America as Americans know about them; and that is, I can assure you, very little, indeed. Americans look at me with suspicion when I attempt to assure them that the Australian continent is as large as the whole of the United States, and that the distance across it from east to west is almost the same, mile for mile, as the distance between San Francisco and New York.

"Australians have very little interest in America, as their foreign affairs have almost exclusive reference to Europe. They consequently have a great many very false and absurd ideas of America. In their eyes the American is a tall thin man, with lantern jaws, and a tuft of hair on his

chin. He wears ill-fitting clothes, has a quid in his cheek, and is always ready to draw his pistol. He has an expression of deep-seated cunning in his features, and is supposed to lay around for the unwary stranger, whom he invariably succeeds in fleecing. I cannot say I quite endorsed these opinions, though I may have been to some extent influenced by them.

"It was on a cold foggy day that I first beheld from the deck of the 'Mariposa' the pleasing prospect which has made a lasting impression upon my mind. The lovely Golden Gate lay in front of us, half shrouded in vapory clouds. The sea was dead calm, and everywhere were steamers and ships, showing that we were drawing near the great Western Metropolis. The scenery was simply enchanting, as we entered the Gate and made our way towards the city.

"About 2:30 P. M., the steamer made fast to the dock, and on going to the vessel's side, I was surprised to see a great number of men on the wharf in a seeming state of great agitation. They were yelling at the top of their voices, and gesticulating frantically. As soon as the plank was put out, I hastened to go ashore; but had no sooner made my appearance, on the stage, than I was greeted with a terrific shout from the shore. Looking up, I was surprised to find that I was the cause of the excitement; but the next moment, when I stepped ashore, my astonishment was unbounded to find myself surrounded by a mob of some fifty men, pushing and pulling at me, swearing and fighting, and yelling at the pitch of their voices. In a few moments I was rescued by a tall man in a blue frock coat, with a silver star on his breast. I thought he must be a magistrate from the way he lay about him with a stout cane, but have since discovered that he was only a police officer. He stood with me for an instant in the center of a yelling circle of fiends, when all at once something diverted their attention from me, and they changed off to the next passenger, who was now coming ashore. I had to sit down and rest, and think for a moment before I could

quite take it in. I have since written to my Australian friends who are likely to travel this way, advising them to bring fence rails along, and use them after the manner of the police officer's cane. It should be quite needless to remark that these yelling fiends were nothing else but hotel-runners and carriers.

"Every city in the world has natural drawbacks, without requiring the ingenuity of man to invent new ones. The cobble stones in San Francisco must be the result of an inspiration specially directed by his Satanic majesty in person. But it is not so much of the city that I wish to speak as of the people. There is no connection between San Francisco and its inhabitants.

"The first thing that strikes the foreigner in San Francisco (of course, after he has digested the cobble-stone problem) is the almost universal habit the people have adopted, of living in hired rooms. Houses which would contain but one family in Australia, in this city generally shelter several. Now, there may be a good many arguments in favor of the rooming system, and strong ones, too; but I do not think they are as strong as the arguments that can be made against it. Life in San Francisco bears all the characteristics of hotel life at a watering place, and a merry life it is, no doubt; but it is not the kind of life that builds up a great and respectable moral status. To speak plainly, the people who live in San Francisco have very little interest in the city, and figure more as visitors than permanent residents. The number who own homes of their own is so small that it might with truth be said that San Franciscans do not own the city they live in. The result of this is very plain, for it is due to this alone, that San Francisco bears a wide spread reputation for lawlessness, which is to be heard echoed in almost every corner of the world. San Francisco and Sydney are about the same size, yet the law abiding qualities of the two people cannot for a moment be compared. The reason is simply this: The people of Sydney own Sydney; they have their own homes, and as a rule, live in the one place all their lives. When people, no matter who they are, settle down and become owners of homes, they grow more *practically* patriotic; they assume a cer-

tain respectability which constitutes them fathers of the place, and they are drawn together by mutual ties, for their own protection and therefore for the protection of the laws. The moral influence of a home where a man has a vested interest, exercises a strong moral influence, even on rugged natures. There is much in old associations. Even an old piece of furniture which has been in a family for years, tends to remind most people of a certain respectability of parentage. But on the contrary when people are accustomed to spend their lives in rooms, where even the furniture does not belong to them, they feel no deep interest in the affairs of the city, so long as they are not personally embroiled. When the law is broken as in the Spreckles-De Young case, for instance, they will stand by and look on without attempting to interfere. Why should they interfere? They have no property to protect; they may be here to-day, there to-morrow, and there is an end of it. There are no more patriotic people in the world than the San Franciscans, but they are not *practically* so. They love their country in a general way, and though I believe every man would lay down his life without a moment's hesitation in his country's cause, yet they will not move a hand's turn to preserve law and order in the city. Were one-quarter the violations of the law which daily occur in San Francisco to be attempted in Sydney, the people would set it down with a high hand; every man would feel a personal interest in protecting the law. I do not wish it to be thought that I condemn San Francisco, but in respect to the immunity with which crime may be committed, I am sure many will agree with me. Since my arrival here I have heard more Americans sneer at the administration of their own laws than I could give any idea of. But there is a beacon ahead shining with the pure light of a great destiny. The Native Sons of the Golden West are coming to the rescue with a swift and steady step. Bound together in a brotherhood, with every facility for moral and mental elevation, and with a patriotism which cannot be surpassed in this world, they begin to feel that this State will in time belong to them, and them alone. Such an organization cannot fail to attain its object, and

if all those who are not Native Sons, but who have the good of the country at heart, lend their aid in supporting the Order, the benefit will be very materially hastened.

"The state of social equality in San Francisco is a very remarkable thing, for there seems to be no distinction of caste whatever. I have often heard the people here laugh at the stiff manners of the Eastern people, and sometimes at their conservative tendencies. There can be no doubt that what San Francisco is to-day, New York was many years ago; and what New York is to-day, San Francisco will be in years to come. When San Francisco has a number of old families, who really feel in their hearts that they inherit the city, the conservative tendencies already noticed in the East, will begin to appear. I do not for an instant assert that there will ever be the difference of caste to be found in Europe; but I think with Henry George, when he says in his 'Progress and Poverty,' in speaking of America: 'To base on a state of most glaring social inequality, political institutions under which men are theoretically equal, is to stand the pyramid on its apex.' Perhaps there are men living now who remember the time when no more social inequality existed in New York than is to be found in San Francisco at the present day. The great crusade of caste has already begun in the East, and will assuredly, in the course of time, spread to the Western States. History has shown that all men are not socially equal, and can never be so, save for a short period in new countries.

"The San Franciscan newspapers at once strike the stranger, both by reason of their style, and excessive number. They possess many shining qualities, but their bad ones are by far the most conspicuous. Some of the daily papers are very frequently guilty of the most unpalatable coarseness, and as a general rule their style is vulgar. Low sensational headings and flippant notice of crime, do a great deal to make little of those things in the eyes of the masses. But by far the greatest fault about the San Franciscan newspapers, is lack of veracity. They do not appear to care what they publish, nor do they seem to take any pains to ascertain the truth of a report before they print it. These things combine to give the

papers a tone of insincerity, which is their leading characteristic. It has been said that a country may be judged by its journals; but I should be sorry to so judge San Francisco, for it would not only be an unjust task, but also a very unpleasant one. Editors of papers, as a rule, know the extent of the power they wield to do good or evil in the mind of the masses, hence we often find them make reference to their assumed position as public teachers. The San Franciscan editors seem deeply imbued with this fact. If sincerity backed their self-constituted preceptorship, they would adopt a very different and more elevating tone. What good can they hope to do by coarseness, vulgarity or flippant mention of crime? It is true they at times expose city or public frauds; but exposing frauds once or twice a year is not teaching the people morals. If the people want public teachers they should have the privilege of electing whom they wish for that important post, and not be at the mercy of every literary crank who forces himself upon them under that pretext.

"Before leaving Australia, I had read and heard much about American liberty. I could never get a clear understanding of what that liberty was, but had frequently heard that it simply meant freedom from certain binding laws. Since my arrival in San Francisco I have found that, here at least, such is the case. I landed in this city with the honest anticipation of a glorious freedom from the yoke of law; and my first impressions confirmed that anticipation. I had not been long in the city, however, before I discovered how very much more real liberty the Australian enjoys than his American cousin. In the first place the San Franciscan works longer hours a day and more days a week and year, than the Australian. In Sydney business of all kinds suspends work on Saturday at 1 o'clock, and remains closed until Monday morning. Trading on Sunday is against the law, hence thousands who otherwise would be kept close at work on the seventh day, are, through the strength of the law, permitted to be free from the iron grasp of their employers. This one instance is enough to illustrate what I wish to point out. In San Francisco there are no such binding laws, and the consequence is that what at first brush ap-

pears to be liberty is no such thing to the masses. What better idea of the fallacy of American liberty, can be given than the case of San Francisco? The result of allowing every man to do as he likes so long as he commits no crime, is putting the most complete power into the hands of the capitalists and employers of labor. The rich grind the poor, and the employer of labor overworks his employees, as daily occurs in this city. The merchants block up the sidewalks with goods to the inconvenience of every passer-by; dyers hang dripping clothes to dry over the sidewalks, and besprinkle the unwary; saloons remain open all night, and drunken riot keeps people awake for some distance around; and many like things occur. If true liberty is the power of one man to work others seven days a week, and ten hours or more a day, I have a false idea of liberty; or if liberty means the power of a few to put to great inconvenience the whole of the remainder, then I am again at fault and prefer to remain so. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that every man and woman in San Francisco should have the privilege of enjoying half of Saturday and the whole of Sunday, every week. The only way to gain true liberty is to make certain restricting laws *and enforce them*.

"A great deal might be said upon the absence of the love of healthy sports in the young men of San Francisco. A few well patronized rowing clubs, base-ball clubs, lawn tennis clubs, and such like, would do much to keep the youth from the saloons, besides exercising a refining influence on the mind. But the young men of this city have no opportunity for such things, because they are held in check by the iron grasp of their employers, who swallow the whole of their time.

"Chinatown, the canker in the heart of this fair city, stands out in bold relief as another monument of American liberty. Surely it is acknowledged now, that had more conservative measures been adopted with regard to these interlopers, the city would have been the better for it. It is too late to do much now in the matter, except stop the coming of more heathens.

"The cable car system of San Francisco cannot be too highly praised; it appears to be as near perfection as it is possible to make street traffic. The cars are clean

and comfortable, especially in wet or dusty weather. Some of the horse-cars—Mission and Howard Streets for instance—are a little back of the times. It is very remarkable that all means of passenger traffic in San Francisco are so comfortable. The steamers on the Bay are models of comfort and elegance; some of them taken to Sydney and run on Port Jackson would be a paying speculation.

"And now in regard to the San Franciscans themselves: I take great pleasure in saying that their engaging frankness of manner, hospitality to the stranger, and many other rare qualities, mark them as men and women whose friendship is always to be remembered with gratitude. San Franciscans like strangers to settle in their midst, and when fortune brings the wanderer to their well-favored shores, they take a disinterested pleasure in giving what assistance he needs.

"The great number of pretty girls to be seen any day on the streets is very noticeable. They are all well dressed and well mannered, and have a keen sense of the artistic. Nearly all young men and women of San Francisco, appear to have a great love for the art of good speaking. I have scarcely met a native who has not more or less the knack of expressing his thoughts fluently. All the little children speak nicely, and with a wonderfully clear articulation, which seems to be the result of a proper care in that department, on the part of the schools. The extent to which elocution seems to be taught, cannot be too highly commended, and should be more popular in English countries, for oratory is, perhaps, one of the highest arts known.

"The future of San Francisco is too apparent to admit a moment's doubt. With all the natural advantages of a beautiful climate—a climate which cannot be surpassed in the world—a grand harbor, and fertile soil, and above all an energetic and enlightened people, San Francisco will grow in population and wealth, until it is one of the largest and most important cities of the world. Who can doubt, when considering the well favored Pacific Slope, with so many advantages of climate and soil, that the future of the Western Metropolis will be one of the brightest and best the world has ever seen?"

WALTER ADAMS.

LINES ON MRS. MCKEE RANKIN.

A strange young creature of fantastic grace,
 All bubbling o'er with merriment,
 Now bounds upon the boards before our eyes,
 As if on elfish mischief bent.
 A genuine pulsation stirs our hearts,
 Like the vintage of some rare old wine,
 'Tis Carrots! the "California thistle" child,
 And with her, poor old "Forty Nine."

And now the skies grow dark, as mournfully
 A youth all sad and pale,
 Now walks in anxious dread, and feels himself
 Pursued by Danites on his trail.
 "I wonder why they set the grave yards on the hills?
 Perhaps because they're nearest there to Heaven,"
 Asks Billy Piper, musingly, a youth
 To woe and melancholy given.

And now a family feud fills all the air,
 In midst of which, a holy maid,
 All pure and sweet as snowy lilies, sings
 And smiles and walks all unafraid.
 And, "Christian Christianson? a goodly name
 For a Christian," low she speaks,
 And thus Priscilla Sefton, sweet and true,
 To heal this feud all vainly seeks.

Now who is so wise as to guess the truth,
 Which of the three, may she really be?
 For once, on the street when I passed her by,
 I thought her a duchess of high degree.
 But what in the world could I think, indeed,
 Knowing so well of her art?
 Whatever she might be, or *is*, in fact,
 I'd think she was playing a part.

No Homer's classic harp, or Virgil's lyre
 Has *our* tragic past immortalized.
 But in our day, the deeds of daring men
 Are in the drama crystallized.
 And here endowed with all that makes up life,
 Portrayed with living passion, fire
 And pain, the Rankins tear away the veil,
 And give us back our past again.

Honor to poor old "Forty Nine!"
 And honor to "Carrots," too!
 Here's a tear for the good old days,
 And a sigh for the hearts so true.

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

OPEN LETTERS FROM VARIOUS PARLORS.

STOCKTON PARLOR, No. 7.

In thirty years from now, the early history of our Order of Native Sons will be of much more importance to members and friends than it is at present. The story of struggles and successes of any Lodge or Parlor is always of much interest to members particularly, but time adds to this interest, and this fact will surely lead individuals at some future day to look into the circumstances of our birth, and to inquire into our doings of the present day.

The time will surely come, say in thirty or forty years from now, when some jolly old chap sitting with others around the stove, will tip back his chair and inform the younger brothers, that just thirty-seven years ago, Stockton Parlor, No. 7, was first organized. He will tell at length the history of the Parlor, and will pass in review all the events from time of organization, with which the Parlor was connected. And then he will stop to count—perhaps on the finger-tips of his left hand—the remaining charter members. Perchance, go to the charter hanging against the wall to look up some name that has slipped his memory; will briefly tell the story of the life of this one or that; some adventure, perhaps, or some pleasant recollection will come up in his mind. And when he has gone over the list of fifteen charter members, he involuntarily heaves a sigh and gets out his handkerchief to brush up his glasses, but quickly hides any emotion behind the emphatic remark, that that damned charter hanging there caused us lots of trouble before we finally had it framed and hung up. I remember distinctly the "Charter Question" coming up regularly for three or four months.

Stockton Parlor, No. 7, was organized March 12, 1881. Sam'l L. Terry and George C. Israel had secured the requisite number of names to the petition for institution, and had called a preliminary meeting which was held in Terry's law office, Rosenbaum's building. On Saturday, March 12th, the Parlor was instituted by Frank Higgins, Grand President, assisted by the other officers of the Grand Parlor. This first regular meeting was held in the hall of the K. of P., Hook's building, and the following officers were installed:

President, Sam'l L. Terry; 1st V. P., Geo. C. Israel; 2d V. P., H. J. Corcoran; 3d V. P., Montgomery Baggs; Recording Sec. D., F. O'Brien; Financial Sec., R. P. Lane; Treasurer, H. O. Haas; Chaplain, W. C. Hogan; Marshall, Frank Lane; Executive Com., W. G. Wallace, W. R. Louttit and Leroy Atwood.

The list of charter members is as follows: S. L. Terry, G. C. Israel, H. J. Corcoran, Montgomery Baggs, D. F. O'Brien, R. P. Lane, H. O. Haas, W. G. Wallace, L. S. Atwood, F. E. Lane, W. C. Hogan, George Wolf, J. W. Glenn, and J. C. Zignego.

After the meeting all hands adjourned to the Independent Restaurant, and had a glorious good time. Toasts were drunk to the various Parlors represented, and to the Grand Parlor. Responses being made by Messrs Higgins, Terry, Houston, Landstedt, and Taylor.

For a time all went well, but soon interest in the meetings flagged, and it was almost impossible to get a quorum on meeting night.

Finally it was decided to disorganize, and not until 1882, did our sons attempt any reorganization. In that year the Parlor was successfully reorganized, and meetings were held for four or

five months in Good Templars' hall, Hook's building, when the Parlor moved to its present quarters in Austin Brothers' building on Main street. From the time of reorganization it has grown steadily both financially and in membership.

In September, 1883, the first celebration of Admission Day by the Native Sons was held in Stockton, and was conducted by this Parlor. It was a success, and the Parlor received much praise from all sides. The celebration committee, under the leadership of Grand Marshall Curtis H. Lindley, had laid out its plan very carefully and carried it out in a masterly manner. Nothing was left undone. The citizens were liberal indeed in their contributions, and took a great interest in making the occasion one of pleasant memories to visitors. And the Native Daughters—what would a celebration be to the Sons without their Sisters—they did a hundred things to make it pleasant for visiting Natives.

The *Daily Morning Herald* of September 10, 1883, speaks of the celebration in the following words: "The celebration of Admission Day by the Native Sons of the Golden West was one of the most successful celebrations that was ever made in Stockton. It is safe to say that in some respects it was the most successful. It had in it all the elements that go to make up a Fourth of July celebration, except the firecrackers and Chinese bomb nuisances. To attend a general celebration without being annoyed with these barbaric manifestations of effusive patriotism, is an event worthy of remembrance. But the celebration yesterday was not only negatively enjoyable, it was positively a success. It was well managed. The procession was large and well composed. It was well handled, and there was music enough in it to give it a continuous interest to other senses than that of sight."

In the evening at the Avon Theatre, a ball was given and proved a fitting finish to the displays and festivities of the day. It was on this occasion that the beautiful silk flag was presented to Stockton Parlor by the Native Daughters.

At the celebration in Sacramento in 1884, and in Santa Rosa this year, Stockton Natives were well represented and took an active part. The membership is one fond of sociability and a number of social events have taken place within the last few years under the auspices of this Parlor. One of the most pleasant little affairs for the Stockton Sons, was their excursion to Antioch last June; it was something of a surprise to "General Winn" Parlor, but the noisy visitors were treated to a hearty welcome. The afternoon was spent in looking about the town and in foot racing; all the small boys in Antioch were made to compete for the purses, made up by passing around the hat. After the little chaps had been tired out, the Sons themselves got at it and a number of good races resulted in the championship of Walter Bidwell, the jovial county recorder of San Joaquin County. After the meeting in the evening, the boys took a decidedly active part in the dance given for their benefit. This part of the program was enjoyed beyond all else; the ladies were most charming and splendid dancers. The captain of the steamer "Mary Garratt" had much difficulty at 2 o'clock in the morning in persuading the young men to go on board.

At present the Parlor is in a flourishing condition with money out at interest and a strong membership. The weekly benefits are \$10, and on the death of any member \$75 are paid.

Following are the present officers: Past President, Otto Grunsky; President, J. W. Willy; 1st V. P., E. M. Grunsky; 2nd V. P., H. E. Barber; 3d V. P., John H. Dolan; Recording Sec'y, H. A. Chaplin; Financial Sec'y, J. Everett Ruggles; Treasurer, W. W. Stockwell; Marshall, C. Manthly; Inside Sentinel, L. F. Salbach; Outside Sentinel, H. Manthly; Board of Trustees, W. G. Wallace, F. E. Austin, and L. D. Smith.

List of Past Presidents: D. F. O'Brien, R. E. Murray, L. S. Atwood, S. L. Terry, C. H. Lindley, W. G. Wallace.

EL DORADO PARLOR, No. 52.

The history of El Dorado Parlor, No. 52, popularly known as the "Baby Parlor" of San Francisco, is, for the shortness of its existence, full of incidences bearing remarkable evidence of the daring, energy, enterprise, and intellectuality of the young men who constitute its membership and presages a future of such power and usefulness in the Order of which it is one of the brightest lights, that may well excite at once the admiration and envy of older Parlors. The chronicles of this young Parlor afford another pleasant example of the capacities of boundless enthusiasm and indomitable pluck and intrepidity in the hands of an Order of young men imbued with lofty purposes generated by common ties, and is an assurance to our gray haired pioneers that when they shall depart from this vale of tears to the victories of eternal life, the grandest heritage ever bequeathed to man will rest in safety with those whose constant thoughts and highest aspirations seek to perpetuate to all times the memories of an epoch and its men whose like the world will never see again.

On a pleasant evening in the early part of February, 1885, a small band of enthusiastic native Californians met in Hamilton Hall, preliminary to the formation of a Parlor, at which time various grand officers detailed the benefits flowing from an association with the Native Sons. Their efforts to impress the advantages of their Order were so earnest and well-timed, that on the 19th of the same month El Dorado Parlor was formally organized and inducted into the fraternity of which it is so brilliant an exponent, with a membership of thirty, which by the ceaseless activity of the members was increased before the closing of the charter to fifty-eight. The difficulties encountered in the complete organization of the Parlor were boldly met and overcome by the ability and ardor of the president and members, resulting in a short time in the realization of a perfect working body which as an integral portion of the Native Sons, has by its undoubted superiority elicited the highest commendation from all sides, and asserted its right to stand among the foremost in the order.

The first incident of note, and one designed to impress its existence and importance upon the Order, was the selection of delegates to the Grand Parlor, which met at San Jose, April 13th. Enthusiasm over the event ran high and manifested itself by an unusually full attendance. The election resulted in the choice of men who well represented the interests confided to them. The prominence of the Parlor was duly recognized by the grand officers and delegates at the Grand Parlor, and further honor was conferred upon it by the selection

of one of its members to fill the office of District Deputy Grand President of the 2nd District of San Francisco.

The chafing and irrepressible spirit that contributed so much to its successful institution, sought utterance in the first invitation entertainment and ball, given under the auspices of the Parlor, May 13th, the effect of which was to bring it more prominently than ever before its friends. Gratified beyond limit by its first essay, a second was attempted August 7th, when the lofty character of the aims of the members was distinctly shown in the literary aspect of the programme. The friends of the young organization testified their appreciation by a very great attendance, inspiring the members with much satisfaction at the success of their efforts, and animating everyone to persevere in the splendid work before them.

The first appearance of the Parlor in public, as a body, was the participation in the obsequies in honor of the dead hero, Gen. Grant, when they were assigned a prominent place in the procession, their number, precision and bearing evoking much favorable comment.

The great celebration of the Native Sons on Admission Day, at Santa Rosa, called forth the entire Parlor, and it had the extreme honor of being the most numerous represented Parlor in the State, fully seven-eighths of the members being in the line of march, thus again attesting the profound enthusiasm swelling their hearts. One of the most unique and creditable features of their visit being the reception of other Parlors in their own spacious tent, the members proving themselves worthy entertainers. All the Parlors paid their respects, and among other notables, Governor Geo. Stoneman was pleased to mingle with the ambitious young men, whose tent suggested many memories of his active past. Not the least attractive of the exhibition of the Parlor, and one that created greatest admiration, was the superb banner carried by the Parlor in the parade. The banner is one and a half yards long by one yard wide; the front side is of red silk, the other purple; on the red side is the name and number of the Parlor, date of organization, and a large bear worked in arasene; on the purple side is the great seal of California, sixteen inches in diameter, surrounded by a wreath of laurel all worked in chenille, and the letters N. S. G. W.; all the lettering is done in gold thread; the banner is trimmed with heavy lace, fringe and chords with gold tassels pendant; the drapery—one of the splendid features—extends from the eagle surmounting the whole to the end of the cross-bars, then half way down the sides of the banner; the draping is of white silk trimmed with gold fringe; the pole is of turned mahogany, topped with a large American eagle. The banner wrought entirely by hand, is the work of Mrs. L. M. Dentler and Miss Julia Avery, whose devotion to the glorious principles of the Order evinced itself in the presentation to the Parlor of the most beautiful and valuable banner to be found in the ranks of the Native Sons. The Parlor fitly signified its true appreciation of the noble spirit that impelled such generous action. Such interest augurs a bright future to any society.

As an intellectual Parlor, El Dorado knows no equal. Within its membership it counts some of the brightest young men California has produced, and who will leave their impress upon the institutions of the State. Their superior abilities and culture lend additional interest to debate, and contribute much to the mental development of the Society, which has ever been one of its aims. Unlike many Parlors, it de-

votes a portion of every meeting to literature and science, in which every member joins, thus in addition to the regular work, fitting its members for a high appreciation of the duties required of them as members of a great Order, and citizens of a mighty Republic.

The worthy manner in which the affairs of the Parlor have been conducted, has attracted within its portals the best of men, and greatly and constantly increased its membership, until it stands among the foremost in numbers.

Combining within itself so many of the potent factors that give success, El Dorado Parlor has not been slow to appreciate and utilize them, and has in consequence, the honor of standing in the front rank of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

GUSTAVE GUNZENDORFER.

PACIFIC PARLOR AND THE ORDER.

Abnormal development as the characteristic feature in all of California's history, its progress, wealth, products and resources, is strikingly exemplified in the Native Sons of the Golden West. With only ten years' growth, the Order has to record the existence of seventy Parlors scattered throughout the towns of the State from north to south, and from border to border. But while this growth is truly abnormal, it is not wonderful to those who know, nor to any, when it is remembered that the Order is wholly composed of young men, native to the State, infused with that indomitable will and energy, that life and fire which only California air and California soil will generate and nurture. The journals of the day record the institution of the seventieth Parlor in the Order. To the member who has been in the busy whirl since the organization of number "10," and has seen each new born babe put forth its face, the time seems long and filled with events. To the quiet bystander who reckons time by days and hours, it has been but six years since November 3, 1879, the date when Pacific Parlor, No. 10, was organized. As the history of all times is marked by events, so is the organization of Pacific Parlor one of the events which marks a period in the history of this Order. In the report of the Grand President at the fifth session of the Grand Parlor, that following the organization of Pacific Parlor, he says: "I desire specially to compliment California Parlor, No. 1, and Pacific Parlor, No. 10, on their unprecedented success in adding to their membership, and commend the example set by them as one worthy of emulation by their sister Parlors." There is a sequel to this compliment. When Pacific was organized, the Order had not spread to any extent, and at its home in San Francisco it lagged, and its future was dubious. As business men hold that "Competition is the life of trade," so it proved with the Order that the competition or friendly rivalry that sprang up between it and California was a blessing, and in a similar manner as the organization of other Parlors in San Francisco has affected Pacific, so did the organization of Pacific affect California. The Parlor from its institution grew so rapidly that the members of the Mother Parlor (the "old hen" some call it) feared that it would be eclipsed numerically by the stripling. But their renewed exertions consequent on this competition, soon put their parlor far beyond the reach of the most sanguine of Pacific's members. But to-day the standing of California, No. 1, as number one in numerical strength is due to Pacific parlor in a great measure. Stockton Parlor at this time was also in a failing condition and virtually disbanded. The members of that Parlor to-day give the

main credit to Pacific and its members for its resuscitation, like the Phoenix from its ashes, to become among the first of the Parlors in the State.

To recite the every day occurrences, to detail a history of each event in the Parlor's existence, would be tiresome and uninteresting. Judgment of Pacific Parlor, its part and its success in the affairs of the Order, can be formed only from results. Its organization brought to the ranks men whose names have since figured most conspicuously in the doings of the Order. The consideration and standing of its representatives in the Grand Parlor is a fair criterion. In that body, and at banquets, entertainments, and on other occasions, its members have always been accorded a first place for their ability, and particularly for their eloquence. The members who have served in that body are C. L. Weller, Wm. Metzner, M. A. Dorn, John A. Steinbach, Albert Brunner, Jos. P. Kelly (as alternate), and George C. Young, (now deceased). These names are all well known throughout the State in connection with the Order. The various Grand Parlors have showered honors upon Pacific Parlor. At the fifth session, C. L. Weller was chosen its Grand Secretary. At the following session, M. A. Dorn was elected its Grand Lecturer, and as such delivered the oration at the annual celebration on the 9th of September, 1883, which was held at Stockton, and those who had the fortune to hear him, well remember his eloquence and his expression of the objects of the Order, beautiful and sublime, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and his painting with fancy's brush bright pictures of a future which was believed by few, but has been already realized, and the end not yet. John A. Steinbach, another of its representatives, has passed through the chairs of the Grand Parlor, having been Deputy Grand President, Grand President, and at present the acting Past Grand President. His offices have all been filled with unprecedented success. C. L. Weller was elected Grand Orator at the last session. His oration on the 9th of September last at Santa Rosa, and published in the papers of the day, needs no commendation, and like that of Bro. Dorn, is a monument to attest the ability, intelligence, and eloquence of California's sons. Bro. Dorn was at this session elected chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. All the delegates have been accorded among the first places in the Grand Parlor, for all the names are found in those most important committees, the committees of legislation and of laws and supervision. At the last session, Pacific Parlor stood fourth in rank among the parlors in strength, numerically, and third, financially, with 125 members and \$1,200. It now has in the neighborhood of 150 members and \$2,000 in its treasury. It has as efficient a set of officers as will be found in any lodge of any order throughout the land, active, earnest, and always working for the welfare of the Order first, and of Pacific Parlor next.

The list of the present officers is: Past President, Albert Brunner; President, Jos. P. Kelly; 1st V. P., Wm. H. Miller; 2d V. P., R. M. Roche; 3d V. P., Theo. Lunstedt; Recording Sec'y, Ed. Schmidt; Financial Sec'y, S. H. McPherson; Treasurer, Jno. A. Steinbach; Marshall, H. E. Faure; Surgeon, J. D. Stanton; Board of Trustees, Geo. D. Clark, J. G. Klemm and Jno. T. Greany.

To speak of the wonderful progress of the Order is rather in the province of an account of the Grand Parlor's affairs. Nevertheless, while the "prosperity attained and increase of new Parlors and membership * * * has not

been owing to the individual exertions of any one member," but rather due to the times and the cause, to those of Pacific Parlor who bore the burdens and did much of the work, all credit and all honor is due.

In commendation of an individual Parlor suspicion may creep in, of flattery if from a stranger, or of egotism if from a member. To forestall any such idea being drawn by the reader from this article, it is sufficient to state that it is not written in any spirit of comparison with other parlors. It is merely an attempt to state in truth the part which Pacific Parlor has taken in its relation to the Grand Parlor, and in building up the Order at large, and if from the results it appears that any good and any success has been achieved, it is like a good mechanic's work in perfecting the parts of his machine, merely an exhibit of the work which goes to make up a perfect whole.

On the walls of Pacific Parlor hangs the only perfect picture extant of the good old General A. M. Winn, the founder of this order. If, when the work of the present members is done, and the last trump sounds for them, one-half of what they desire and hope shall be achieved; if, led on by their motto and guiding star, patriotism, and love of country, they shall have but one-half made the goal of their ambition for the Order, they will have covered with glory the memories of their pioneer ancestors, who bore the first burdens to make a home for their sons in the Golden West and on the same foundation will have built for their posterity a wall of adamant against oppression in their native land. The spirit of the good old general will look down, with all the other patriots of our land, and say, "Well done thou good and faithful servants," and in response the whole posterity for time to come will send the answer back, "They builded better than they knew."

ALBERT BRUNNER.

HYDRAULIC PARLOR, No. 56,

Was instituted at Nevada City, February, 27, 1885. As the name indicates, it is situated in the great hydraulic mining belt, from which millions of dollars in golden treasure have been taken to help enrich the world, and make happy the hearts of thousands. Although yet young, the numerical and financial positions already attained among her sister Parlors, entitles Hydraulic Parlor to no small distinction. Beginning with a charter list of fifty-four names, the membership has steadily increased, until there are now nearly a hundred names enrolled. Of the sixty odd Parlors in the State, Hydraulic stands tenth in point of membership, while financially her rank is seventeenth. This is indeed a very creditable showing, and is due to the active interest that has been taken by the members and the zealous endeavors made to promote the welfare of the Parlor. It is gratifying to the Native Sons here to note that our citizens generally, and especially those who have been residents of California since the exciting days of forty-nine and fifty, entertain the kindest feelings for the Order; and so, by their approval of its aims and objects, lend that strong moral support which is ever desirable. The ladies of our town manifest a warm friendship for the Native Sons, and in token of their esteem presented to Hydraulic Parlor, some months since, a magnificent banner. In all respects, the outlook for the Order here is most encouraging, and we only trust that the same flourishing condition exists all over the State,

G.

SAN JOSE PARLOR, No. 22.

On the evening of Oct. 12, 1885, a party of young men, their ages ranging from 18 to 33, assembled at Granger Hall, Farmers' Union Building, San Jose, for the purpose of organizing a Parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West. Some of the grand officers of the Grand Parlor, N. S. G. W., were in attendance to institute said Parlor.

The Parlor was organized in due form and the charter remained open for a period of six weeks. At the expiration of that time, a glance at the list showed a membership of forty. Among these names were men of prominence, such as our county recorder, county treasurer, city treasurer, and other city and county officials, also a number of merchants and members of different professions. A name was to be chosen, and after considerable debate, the name selected was San Jose Parlor, No. 22, N. S. G. W. The first officers elected were Past President, John W. Ryland; President, Adam C. Bane; 1st V. P., W. R. Snook; 2d V. P., R. E. Edwards; 3d V. P., C. T. Pitman; Marshall, Tom C. Barry; Rec. Sec., Tom Bethell; Fin. Sec., Ed. Younger; Treas., H. M. N. Spring; I. S., John Barry; Trustees, Frank Marmolego, Harry I. Bodley, and W. E. Snook. From that time on our membership increased, and now we have over eighty members. We have rejected numerous applicants, and are very careful as to the character of members. The Past Presidents of our parlor are, John W. Ryland, Adam C. Bane, E. Younger, Tom C. Barry, J. M. Pitman, and Chas. M. Branham.

The present officers are, Past Pres., Chas. M. Branham; President, Harry I. Bodley; 1st V. P., F. M. Lightston; 2d V. P., Sam. M. Hoover; 3d V. P., Harry Hough; Marshall, Otto F. Erle; Rec. Sec., T. H. Levy; Fin. Sec., A. F. Hoehner; I. S., Oscar D. Dewey; O. S., Edgar M. Castle; Trustees, Arthur Wyllie, W. H. McCarthy, and Geo. M. Hughes; Surgeon, Dr. Hammond. Delegates to last Grand Parlor, Tom C. Barry and Jas. T. Murphy.

San Jose Parlor, No. 22, have given a number of balls, parties, picnics, etc., every one being a grand success both socially and financially. The Parlor had representatives at Sacramento, Admission Day, 1884, and at Santa Rosa, Admission Day, 1885.

Our Parlor like most young Orders, was once in a bad condition financially. The Grand Parlor was to be held in San Jose, and of course to entertain our visiting brethren as they should be, would necessarily cost a good deal of money. Some of our members got to thinking and suggested various plans of making money legally, but that of Bros. Tom C. Barry and Jos. H. Rucker was considered the best. A committee was appointed to carry out the suggestions of Bros. Barry and Rucker. What followed proved that they understood how to please the public. An entertainment was given and consisted of something novel. Music hall was engaged for three evenings, booths were erected, the hall decorated, the tickets printed, and all was ready.

In the center of the hall was situated a booth, around which tacked to the floor was a canvas allowing on either side plenty of room for the skaters. A band of music was in attendance each evening, and as some of the lads and lassies danced on, others skated around the canvas mentioned before, while others conversed, ate ice cream (at 25 cents per plate), or enjoyed themselves as all Native Sons and Daughters know how. Suffice it to say that in the three evenings we cleared \$500. One of the

main attractions at the "World's Fair at Home," for such it was called, was the beautiful young ladies, and plenty of them too. Let it be said right here, that San Jose contains more pretty girls than any city in the world, none excepted. But two weeks was taken to prepare for the entertainment, and thanks are due to the ladies for their help in the matter.

The Grand Parlor convened here in the month of April, and were entertained to the best of our ability; and to those delegates and brothers which took part in the exercises of that week we refer all brothers. The ladies of San Jose made a handsome banner and presented it to San Jose Parlor, No. 22, N. S. G. W. It is one of the prettiest banners in the State.

We claim to have the oldest member in the Order, Bro. Jos. T. Murphy, a young man known the State over, and at present one of the Grand Trustees of our Order. To tell all about the different members and details of events of our Parlor, would fill a volume in itself, so no more room will be taken of your valuable number. "22."

WATSONVILLE PARLOR.

"Californians to the front," shall in the future be our battle cry. One of Bret Harte's characters attributed all the grand and marvelous that exists here, to California's glorious climate. Why not? If our climate is sufficiently vitalizing to produce fruits and grains that have no peer amongst the productions of other States, could she not also produce men and women who would sustain as high a ratio within the human market.

The hardy pioneers who left their homes, their families, and the old familiar scenes, that from childhood's hour had, by the force of association been endeared to their hearts, and packed their kit and grub within the old prairie scoopers and gee hawed their lumbering oxen's heads toward where the setting sun cast its last warn and genial rays upon a fairy land, and bid good-night to nature, and the swarthy featured native of the soil were the flower of the land from which they were departing, their energy, perseverance, and love of adventure led them to make a home in a new and unknown land, while their plodding, easily satisfied brothers remained upon the old homesteads, content with tilling the soil their grandfathers worked before them, and raising up another generation the counterparts of themselves. The trip across the plains or around the horn, where home and stomach-sick boys subsisted on buzzard meat to ease the cravings of the inner-man, and swallowed pork tied to a string to soothe their troubled souls, was long and arduous, but gold and California was the goal, and although their thoughts turned often to "the old folks at home," and the "girls they left behind them," they still pushed on with unabated courage until they reached the promised land, worn and hardened by the vicissitude of their journey, ready to engage in the still harder trials of a miner's fluctuating fortunes, and to compete with those to the manor born for the right of enjoying with them the riches and ownership of the soil.

The weight of their energy was soon perceptible, and the land that for ages had been the home of the wild beast and the range for the numberless herds of cattle, soon assumed a different aspect. Small but populous and decidedly lively towns sprang up through the land as in a day, and the sturdy voice and ringing strokes of the pioneer drowned the softer voice of the native in its accompaniment

with the silvery toned guitar; but the hospitable heart and impulsive nature of the Peon and Don soon joined with the pioneers, and Progress, the sleeping Beauty, now awakened by the Prince, the year of Forty-nine, pushed rapidly on until, in 1850, our glorious State was admitted to the sisterhood, and Fremont and Gwinn were sent to the Senate to see that our State work no secondary position amongst the constellation of stars upon our honored flag.

From mining, the fathers of the west turned their attention to the agricultural and business interests of the State. Large wholesale houses were started in the larger cities, and retail trade established throughout the land.

The vine and fig tree thrived upon the hill-sides, and wheat, the staff of life, with other grains, grew upon the rolling and bottom lands and showered their blessings upon mankind; whilst the hurried strife of mining life settled gradually into the steady hum of the thresher and the reaper.

Gold was no longer dug from the ground to its former extent, but was gathered from the vine and wheat sheaf.

The pioneers as progress swept along, were advancing upon the path of mortality, their success was ensured, and time in its period of revolutions would take them one by one from the known to the unknown, their minds still retained the power of youth, but their arms were fast losing the strength that carved for them and their adopted State an honorable position upon the open pages of existence. Younger arms were growing up around them to wield in the future the implements of industry, and younger minds were learning by precept and example, the knowledge that in the days to come would enable them to push on to a higher plane, the work their sires began. A good tree brings forth good fruit, and the way the sapling is bent, that way will the tree grow; so will the heritage of will and integrity bequeathed to the native sons by their fathers, far outweigh one of gold and property, and enable them to attain to positions that will honor their State.

As the pioneers traveled down the sunny side of the hill of life, their sons pushed rapidly up the incline. And the time is now at hand when the Native Sons of the Golden West must step with dignity into the positions of honor and trust which the inherited blood of nobler sires so ably prepares them to assume. Let us then be up and doing, and wherever our position in the battle of life, still move on shoulder to shoulder, as brothers fraternal, with steady nerve and iron will, and one fixed purpose to speed our beloved State still further along the road of progress, so that when time that now is calling our fathers to join the vast majority shall lay his never-to-be-eluded grasp upon us, to gather us to the last harvest and a progressive heaven, we can pass quietly away, content in knowing that the children we leave behind can say proudly to all mankind, California is to the front, for she has attained the highest pinnacle on the monument of fame that an impartial history has erected to the honor of the first, last, and only government an American or Native Son of the Golden West can ever love. Respectfully,

AM. W. L. MANSFIELD.

AMADOR PARLOR, NO. 17.

Amador Parlor, No. 17, was instituted June 16, 1883, with seventeen charter members, by R. Alderson, Jr., D. D. G. P. of Placerville Parlor, No. 9, with the assistance of eleven

Native Sons of Placerville; up to the present date the membership numbers forty.

Through the enthusiasm and co-workings of the brothers, three sister rival Parlors have been instituted in Amador County. The Parlor has paid out several benefits to sick and disabled members; not only has the Parlor been a benefit to its members, but to the society of Sutter Creek; its parties and socials are the parties of the season; twice the Parlor has celebrated its anniversary with glowing results, and has had the pleasure of entertaining several of its grand officers, and on both occasions their guests were welcomed, not to the Garden Spot of our State, or to the City of Roses, but to the hospitality and sociability that Sutter Creek affords. The Parlor has had the pleasure of receiving the beautiful stars and stripes at the hand of the Native Daughters, and they still continue on with their good work, and not until they have presented the Parlor with a banner, and their labors crowned with success, will they give up interest in the organization.

At the last session of the Grand Parlor, Amador Parlor was paid quite an honor by electing J. H. Tibbits, Grand Treasurer, who has always exerted himself to promote the welfare of the society. Amador County is possessed with several bright stars of the Native Sons, such as Hon. C. H. Lindley, ex-Superior Judge Hon. A. Caminette, who at several times has been quite conspicuous on the floor of the Assembly Chamber. W. J. McGee, the silver-tongued orator of Plymouth Parlor, E. C. Farnworth, the promising young Native Of Excelsior Parlor, R. C. Rust, the D. D. G. T. that has created quite a boom in Calaveras County with the Native Sons. Not only do the Native Sons fill the official places of the county, but Jackson has the pleasure of having a Native Son principal of its school, Professor H. Keane, who is an honor to the position he assumes. The county papers are edited by Native Sons. A. Sanburn presides, and is proprietor of the Amador *Sentinel*, and C. T. Lagrave, Past President Ione Parlor, is at the head of the Ione *Echo*.

And when the Grand Parlor convenes at Los Angeles on April next, Amador County will send delegates that will be equal, if not superior, to any delegations on the grand floor.

SUTTER CREEK, Oct. 16, 1885.

MEMBER.

FREMONT PARLOR, No. 44,

Was instituted in Hollister, the county seat of San Benito County, on the 8th day of November, 1884, by Grand President Steinbach, assisted by Grand Secretary, Harry Lunstedt. Thirty-eight names were signed to the original list, and all presented themselves and were admitted as charter members. This array of California's sons proved to be composed of the best of the young men of the county. Noble sons of nobler sires, they banded themselves together in connection with the thousands of others in other portions of the Golden State, and swore fealty to the land of their birth, and pledged themselves to the commemoration of the

glorious deeds of their ancestors. Their occupations were varied, extending along the whole line from the laborer to the capitalist, but each freely took the hand of the other, and caste was abolished from their minds, all alike feeling that their birthright made them equal, no matter what their stations in life might be. At the outset, jealous parties, who were disqualified from becoming members of the Order, threw obstacles of every possible kind in the way of the infant Parlor, but fortunately their envious railings went as naught against the advancement of the new organization, and steadily and surely it has progressed, until to-day it is recognized as one of the most stable secret societies in our county. Its onward march has been truly remarkable, considering the size, age, and population of our county. From its institution, new members have been gradually added to it, until at present, fifty worthy descendants of the brave and daring pioneers are enrolled in the ever increasing army which is pledged to maintain the perpetuity of the names of the hardy ones who gave to us our grand and much loved State.

At its institution officers were installed as follows: P. P., S. R. Canfield; P., S. E. Moore; 1st V. P., Thos. Flint, Jr.; 2d V. P., C. W. Wood; 3d V. P., Harry McCray; Marshal, W. B. Rucker; Rec. Sec., G. W. McConnell; Fin. Sec., Gail Swan; Treas., H. Coleman; I. S., L. T. Baldwin; O. S., L. H. Levy; Trustees, E. A. Eaton, G. Y. Bollinger and W. Johnson. These officers felt the responsibilities of their positions, and uniformly attended faithfully to the duties of their respective trusts. Time passed, and at the last regular election held a few months ago, the following were elected officers, and now direct the affairs of the Parlor: P. P., S. E. Moore; P., Thos. Flint, Jr.; 1st V. P., L. T. Baldwin; 2d V. P., S. R. Canfield; 3d V. P., W. B. Rucker; Marshal, L. H. Levy; I. S., Jas. T. Lahiff; O. S., Frank Triplett; Rec. Sec., W. T. McCarthy; Fin. Sec., Gail Swan; Treas., H. Coleman; Trustees, Y. Malarin, W. Johnson, W. W. Canfield.

These officers have striven bravely to sustain and increase the standing and good name of the Order; several of them live miles from the Lodge-room, but every first and third Tuesday night, be the weather propitious or otherwise, they come for the discharge of their duties. Each and every one has proven himself to be individually deeply interested in the welfare, not only of his own Parlor, but of the Order generally; and by dint of effort has endeavored to increase the already lively interest taken by the members by producing literary entertainments at the meetings.

It is unnecessary for us to comment upon the lofty aims of the Order, or its commendable teachings; its acts and benefits speak louder in its favor than any words that we could pen. The most eloquent speakers of our State have time and again recounted its glories, and all that we can do is to do our humble part in maintaining the good name and high standing of our component portion of this, destined to be the most powerful and influential Order in the Golden State.

POEMS.

The prize offered for the best four lined poem is awarded to Carrie Stevens Walter. To Lillian Hinman Shuey, belongs the next honor, the Committee having found it difficult to decide between her poem and the one to which the prize was given.

The following selections from the forty-one poems sent, show a few of the different ways in which the subject was interpreted.

She slept, like Cosmo's marble Queen, the perfect "Parts of one stupendous whole,"
 'Till the bold Argonaut breathed o'er her lips and she became a living soul ;
 He sceptered her, taught all the wondering nations at her fair young shrine to bow,
 Then led her forth endowed with hope, and writ "EXCELSIOR" on her brow.

Her court has become the lap of the earth,
 And her courtiers arrive from every clime,
 While the world was rocking her cradle at birth,
 She stole the keen scythe from her god-father Time.

The Occident and Orient have poured their lavish stores
 Into the Argosies and ships which lie along our shores.
 Not one of all the precious gems of climate or of zone,
 But we have gained, till now the world is more than half our own.

To enjoy the present time, to live above our means
 At the risk of being bankrupt, so that it only seems
 That we are very wealthy, we great receptions give,
 To be like our richer neighbors, though we're worried how to live.

Fearless we are, kind, frail, and fickle,
 Earning the dollars, and saving the nickle ;
 And then around the world we roam
 Till busted quite, we creep back home.
 He ! he ! he !

Come from thy towns, thy mountains, woods and lea ;
 Leap from the hearts of men, that all may see !
 Gold clutched in thy right hand, power in thy nod ;
 Thy step is progress, and thine eyes see God.

Onward ! onward ! On with the mighty chase !
 The lost count nought in our Juggernaut race.
 Make way ! make way ! for the victors bold,
 And humbly bow to our car of gold !

What of thy destinies, thou land of golden birth !
 Anon thy valleys teem with golden grain ;
 Thy pristine glory sprang from out the earth.
 But grander'll be thy harvest of the brain.

TRANSLATIONS OF SAM DAVIS' LETTER.



[The \$10 remains in the GOLDEN ERA treasury, for which we are duly thankful. Below will be found the various attempts made:]

From "a Reader."

APPEAL OFFICE, Sept. 19, 1885.

MR. WAGNER—*Dear Sir*: I enclose some copy for the book; also an index to show in what order the sketches go in case the printers get mixed up in the pages. In one of two instances, as in the "Fair Exchange," and "Parish Princesses," I had to give you the copy just as it came from the magazine—on both sides. I have a good many more humorous sketches and some dozen pages of poems. I will want the poems at the close. When will you want the preface? Very truly, SAM. DAVIS.

[This is a correct reading of the letter with the exception of Parish Princesses, which should read Parish Primaries.—Ed.]

From C. W. Stayner, Salt Lake.

September, 19, 1885.

MR. WAGNER—*Dear Sir*: I enclose some copy for the book also, and I write to show in what manner the statistics go, in case the folios get mixed up in the press. In one or two instances, as in "Fair Exchange," and "Parish Promises," I had to give you the copy just as it came from the magazine, on both sides. I have put my mark — business statistics some dozen pages? Pencil. I will want the form at the close. When will you want the preface? Yours truly, S. M. DAVIS.

From Brentwood, Cal.

APPEAL OFFICE, Sept. 29, 1885.

MR. WAGNER—*Dear Sir*: I enclose more copy for the book; also an index to show in what order the sketches go in case the printers get (it) mixed up in the press.

In one or two instances, as in the "Fair Outrage," and "Farm Furrows." I had to give you the copy just as it came from the magazine, on both sides. I have a good many more humorous sketches, and some dozen pages of

poems. I will want the poems at the close. When will you want the preface?

Very truly, SAM DAVIS.

The sweetest singer of the West failed to interpret it.—Ed.]

MODESTO, STANISLAUS Co., Cal., Oct. 26, '85.

EDITOR GOLDEN ERA—*Dear Sir*: I received the October ERA two days after its publication, and have ever since been wrestling with the hieroglyphics in that letter which you submitted to the public.

My raven locks have been slightly sprinkled with gray in the contest; my nervous system is seriously impaired, and I have lost several pounds of flesh; but please God I think I may shout "Eureka." I enclose my translation.

Please send up the ten dollars.

Respectfully yours, J. F. McMURPHY.

APPEAL OFFICE, Sept. 19, 1885.

DEAR WAGNER—*Dear Sir*: I enclose some cards for the pool, also an idea to show in what order the statutes go, and how the fellows get mixed; if the pacer *in ne ar tus enters*, or if the Januscheck "Purse Promises," I bet to you goes the cup just as it came from the Mayflower on North Ends. I have got my new business started and now you pass? You and I will move the prunes at the door. When will you want to prepare? Yours truly,

[You missed it M.—Ed.]

S. M. DUNS.

BUTTE, MONTANA, Oct. 22, 1885.

EDITOR GOLDEN ERA—*Dear Sir*: We have some pretty tough rackets to contend with up here, and we're mostly equal to occasions, but you Californians can take the cake in the letter writing line. When I tackled the spider-tracks in that letter in the last ERA, it was with the determination to win, or "bust," and old Jake

Hardy never lays down his hand unless the other man has four aces. I enclose my translation. Send the ten dollars to,

Yours for luck, J. M. HARDY.

APPEAL OFFICE, Oct. 19, 1885.

DAN MORGAN—*Dear Sir*: I enclose more caps for the lock, also inside to shoe. What other ten States go where the prowlers get mixed up in the papers. I've one or two instances in the biography of the "Poison Princess" I send you with the caps, but as it came from the Maylayan in West India, I leave a good many bananas, dates, and some oranges for it. Jones and I will move the press at the close. Why feel so much the prospect? Yours truly,

HANS DORS.

[We would like to send you the money, Jake, but the other man had the aces—Ed.]

CARSON, NEVADA, Oct. 21, 1885.

EDITOR GOLDEN ERA—*Dear Sir*: Since you did not debar any one but the author, the letter which you submit in this month's ERA, I suppose I may have a chance at the ten dollars, though I must confess that I have the advantage of most of your readers, as I have worked in Mr. Davis's office, and know that he has been recently trying his hand at farming. He has slung a little sagebrush latin at you, and is rather confidential about his feet, but I think I have mastered it. Yours respectfully,

PRINTER.

APPEAL OFFICE, Sept. 19, 1885.

MR. WAGNER—*Dear Sir*: I enclose more copy for the books, also an index to show in what order the skates go, in case the printers get mixed up in the paste. *Inreortus wariuis* is the "Fan Foundry of Paris Processes." I had to give you the cape just as it came from the manufacturer *envoche reds*. I have a good many new hunios illustrative of my experience *pose* of farmer. I will move the press at the close. When will you want the potatoes?

Yours truly,

SAM DAVIS.

[You ought to have the prize, but impartiality forbids our securing it.—Ed.]

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Oct. 27, 1885.

EDITOR GOLDEN ERA—*Dear Sir*: We've never had anything in the house that caused as much trouble as the October ERA has caused, since the measles and the fifteen puzzle broke out in Los Angeles. There's Jared, my husband, as industrious and faithful a man to his family as is in the world, has been neglecting his business, and letting everything go to wreck and ruin a whole month, all on account of trying to read a letter that can't be read. And there's my son Samuel, a better boy never drew breath than he was to me before the ERA came into the house. Now

he sits all day just like a gnat on a stump, a ciphering and ciphering at that letter, and I can't get a word out of him. I tell you its perfectly distracting. And my daughter Maria Victoria Ellen, she ran away with the writing teacher on account of it. So Mr. Editor, I hate to say it, because I really always liked your magazine in the family—but considering everything—the trouble and all, you know, I guess I'll have to order it stopped. Another letter like that would break us up. Yours truly,

MRS. MARIA E. OGLESBY.

[Don't stop the magazine Mrs. Oglesby, we assure you the cause of your troubles will not occur again. We received one letter which we do not doubt is a correct translation of the one submitted, but it was written by Will S. Green of the "Colusa Sun," and we couldn't make it out.—Ed.]

WITTENBERG COLLEGE, Springfield, Ohio, }
Oct. 27, 1885. }

I have translated German, Latin, Greek, French, and Hebrew, but have never come across anything so hard and so senseless as "Mr. Dins'" letter in the GOLDEN ERA; just think of the enormous amount of precious time wasted all over the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Take your rising 10,000 circulation with 50,000 readers, say at a low average, each reader spent 3 hours time (and this is certainly a low average, for I spent more than four times that amount myself) would be 150,000 hours, and now counting 8 hours a day, and 308 days in 1 year, excluding 52 Sundays and 5 national holidays, would make more than sixty years of time wasted over one short *business letter*, more than the working life of a man. The average man who deals with letters, *i. e.*, a literarian, his time is \$1,000 per year, so more than \$60,000 has been wasted. This is an undisputed mark of an extravagant age. It seems to me, in order to save the gentlemanly character of some of our letter-writers, the Remington type-writer ought speedily to be introduced from East to West. If "Mr. Dins" had used one of these, or a minute's care, in writing his letter, what an amount of ink, and worry, and hair-pulling, and time, and money, he would have saved.

"COONY."

APPEAL OFFICE, Sept. 17, 1885.

MR. WAGNER—*Dear Sir*: I enclose some copy for the book, also an idea to show in what order the plates go, in case the binders get mixed, you can them join. In one or two instances, as in ode "Far Away," and "Penn Punnings," I have sent you the copy just as it came from my pen in both odes. I have a great many more handsome plates, and some very poor (?) poems. I will write the poems at the close. When will you want them prepared? Very Truly,

G. M. DINS.

THE THEATERS.

Macbeth at the California is a great success. The houses are crowded nightly. The great caste is doing splendid all around work. In another part of the present issue, is a poem on Mrs. McKee Rankin by Ella Sterling Cummins.

Mary Anderson, whose portrait appears in this issue, will come to California in the spring. Charley Reed's Minstrels continues to delight large audiences at the Standard. Billy Birch and Charley Reed are a hit in themselves.

The Bush is having a successful season with Salsbury's Troubadours. Nellie McHenry is one of the most popular actresses in the city.

The Battle of Waterloo still continues its success. Hundreds visit it every day.

The Grand Opera House has become quite popular under the present management. Blanche Curtisse is a beautiful woman, and her form is an exquisite outline in the poetry of curves.

WHEN SUMMER WINDS ARE SOFT AND SHY.

When Summer winds are soft and shy,
 And dove to dove makes sweet reply,
 Then, through the dingle, dale and dell,
 If two were straying—you and I—
 Just you and I, and birdling wings
 Were all that dimmed our happy sky ;
 If hand in hand, and lip to lip—
 O, Love ! If only you were nigh
 Instead of far across the sea !
 This is Love's Winter ! Bye and bye
 The Spring will break and bud and bloom ;
 Then with the Spring, O, homeward fly,
 And we'll go straying—you and I—
 When Summer winds are soft and shy,
 And dove to dove makes sweet reply.

Napa, Cal.,

CLARENCE URMY.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

The *Dawn* is the name of a new paper devoted to magnetism, with special reference to its application to the human body. D. H. Tucker, the manager of the Magnetic Shield Co., 106 Post St., S. F. is the editor and proprietor. It is a creditable production, and will undoubtedly be the means of leading many in the plain road to health. Copies will be sent free on application.

Printing "For Profit," is a neat practical book published by Palmer & Rey, and written by O. A. Dearing. It affords a complete illustration of office furniture as arranged by the author, who is known as one of the most practical men connected with the printing and publishing fraternity. The book contains a concise, plain and well-written statement of nearly every point that comes under the observation of a printer. The "job estimate," and "book estimate" are especially commendable. Practically, the book is a volume boiled down so as to be useful. Every printer and publisher will find profit in having the book. Mr. Dearing's prose would challenge that of our most pretentious writers, and his statements are clear and commendable.

"The Legend of a Kiss" is the title of an ambitious effort in verse by Henry Sade. It will be published by Nov. 20th. It is dedicated by permission, to the Governor General of Canada.

"Voice Culture and Elocution," a book on the ethics of voice building and oratory, will be shortly issued. It is prepared by Prof. Ross, who is considered the most scholarly and classical of all our western elocutionists. The book will be published by the Golden Era Co.

"MONTEZUMA, An Epic on the Origin and Fate of the Aztec Nation," by Hiram Hoyt Richmond. Very remarkable is the book thus added to our western literature, bespeaking the attention of all those who study the signs of

the times. An epic is a hazardous undertaking in any clime, and especially so in our fair land, where gold, rather than letters, is the chief consideration of man. But we have some spirits among us who would revive the ancient fires, and study into the motives of a past race, stirred by poetic impulse and led on to the completion of the task by poetic zeal. The past is always mysterious, and surpassingly so, is the past of the Aztecs, belonging in legend and story to the land of Mexico, not far away. It may seem a wonder that it has not appealed to the poet's fancy ere this, for it fulfills every requirement of poetic inspiration.

However, it has fallen to the share of Mr. Richmond to be the first to deal with this rich and tropical store of historic incident in poetic numbers, and *he has broken the ground*. Others may follow in time, who will take advantage of his methods, who may improve upon his details, but the fact will always remain, that he is the first upon the ground, that to him belongs the beautiful explanation of the coming of the Aztecs—an explanation both original and poetical.

Gently, and yet with a curious fascination, we are led along with the descendants of the Shepherd Kings in their migration from Egypt, seeking for the home of the sun-god in the far East, led so gently and so insidiously, that with them, we cross Asia, and the Pacific, and find ourselves in the Mississippi Valley, without questioning the probabilities. That central idea of seeking the place of the sun's rising, seems to dwarf any and every other thought, and most beautifully is the tale told. It is in the songs and invocations that Mr. Richmond rises to his highest poetic feeling, and betrays the fire of inspiration. While dealing with the imaginary, he gives the rein full play, and produces his very best work.

But when we approach the Aztecs settled in

their tropical home, and the coming of the Spaniards, then a strong feeling of prejudice on the part of the author leads to a didactic, rather than a poetic treatment of the theme, and there is a distinct falling off from the earlier charm of the poem. Looked at from the point of perfection, there are several tendencies on the part of the author which mar an otherwise exquisite poem, notably that of coining words which obscure the sense, and in indulging in this argumentative spirit which interferes with the flow of the story, which should be like a restless river, deep and clear.

The briefer poem upon the Aztec maid, "Malinche," which follows the epic, is prettily told in quaint rhythm, and deals with a historical incident in the coming of Cortez, well worthy of the poet's fanciful touch. Taken in all, from cover to cover, "Montezuma," is a volume far above our ordinary publications, bearing a distinct impress of originality and a high order of poetic thought, while the "Songs and Invocations to the Sun," therein contained, left the author to an exalted place among California literateurs. S. C.

The *Century* is full to plethora with good reading this month. Two of the engravings call for special notice; one is by Mary Hallock Foote of a scene in Idaho, "Ruth Mary Stood on the High River Bank," a marvel of delicacy and light and shade. The other is of "General Grant at Mount McGregor," in which he looks every inch a hero, a wonderful piece of the engraver's art. Mary Hallock Foote has a short, and a continued, story. Henry James promises something like a climax in "The Bostonians," and Frank Stockton will doubtless make the men all happy by his "Story of Seven Devils," which proves that every woman has them; while many solid articles, too numerous for special mention, make a valuable table of contents. "The Mystery of Wilhelm Rutter" by H. H. Jackson, and the poem by Emma Lazarus, "Gifts," are of especial power.

The *Overland Monthly* opens with an Alaskan trip, "From the Nass to the Skeena," by George Chismore, containing a curious Indian entertainment. Another installment of Theodore H. Hittell's forthcoming "History of California" is presented, relating to "Juan Alvarado, Governor of California," and is full of interesting facts. "Zegarra," a Tale of the Scotch Occupation of Darien," by George Dudley Lawson, is a romantic bit of brightness on a dark page of history. Very pretty and pathetic is the short story, "I'm Tom's Sister," by William S. Hutchinson. "Fulfillment," by E. R. Sill, is a poem to touch the heart, especially in the winter months now coming on, when San Franciscans, better than any one, can appreciate the opening line,

"All the skies had gloomed in gray."

Excellent and readable as usual are the departments of "Recent Fiction," "Etc.," and "Book Reviews," special comparison being made between the earnest efforts of American women in recent literature as against the catch-penny devices of certain popular English women, contrasts being drawn between Miss Woolson, Miss Howard and Miss Litchfield, as against Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh."

St. Nicholas, with a change of cover, comes to hand, the brightest, best gift to the children, young or old. The new serial by Frances Hodgson Burnett, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is a charming story enlivened by a delicious humor, while short bright stories from Helen Jackson, Miss Alcott, and Sophie Swett, and jingles of the gayest description, make up an entertaining number.

The *Dial*, a Chicago journal of current literature, contains much interesting reading in most delightful type; the essays on late books being valuable condensations to the reader who would keep up with the times.

THE MUSEUM.

A CURIOUS CRADLE.

When I arrived in California there were very few accommodations for new-born infants. An infant had to take what it could get and be thankful. But what it lacked in accommodations was made up to it, generally, in admiration and ridiculous attentions. Babies were such a scarcity in the new mining-camps away off in the heart of the wilderness, that they were looked upon as something extraordinary and almost beyond belief. Often and often have I heard the tales of how the miners would send in for me, and pass me around as if I were really valuable, each one claiming an interest in me as if I were new gold-diggings. Each one had a legend in regard to the proper way of bringing up children, but altogether they united in forgetting all about these legends and in spoiling me utterly.

Under the circumstances, I ought to have reflected credit on my species and have been a piece of perfection, but unfortunately, I howled and howled, and would not be comforted, so it is said.

The admiration and absurd courtesies heaped upon me, had no effect whatever.

Had they been made of ordinary clay, these generous, sympathetic friends of mine would have given me up as a hopeless conflict. But they reasoned it out among themselves as if it were a problem for somebody to solve, that there must be a cause for such constant wailing. At last they came to a conclusion.

Said the spokesman, "Why, in course the pore little thing is cryin' its life away. It ain't used to this yere rough life of urn, an' its longin' for the comforts of civilization.

"The d—d smart little thing! Don't you know what its a-cryin' for? Why, it's a cradle!" And he slapped his knee, and chuckled. "Ain't we all had cradles to be rocked asleep in, and ain't it purty tough on the pore little thing to hev to put up with our rough ways? Jest you leave it to me, and I'll fix her up the nicest cradle you ever see."

The next day as my lovely young mother, in her widow's weeds, was sitting with me on her

lap, trying in vain to hush me to sleep, there came a knock at the door, and there flocked in a deputation of miners with a cradle, but such a one as no baby ever had before. It was a gold rocker—one that had seen hard service washing gold in the American River—now all nicely cleaned and dried and presented to me for my own.

They took turns thumping the pillow in, and when it was fixed, they laid me in the unique receptacle, as if I were a ceremony, and then took turns rocking me to and fro. No magic of enchantment was ever more potent. I went to sleep peacefully, and from that moment became a good child.

From this beginning of my career, I feel as if I had a better right to California than most native-born sons and daughters of the Golden West—and as if I were identified with the spirit of the outgoing pioneer times, and the incoming tide of civilization.

Warm indeed is my heart over the memories of many friends in these strange old times. Men, old and gray, their lives a tragedy, severed by cruel destiny from all home ties; men full of hope, just waiting for the next crush, or the next streak of luck to return to the loved ones in the East; men, desperate and lost to Hope's flattering whisper, sunken in the vices of the frontier—all these have I seen and known.

To me that far away East finally became a sort of legend, and these men, visionaries, inasmuch as they talked of going back. I got to know that it was merely a fable, and that they never would go back. They never seemed to think of California or Nevada as anything but a place to pillage and get away from. They never saw the royal sunsets or the grandeur of the mountains, or the opportunities of fortune from the agricultural or business points of view; the idea of sitting down and adopting the land for their own was an impossible thought to most of them. I have often had a good old friendly miner say to me, "Now, honest, wouldn't you like me to take you home next spring after the crush?"

To which I would obstinately reply, "Why, this is home, here. How could I go home with you, when I'm home already."

But they always looked at me pityingly. To think of a child haying to call this God-forsaken sage-brush country, home! But I always clung to it, and declared with patriotic fervor, that I loved even the sagebrush. "Why, it is just like a little fairy tree." But they could not understand. One by one they have yielded to fate. Only those who brought families, or those who married here, ever settled down and made homes. The rest like a throng of wandering Jews, have wandered on and on and on, from mining camp to mining camp, till they have fallen by the wayside and been buried without a stone.

Generous, kindly hearts, who could always turn from the tragedies of their own lives to make happy an insignificant child! What can I offer to their memory for all their unflinching kindness and much enduring patience? They have passed away, leaving no trace behind, from the miner who brought me my cradle on the placers, to the quartzman who harnessed my dog to a wagon, over in the Sierras. Scattered and gone! some dead, some few in the uttermost limits of the wilderness,

but their memories will always remain fresh and green in the heart of the little girl who lived down the gulch.

TIME MAKES ALL THINGS EVEN.

When the Real Del Monte Mine was in active operation in the good old days of Aurora, the company built a most magnificent quartz mill in which to crush the precious ore. Everything was at the highest point of mining excitement, and many distinguished men passed to and fro each day, organizing new companies and buying and selling with wildest enthusiasm. Among the most distinguished was the Superintendent of the Del Monte Mill and mine, who was reported to receive a fabulous salary. He rode upon a cream colored charger, and was himself a fine-looking specimen of manhood, with iron-gray hair and beard of silken texture, bright eyes and cheeks, and a soldierly bearing. Every one asked, "Who is that?" when he passed. If grown persons were impressed with this royal-looking personage, all the more so was a tanned, elfish-looking child who lived in the heart of the canon, where he passed every day. He was like the King she had read of in her fairy books, especially on the horse. Like the Aztecs, she came to have a sort of idea, that they two together made one, a sort of modern Centaur.

Very royally did the great man hold up his head, and he never saw the homely little girl, who watched to see him pass by, like King George and his army. That was about a hundred years ago. Things have changed absurdly since then. No one could believe how absurd.

The other evening, a lady-president was officiating in the chair of a secret organization. It was a small position, but it shows the spirit of the age. The Sister Guardian, or the High-toned Watchman, or whatever the person is called, who takes care of the door, made the usual mystic signs, and said, "Sister President, Brother So and So is outside without the pass-word."

In a second, the scene down that lonely canon, the royal man on the royal horse, comes to her mind and realizing her power, a spirit of mischief takes possession of her as she responds, "I think we had better make an example of him."

After a long delay, when his patience is almost exhausted, and when recess is announced, the drawbridge, or whatever it is, is let down, and in comes the royal personage, who is made the subject of considerable raillery by his fellow-members. Glancing upon the Sister President, he goes into a strain of reminiscence, winding up with, "Well! I am glad to see that you have acted upon the principles I tried to instill into your mind when you were a child."

"Nonsense! you never took the least notice of me when I was a child, but passed me by in perfect scorn for being so small and insignificant. And that's the reason I kept you out in the hall for an hour to-night. I've waited a long time for my little revenge."

THE TWO JAMES McELROYS.

Fate, subtle, imperious Fate! with her skinny brown hand clipping the thread, or winding it on

and on! Unmoved she sits planning our destinies and with stony eyes she watches us go to our doom.

We cannot but feel something of this old Greek ideal, this utter passivity and relentlessness of the Sisters Three—even in our fair land of California, free from mythical superstition or legend—upon considering the case of the "Two James McElroys." One lived in San Francisco, the other at Redding. Both were in the first flush of youth—just turned the birthday that enabled them to cast a vote. Both were much above the average in height, one being four inches over six feet, the other eight inches above. Youthful, strong and brave, these two young men without any relationship, or any knowledge, indeed, of each other, were pursuing their different paths; but the eye of fate was upon them. The city youth had all that heart could wish. An idolized son of wealthy parents, yet he stepped forth into the ranks for himself, for he was possessed of an idea. And this idea was to furnish a cage for the bird he wished to capture. Blithely, day and night he sang himself, and by his energy and devotion proved that he was in earnest.

The country youth's career is not so well known, but he was also industrious, and working for a purpose of his own.

At last the Fates bestirred themselves unconsciously, and she, who held the scissors, moved.

The auspicious night that was to decide their lives drew on. It was September 30, 1885. James McElroy, of San Francisco, stood up in the presence of his friends, and, with his charming bride, received their congratulations.

At that hour, James McElroy of Redding was idly walking down the road, thinking and planning, something sweet to himself. He heard the distant trot of a horse's hoof upon the road. Being so tall and noticeable, he was always inclined to shrink from sight, and from some such sudden notion, crept in beneath the underbrush upon the side of the road.

As the horseman passed, he heard the crackle of the bushes, and saw a dark, strange form. As quick as thought, he lifted his pistol and shot two shots. Hearing no sound, he went upon his way.

At the very hour that the city James McElroy was hastening from the house to escape from the sudden shower of rice and old shoes and kindly wishes of good fortune, poor James McElroy of Redding lay under the canopy of heaven, in the cold night air, alone, cold in death.

What so pitiless, so inscrutable, as Fate?

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

MAIDEN FAIR.

Oh, maiden fair, you come and go,

But when you go to stay,

Remember that I say,

To smile is better than to have down-dropped
eyes and wear a brow of sorrow.

'PEARL MORRIS.

The above was written by a ten-year-old native, and when asked why she did not make the lines rhyme, replied, "I do not write rhymes, I write poetry."

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

Mr. Walter E. Adams, lately from Australia, and son of the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, has purchased a half-interest in the GOLDEN ERA, and will hereafter be associated in the business and editorial management. It is the intention to improve the magazine in every department, and push its circulation more effectively than ever before. The work for the past three years has been slow, but steady, and the magazine has a wider circle of readers now than ever before. At present the GOLDEN ERA Co. forms a back-ground for the magazine, and gives greater facilities for better work than is afforded any other literary publication west of Chicago. It requires no over-hopeful view to predict for the GOLDEN ERA an honorable place among the leading periodicals of the time.

THE PRIZE POEM.

In the October number a prize of one dollar per line was offered for the best four-line poem on the "Spirit of California." About thirty poems were

placed in competition, and the judges, Ella Sterling Cummins, Madge Morris and J. D. Wagner, awarded the prize to Carrie Stevens Walter, of San Jose, with honorable mention of Lillian Hinman Shuey. All those who competed are awarded the GOLDEN ERA for one year, free.

\$30 FOR A POEM.

We will give \$30 for the best poem on "Sutro Heights." The subject may be treated according to any inspiration the poet may have. There is no limitation as to length, treatment and style.

Sutro Heights is a beautiful spot that comprises all there is of poetry in nature. In the distance appears Mt. Tamalpais with its scar; nearer, is the Golden Gate. In another direction is a stretch of sand along the shore, tapering off in the distant hills. Around you is the perfume of flowers, the sublime statuary of ages, the poetry of curves. At the foot of the hills, the ocean rolls and dashes its spray against the rocks.

Mr. Sutro intends to have a poet's corner in a prominent place in his beautiful park, and we wish to place therein a poem that may be worthy of his admiration for the highest poetic culture. S. M. Shortridge, J. J. Owen, Hon. A. J. Moulder, will act as judges. All poems must be submitted by Nov. 25th, 1885.

In order that no partiality may be shown, competitors will enclose their names in a separate envelope, which will not be opened until after the judges have decided. Address all communications to the GOLDEN ERA.

GOLDEN ERA Co. will issue, Nov. 15th, a paper-cover edition of B. P. Moore's book, "Endura: or Three Generations."

THE NATIVE SONS.

California is proud of her climate, but prouder still of her native sons. They can be found at the head of every profession, trade and pursuit, in this State. "Right to the front," seems to be their motto. In law, in politics, in medicine, in trade, they are proving the mettle that is worthy of the pioneers of the State. R. H. McDonald, born at Sacramento, educated at Harvard and Yale, is recognized as one of the most successful bankers of the West. There are, Dorn, Weller, Del Valle, Devlin and Cabaniss in the law, with a host of other creditable and honorable names. In journalism, there is Baldwin and McConnell, of Hollister; Clifford Owen, of San Jose; Harry Dam, and the McClatchys, of Sacramento; the Dodsons, of Red Bluff, and a hundred of others connected with the city press. There is Dr. C. W. Decker, who has the largest dental practice of the State, and in art there are names that have become household words in the land.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The writers represented in this issue are all native Californians with the exception of Madge Morris, Walter E. Adams, and Lillian H. Shuey. Henry J. Curtaz, the composer of the song, "Godness of Earth," is a native San Franciscan, and under a *nom de plume* has composed a number of popular pieces of music.

A CRITICISM OF THE NEW MILLS' COLLEGE.

Katherine Fisher, in a recent magazine article, has written an adulatory account of the "New Mills' College." We would not withhold the due meed of praise from any educational institution; but it is well to remember that sometimes the weak are more worthy than the strong. From the

article in question, the reader, unacquainted with the educational progress of California, would obtain the impression that Mills' Seminary had accomplished all the excellent work done. In other words, the article reads like a paid advertisement. As an advertisement, it is a most excellent article, well written and to the point. The *Overland Magazine* essays the standard of the *Atlantic*, *North American Review*, and other high-grade publications. It must therefore, be judged by its standard. Therefore, such a laudatory article is out of place, and would be much more appropriate to a magazine like the GOLDEN ERA. It is likewise unjust to Snell's Seminary, the Home School, Ladies' Seminary at Benicia, Miss Beebe's School, the Van Ness Seminary and other creditable institutions of learning. These institutions, without the aid of endowments, have educated the daughters of California, and performed a work that is truly commendable. Why should not they have a notice in the *Overland*? The river that flows quietly within its banks has a current just as irresistible as the one that noisily rushes over its rocky bed. The founders of Mills' Seminary have done creditable work; so have many of our institutions, and it is wrong to give an impression that one has done all the work. It is with surprise that one does not find the fair authoress praising even the cook, in this magazine article. It is stated that there is a library of five thousand volumes, which is a very strange mistake. The editor of the magazine, with a sincerity truly delightful, admits his belief that lesser institutions should perish. This is not complimentary to the toilers in the many-cornered field of education.

To A. E. P. B. K.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

I ever knew my heart was callous,
Till, happy change! when I met Alice.
And then my heart, Oh, sad dilemma!
Awakened to the charms of Emma.
But, Oh! the truest arrow yet,
Was aimed at me when I met Pet.
I've loved my last, indeed it may be,
Since I have seen bewitching Baby,
For whose heart would not be undone,
To love four girls rolled into one.

DUDLEY H.

A JOKE BY A TEN-YEAR-OLD NATIVE.

First Sister comes in the room, finds her mother fainting, says to her sister: "Oh, my! what is the matter?"

Second Sister.—"Mother just got a telegram."

First Sister.—"What was in it?"

Second Sister.—"I don't know. She hasn't opened it yet."

First Sister.—“Why, then, should she faint?”
 Second Sister.—“Because it was payable on
 this end.”

GENEVIEVE CUMMINS.

To J. T. C.

THE FROZEN FOUNTAIN.

SONNET.

The frozen fountain gleams in pearly light,
 Beneath the silvery moonlight's filmy veil,
 And cased in glittering coat of icy mail,
 Holds fast the imprisoned soul of a warrior
 knight.

His heart is brave I know, he loves the right;
 But who so wise can guess or tell the tale
 That lingers in his mind? Of what avail
 To seek to penetrate his soul's delight?
 All self-contained, and full of thoughts unknown,
 He calmly views the world from out
 His icy thrall, and will, sometimes, even smile
 At those who penetrate his frozen zone—
 That smile assuring them without a doubt,
That he prefers his solitaire exile.

STERLING.

The lectures delivered under the auspices of the Ladies Silk Culture Society, at Irving Hall, were a financial and social success. Prof. Le Conte's, on evolution, was instructive as well as interesting. Prof. Cook's lecture on “Types of Women,” drew a very large and appreciative audience. The lecture of Prof. Peitzker upon the works of Goethe was a fine eulogium upon the great poet.

THE PACIFIC BANK.

To modern civilization, with its complex and highly developed methods of business, banks of loan and deposit are a necessity. They take idle money and put it to use. They save currency by the substitution of systems of credit, checks and processes, similar to that of the clearing house. But, above all business men, bankers have a peculiar responsibility. It is not simply that they

use the money of others. It is that multitudinous lines of business centre in and depend upon them. The penalty of failure is paid in but a small degree by the banker; the brunt of it falls on the public. From the most conservative to the wildest of wild-cat banks the degree of safety with which they are managed may be said to measure, not merely their prudence, but their honesty. It is a matter of pride to Californians that, notwithstanding the temptations and opportunities of speculation, the rapidity with which fortunes were made, and the *furor* that possessed a people interested in the lotteries of mines, the banks of California, born at such a time, have generally maintained a careful and conservative policy. By virtue of such a course, the Pacific Bank now stands the oldest chartered bank on the coast.

In spite of general business depression, it still continues its ten per cent. dividend, and lays by a handsome surplus, as we see by the report before us. During the past year its loans and discounts exceeded two-and-a-quarter million dollars; it has now deposits of nearly two millions; and its vaults have over eight hundred thousand in cash. These are natural results from a bank so well founded and conducted; for it has a paid-up capital of a million, and a surplus fund of half as much. The name of Dr. McDonald, the President, is a household word, both as a philanthropist and financier, and it is safe to say that under his direction, assisted by the Vice-President, R. H. McDonald, Jr., the Cashier, W. G. Murphy, and the Directors, all substantial men, the bank will maintain in the future the high position it has achieved in the past, and which it is holding to-day.

A good feature of its organization is that the liability of the shareholders is *unlimited*, and thus adds their combined wealth to the security otherwise afforded to depositors. Were such features universally adopted by the banking world, the benefits to the commercial public would be well nigh inestimable.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

STUDEBECKER TAILORS' SQUARES.

Ladies, attention! The best system of dress-cutting is offered to you. A great many ladies have used the Studebecker Tailors' squares, and pronounce them perfect. Patterns will be cut to measure. Ladies can call at the office, 224 Stockton street, or write and learn full particulars. Write at once.

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It is a pleasure to commend such an excellent tonic as the Peruvian Bitters. The tonic has a most delightful effect upon a broken-down system; and if a person is a “bit out of sorts,” Peruvian Bitters will tone him in an excellent manner. Any lady whose system is weak, blood impure, or is affected by malarial disease, can be greatly ben

efited by taking a few bottles of Peruvian Bitters.
For sale at the drug stores.

on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail
to any person who cannot secure one in his neighborhood.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1886 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1886 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.,

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The St. Louis Magazine, purely western in tone and make up, edited by Alexander N. DeMeuill, now in its 15th year is brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, timely reading and humor. \$1 50 a year. Sample copy and a set of gold, colored picture cards sent for 10 cents. Address Geo. J. Gilmore, 218 North Eighth Street, St. Louis, Mo. The GOLDEN ERA and St. Louis Magazine sent one year for \$3 25.

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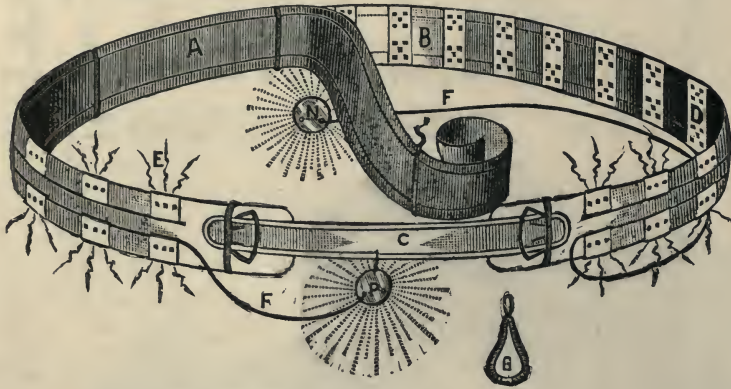
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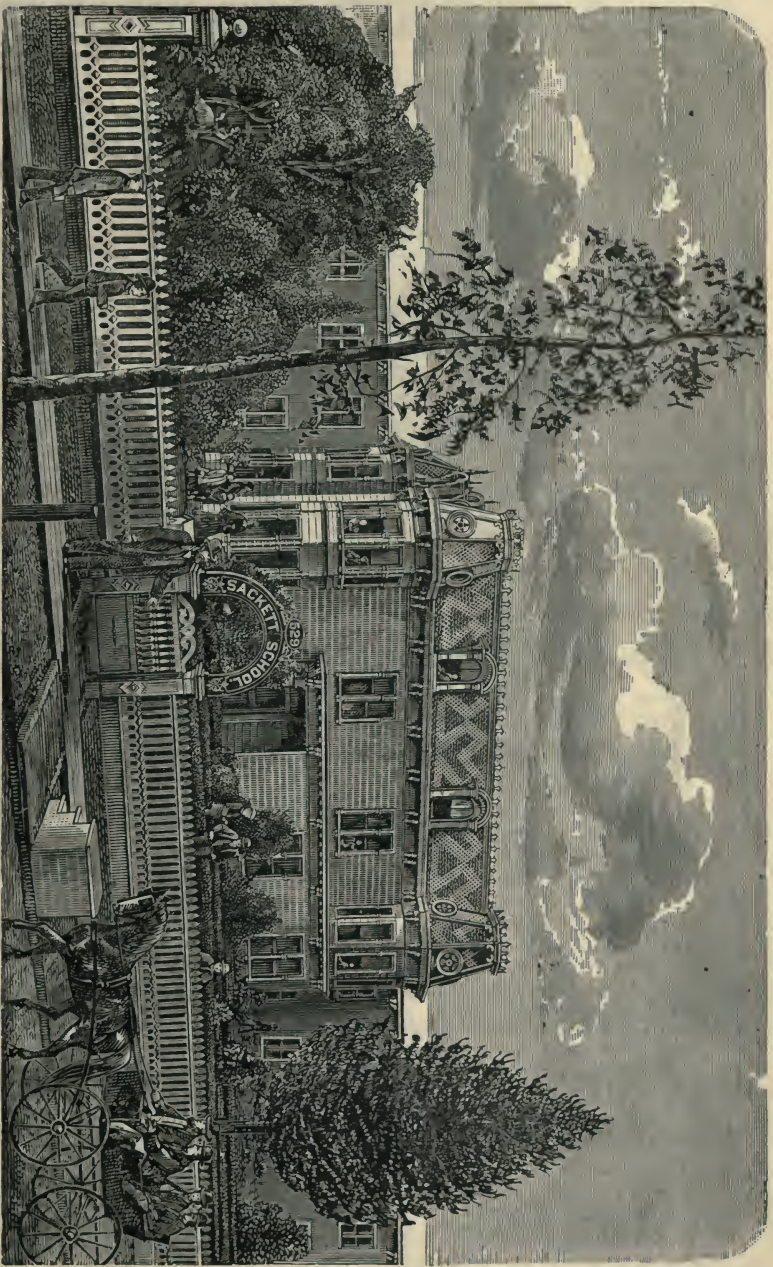
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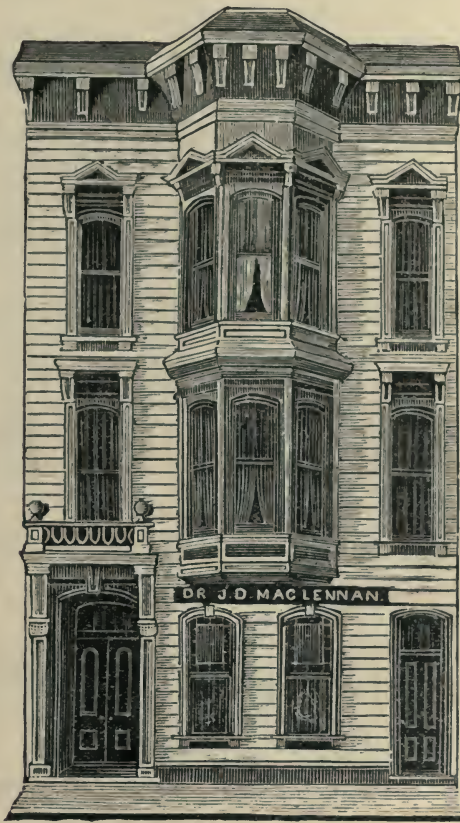
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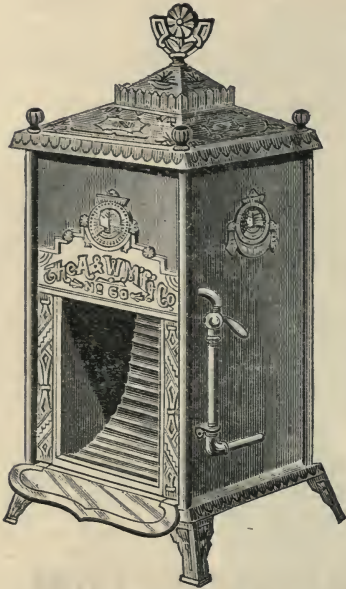
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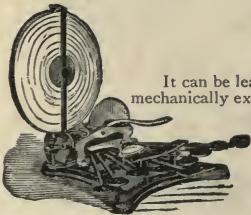
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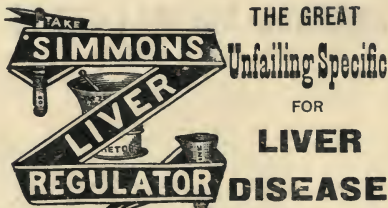
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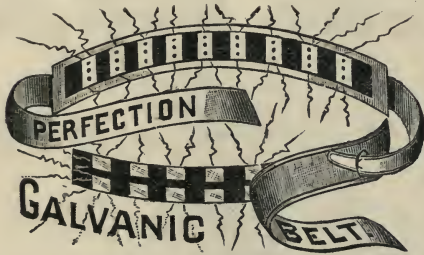
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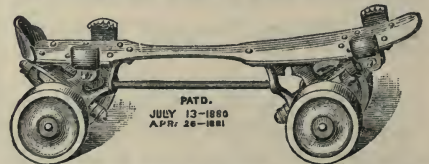
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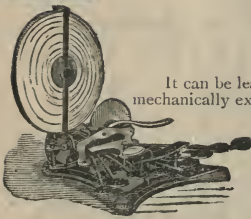
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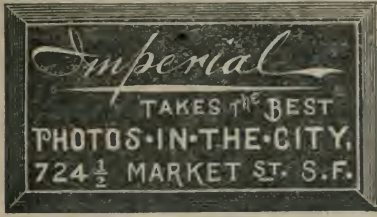
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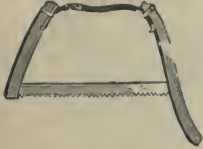
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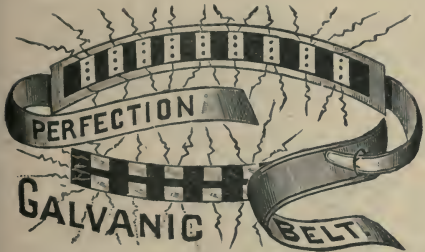
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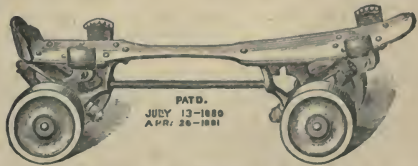
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VOL. XXXIV.

DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 8

[PRIZE FORM.]

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Once when the world was new,
Once in its dawns and springs,
When the waters a language knew,
And the hills were living things,
The mount that is Tarnalpais
And this terrace-bordered Hight,
Stood side by side in the wall of land
Which held the seas aright.

And the Mount and the Hight were lovers,
And they stood with clasping hand
In their verdure crowns and beauty—
The pride of the Western land.
They were lovers—rival lovers—
In love with the Sea were they,—
In love with the syren Ocean
Whose beauty before them lay ;
Her emerald gown was broidered
With lace the mermaids spun,
And her tawny bosom glittered
With the diamonds of the sun.

They gazed on the matchless vista—
On the wide out-sweeping zone
Of amber-dappled Ocean,
And they claimed her each his own.

And a quarrel grew between them,
And the contest rose and raged
Till the universe was shaken
With the jealous war they waged

All vain the angered Ocean
Invoked each nymph and gnome,
And beat her breast against them,
And flung her arms of foam.

The sun and the moon drew backward
And hid in their clouded light,

And the pale stars fled affrighted
Back into the aisles of night.

Then the king of the hills and the waters
Arose in his wrathful might,
And kindled his red death-furnace
Under the Mount and the Hight—
The sea-waves stop and tremble,
The hills like waves careen—
And the wall was rent asunder,
And the Ocean rushed between.

The king of the hills and the waters
Still stood in his wrathful might,
And he hurled his curse prophetic
On the riven Mount and Hight :
“ Ye shall stand thus widely parted
While the sea-waves wash the shore,
And hear the ocean moaning
For ever, ever more ;
And thou, rebellious Mountāin,
Be a barren waste and dumb
Till the world shall bring you ransom,
Till the East to the West shall come.”

The circling years whirled onward,
The birds forgot to sing
On the barren, nameless summit
Under the ban of the king.

One day from the dust and tumult,
From the cares and frets and ills,
Where standeth the busy city
On its ocean-dented hills,
Came one and stood on the Mountain—
On the mountain cursed of fate.
He looked on the broad Pacific,
On the narrow-bounded strait ;
He saw old Tamalpais,
Black-browed as the frown of hate ;
He saw the ships of the nations
Come into the Golden Gate.

And the humbled soul of the Mountain
Crept into the soul of the man,
Swift in his brain evolving
The lines of a mighty plan.

He wove him a wondrous vision ;
Of the desolate land he made
A flower-wreathed dome of beauty,—
A sylvan perfumed shade.

He planted the snow pale flowers
And the blooms of tropic dye,
And a giant redwood forest
Held its arms up toward the sky.

The rare and the quaint and curious
 Of the world he hither brought,
 And the wonder-shapes in sculpture
 Which the master hands had wrought.

And he builded here a temple
 To the muses Time has sung,
 Full-stored with the hoarded volumes
 Of many a clime and tongue,
 Where the scholar's hand might gather
 From the past its fading gleams,
 And the poet's fancy fashion
 The thought in his realm of dreams.

And his templed palace garden,
 With a royal generous hand,
 He gave—a gift—to the people
 Of the Golden Western land.

From the ocean's lambent splendor,
 From his vision-bowered strand,
 He turned to the rock-ribbed summit
 And the glaring dunes of sand.

He had forced the earth to open
 Her secret treasure door—
 And back to the earth he yielded
 Her gold thrice doubled o'er.

The jagged rocks are shapen,
 To curious curving walls,
 To granite carven stairways
 And terrace-circled halls.

And curve in curve encloses
 Long flower embroidered lines,
 Where mythic gods and graces
 Dream under palms and pines;

Where the ministers of winter
 Sleep in acacian bowers,
 Drugged with the breath of incense
 From purple-throated flowers.

The west wind whispers, whispers,
 Its story in the nights,
 And the ocean chants its anthem
 At the foot of Sutro Hights.

The humbled soul of the Mountain
 Liveth no longer dumb—
 The world has brought its ransom,
 The East to the West has come.

—*Madge Morris.*

SAN JOSE AND ENVIRONMENTS.

Some one has remarked that "when good Americans die they go to Paris." However this may be, it would seem not inappropriate that some of the denizens of the icy Eastern States should enjoy a fortaste of the "Summer land" by taking a trip to California—while yet in the flesh.

A trip to California is not a success unless one includes a visit to San Jose and valley. Around the place yet lingers a halo of the old romance of "early days." The foundation stones of its civilization were laid far back in the dim ages of the past century, and the whole pathway of its progress to its present position is made sacred by the incense of toil and privation, and sacrifice, that can be made only to the founder of States.

The first European settlement in this valley, was made at Santa Clara on the 12th of January, 1777, when the mission was founded by Franciscan Friars on the banks of Guadalupe. In 1779 the *adobe* church, which had been built by the fathers, was destroyed by heavy floods, and in 1784 a new church was built near the present depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad. This was ruined by an earthquake, in 1818. Not daunted by this discouraging warfare with the elements the brave Franciscans, in 1822, built the present church which, during the present year, has been, as far as possible, restored to its original condition.

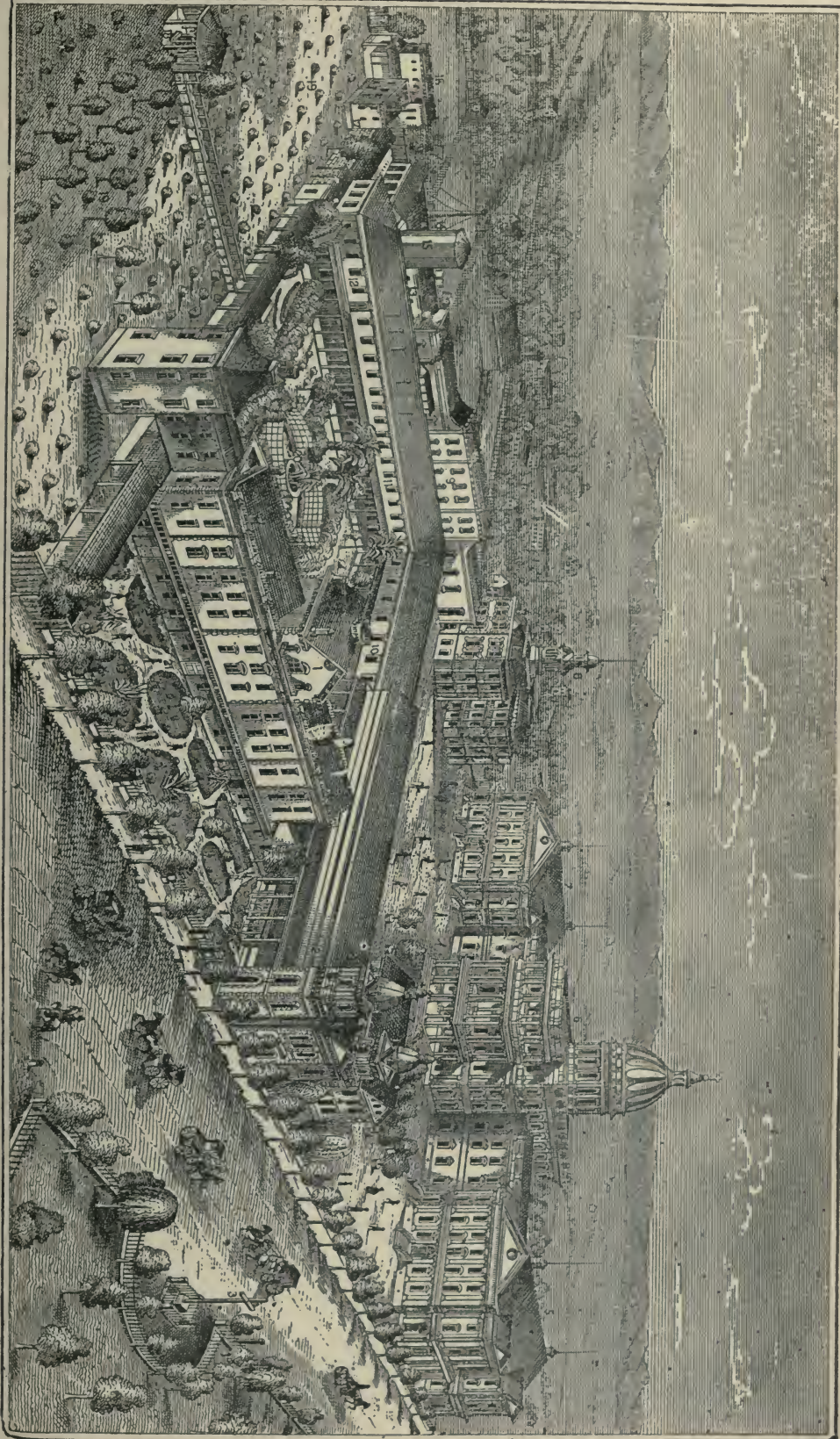
And here one cannot but be reminded of our indebtedness to those patient, persistent pioneers, the brave Franciscan Friars, for very much of our present condition, not alone in this valley, but throughout the State. With this thought in our minds we are tempted to spend a few hours at the Santa Clara College, which occupies the site of the old church of 1822, and is simply a continuation, as it were, of the original work on a broader plane.

In 1851 the Jesuit Fathers took possession of the old Mission, and in the same year founded Santa Clara College.

It would seem that the ancient fathers were inspired by prophetic vision, as scarcely a spot in California could be selected more favorable for such work than the present site of the College. The in-

closure includes about ten acres in which are situated seven large buildings, besides others of minor importance. Each department of instruction is most complete and under the care of a professor especially fitted for his work. The care and training of students is most complete and thorough. A very important feature is the careful supervision given to students during the hours of recreation, as teachers always accompany the boys at such times, not as stern teachers, but as friends and companions in recreation. The fathers seem to consider that the word "education" includes much besides the mere information drawn from books. Therefore the mental, moral and social faculties are all cultivated. A fine theatre building gives excellent opportunity for dramatic training, and frequently dramas from the best authors are creditably rendered by the students, accompanied by an orchestra of students. The writer had the pleasure, a few months ago, of witnessing selections from "The Merchant of Venice," which were finely rendered by the students. It is something of a recommendation to this College that among its graduates can be numbered some of the best men of our State, ornaments to bar, to the medical profession, in the field of politics and in other walks of life. A visit to the old church possesses much interest. As it stands now, restored as far as possible to its primitive condition, it is a study for an antiquarian. The bells were a gift from the King of Spain, I believe Charles III., about A. D. 1800. The water fonts are of a very peculiar and beautiful marble mixed with quartz, yellow and white, and came from Mexico or Spain. The ceiling over the altar enclosure is identical with the original, while the altar-rail is one of the original heavy beams of the ceiling, polished in a very fine manner. The painting and frescoing throughout the entire church betrays the old, almost Oriental love for high coloring, which was a trait of the Mexican character. One should not neglect to visit this old church while making his trip to our valley. A very lovely feature of the College grounds, and one that always causes exclamations of de-

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



light, especially from Eastern visitors, is the garden, enclosed in a large court. Here bloom rare exotics, as the peculiarly sheltered position of the court renders the climate almost tropical. Orange trees in full bloom and fruit can be seen in January and February, with other rare plants and trees, which are a source of wonder and admiration to one accustomed to snow and ice during those months.

It would seem that next in order should be a brief sketch of the College of Notre Dame, conducted by the Sisters of that Order, in San Jose. A few facts gleaned during some very pleasant hours passed in a visit to that famed institution, may be of interest.

A visit to a convent was rather a new experience, but one which gave great pleasure, from the fact that almost at the threshold we were met and welcomed by one who,—though personally unknown—had long been known to us through the medium of her most graceful pen. Her noble face with its marked lines of strength and womanly grace, was a pleasant study. From her lips we obtained much of interest concerning the institution, and I trust she will pardon me for sometimes quoting her words. A brief history of the founding of the Order of Notre Dame was new and of interest to us. "The Sisters of Notre Dame," she said, "are members of a Society of ladies, devoted to the education of youth both in Europe and America; Namur, Belgium, being the centre of the organization, which though not a century old, has already more than a hundred flourishing academies or colleges, and can count its teachers by thousands, and its children by tens of thousands."

The society was the offspring of the tumultuous times of the French Revolution. It had two foundresses, one springing from the people, the other from the nobility. In the reception room we were shown two fine portraits, representing these ladies, and as we studied them we could trace, in the peasant "mother," the firm lines of determination and strength, that told of hard won encounters in life. In the other face, was strength also, but ornamental with the grace and beauty, which comes from generations of culture and refinement. But to return to our San Jose branch.

In 1843, the Sisters of Notre Dame, in

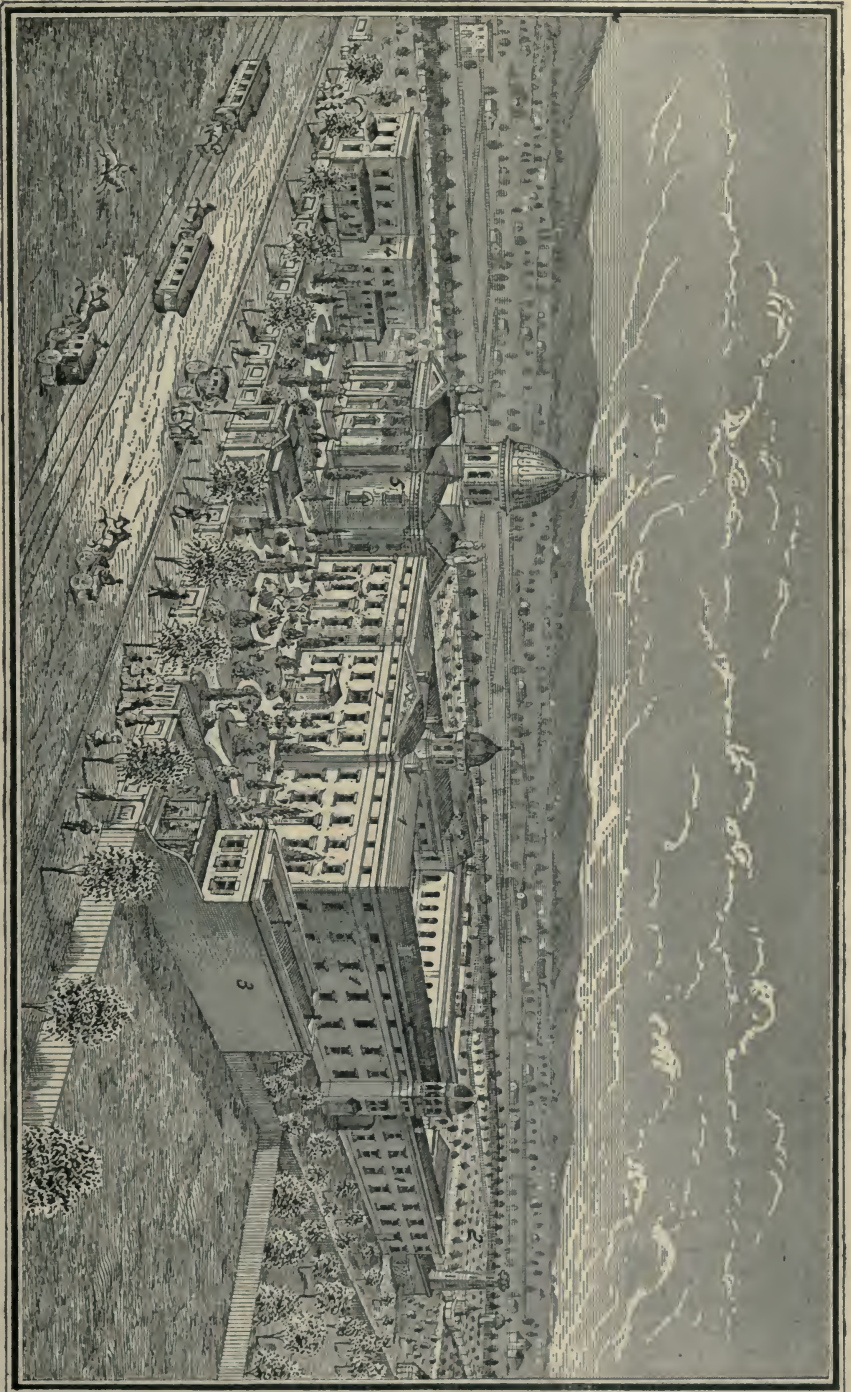
Europe, influenced by the representations of the zealous missionary, Father de Smet, determined to establish a branch on this Coast. After seven months of a weary perilous voyage, the little band of six reached the mouth of the Columbia river, in 1844, and were seven years in Oregon.

In 1851, two of the pioneer sisters came to San Francisco to meet some others of the Order to arrive from Cincinnati, and being compelled to await the arrival of these latter, they gladly accepted the invitation of Mr. Martin Murphy, of San José, to visit his family, and remained the guests of this noble-hearted man and his equally noble and generous wife during their stay.

Such inducements were offered them to remain and found an institution of learning here, that they at last resolved to do so. The present site was chosen, and under the direction of Mr. Levi Goodrich, the architect, buildings were erected and a day and boarding school opened August 4, 1851. In 1855, the College was incorporated by the State Legislature. This convent is the head of the order in California.

The enclosure contains ten acres, and, at present, has the appearance of a city by itself. New and commodious buildings, and additions have been made, until now it would seem that the institution is most complete in all departments. About sixty sisters are in the institution, and nearly eight hundred pupils, including boarders, day boarders, pupils of select school and free school, and a free school for little boys under eleven years of age. A most commendable feature is the free school where children, of those who cannot afford to pay tuition, receive the best advantages "without money and without price." Here poor women, who are compelled to go out to their day's labor, can leave their little ones during the day, assured that their children will receive the best of care from these noble women whose maternal instincts embrace all humanity.

The department of music is under the charge of one of the Order, a graduate of the Conservatory of Ghent, and the institution is most thorough and complete. Twenty pianos were being manipulated most earnestly during our tour of the establishment.



COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.

The art department attracted us most strongly, not alone from the really good work in painting and other branches, but also from the gentle, refined manner of the presiding genius, who bore under her black veil a face that reminded one of Raphael's Madonnas.

We cannot leave this subject without remarking upon the order and system, like clock-work, moving the daily machinery of this large institution. The neatness and *cleanness*, the white floors unsullied by contagion-hiding carpets, the snowy beds in the dormitories, nestled away, each under its spotless curtain, were a few of the many things that struck us most favorably, but which could not, for lack of space, be even mentioned in a magazine article. Nor must we omit a mention of the venerable Superior, Sister Mary Cornelia, and the second in authority, Sister Mary, both ladies being upward of seventy years of age, yet retaining their powers of mind and body as vigorous as though they were but half that age. Nor yet one other item, which speaks well for the sanitary management of the institution: that during thirty-four years but two deaths have occurred among pupils, and the little "sick beds" are seldom used.

San Jose might well be called the Athens of the Pacific Coast, from the number and excellence of its schools. Certainly no city on the Coast has a better showing. A visit to the University of the Pacific—the educational institution of the Methodist Church in California—but confirms this opinion.

The University of the Pacific was founded in 1851, in the town of Santa Clara, and consisted, at that time, of two departments, a male and female—quite separate. Quoting the language of the eloquent Dr. Sinex, in an address delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the new building, I would say: "In the pioneer days of the commonwealth, the fathers founded the University of the Pacific. In buildings of the plainest architecture, limited in size, and inconvenient in arrangement, with small libraries and cabinet, and the simplest apparatus, the early professors endeavored to meet the demand of their patrons for a collegiate education. Their embarrassments, their struggles, their partial successes, need not

be exhibited to view. They were laying the foundations, which, though not very slightly, were necessary to the structure." The doctor then gives a vivid picture of the doubt and perplexity connected with the final selection of a permanent site, which, at last, resulted in the choice of the present location. And it would seem that it could not have been a more fortunate selection. Situated midway between San Jose and Santa Clara, just off the far-famed Alameda, within easy access of either city, by two lines of street cars, possessing a healthful climate and lovely situation, one can scarcely see how it could be improved. Thus, in the early struggles of the founders, one can say with Emerson:

"They builded better than they knew—
The conscious stones to beauty grew."

At present, there are eighteen acres in the College campus, ornamented with "academic groves," and delightful avenues. One finds himself reverting to his own long gone school days, and feels again the thrill of "young romance," as he watches the crowds of students of both sexes, with their burdens of books, crossing and recrossing the campus. We are indebted to the courtesy of President Stratton, and Professors F. W. Blackmar and T. C. George, for a very pleasant hour or two, and many items of interest.

There are, at present, five large buildings on the grounds—East Hall, West Hall, South Hall, a new and commodious dining hall, and a very fine observatory. East Hall, is a handsome new building erected this year, and is a credit to the architect, Mr. Levi Goodrich. It is largely devoted to the Preparatory Department, but has rooms for philosophy and chemistry on the ground floor. The first floor is devoted to recitation rooms; the second and third floors, to sleeping rooms for boys.

The new and elegant dining-hall was inspected with interest, especially the modern improvements in the kitchen department, attention to which was called by the housekeeper. A convenient, commodious kitchen is the delight of every housekeeper's heart, and this one should be satisfied.

The buildings are all heated with steam, and every attention is given to



HIGH SCHOOL.

such hygienic regulations, as ventilation, cleanliness, etc.

The professors thoroughly understand the necessity of combining recreation with labor, and encourage gymnastic exercises and games of all kinds. The students have an athletic club, base ball clubs, tennis courts and various other amusements.

The students conduct two papers, the *Hatchet*, a weekly—which, I trust, is not as formidable as its name—and the *Epoch*, the regular College paper issued every third week.

The College has a library of over three thousand volumes, accumulated by donation and purchase, there being no library fund. It is arranged alphabetically with a cabinet, in the same manner as the library at Ann Arbor.

Through the kindness of Professor George, we were shown through the new observatory, where we were astonished to find so many valuable articles necessary to an observatory, all donated by generous hands to the University. We entered the transit room first, where was a fine transit instrument costing one thousand dollars, and donated by Captain Goodall of San Francisco. In the observing tower is a

fine six-inch refracting telescope, provided with declination circles, right ascension or hour circles, and driven by clock-work, the whole costing about one thousand eight hundred dollars, and donated by David Jacks, Esq., of Monterey. Professor George seems very enthusiastic in his chosen branch of astronomy, but also instructs in Natural Sciences.

Through the kindness of several, including Professor George, and also F. W. Blackmar, professor of mathematics—who, by the way, has no superior in the State in his chosen branch—we carried with us a most pleasant impression of the University of the Pacific.

The Garden City Commercial, or Business College, being mentioned to us as one of the solid institutions of the place, we called one day upon Professor Worcester at the College, for a few items of interest concerning it.

This is indeed a live institution and we found the throng of young ladies and gentlemen, as busy as only a thorough, wide-awake teacher can make them.

Professor Worcester is a man of much character, and has had many varied experiences, before locating in San Jose. In 1861 he entered the army, with the first

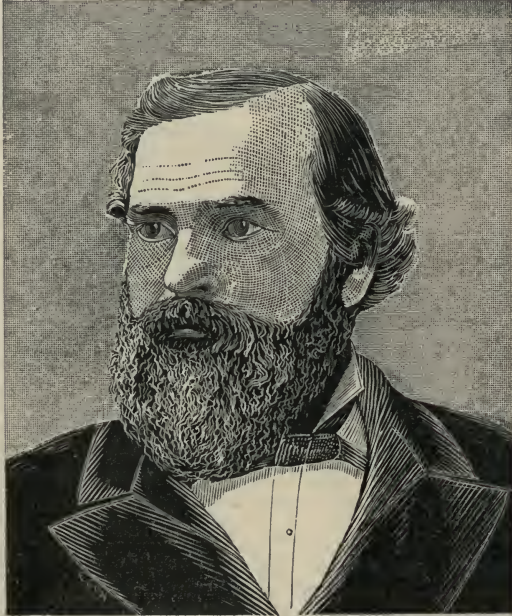
call made for six hundred thousand troops. Was in the 18th Wisconsin regiment of Grant's army, in Sherman's Division at Pittsburg Landing. After the close of the war, he pursued his academic studies in Chicago, and received a thorough business education and training.

He removed to California and became the proprietor of this institution on the first of January, 1877, beginning the school first in his own parlors. Then followed some years of a hard struggle to secure and maintain a solid foundation for his school. During this time ten other schools

schools and colleges. And he deserves it.

While we are on the subject of schools, mention must be made of the public schools of San Jose, which are at present under the management of City Superintendent L. F. Curtis, aided by a corps of thorough and efficient teachers. Great credit is due Mr. Curtis for the excellent standing of the schools, and the good work done by teachers and pupils during the past year.

Besides these mentioned, the State Normal School is located in San Jose, which, under the generalship of that veteran edu-



HON. B. D. MURPHY.

were opened in opposition, but one by one closed out, until at present he has no rival in the field, which fact certainly speaks well for his patience and perseverance.

This institution is regularly fitted for thorough training and instruction in all those branches pertaining to a Business College.

There are about one hundred and twenty-five pupils in attendance; and when one considers that the course is only of six months duration, and that during the year the number would be doubled, he will understand that Professor Worcester certainly has his share of pupils in this city of

Professor Charles H. Allen, ranks equal to any similar institution in the United States.

So closely entwined is the name of Murphy with the history of Santa Clara county that one finds it impossible to separate the two histories were he inclined to do so. But so much has our County been benefitted and honored by the members of that numerous family, that we find no one who does not rejoice at this close connection.

The oldest representative of the family now living is Mrs. Mary Murphy, widow of the late Martin Murphy, and mother of several children, among whom are Hon. P. W. Murphy of San Luis Obispo; Hon.

B. D. Murphy, of San Jose; Mrs. Carroll, of San Francisco; Mrs. Arques, of Santa Clara, and James T. Murphy.

The story of her life reads like a page from romance, so filled is it with incidents of travel and adventure. She was married on the 18th of July, 1831, to Martin Murphy, in Quebec, Canada, where they remained until 1832, when, on account of cholera, they joined her father at Framp-ton.

On September, of 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy decided to take the long journey to the then wild West, Missouri. Every mother's heart can sympathize with Mrs. Murphy's feelings at leaving forever the little graves of her two first-born children.

They remained, however, but two years in Missouri, when the long, lonely trip across the plains was begun. About May 1, 1843, they left Council Bluffs, Missouri, in company with a large company of relatives and friends, and were *ten months* in making the trip. Think of that, you who fly across that space now in four or five days! Try to picture the toil and privation borne by this band of brave pioneers, whose wagons were first to leave their impress upon the untracked soil of California! They made their own roads, these travelers; they were their own guides, trusting their own lives and fates to the hand of an all-wise Ruler, who "made the way plain" for them. Hardest of all, it seems, was the lot of these brave women to whom children were born on the road. In the lonely wilderness they passed down into the dark waters whose waves must encompass every woman who wins the sacred crown of motherhood. On the Yuba river was born the first white child in California, which was a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murphy. She was christened Elizabeth, and afterwards became the wife of William P. Taffe. In 1850, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy removed to Santa Clara county. Their golden wedding anniversary was celebrated in July, 1881, and was perhaps the grandest fete ever held in California. Children, grandchildren, relatives and friends came from nearly every part of the State, to congratulate the honored couple. In 1884 the hardest trial she had ever borne came to Mrs. Murphy in the death of the noble husband by whose side she had walked for more

than fifty years. One by one she had seen the coffin lid close over six children, precious as only children can be to a tender mother heart, yet this last blow was saddest of all to the true wife, and since that time her health has been frail. The writer enjoyed a very pleasant call upon this venerable woman and from her lips heard much that is given in this sketch. While listening to her, one seems to feel with her the pangs known only to a woman's heart, endured by these brave women of pioneer days; the lonely watching over cradle beds; the sadder vigil over tiny coffins; the perils of maternity so bravely borne, and all the thousand nameless experiences which can never be voiced.

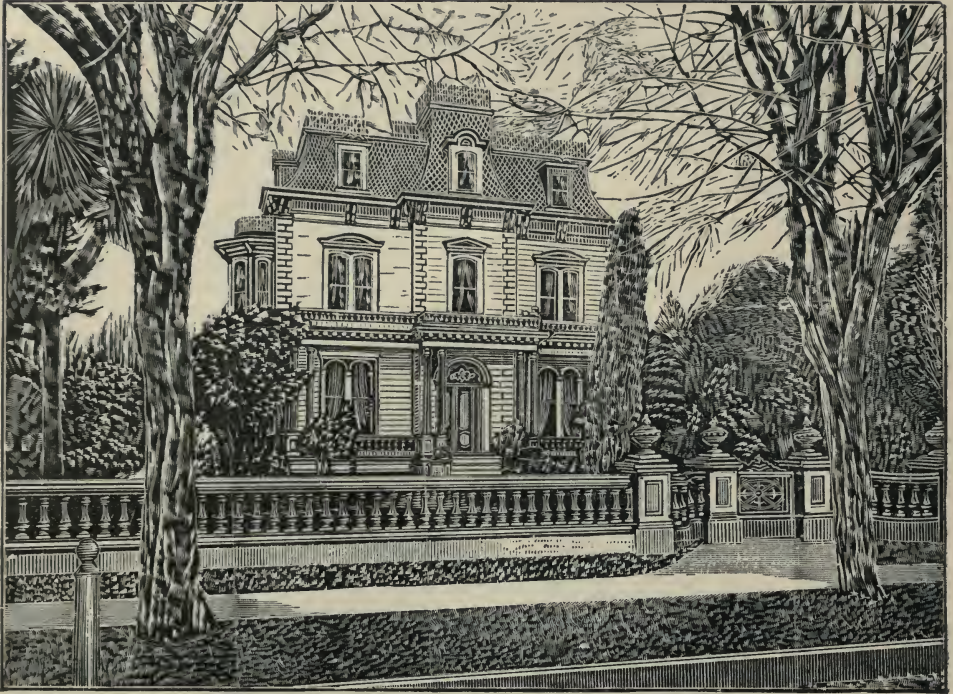
It is pleasant to know that now, in her beautiful home, surrounded by all that wealth and love can give her, carefully attended by children and grand-children, to whom she is ever beloved and revered, and whose little attentions are unceasing, she will be sheltered from every jar of life and cherished as she deserves.

As I stood upon her porch at parting from her, and watched her venerable face enshrined in its snowy lace—almost saint-like in its serenity—smiling upon her sons and daughters who had come to spend Thanksgiving day with the dear "little mother," and thought what noble men and women she had given to our State in her sons and daughters, it seemed to me that not only "her children rise up and call her blessed" but many others should do so.

May she be spared many years to her family and friends and may her name descend to posterity with all the honor which it deserves.

It would scarcely be proper to leave this subject without a brief reference to Hon. B. D. Murphy, her son. His name is so closely connected with the social and political history of our section that it could not well be omitted.

He has served four terms as Mayor of San Jose, four terms as State Senator, in the Assembly a term or so, has held, I do not know how many other positions, and is yet a young man in years. Honorable and upright in every walk of life, a man whose word is as good as his bond, and whose hand is ever extended in sympathy to the afflicted, such is B. D. Murphy.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARTIN MURPHY.

In this connection I am reminded of a pretty little legend of a tree that grew and flourished beyond its fellows because it was nourished and supported by a hidden fountain. When one enters Mr. Murphy's home—"home" is the right word here—and meets the bright, intelligent woman who reigns there as its queen and the mother of the fair bevy of boys and girls who throng the wide halls, we know where is the hidden fountain of his happiness and prosperity; that from her lovely eyes radiates the sunshine that blesses the hearts of her husband and children; and we say with one of old: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life."

The appearance of Mr. Murphy's picture in this article will surprise no one so much as himself as it was a little plan of his friends to insert it without his knowledge.

In writing of San Jose and her people

there are some names that are so truly a part of her history, so closely connected with her interests, that one cannot refrain from giving them a brief mention at the risk of being personal.

Among the prominent women,—I like the word *woman*,—could be mentioned the name, of Mrs. Sarah L. Knox-Goodrich, who has a national reputation as a worker in the cause of Woman Suffrage,—and a zealous and capable worker, she is, in any enterprise that she undertakes.—Mrs. L. J. Watkins, and Mrs. E. O. Smith, workers in the same cause, are women of power, and executive ability. Mrs. S. J. Churchill, president of the W. C. T. U., is another strong worker; and one must not forget those talented writers Mrs. Mary H. Field, and Mrs. Nellie Eyster; nor Mrs. Murphy Columbet, who has watched San Jose's growth since her childhood; nor Mrs. E. H. Guppy, who is not only a queen among mothers and *home keepers*, but her husband's partner and confidante

in his business. And many more strong, brave earnest women could be named, not only as occupying prominent positions but as silent capable workers in Life's great harvest field. I think God's masterpiece was a strong, brave, true, *womanly* woman, and he has done well by San Jose.

Among the gentlemen of San Jose none deserves, or receives more respect from his fellow citizens, than Judge Lawrence Archer, who has been for many years, prominently before the people. He has been twice Mayor of the city, and in that capacity received General Grant and party during their visit to San Jose. He served one term on the County bench, and one term in the Legislature—1875 and 1876, where he obtained a record for "making things lively" among the Solons. Always a conscientious and consistent Democrat, his adherence to principle has been unswerving.

Judge Archer is another member of that fraternity, "Old Californians"—as he crossed the plains in the standard way in 1852, leaving a good law practice, and resigning the office of District attorney in St. Joseph Mo., on account of failing health. He has resided in San Jose ever since his arrival in January, 1853.

Another representative man is State Senator James R. Lowe. Born in Massachusetts, in 1840; he came with his parents to California in 1852, and received his education at Gates' Institute in this city. He studied law with Hon. F. E. Spencer, present Superior Judge, and is one of the successful lawyers of this city. He was appointed U. S. Consul to the City of Tehauntepec, Mexico, in 1866, by President Andrew Johnson, and represented the United States at that place, at the time Maximilian was shot by decree of President Juarez. In 1876, Mr. Lowe was elected President of the Board of Education of San Jose, and held that office for two successive terms, during which time the schools were managed to the entire satisfaction of the people of the city, and in a manner unexcelled before or since. He was elected State Senator on the Republican ticket in Santa Clara County by a very large majority. His record as a Senator is among the best, and he is regarded as among the ablest members of that body. Mr. Lowe's wife was a former teacher in

San Jose, and a lady of much culture and refinement.

Among our illustrations appears the Baptist Tabernacle, and its pastor, Rev. N. F. Ravlin. The congregation of the Tabernacle is quite independent of the Baptist organization, having been separated through the independent and outspoken sentiments of Dr. Ravlin. The doctor is quite a decided character, whom we studied with much interest, while listening to his lecture recently given on the Chinese Problem, trying to discover the secret of his great power over his immense congregations. He speaks in sympathy with the masses, upon subjects vital to them, and in a manner easily comprehended. Of a strong, decided, independent nature, he fights wrong and oppression, with the Bible in one hand and the sword of justice in the other. He is evidently formed for a leader; has very warm friends, and, as is the fate of all *strong* characters—bitter enemies. He was born, raised, and educated in New York, the son of Rev. Thomas Ravlin, and ordained in 1853. During his discourse he was frequently interrupted by applause, every member of his congregation being intensely attentive, and alive to his remarks. I wish I could give a synopsis of his discourse, which was given with much force, as he kept restlessly walking up and down the platform, and pulling his black mustache. The Tabernacle folks are not insensible to the power of other attractions, as they have a fine organ, and organist, and a choir which includes San Jose's sweetest vocalists. It may be stated, *en passant*, that the congregation of the Tabernacle have entered into a written contract with Dr. Ravlin for two years longer. It is evident they do not intend to let him get away from them.

One of the well-known men of San Jose is James A. Clayton, whose genial countenance affects his friends like sunshine. He is one of the old residents of San Jose, whose fortunes have "grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." He is a native of England, but came to the United States in 1839, when he was a child. In company with his brother, Joel Clayton, he crossed the plains to California in 1850, from Wisconsin. On the 25th of August of the same year, he took up his residence in Santa Clara, acting as



COURT HOUSE.

clerk for his brother Charles, who had been a resident of this valley since 1848. But after the manner of many new-comers—and old residents also—Mr. Clayton could not resist the fascination of the mines. He went to the “diggings,” in 1851, and worked there awhile; then went to Australia, and tried the mines there. But California had thrown her charm so closely about him, that she drew him back to her shores in 1852. After several changes he finally located in San Jose, in 1856, where he purchased a photograph gallery—which he owned about thirteen years. In 1861 he was elected County clerk, and served two terms. In 1867 he established his well-known real-estate business and has continued in that ever since. His business is very extensive, and his name is known throughout the length and breadth of the State. Lately Mr. Clayton has been resting on his laurels, so to speak, and putting into active harness his sons—in the same business. His family consists of six children. If I had not started out with the assertion that Mr. Clayton was an Englishman, it would be quite reasonable to imagine him a Yankee, from his peculiarly Yankee-like experiences, and early life of change and adventure.

As a citizen, and in his social and business relations, the name of James A. Clay-

ton has become a synonym for honesty, integrity, and purity of motives.

What man, woman or child in San Jose is not familiar with the name and countenance of Samuel A. Bishop? Genial, happy, generous—a warm friend, and a public benefactor, he is universally respected and esteemed.

Mr. Bishop was the originator and builder of the first horse railway in this city, which was built in 1868, between San Jose and Santa Clara. On the first day of August the first rail was placed, and on the first day of November, of the same year, the first trip was made in the cars, which was to convey passengers to a political meeting held in Santa Clara, during the presidential campaign, preceding General Grant’s first election.

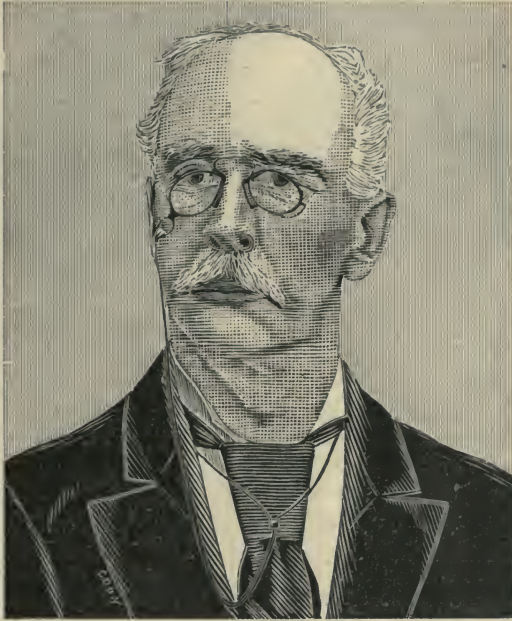
Mr. Bishop is at present president and manager, and one of the principal owners, of the San Jose and Santa Clara line of street railways, together with the “People’s” line, that has been consolidated with the former, and runs from Reed and Ninth streets through Stockton Avenue to the Alameda.

Mr. Bishop’s plans and schemes are always something unique, conceived upon the broad basis of benefit to his fellow men; and he generally succeeds in his undertakings. His life of strange adven-

ture would fill an interesting volume, and he has kindly promised sometime to allow some of his experiences to be placed before the reading public. A brief sketch of him, as this necessarily is, can in no wise do him justice. Beginning his career in Albermarle County, Virginia, on the second of September, 1825, his life has been one shifting scene of change, adventure and ups and downs, until within a few years. Coming to California in 1849, he explored nearly every mile of Southern California, besides much of Arizona and New Mexico, and his experiences

resided ever since, with the exception of a brief absence during a bad attack of mining fever in an early day. He tells of a severe toothache which attacked him soon after his arrival here. But there was no other physician, and no dentist, therefore he sought the kind services of a *blacksmith* who relieved him of his ache and his tooth.

Among the physicians of later date might be mentioned the name of Dr. W. S. Thorne, who bore credentials from the State Medical Society to the British Medical Association, which met at Cambridge



HON. LAWRENCE ARCHER.

sound like an extract from the "Arabian Nights Entertainments."

Another old land mark—long may he remain to us—is Dr. Benjamin Cory, the oldest resident physician, not only of this County, but of California. He arrived in Oregon City in October of 1847, but came almost immediately to California, arriving in San Francisco Nov. 17th of the same year, on the anniversary of his twenty-fifth birthday. But there were *two* physicians, since deceased, already in that burg, more than it needed, thought Dr. Cory, and hearing of the *pueblo* of San Jose, he came here two weeks later, where he has

in the year 1879. During his absence Dr. Thorne made the tour of Europe, visiting all the great hospitals of Paris, Vienna, London, Italy, Ireland, England and Scotland. He is an enthusiast in his profession, which fact explains his success and popularity, as evinced by his large practice. He is a graduate of Bellevue College Hospital, but received his classical education in Virginia.

Dr. William Simpson has a well-earned reputation as an oculist and aurist, aside from his general practice. He is careful, conscientious and skillful in his treatment of that delicate organ, the eye, and his



SENATOR JAMES R. LOWE.

eye-practice is very large. The Doctor is a New York man by birth and education. He was, at one time, physician to the Children's Aid Society, and first resident physician to the Children's Sea-side Home at Coney Island. He is a graduate of the Long Island College Hospital at Brooklyn, and attended lectures at the New York Homeopathic College.

One of the unique institutions of San Jose is the establishment of Dr. Jennie E. Williams, who makes a specialty of vapor, magnetic and electric baths, followed by massage, a process that is certainly the quintessence of luxury. The Doctor is a warm, living battery of magnetic power and force, and infuses her spirit into the depressed patients in a manner that produces most satisfactory results. To a weary, half-sick, depressed mortal, I know of nothing that is a greater renewer of life and energy than an hour passed in Dr. Williams' hands.

A firm most eminently representative of Californian enterprise and executive ability, is that of the Hale Brothers, a branch of whose establishment is located in San Jose.

The firm originated in San Jose, commencing business in 1876, in a small store,

on a somewhat retired street, and with a very modest stock of dry goods. The members were Marshall Hale and his two sons, O. A. Hale and E. W. Hale, and they employed one clerk. The firm now consists of the four brothers, O. A. Hale, E. W. Hale, P. C. Hale and F. D. Cobb, a half brother. They have extensive establishments in Sacramento, Stockton, Petaluma, Salinas and San Jose, and their daily business transactions exceed in value the whole combined stock of the little original nucleus store, around which this great business has gathered. O. A. Hale, the manager, and one of the leading spirits of the business is a Napoleon in his line. Modest and unassuming, almost to a fault, yet his wonderful executive ability, his power to grasp details and convert them into a harmonious whole, his ability to keep the whole complicated machinery running noiselessly and frictionless, are seldom seen in one man, and he is peculiarly fortunate in having the hearty co-operation of every member of the firm. The brothers come from a mercantile stock, the father, Mr. Marshall Hale, having been in that business many years in New York, and always bore the name of a square

dealer, and a man of fine business abilities. It would appear that the sons are examples of inherited genius.

P. C. Hale resides in New York city, and superintends the purchasing for the different establishments, as also for the commission and wholesale house of R. W. Burtis, a gentleman who is married to Miss Della Hale, a sister of the Hale Brothers. The manager of the Salinas branch is Mr. Nathan Clark, who has been

of this cash system into their business is very amusing. As he said, some were offended, some indignant, and some left the store never to return again, and for weeks there was a "general circus." But the business has settled into its even tenor at last, and now credit is never solicited.

Of the Superior Judges, David Belden, of Department 1, and Francis E. Spencer, of Department 2, are the present incumbents. Judge Belden is an old Califor-



NEW ODD FELLOWS HALL.

in their employ for eight years. The Petaluma store is in charge of J. W. Miller; the Stockton branch is under the management of Mr. F. D. Cobb; and the Sacramento branch under the care of E. W. Hale; while Mr. O. A. Hale, circulates among them all like the genius of order, inspiring energy, enthusiasm and industry into whatever establishment he enters.

For many years the firm has dealt strictly on a cash basis in every respect. Mr. Hale's account of their first institution

nian, having come to California in 1853, and entered the practice of law in Nevada County. He served as State Senator from Nevada County two terms. He came to San Jose in 1869, and became Judge in 1871.

Judge Spencer is a native of New York, but came to California in 1852, and has resided in San Jose ever since. His education was completed in California, and he was admitted to the Supreme Court in 1858. He went immediately into active

practice, especially in land matters. He served as District Attorney from 1860 to 1865.

Among the many handsome buildings of San Jose may be mentioned Paul Block, owned by a former resident and one upon whom Santa Clara county jealously desires to retain a partial hold—Mr. D. M. Delmas, of San Francisco, who stands to-day at the very front of the California Bar. A gentleman endowed with the god-like gift of eloquence; possessed of the divine faculty of extracting more power and sweetness from the English language than any other man on the Coast. A man whose honor and principle are beyond question; whose denunciation of wrong and fraud is fearless, and as fierce as the lightning blast; yet whose sympathy for the oppressed and down-trodden is as warm and genial as our own August sunshine.

We give an illustration of the New Odd Fellows' Hall, one of the handsomest buildings in the city. In November of 1884, the site of the new building was selected and purchased at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The architecture and general construction of the new building was entrusted to Jacob Lanzen & Son, and the contract for its building was awarded to D. H. Kelsey. The corner-stone was laid in April, 1885, and the work has progressed satisfactorily until its completion about one month ago. The cost of the building has been only about thirty-two thousand dollars, which, considering its architectural beauty, is very little, and reflects credit upon its architect and builder.

On Monday, December 1st, 1885, the ceremonies of dedication were held in the main hall, which was crowded with spectators.

The ceremony was very beautiful and impressive, and was conducted by the Grand Master, Grand Marshall, and other officers. At the close of the ceremonies, Miss Virginia Calhoun read a dedicatory ode, written by Mrs. M. H. Field. The address delivered by John B. Harmon, Past Grand Sire of the Order, was eloquent and impressive. In the evening a grand ball was given by the members of

the Order, at the Turn Verein Hall. Before the ceremony of dedication, Grand Secretary Lyon offered a resolution that the Order cause the flags of the building to be placed at half-mast for the death of Vice President Hendricks, which was carried.

Of the various real estate men the firm of Cordell & Blaney may be mentioned as among the most enterprising and honorable. They have a connection with a San Francisco firm and also extensive acquaintance and correspondence throughout the State. From personal experience we can recommend them as "square men."

I cannot close this sketch without a kindly mention of the St. James Hotel and its proprietor, Mr. Tyler Beach and his helpful wife who made our stay there so homelike and pleasant that we left them with reluctance.

The St. James Hotel is situated on First street, opposite St. James Park, a most fortunate site for a hotel. In its management, order, neatness and thorough attention to guests are the characteristics. This little notice is simply a sincere offering to Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Beach for their kind and uniform courtesy and their superior management of the hotel.

It is in contemplation to erect soon on the site of the present hotel, a larger and more commodious structure, that will be more in keeping with the managing capacity of the owners than is the present smaller building—a consummation sincerely to be desired by the San Joseans, as the city needs a larger hotel than it yet has and Mr. Beach is just the man to make it a success.

The principal newspapers are the *Herald*, *News*, *Mercury* and *Santa Clara Valley*. To those who extended to us kindly journalistic courtesies we desire to express our gratitude. Only those of "the guild" can fully appreciate such kindness.

And thus ends our sketch of San Jose, containing merely a brief mention of a very few of the prominent points and people. The County has been the home of the writer for many years and its institutions and interests are very dear.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

THE BOON RANCH.

PART III.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

Late in the month of May, a dealer in hides, pelts, etc., in San Francisco, made a very interesting acquaintance. Business was a little dull that morning, and he sat in his small private office looking out at the passers-by. He was W. B. Jollop of the firm of Jollop & Co., although the Co. had long since ceased to exist. He was a fat old gentleman with a smooth pleasant face, and his grey hair had grown quite thin on top. A bar of sunlight came in from the upper part of the window and illuminated the spectacles mounted on his forehead.

"A gentleman to see you," said the clerk. Mr. Jollop stepped into the warehouse and saw a man evidently from foreign parts. He was square-shouldered and rugged, and his face was much concealed by a beard which grew long and rough. The stranger bowed.

"I am D. K. Brown of Brazil, sir. I have a little business with you."

"Ah, indeed? Yes, to be sure. Come right in here, sir. Take a seat." Then Mr. Jollop read the stranger's letter of introduction with great interest. The firm had been buying of him for ten years. He must be very wealthy.

"Hem, yes, there is a little balance in your favor. You sent word not to forward it." The man bowed.

"How much have I here, Mr. Jollop?" Mr. Jollop turned to the ledger.

"About five thousand dollars. Do you want it now?"

"Well, no. If I could take a thousand and call for the rest as I wanted it, it would be a favor. I have sold out, and left the proceeds all in New York."

"Certainly," said Mr. Jollop. "It gives me pleasure to oblige you. Just come to the city?" he continued writing a check.

"Came yesterday, overland."

"Well, how do things look? You have been in Brazil a great many years, Mr. Brown." Mr. Jollop particularly enjoyed meeting an American of business from foreign parts.

"I have not seen California since the war," said Mr. Brown.

"So, so, remarkable! And does it look like home?"

"Well, no, not at all," answered the stranger rising to go, "in fact, I don't care whether it looks like home or not."

Mr. Jollop slid from his high stool to his feet and looked surprised at this abrupt answer, but he was even more interested.

"Come, come, this won't do," he said removing his spectacles and rubbing his hands together. "Don't go yet, Mr. Brown, you're welcome here. Got any friends in the city?"

"Not a friend in the world that I know of," said Mr. Brown slowly buttoning up his coat.

Mr. Jollop's rosy face looked blank a moment, but he resumed cheerfully, "Well then, its time you were making some. I'll tell you, Mr. Brown, you just come round and go up to dinner with me. Mrs. Jollop is round and good-natured like me, and there's no one but us and the cats, so there's plenty of room." The stranger smiled faintly, he could not resist such cleverness.

"Thanks, you are very kind, but—"

"Then 5 o'clock sharp," interrupted Mr. Jollop, leading the way to the door. "I shall stand here and wait for you. Don't keep me waiting. Good morning." And Mr. Jollop disappeared, without waiting for a reply, leaving Mr. Brown no alternative but to come.

D. K. Brown entered a strange land that evening—such an atmosphere as he had not breathed for many years. A dainty, elegant dining room, a handsome grate, rich rugs, a table prettily set with silver and fine china, and a cosy, home-like air over all. Mrs. Jollop was a feminine counterpart of her husband. She wore a shining satin dress, a false hair front appropriately grey, and a little white lace cap. Her eye glasses which would not stay in place, were most of the time dangling from the silk cord or held in her plump little hand. Four white cats, all noticeably fat, ornamented the crimson rug in front of the fire. Mrs. Jollop's attention was divided between them and

her guest. She treated with indifference the brisk conversation on prices and the market. She talked, however, much of the time caressing her pets with jeweled hands.

"Now, Pearl, do curl up there and keep still; Bess, don't crowd so; Snow, if you don't keep your tail in I will step on it;" all of which greatly amused Mr. Brown. He soon found that the less he talked, the more he was talked to, and he gave himself up to the pleasure of being entertained. He enjoyed it all,—the happy couple, the home cheer, the savory dinner, the cats who sat on a rug and were fed also, and the claret. After Mrs. Jollop had carried the remains of the dinner and the dishes to the kitchen landing, she returned and was soon nodding in her chair. The cats slept peacefully.

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, who now felt quite at home, resuming a dropped conversation, "I have seen many chances to make money hand over hand. But the fact is, I don't want to make money. There's nothing in it;" and he looked round at the bright little room.

"No use for it I suppose," mused Mr. Jollop, while his face shone in the fire-light. Then he looked up critically. "No poor relations?" Mr. Brown shook his head.

"No family?"

"No—not now," hesitatingly. "Well, yes, I ought to have a daughter."

"Ought to have! Don't you know?"

Mr. Jollop shouted so loud, his wife opened her eyes once or twice and made a little attempt to keep awake.

"You see she was only two years old when I left; she's a young lady now," said Brown calmly.

"And where's her mother?"

"I don't know and I don't care."

Some how, the comfort of that pretty little home had broken down the impenetrability of the stranger.

"Tut, tut, la now," said Mr. Jollop softly; "she wasn't down right bad, was she?"

Mr. Brown sighed; "No, I can't say that she was. But she thought more of another man than she did of me. You see he and I went to the war together, and I found it all out."

Mr. Brown looked into the fire reflectively for a few moments, while Mr. Jollop eyed him sharply over his glasses.

"But after I saw the letters, I didn't care," he continued.

"What letters?"

"The letters she wrote him,—genuine love letters. I felt like a dead man, cut loose from everything, you see. I think now, he left them lying around just to get rid of me. Then after the last battle I was dead——"

"Dead!" Mrs. Jollop's eye-glasses fell to the floor, but she still slumbered.

"Yes, my loving comrade tapped me on the shoulder with his musket, and told them I was dead. Well, I was, nearly, but not quite. After they went away I crawled into an ambulance. I always had a passion for going to South America, so I went; and I don't know whether he married her or not."

"And so now you would like to see your daughter."

"Yes, I want to see her, but I will never make myself known, for the sake of the woman who was my wife; that is, if she is yet alive. And if I should go up to the old diggings I would be known soon enough."

"Yes, but you was a boss fool for ever stepping out," mused Jollop. "I'd have gone back and showed the old fellow the business end of a pistol."

Mr. Brown shook his head sadly. "But if her heart wasn't mine, it was no use."

In response to an urgent invitation, Mr. Brown dropped into the office again in the morning. Mr. Jollop was very busy, but would he sit down and make himself comfortable? There was a pile of papers as high as the desk.

"Ah, *Record Unions!*" said Mr. Brown. "I used to know some people in Sacramento. I will look them over."

He sat down and turned them over idly. But he became amused, interested, absorbed. At noon he could not go to lunch. When Mr. Jollop returned, he was too occupied to raise his eyes, and the busy little man climb upon his stool and went to writing without a word. About the middle of the afternoon he heard a short, quick gasp. But Mr. Brown was not fainting, he was on his feet with a paper crumpled in both hands.

"Good heavens! Jollop, she's married, married last January."

"Your wife married? What!" shouted Mr. Jollop.

"No, my little girl. I know her by her middle name, the name I gave her, Sybelline. See there!"

Jollop carefully spread the paper out on the desk.

"But I thought your name was Brown." Mr. Brown shrugged his shoulder—"Yes, but when I died, my name died too."

He was putting on his overcoat. Mr. Jollop sprang down from his high seat.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Going to Sacramento."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Go to the city and county directories and see if I can find the man that's got my girl,—my poor little girl that I deserted."

The little man winked hard. "Just thought of that, have you? And what are you going to do then?"

Mr. Brown dropped into a chair and confessed he didn't know.

"Don't go up there and make a fool of yourself," said Mr. Jollop, climbing up on his high stool.

PART IV.

SICK IN BODY AND MIND.

Roderick was exceedingly busy, and filled with anxiety as the spring wore on, for his crop promised a poor yield. If he noticed that his wife looked a little pale and thin he attributed it to the heat. He thought sadly of how he had wished to take her to the seaside. She had dropped many of her bird-like actions which he thought just as well, but he would like to have seen her more cheerful; yet he was not aware of any deficiency on his part. They had discontinued their usual Sunday rides, Roderick being out so much of the time, he enjoyed the coolness and quiet of the house on Sunday. It did not occur to him that his wife might be suffering from undue confinement to the house.

Rhoda, like Roderick, attributed her increasing ill feelings to the heat and usual languor of spring. She loved to sit by herself and dreamily wonder if she herself were really there, or was it not some other soul sitting clothed in her body; and Roderick seemed different, at times more like some one she had known years ago.

Sometimes he seemed to drift away before her eyes, too far for her voice to reach him.

One evening he was sitting beside her, reading.

"Roddy, Roddy, where are you?" she cried out suddenly.

"Why, have you been asleep?" he said, placing his hand on her shoulder.

She sprang into his arms trembling.

"I thought you had gone away," she sobbed.

"You must have been dreaming," he said.

"I think, my child, you had better retire."

A settled belief took possession of Rhoda's mind, that her husband did not love her. Poor child, she could not live without love, and poor Roderick, he did not dream that it was necessary to repeat again, that which they both knew so well.

Rhoda had now become resigned to her mother's marriage, yet the idea had been so repugnant to her that she had postponed her preparation for the event until the last minute. She decided not to buy anything for her mother; she knew she would like better something she had made. So she concluded to make a bronze satin toilet set, which she thought she would have time to do by hurrying with her work. She already had the satin, and began enthusiastically, first telling Roderick how lovely it would be. But she ran out of satin. Unhappy child! It was a sad little face, with which she went to Roderick to explain her trouble. Besides she needed some gloves, ribbons, etc. Could she have ten dollars? Roderick put his hand in his pocket with great deliberation. It was her first request and he might have shown more alacrity at least.

"Yes, I suppose you can," he said slowly, not thinking but what she knew how large his expenses would be for the coming month, and not guessing how heavily it fell upon her troubled heart.

"But you know it comes heavy just now," he continued, "I am very much burdened—"

"She stepped up to him, quickly looking him in the face. "Roderick Boon, am I a burden to you?"

"You little goose, how you talk," he said, kissing her and smoothing her tumbled hair. "Here is the money, I am in a

hurry." And he went out not dreaming that her sick mind and troubled heart were hurt beyond recovery.

She went slowly about her work, saying "I am a burden to Roddy, poor Roddy!"

Roderick did not notice anything unnatural about her at night when he came in to supper. Once she came round behind him and kissed him on the forehead and said, "Poor Roddy," in a tone that led him to say: "No, I am not tired."

When he came in from the after-dark chores he found her lying across the bed asleep. Stooping to kiss her softly, he noticed that her eyes were red. "The dear little girl," he thought. "What has she been crying about. I wonder if she was offended about that money." He went out and saw it lying where he had left it.

"Too bad," he said, "I'll talk it out of her in the morning, but she is tired, and I'll not waken her now." Then he went to bed and slept the sound, heavy slumber of the laboring man.

About eleven o'clock in the night, a figure stole out of the bedroom carrying a small bundle. It was Rhoda, dressed in a plain, black dress she had not worn since she was married, and carrying over her arm a long discarded water-proof circular.

Sighing, she took the money that lay on the table and passed out, carefully closing the doors behind her.

She went to the barn and opened the heavy door with great caution. In the first stall stood the gentle animal she had ridden so often.

"Kate, poor old Kate, is this you?" She said. "I am not going to steal you, you know your way home." She led her out, strapped on her riding blanket and taking her cloak and bundle went out the side lane into the main road. There she mounted Kate from the fence and urged her into a gallop toward the city.

PART V.

THE LOST.

Helen Kent sat in her parlor before the open window sewing new fringe and passementerie on her black silk.

"It will do very well," she was thinking, "it does not become me to get anything new to distinguish the day from any other of my widowhood."

It was quite early, very soon after her

breakfast, and she was suddenly surprised to see Roderick's spring wagon drive up before her gate. The driver came to the door with a note.

"It's in the devil of a hurry, misther. Boon told me to bring it, mum."

The note was from Roderick:

"Is Rhoda at your house? Come with her, and bring her home. There is a sick man there."

Mrs. Kent leaned against the door, pale and faint. Then she took down a hat and duster from the hall rack.

"Wait a minute, and I will go with you."

"But its young mistress was to come, sure," said the man.

"She is not here—she is out there. What are you talking about?" said Mrs. Kent, defiantly, as if challenging her own strength.

"But it's her horse he found, mum, coming home."

"Her horse? When?"

"Jeest this mornin' now, and they're lookin' for her along the road."

"Come, we will go quick," she said, snatching her gloves and closing the door. "She is at some of the neighbors. I can find her."

They urged the already tired horses.

"Faster," Mrs. Kent kept saying.

"If we go faster, we won't get there at all," said the man. Then she tried to reason away her fears.

"How absurd!" she said, "she is at some of the neighbors. She'll be at home laughing at us by the time we get there. When did she go away? This morning?"

"We don't know, mum."

"Don't know! When was she home?"

"Last night."

"Then it must have been in the night. O, horrors! She was stolen away."

She sank down in the wagon moaning. The man watched to see that she did not faint, and tried to reassure her.

"Bless us, don't be so skeered. I thold Misther Boon, she was at some of the either houses. I could have sworn to it. I know'd she was there all the time."

They reached the gate at last, where Roderick had just driven up his horses, panting and dripping with foam. He took her hands and helped her out.

"Why didn't you bring her? Was she too sick or tired to come?"

She made no reply, but walked into the house. She reached the sitting-room, and sank down on the lounge.

"And Rhoda?" said Roderick, standing over her.

"O!" she gasped, "where is she? she isn't there."

"Then, of course, she is in the neighborhood," he said, noting her great palor. "Come, don't feel so, mother, it may not be so bad after all. I will go out again. Now lie down in our room and rest, and don't let these people disturb you. There was a wounded man brought in from the road. It naturally creates some excitement. I gave them the front room and told them to use anything in the house that was wanted."

A motherly looking lady here came into the room and removed her things, evidently prepared to administer to the suffering.

Roderick spoke with her a moment and hurried out.

Mrs. Kent closed her eyes and lay motionless. The woman assisted her into Rhoda's bedroom, cooled her hands with water and applied camphor to her head.

"It is the heat," she said recovering herself. "I feel better now."

Presently she began to examine the room. In the closets all Rhoda's dresses were hanging undisturbed. She shrank back trembling. The woman kept her arm about her waist and was silent. Then Mrs. Kent moved slowly to the bureau, and opened the top drawer. There was the unfinished bronze toilet set, and a bit of paper was pinned in sight. She tore it off eagerly and read:

"Dear Mamma, these are for you. I am a burden to Roddy, and am going away. I could not come to you; Mr. Opdyke would make me come back, I know. I can take care of myself, and don't worry, dear mamma."

Mrs. Kent crumpled the paper in her hand while the first relieving tears came to her eyes.

It was noon before Roderick came back from his search, bewildered and alarmed. He came into the bedroom with Mrs. Kent, and closed the door on the sympathizing outsiders.

"Perhaps there is another one for you,"

she said as he read the note, and the spasms of agony crossed his face. But not another bit of writing could be found.

The woman was eager to make Mrs. Kent some tea and lunch of which she partook, anxious to sustain her strength. But Roderick walked unceasingly through the house. The doctor came to him.

"Mr. Boon, you are going to town, I believe. I must ask a favor of you. This man is dangerously wounded; he cannot be moved."

"Mr. Stone, take my house and everything else," interrupted Roderick.

"And," continued the doctor, "he is evidently a gentleman for all he is dressed like a tramp, and has considerable money about his person."

"That is neither here nor there, doctor," said Roderick. "Bring your nurse here; but I wish my own room reserved. I may be back any time with my wife."

The husband and mother hurried to the city. He inquired at the hotels and lodging houses and drove through the streets till nightfall.

"Hadn't I better put an advertisement in the paper," asked Roderick.

"No, no, let us not advertise our trouble any more than we can help," pleaded the mother.

They interviewed train hands and conductors. No one had seen such a person as they described.

The conductor of the morning Vallejo train had seen a lady alone. "She could not have been your daughter," he said looking at Mrs. Kent's rich dress. "She was shabbily dressed and I did not see her face."

"Did she change a ten dollar piece?" asked Roderick. The conductor could not remember.

Then Mrs. Kent thought that she might come to the house that evening to catch a glimpse of her or take a last look at her old home. The thought was so strong they watched there in solitude and gloom all night. Then it seemed to them as if she would certainly repent and go back to her home.

I am positive she will be there this morning," said Boderick hopefully; so they went back, each trying to reassure the other.

A young man came out from the shade

of the house, hastily putting a note book in his pocket and bowed to Roderick, offering his hand.

"Blame the reporters," said Roderick, pushing past him with Mrs. Kent on his arm.

One of the kind hearted ladies of the neighborhood was there waiting for them. She took charge of Mrs. Kent, and with soothing words and loving actions induced her to lie down and sleep, while Roderick went to the post office for an imaginary letter.

Mrs. Kent rose refreshed and began to take some interest in the sick man. "He is better now," said the lady, "the doctors have just removed the bullet. But it makes him nervous to have a lady in the room. They just put me out."

When the doctor came out, he gave Mrs. Kent a little tonic, and told her about his case hoping to thus divert her mind somewhat from her own trouble.

After she had eaten, he said, would she come in and assist a little, and after awhile she went in with such soft steps and waved her fan with such quiet motion that he was delighted.

"Now don't look at these bandages," he said.

The injunction was unnecessary. She was staring fixedly at the man's face as he lay motionless with closed eyes. The doctors glanced up and saw her growing very pale.

"What, you're not getting scared at this little thing?"

"No, I don't faint at the sight of blood," she murmured. But she was fainting nevertheless, and the assisting doctor carried her out of the room. Dr. Stone hurried out as soon as he could; she was trying to sit up.

"No," she said, putting away the restorative he offered, "Joy doesn't kill. That man is my long lost husband."

PART VI.

RETROSPECTION.

The San Francisco papers took a lively interest in the affair. An account in one of them the next morning was as follows:

"New light is thrown on the affair of the tramp found dangerously wounded on the Boon Ranch near Sacramento. The young and lovely wife of Roderick Boon

is missing. The evidence is strong that she was kidnapped by the stranger, evidently taken from beside her sleeping husband. She must have managed to shoot the man with his own pistol, and then fled with the weapon, fearing that she would be punished. She must have returned for her horse, which was found bridled near Sacramento. It is surprising how young Boon slept through all this as he claimed."

The next morning's version made the affair still more tragic:

"*Murder will out.* The *Tragedy of the Boon Ranch.* Roderick Boon in *Custody.* Still more startling revelations have been made in regard to the shooting of the stranger on the Boon Ranch. It turns out that he is the long-lost husband of Mrs. Kent, and the father of the missing young woman, his name being Douglas Kent. He had considerable money on his person, and had a room at the — Hotel in Sacramento, in which was found more money and a good suit of clothes. He is known by Jollop & Company of this city, and is very wealthy. He refuses to talk, and the doctors will not allow him to be disturbed. Roderick Boon's continued absence excites suspicion, and he was taken into custody at Vallejo this morning. He is reticent and will not make any communication. It is surmised that Kent called at the house in the evening and made himself known, and that the young couple seeing his shabby clothes, concluded to put him out of the way, as his return would prevent the marriage of Mrs. Kent to a wealthy and well-known gentleman of Sacramento. It is believed that Boon knows very well where his wife is."

But, after a fortnight, the complication straightened itself out, and was correctly reported as follows:

"The wounded man at the Boon Ranch is now able to sit up and converse freely. He swears that his assailant was not Boon, and that he knows who he was, but wishes to wait his own time to divulge the secret. His newly found wife, who is a handsome and amiable woman, is devoted to him and constantly at his bedside. Young Boon has been released, and has gone in search of his wife, of whom there is no news. It is now supposed that she went away from home in a fit of mental aberration."

One morning, Mrs. Kent stood at the window watching Roderick ride away after a short visit home.

"Helen," called the sick man, tenderly, "come and sit by me again. How pretty you are looking this morning."

She placed her face carressingly on his hand. "You know we agreed to talk of every point till it was all settled."

"Yes, dear," he continued.

"About those letters—it is not exactly clear to me."

"They must have been forgeries," she argued. "I was sick and couldn't write to you, and I never wrote to him."

Mr. Kent sighed. "But they were in your handwriting, Helen."

She hid her face on the bed for a moment.

"Douglas," tenderly and sadly, "I have thought of something. You know I threw him when I married you?"

"Well?"

"But I was engaged to him for a few weeks, and, and—"

The husband leaned forward anxiously and put his hand on her shoulder.

"I wrote him a few letters. He must have changed the dates."

Then she bowed her head with a sob on his pillow.

"Helen, Helen," cried the wounded man, "if you had only told me this years and years ago. See what a little pride has done! It has cost us half our lives to find out a villain." He placed his hands on her trembling head and caressed her during a long interval of retrospection and regret.

It was the wife who spoke first.

"And Rhoda, our child; do you think he has hidden her away?"

"The Lord only knows, my dear wife.

I don't think he would hesitate to throw her in the river if she saw him shoot at me. You see he had no time to plan—it was hurried on him so."

"He must have seen and recognized me on the boat before I saw him, and hid away. Then he followed me ashore and watched me of course. And when I started out here dressed as a tramp, planning to get one look at my little girl, it gave him the chance he wanted.

"I remember seeing the horse and rider ahead of me in the darkness, then I heard wheels behind, and before I could jump into the bushes, by the fence, I was shot. I dropped to the ground. The horse and rider saved my life, for he saw it too, and whirled the buggy and gave the whip to the horse. I was conscious only long enough to hear the horse run by. Let us hope that it was not her, or that he did not molest her, and that our child is safe somewhere."

"O, he did it all," sighed Mrs. Kent. "And he has hidden himself away with his dreadful secret."

"But we will let it all pass by, if he will only return us our child safe and well," said the father as wearily. "I hope and trust that we have taken the safest plan, just to put it in the hands of detectives." Then seeing that Helen was weeping, "No, I think as Roderick does, that that slow mare she was riding could never, even if running, overtake that fast buggy animal. And furthermore Opdyke would never have dared to stop even to see who the rider was. He ran his horse to his stable, fled from justice, and I hope will be a fugitive all his life—for I know of no worse punishment."

Mrs. Kent seized his hand and kissed it convulsively.

LILLIAN HINMAN SHUEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CALIFORNIA.

Sown is the golden grain ; planted the vines ;
 Fall swift, O loving rain ! lift prayers, O pines !
 O green land, O gold land ! fair land by the sea,
 The trust of thy children reposes in thee.

LILLIAN HINMAN SHUEY

FROM A WINDOW.

It is only a quiet landscape, with hills not far away—
 Standing like silent sentinels to guard the bay ;
 I cannot see the ocean, but I can hear the roar
 Of distant breakers breaking on the shore.

It is only a field of barley that greenly grows between
 The hills and the open window where I lean ;
 But the wind waves it into billows, and brings to me
 The other breakers that I cannot see.

It is only a quiet picture of billowy waving grain,
 But it tells its own sweet story of sunshine and of rain,
 And whispers a thousand mysteries of earth, and sky and sea,
 Which the rosy breath of morning brings to me.

Down through the field of barley a little footpath lies—
 It is only a line of shadow to any stranger eyes ;
 Only a common footpath, trodden by careless feet,
 Wet with dew at dawning, baked in noontide heat.

But in the golden glory of a summer afternoon,
 Or in the radiant beauty of a happy harvest moon,
 The tender holy memories of all my past arise,
 And come to me through the shadow that in the barley lies.

There is only one tree in my picture—it stands against the sky—
 I always fancy it can see the full-sailed ships go by ;
 It is knotted, and gnarled, and twisted on the side towards the sea,
 But it always turns its greenest boughs to me.

Do not say that my picture is narrow. How can I ask for more?
 For the brave old ocean is weaving its music forevermore,
 And above, and beneath, and around, and living for me
 Are glory, and truth, and beauty, and immortality.

THE CITY OF SHIN-DU-WAN.

NUMBER 5.

THE CORRAL.

In the economy of the Shin-Du-Wanian hotel "The Corral" was regarded with peculiar interest. True, it was not as important as the great clock, it lacked the sublimity of science, and the must of tradition; but, in the Shin-Du-Wanian eye it was still great—it was a '49-er! And aside from that great fact, it stood with all common things, head and shoulders above sublimity in matters mundane and practical.

The Corral occupied all the first floor save the kitchen and the bar. It was the regular dining-room and was furnished with tables, benches and shelves. It was also the scene of all the gay and festive frolics of the gay and festive Shins, as well as the theatre comique of every strolling troupe of histrionic vags. In the Corral the central committees of the several parties assembled to log-roll and "licker," and there too, "Jedge" Stretch punished criminals and cocktails. It had once been the scene of a bear fight—served occasionally as a cock, dog or rat-pit, and was ever and always open and free to any perambulating preacher, athlete or spouter who would favor the Shins with a touch of gospel, a temperance homily, a political pow-wow, or a boxing match.

But the first, last, and only legitimate vocation of the Corral—that to which its name referred—was to house the poorer class of lodgers; the blanket brigade and its blanketless members. Here, when the barroom closed—which depended upon the time its keeper was thoroughly soaked—the tramps were turned in,—“corraled.”

The Corral was often crowded, and at such times presented the appearance of a huge fish vat or a progignagian sardine-box. Piled and bundled, heads and tails, in true piscatorial confusion, tramps of every size and shape might then be seen. Seen “hung up” on tables, shelves, benches and barrels, and crouched and crowded, bunched and packed beneath them.

The Corral was a queer institution.

A rude Americanization of the Feather House of Pekin. It was Shin-Du-Wan's nearest approach to an organized or public charity, and its being was wholly due to the great heart and eccentric head of "The Barkeep," the proprietor of the hotel.

The Corral was never locked, and each new-comer huddled down as pleased him best, provided his neighbors raised no objections, or he was strong enough to scorn them. But, to the credit of the tramp community it must be said, a riot in the Corral was a rare occurrence. No record was kept,—no reckoning to pay. Who could pay were expected to do so, who could not were equally welcome. Who could pay and did not, and who did pay and should not, stood equal in the eye of the Shin-Du-Wanian landlord. To him they were all "Boys from the Corral."

THE TOMB.

As men in Mecca move in reverend awe to the prophet's tomb, so the stranger in Shin is led to the tomb of Strawbuck; a structure grimacing in solitary oddity just back of the saloon. The Shin-Du-Wanians claim, and justly too, that it is the only one of its kind "on top o' the 'arth." Therefore, it is not only singular, but truly original.

Its infancy was spent as an acorn and narrowly escaping the swine of Prince Edward's Island, it germed and sprouted until, by a series of slow gradations, it developed, amid the snows of Nova Scotia, a whiskey-barrel of the denomination known as "Pipe," in which character it reached Shin-Du-Wan to pipe into its inhabitants whatever of spirit matter they contained during its piping career.

It now rests imbedded one-third of its length in the ground and its hickory head covered with soil and shooting forth a constant and luxuriant growth of green glinting barley, suggests the illusion of a vegetated barrel,—a lovely symbol of the eternity of matter.

The tomb is, indeed, in grotesque keeping with the great clock,—a poetic re-

fection of the genius and character of a great man. Upon its oaken side appears a delicate and touching tribute, the promptings of the professor's love. The literary shoemaker, the friend and disciple of Strawbuck, had that tribute to departed greatness painted upon the barrel, and there it gleams to-day in red, and black, and green, scrawled in many sized letters and flanked by the best hand in the pack—4 Aces!

That flanking was the highest compliment that Shin-Du-Wan could pay its most illustrious dead,—one that in no sense wore the garb of pride and pomp and self gratification, so common to the millinery mourning, and the champaign sorrow of Pere La Chaise and Greenwood; but one that represented, really and indeed, the head and heart of Shin-Du-Wan. Such was the epitaph of Strawbuck, the tribute of the professor, and it read as follows:

* THEs eS StRAW BucK!!!! *
 wHaT KUM TE gLoRY!!!!!!
 on COLtS rEvOLVeRS!!!!
 oLE sTiLe pEpPeR bOX!!!!!!
 BRAsS mOuNtEd
 iN hEs KEDDENeS !!!
 An oV SicH eS The kinDom OV
 hEvN—yU BET!
 * RusTEcaT eN paS !!!!!! *

Seeing no sign of mound, or any other sepulchral token, the stranger wonders, loud enough to be heard, "Where is Strawbuck?" And is somewhat mystified when his chaperon points to the painted barrel and growls: "Thar, right thar! He's in thar;" but all is plain when it is explained that Strawbuck was packed in the empty pipe,—packed in its center, and in a sitting posture—that the earth, thoroughly saturated with whisky, had been tightly tamped about him—that the barrel had then been firmly set in the ground and reheaded and that, thanks to the barkeep's tenderness and care, the head was kept covered with soil, and waved a constant plume of sprouting barley, thereby keeping the tomb of Strawbuck green as his native shamrocks, or the crested crown of a cockatoo.

THE TEMPLE.

As the head is to the body, so was the "sall-oon" (the barroom) to Shin-Du-Wan,

the telephone and phonograph of all the Shins, where the language of every man, woman and child could be reproduced and multiplied. A sort of slough, where, like a sow, all Shin-Du-Wanian wisdom wallowed.

It was the metropolitan focus—its nose! And the blooming binacle was poked into everything that had the remotest relation to Shin. It was the river of life and of lethe where bubbled and brewed all the vanity and foulness of Shin-Du-Wan. It prompted war, strengthened strife, sweltered in cheat, boiled in passion, damned the soul in a fatted body, laughed in riot on the ruins of homes, and will figure in the future etchings of mythological Shin, as a compound conglomerate shrine of Juno, Junus, and Mercury.

It was the Shin-Du-Wanian refinery of the law's lewdness—*ipse dixit* of the Shins! Their political index, tribal censor, and moral scavenger; and woe to him or her who fell beneath the rod of its resentment or the ban of its condemnation.

Such was the Sall-oon, or Strawbuck's Temple, the name by which it was known throughout the country, and which flamed above the door in big yellow letters painted upon a black ground.

It was the only place of worship within a radius of twenty miles, and nowhere existed a more generous display of gods,—Bibulous gods! Each bottled and labelled in shining gold, and glittering in the prismic beams of its crystal grotto.

Each Bibulous deity was separate and distinct, and yet, like the persons of the trinity, all comprised one congenial whole, and the sparkling fractions—summed up—might very properly bear the name, Briareus, though modern mouthers term it Bacchus.

Well, mouth is a power—let its bellowings bloom; let the English-Irish-Germanized bourbonado of American madness, rotted in sour-mush and burning in alcohol, stand as Bacchus.

Not the Bacchus of poesey, however; the rollicking thing of beauty great Phidias chiseled. Not the sprite born from the thigh of its father to teach fruitfulness and pleasure and to mark the dark rim of excess. Not the laughing child-god sung by Greek and shrined by Roman, the panting breath of spring, summer's blush,

and the fruitful throes of autumn,—the real of the ideal; a lesson robed in leaves, and a truth crowned in clusters languid and luscious as nature's self; not that, nay, 'twas an American Bacchus! An ogre, horrible and a horror! A flame burning the blood of men, to coin their souls. A toad on the hearth of a household,—a rot in the heart of a nation. A thing fiery and red eyed, whose Briarean heads and hands are fierce and foul as the heads and heart of Cerberus, and stench'd as the sinks of hell.

In this temple was an image to which all rendered homage. It occupied the place of honor, high over the bar, and smiled benignly down on the glistening pates and shaggy polls of gulping devotees. It was the image of the American Confucius, to whom the shag-bearded bar-keep was high priest. It was the Shin-Du-Wanian god,—Robert Ingersoll!

Surely, "there's a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." What a fate befell Robert Ingersoll! What a dogmatic calamity for Shin! What a god! And god of such a place! Genial, talented, brilliant Col. Bob! That tangible incarnation of intangible wisdom; a compound of nobleness and nonsense, a psychological pirate, a moral and political abstract, type of the eleventh commandment,—handsome Col. Bob! God of Strawbuck's Temple!

To this day it remains an open question which suffers most by the singular combination of god, gods and temple, Bob, or the bar-room?

THE DEACON.

Among those who now and then favored the Shin-Du-Wanians with a touch of gospel, was one Deacon Smudge, a rural gent, irreverently styled by the metropolitan Shins: "Old Turkey Gobbler".

Old Turkey Gobbler was a native of Cape Cod and hence regarded in Shin as a foreigner. The Deacon had spent his early youth and manhood fishing for cod, and now, in the evening of his life, exhibited sporadic symptoms of early training as an itinerant fisher for souls.

Old Turkey Gobbler was lord of a little gravel ranch, upon which he raised hogs and turkeys. Professionally he was a horse doctor and trader, and occasionally peddled books. The Deacon was bitterly op-

posed to all forms of innovation. A fossilized type of a rapidly fading generation; he had entered politics in the early part of the century, and while the century moved on his politics stood still. He was a whig because his father and "all the rest on 'em" were Whigs; and whiggery was still his political faith.

As Kinglake styles his hero, "Hereward"—"The last of the English," with equal propriety, Amminadab Tribulation Smudge might be dubbed: "The Last of the Puritans." He was stilted, bony, unbending and angular in body and mind. A man who would fight to the death for an idea, and one who would burn others at the stake because of the honesty of their convictions.

An idea once conceived in the mind of Smudge was immovable as the base of Bunker's Hill, and stiff as its monument. But, as the base of Bunker's hill might be shattered, and its monument upset, so, too, the Deacon's ideas might be revolutionized. The comparison, however, flies off on a tangent in this: That while the broken monument might be rebuilt, a shattered idea could never be reinstated in the mind of Smudge.

However sudden might be the Deacon's change of front, he always measured his declarations and justified his acts by Scriptural quotation or the sayings of some forgotten orator of Whiggery. With Smudge, change of sentiment must necessarily be sudden; for labored study and slow gradation was as foreign to the man's mentality as it is to the brain of a baboon.

The Deacon's manner of speech was peculiar, and the manner of his preaching more than its substance, founded and fed his popularity as a sermonizer—while preaching, he would poise himself betimes on one leg and betimes on the other, much as turkeys and other fowls are sometimes seen to rest—and, as the long, drawling idiom of Cape Cod wheezed and rumbled through his nose, the voice resembled the suppressed growl of a grizzly hidden beneath the floor. Warming in prayer Amminadab's voice would explode from time to time like the popping of a Roman candle, ending in a sudden and impassioned burst—a sort of lingual torrent—not unlike the majestic volubility of the masculine turkey. These peculiarities, coupled with the belief that in herding his turkeys

(driving them from one section to another in search of new pasturage), the Deacon always increased their number at the expense of other herds or flocks, was responsible for the origin of his popular cognomen: Old Turkey Gobbler. In the bachelor solitude of his ranch, Smudge was given to brooding over the wickedness of Shin-Du-Wan; and when sufficiently stuffed with his subject, he would forward the following notice to Strawbuck's Temple:

TO THE RIGHTEOUS AN' THE ONRIGHTEOUS
IN GOMOROR.

*Ther will be preachin' in the Corral
nex Sunday at 2 o'clock.*

Trooly Yow'in,
AMMINADAB TRIB. SMUDGE.

Charged and rife as a Chinese bomb, and yearning to explode among the sinners of Shin, the Deacon always appeared on time; and he always came leading a horse or two, or a "par o' mules." The horses and mules were for sale, trade or "dicker," and served as no mean factor in attracting an audience.

Amminadab was particularly partial to mules; knowing how the average rancher yearned to possess the "critters" he felt that with a mule trade on hand his financial prospect was enlarged and that his theology had a "dead sure thing" on an audience. Measured by the mind of Smudge, the mule was a financial bower and a theological trump.

After "meeting" the Deacon usually and solemnly stowed away sundry straight whiskies and then proceeded to trade off his stock. He never failed to dispose of everything on hand, and upon one occasion having traded all else to advantage he "dickered" the pony that had borne him to town and footed it home packing his saddle and bridle on his shoulders and singing that good old hymn: "There is rest for the weary."

Smudge had many hobbies, in fact, the man's mentality was composed of hobbies; but the Deacon's hobby of all hobbies was the belief that the Chinese were a theological and political god-send to offset the "tarnation Dutch and the flannel-mouthed Irish." He regarded the presence of the Celestial horde as a manifestation of divine providence, and quoted Scripture to prove that the yellow man was here by virtue of

holy writ and in fulfillment of prophecy. That he was here to receive the gospel, that "since the mountain would not go to him, he had come to the mountain."

Therefore, in the abstract interest of politics, and in the flood-tide of religious fanaticism, Smudge was a friend to the Mongolian. And moreover, the Puritanic Deacon made the conversion of the Chinese the leading duty of his life. He loudly boasted of his powers as a "convarter," and proudly cited Ah Moy—a Methodist minister at Probnostophilees—in whose conversion he claimed to have been a leading factor.

About the time Job Skriddles became a fixture in Shin-Du-Wan there appeared in that locality a Chinese hog-buyer. As this man intended to purchase a large number of swine, and would necessarily remain a week or more, the Deacon invited him to make the Smudge ranch headquarters—mentally resolving to sell him all his hogs and to save another soul.

The Deacon loved discussion above all things, and he fairly gloated over the prospect of canvassing the merits of piety and pork at one and the same time.

Amminadab Tribulation Smudge came of a breed that never lost sight of the financial root. The fishing was good—if it paid—whether fishing for souls or fishing for cod. This axiom covered all the philosophy of the Deacon's ancestry, and the transmission of qualities was strikingly exemplified in the person of Amminadab Trib. Financially considered, hogology was several notches above theology, and Smudge would change his sect in the one much readier than his breed in the other.

The hog-buyer accepted the Deacon's invitation. He proved to be well acquainted with Ah Moy, having bought him out when he quit the hog business to embrace Christianity, and to the dismay and grief of the Deacon, he was informed that the man for whose conversion he had so desperately labored was about to recant, and that an American inquisition would shortly convene, before which Ah Moy was to be brought, that the state of his convictions might be ascertained, and that he may detail his experience. Smudge resolved to attend the inquisition.

P. S. DORNEY.

KISSING.

"Kiss me with that slow, clinging kiss
That plucks the heart out at the mouth."

My subject has no written history. It is most certainly traditional, for it is transmitted from mouth to mouth; one full of desire, pride and life. The young never tire of it in one shape or another. The old men talk sprightly of it; youth will not forget it; age cannot wither, nor custom stale its electric effect; even the thought stirs to mutiny. One day I sat myself down by the banks of the Susquehanna, among the willows close by the bridge. I looked across the silvery waters and imagined it was an ocean, and I thought of the two who many an evening "watched the stately ships, and whose spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips." Musing, only such as can come to the mind of one who is entirely alone, took possession of my whole being, when a couple came along who were quite vivacious, and broke the sweet harmony of my thoughts. As they came near the bridge he good-humoredly demanded toll, according to the long-established custom: "Count the bridges by the kisses," and she lost willingly paid the toll. I think they were of French descent. Then came an English couple—tall, quiet, and in love; but, strange to say, he also required toll, and she yieldingly resisted. And the next must have been an American couple, for the lady was humming right lively, the popular song "See-Saw." He, without seeming to ask, took toll from one who was not reluctant to pay. When she archly said:

"You stopped with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song,"

when he passionately and truly declared:
"I would rather kiss the lips I love than
all the beautiful graces of my State."

"You forget Edna Loughran," she replied.

He quickly responded: "What care I who Edna be, if she is not dear to me? Flesh and blood for me, with an angel in the inside, for I love the rose more than the lily, and the heart-lady more than the brain-lady." They passed on and only the ripple of the river will record what followed.

Whether the kiss at the door, gate or

bridge was imprinted on hand, forehead, cheek or lips I know not, for I could not tell by the sound; if impressed upon the hand, then it was one of high respect; if on the forehead, one of great admiration; if on the cheek, one of warm friendship; if on the lips, one of affectionate love. Some writer has said: "There are three kisses which have blest the human race. The first is that which the mother presses on the new-born infant: the second, that which the newly wedded bride bestows on her husband's lips; the third, that with which love or friendship closes the eyes when the career is ended." The above author certainly forgot "the virgin kiss," "the greeting kiss," and "the parting kiss." He cannot with Priam reduce them down to the paltry sum of three, it is impossible, it would be robbery.

The most noted poetess of the Pacific Slope believes with Swinburn:

"Clasp hands and part with laughter,
Touch lips and part in tears."

Here comes to mind a German poem which I learned a long time ago:

There came three students over the Rhine,
Dame Werter's house they entered in:
"Dame Werter hast thou good beer and wine,
And where is that lovely daughter of thine?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear,
My daughter is lying cold on her bier."
They stepped within the chamber of rest,
Where shined lay the maiden, in black robes
dressed.

The first he drew from her face the veil,
"Ah, wert thou alive, thou maiden so pale,"
He said as he gazed with saddened brow,
"How dearly would I love thee now!"

The second he covered the face anew,
And weeping, he turned aside from the view,
"Ah me! that thou liest on the cold bier,
The one I have loved for so many a year!"

The third once more uplifted the veil,
He kissed the lips so deadly pale.
"Thee loved I ever, still love I thee,
And thee will I love through eternity."

And that kiss—that kiss—with Promethean
flame,
Thrilled with new life the quivering frame;
And the maid arose and stood by his side,
That student's own loved and loving bride.

What's in a kiss? When one reflects
calmly upon the matter there is nothing in

it. The lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly and then they just part and the kiss is complete. This is the kiss in the abstract; an idea of a kiss or one defined. As color is to the blind from birth, so is the kiss to one who has never given or received. What's a kiss in the concrete? Who will write? Not I. While millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair. How different the sequence from the same act! Nature acts uniformly. The same cause in all ages has produced the same effect. Kissing is in nature, yet it does not act under its laws. One man may kiss a woman and he is killed for it; another does the same act and he is saved; one is ruined by it, and another is ennobled; one is lifted up, the other lowered. The fires of hell and the beauties of heaven may be in a kiss. It is the prologue to sin and love; the nectar of life and the asp of death. And, like wine it must have age and temperance. But the kiss in the concrete is not to be described on paper nor talked about. Prose or poetry can

throw no light upon it. One demonstration in the right time and place, is worth a dozen pages upon the subject.

Now I will give a few rules upon this delicate and touching subject: None but healthy people ought to kiss. Never kiss a sick person except on the forehead. Don't kiss early in the morning. Never kiss another man's wife except he is dead two years, and you haven't any. "None killeth like the lithping loth (loss)." It is dangerous to kiss adopted brothers. Don't kiss under electric influence. Never kiss just for effect. And under no circumstances, if you are a marriageable lady, should you allow any suitor to kiss you until after you are engaged and then very sparingly. Then never kiss when you are sitting down. The gentleman should be a little taller than the lady. He should have a clean face and a mouth full of expression and a well-trained moustache. Don't kiss in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to catch a kiss.

"And now let say good night, and so say you
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."

FROM A STUDENT.

A HUMMING BIRD.

I watched a humming bird to-day for hours,
Swift as a thought-beam darting 'midst the flowers;
It seemed itself a tropic bloom most rare,
Born of the sunshine, nourished by the air.

With emerald plumage and a breast of flame,
The little creature flitted o'er the plain,
Seeking the heart of every flower that grows,—
From scentless sage bloom, to the damask rose.
No flower to it seemed homely, coarse or small,
It stooping, sipped the honey from them all.

This dainty shining bird a lesson brought
Of noble meaning. In the fields of thought
We should not seek for flow'rets rich and rare,
Which fling soft odors on the grateful air,
And leave the common! With the birdling's art
We'd find all filled with sweetness at the heart.

ALICE DENISON.

PAUL.

If you had known Paul, when he was a little boy, your life would have been enriched by one more sympathy than it now owns. He was, perhaps, not more unfortunate, not more friendless, had not more disappointments, suffered not more cold, endured not more hunger than many another little Arab wandering, like him, about the streets of æsthetic Cincinnati. But he had in his brown eyes a look so appealing, and in his bearing a refinement so at variance with his surroundings, that I singled him out as an object of especial pity, not foreseeing how he was to draw himself up, like the spider, by a web of his own spinning.

The first time I ever saw Paul was over twenty years ago, on the opening morning of the Fall term of the public school in Cincinnati, when his mother brought him, a lad of seven years, to enter him as a pupil there.

She was a timid-looking little woman who raised a pair of scared brown eyes to the principal's face, as she said with a slightly foreign accent, "I haf been told zat ze books are supplied free in ze American public schools?"

The principal shook his head negatively, said shortly, "No, madame. You will have to buy your boy's books," then turned from her with an air of dismissal. She looked keenly disappointed, seemed dismayed, but stooped and whispered something to her little son, and was turning away when he put up his lips and kissed her good-bye before all of us lads who were beginning to jeer at such tenderness as unmanly. Several of us laughed scornfully, and he turned upon us a pair of soft brown eyes, full of surprise.

When we were seated in rows for enrollment the teacher asked us, one after another, our names, and each answered him in full until he came to the stranger boy who had kissed his mother. He simply answered "Paul."

"Paul what?"

A shy silence.

"What is your father's name?"

"I haven't any father; at least, mamma

says sometimes she is afraid he is dead."

"What *was* his name? Mr.—What?"

"Mamma never told me."

We pupils were all too young to hear any pathos in this scrap of conversation. We laughed, and the teacher only said coldly:

"Then I shall enroll you as Paul Smith."

When we went out for recess, we all gathered round this strange boy, who kissed his mother in public, and did not know his own name.

He stood apart, as defenceless as a rabbit under our stare, until one of the rougher boys, after consulting us in the gibberish known among schoolboys as dog-Latin, walked up to the child and began to taunt him, saying:

"I'd learn my name before I'd begin my *a-b-c's*, I would."

"I do know my letters in French and German and Spanish and English," Paul exclaimed, brightening. And when we tyrants had made him recite them, and when he had told us about his wanderings in those foreign lands, he became quite a hero among us.

Several days now passed before Paul's mother could afford to buy his books, and he was obliged to ask permission to look on with the rest of us. This disturbance of discipline made him a delinquent in the eyes of the teacher, so that when he, at last, got his books he had fallen into such disfavor that he was punished for any trifle on the least provocation. As an instance: On the first fall morning, which was cold enough to call out our wraps, we all wore overcoats, except Paul, who came also wrapped up by a mother's loving hand, but it was in an old, blue, cotton-velvet talma trimmed with mock ermine, and on his graceful head was set a Reuben's hat with a drooping feather. He explained to me afterward that his grandmother had been an actress, and these were remnants of her stage-wardrobe.

When he entered, so fantastic in attire and a little late, he excited attention, then derision. One boy laughed aloud; Paul blushed and tore the things off. The

teacher, not having seen the cause, asked crossly the cause of the disturbance. Some one replied, "Paul Smith made us laugh."

The teacher took down a little rod, and called Paul to him, saying sternly :

"Hold out your hand, sir."

The boy put forth a slim hand, blue with cold. It trembled, I noticed then for the first time that two fingers were gone from it.

This teacher's sense of discipline was never appeased until he had drawn tears, so it became a code of manliness amongst his pupils to repress them. He continued to cut the hands till the blood spurted; but neither did such pink poor blood, thin from starvation, soon satisfy his ideas of discipline.

With the advent of the cold weather, Paul had begun to fall behind in his classes, and one afternoon the teacher threatened severe punishment in case he should miss his lesson the next day. I had grown so fond of him that the lash which cut him cut me, too; so I said to him, warningly, as we walked homeward together, "You had better study your lesson to-night."

"I can't," he replied sadly, "for the house where mamma is out sewing is so far off that it will take me from now till dark to go after her and fetch her home."

"But why can't you study afterward, at night, like I do?"

Paul hesitated, blushed, but said, "Well—I don't mind telling you why—we can't afford to have a light nor a fire, and I have to go right to bed to keep warm."

"Why can't you get up early in the morning and study?" I persisted.

"It takes so long to get breakfast, then it is school time."

"Do you get breakfast?" I asked, in surprise at his effeminate accomplishment.

"Yes, I may as well tell you all about it, the way we have to live. We move about so much that we haven't much furniture—no cooking-stove—so we always try to rent a room in a tenement on a market street, for the market people are country people, and real kind. They let me boil our coffee on the charcoal furnaces they bring to warm their feet by. But it boils very slow; and sometimes, if we have

eggs, I hide them in the coffee-pot, and they get boiled, too."

Paul laughed. He seemed to forget his woes in relating what he evidently thought a splendid strategy—the cooking of two dishes for the one asking. It was plain their adversity had taught Paul's family the science of economy.

"But why don't you do something to make enough money to buy a stove, then you could get your lessons while your mother gets breakfast? You could earn enough soon if you would run errands Saturdays or black boots or—or—"

I was interrupted; Paul threw back his head proudly, saying, "My mother says such things are not for a gentleman's son to do."

"Was your father a gentleman?" I asked with the frankness of my nine years.

"Yes, he was," he answered with defiant vehemence, and turned away, still hurt at the means of livelihood I had suggested for his adoption.

I talked so much of Paul at home that I at last interested my mother in him. She searched out the family and engaged Paul's mother to do our plain sewing. Before she left us the timid, sad little woman opened her heart to my mother and told her her story; uninteresting as she looked, that heart had been the theatre of a passion-play. Her dramatic manner and foreign accent gave added pathos to its recital.

"I was married," she said, "ten tedious years ago, to a gentleman,—a gentleman in Cordova. My mother and I were playing in the theatre then, and living finely in the hotel, yet my husband was such a fine gentleman that he had to marry me under a false name to keep his family from disinheriting him. You see this is the whole cause of my tragedy—not knowing his real name. When Paul was born, my husband said he must go to his home and get his inheritance, for someone had left him a legacy, and according to the will he was to get it when his first son was born. So he went for it; somewhere, alas! I know not exactly, in Great Britain. While he was gone misfortunes came settling upon our roof like a whole flock of pigeons. My mother's face became paralyzed from over-study; she lost her place at the theatre, and she has been flighty ever since. Then

I was sick, and we fell behind with our board, and had to move from post to pillar. I did not know where to address a letter to my husband, but left one for him at each place we vacated, so he might trace us. But he has never found us, though I feel sure he has tried, and is trying if he still lives; but sometimes I fear that on his way back to us he was foully dealt with for his money. The people we lived amongst when he went away were very unkind. They said he had deserted us. But they were only jealous; for they had often heard him tell me that when he got his inheritance and could take me to his people's home, it would seem a palace to me. He may now have a title, who knows! I still keep hoping on, hoping on: and my Paul has fine prospects, if he does look poor; finer than many in the school who can laugh at him now."

I overheard this recital and it made Paul appear to me like many of the princes in disguise of whom I had read in my fairy tales. It interwove that strong fibre, romantic feeling, into my friendship for him.

He continued to miss in his classes all winter and was in such constant disfavor with the teacher that I again cast about in my mind for a plan by which a "gentleman's son" might earn enough to buy fuel and light to study by. One day, having matured this plan, I cautiously suggested it to him. I said: "The Judge's little boy, who lives next door to us, sat to an artist and the artist gave him a handful of money for it. The artist called it making the boy a present of the money, but of course it was paying Guy, and he only called it a present because Guy did not need the money. You could sit to an artist too."

Paul seemed delighted, so we formed a plan to elude our legitimate school and go the next day to the School of Design where he could offer himself as a model. Paul still wore the talma and Reuben's hat and looked a very sketchable figure as he presented himself bashfully to the principal, saying:

"Sir, do you want a boy for a model?"

A minute before he had, perhaps, not thought of wanting a boy, but he said promptly, "I do whenever I see one like you;" and he drew the picturesque figure

into the antique room where the life-class sat. After their delight subsided, Paul asked timidly:

"How much do you pay?"

"A dollar an hour, my man."

Paul's face beamed. He drew me behind a green curtain and whispered: "A dollar an hour! Ten dollars or eight a day! Remember what teacher told us once of a fine old artist who lived three months in a palace painting the picture of a king? I expect these young artists will not paint so fast. They may need me six months, and I shall make eight or ten times as much money as Mamma."

Ten dollars? Poor Paul had computed according to the number of hours in the workingman's day.

While he sat, his brown eyes seemed feasting on all the beautiful things around him. This elegance seemed his natural element. Once when they gave him time to rest, he whispered to me, "I expect Papa's home is like this."

At the end of two hours his disappointment was cruel when they dismissed him with two dollars and made him understand they needed him no longer. "It will not buy even the least little stove," he cried out bitterly, and I tried in vain to comfort him. I cast about for some new plan, and after reflecting I asked: "Didn't you tell me once you could play the violin?" but I looked somewhat incredulously at his crippled hand.

"Yes," he answered, dejectedly, "a little; but grandmother pawned my violin (it had been papa's, too), to buy a theatre ticket. My grandmother is flighty, and she has what mamma calls a monomania for going to the theatre. She has found out three different times where mamma had money hid to pay the rent with, and has stolen it away to buy tickets, and had us turned out of our house. The next time mamma hid it in a mouse-hole, and thought it would be safe, but when we went to get it out, the mice had eaten it up. And grandmother has pawned most of her stage-clothes for theatre tickets—except what will do for me," he said, looking ruefully down at his fantastic attire.

"If you could buy another violin with this two dollars, and play under windows, you could make any amount of money; for people would be sorry for you on account

of your hand, and it's respectable to be a musician, for my mother says my music-teacher is a perfect lady."

Paul's eyes flashed; he turned upon me, angrily,

"Respectable to be a musician! I should think it is respectable! It is grand. It is what I will be when I am a man. You might be proud if you could be one," he said, with fine scorn. "O, if I were only a man, so I need do nothing else but study to be a great musician!"

I understand, now, that it was the yearnings of genius that fired the boy. He seemed to think that I disparaged music by asserting that it was a respectable profession, as if any one had ever doubted it. And he maintained an angry silence as we walked down to the music store.

But when we reached the music-dealer's we found that violins were far beyond our means.

"Never mind, Paul," I said, "I will go home with you and help you find a safe place to hide this from your grandmother, till you can somehow get enough to put to it to buy a violin." To tell the truth, I was drawn to make this offer partially through curiosity to see the raving old woman, who could have the heart to steal from her own poor kin. I found Paul's home more miserable than any place I had ever imagined. No stove, no carpet, no curtains, no sunlight,—a mere sleeping place. No wonder they found it difficult, in this dearth, to conceal money from the old grandmother. We found her lying in bed for warmth, conning an old yellow play-book. She was a peculiar, theatrical looking woman with glittering black eyes, hair prematurely white, with the eagle features characteristic of the dramatic profession; and she wore a bright spot of *rouge* on each withered cheek, as misplaced there as gaudy tulips planted on a grave. I whispered and asked Paul if it had been put there when she was on the stage, and would not wash off, but he exclaimed with his winning simplicity, "Grandma only puts on the paint when she is going out to ask credit at the bakery, for she says people can't get trust if they look pale with hunger. I was too young then to be touched by her solicitude."

The morning after my visit, Paul missed

his lesson again, and suffered such a cruel whipping that the thin blood oozed from his crippled hand. I could stand it no longer, but springing up cried indignantly to the tyrant: "If you were Paul, and too poor to have a light or fire, you wouldn't know your lessons, either!" But I here unwittingly hurt him worse than the teacher had, his tears gushed forth now, for I had cut his pride. He could not rally from his mortification, but rested his proud little head on his arms and sobbed all the rest of the afternoon. When school was out we all walked home with him for sympathy. As we neared his tenement he broke from us with a bitter cry, and ran toward a group upon the pavement. Paul's mother and grandmother stood weeping by their things, which the landlord's agent was throwing out. It was sad that his patience had held out till mid-winter, for they were now houseless in the bitter cold. The agent seemed a brutish-hearted man who jeered at them to his assistant. When that functionary seemed about to falter in the work of ejecting, the agent sneered, "Oh come! Don't waste sympathy,—professional beggars, I guess. Might as well try to get nineteen at cribbage, or fatten a greyhound, as get money from such."

This insult stung Paul, who had been weeping beside his mother. The fire flashed into his eyes, drying his brush lashes. Doubling his delicate, impotent fists, he shook them under the agent's eyes crying, "We are not such! You shall not insult my mother!"

The creature laughed and walked off murmuring, "When the dew-drops kiss the roses," casting an insinuating glance at Paul's grandmother's withered cheeks, from which the tears were washing off the *rouge*.

We more fortunate boys crept away, awed by the sight of so much misery.

After that day of mortifications Paul never returned to our school. We regretted him greatly, and hunted him diligently, but I did not see him again for months. When I, at last, caught sight of him it was bitter winter again, and he was coming out of a Relief Soup House with a little bucket of charity soup dangling like a signal of distress from his arm. He wore the same old velvet talma, eaten to shreds by the starving tenement-house

mice. The icy pavement bit pieces of skin from his delicate feet, and through his soleless shoes an ooze of blood traced his footprints on the snow. The feather was gone from his Reuben's hat, replaced by rusty *crepe*. I ran after him, and we made a joyful meeting of it. I enquired with a child's want of tact why the *crepe* was on his hat, and he told me that his mother had taken cold on the day I had seen them ejected, and had died of consumption. He had apparently recovered from the first poignancy of his grief, for he spoke of her calmly. It is well that it is only while gravemounds are new and high that they cast a shadow over children's lives, and that they sink under the leveling hand of time, letting the sunlight again into the darkened places; for Paul had enough to distress him in trying to take care of his helpless grandmother. He told me, reluctantly, that he was now obliged to do for support those things his mother had said were not for a gentleman's son to do, and I caught a glimpse of a boot-black's box from under his talma, and the knees of his short pants hung in tatters.

Paul seemed so sad that I determined to go that evening to see him. When I found his place I was arrested on his landing by a sweet concord of harps and violins. But suddenly came a blur, a gruff voice shouted "stop," and then—"You, Carlo, stand out, I'll make you keep time to another kind of stringed instrument," and a heavy lash cut the air with a hiss. Then this ruffianly trainer of street musicians thrust a punished boy out into the hall, and I saw Paul presently steal out of his own room to give him sympathy. I heard the boy sob out:

"Oh, this is not the worst! I shall have to go around with Adam and the grinding-organ till I learn time."

"Who is Adam? Is he cross, too?"

"No; Adam is a new monkey, and all the other chaps look on carrying him around as a greater disgrace than to cry for a whipping."

I crept away and left them alone, sorrower and comforter.

Circumstances now prevented my seeing anything of Paul's family until one fatal day, two years later, when my father took me to the matinee; and while we were

detained at the box office, a quaint figure in the vestibule hiring an opera-glass, attracted our attention by saying grandly: "Ah! we must see this through a telescope."

I turned, and recognized in her Paul's grandmother, spending, I suppose, her pilferings from his hard earnings to gratify her passion. She passed in before us to die—where the better part of her life had been spent—near the footlights, for that day occurred that well-remembered, tragic panic caused by the parrot, necessary to the play, unexpectedly crying "fire," in the first scene. The weird voice and the word combined, created a terrible panic. It was my fate to see, amid the agony, Paul's grandmother, dead; her painted cheeks, horrible in death, had they not told me blushing that she had intended to atone to Paul for her extravagance by begging credit for bread for him on her way home.

I searched out Paul as soon as I recovered from the hurt I received in the panic. When I asked if he was now alone in the world, he answered falteringly:

"No, I have hired myself to the trainer of street-musicians. He was glad to get me, because he thinks my deformed hand earns me money through sympathy. He used to cripple his boys, but the law is down on that now, so he was glad to get me. I hate it, but it is all I can do. And, it is the only way I can learn music."

"You play the violin?" I asked.

He blushed. "No, I carry round Adam and the organ now. But I shall know the violin well enough, soon. Oh, I shall rise by degrees; I am determined."

Brave little heart! despite the knowledge that the other boys would deride, and the certainty of the descending lash, he had taken up this burden which seemed a degradation of his musical talent. He was determined to learn, and to climb, though his ladder was runged with thorns,

I learned that he still retained a childish faith in his father, for he said:

"I never tell the trainer's other boys I have prospects, for they haven't, and the contrast might make them sad."

It was well for Paul that he wove out of silence this mantle of charity to protect the other boys from the stings of envy, for it fell soon upon his own shoulders. How

they would have jeered at him for an empty boaster ! for the next time I met him he was accompanied by a vile-looking, bold-eyed, bloated man,—his father. He looked quite the man who could desert wife, with a child in its infancy, and return to claim support from that child in the early decline which follows an evil life—a creature so unlike Paul's dreams of him, that I hastened to relieve the poor boy's mortification by leaving them alone together.

I never met either of them again, but a year ago I received a letter from Paul,—a detail of his subsequent trials and achievements—and both were great ! It told how he toiled his way up to violinist of a trav-

eling quintette club ; how the Duke of Tessi, happening to hear him play, engaged him to live in his palace and teach his sons music ; and I have heard that the duke has had a medal struck for him, with an inscription on each face. One reads, "Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes what it smites." The other holds the legend, "The spider takes hold with her hands and weaves into king's palaces."

So, not through his father, but unaided, through the germ of power that was in him, he attained the life of studious elegance for which his refined nature had yearned.

KENELM D. FORGERON.

THE CACHED COIN.

He belonged to the genus called tramp, and was a fair specimen of his class. When he had not been in these United States it was not worth while for any other man to attempt to go, and the men of prominence with whom he was personally acquainted were legion. To study his make-up from a philosophical or physical standpoint was an interesting occupation. His hat was a nondescript in color and style, being simply a limp affair with a wonderfully abbreviated brim. His hair was an iron gray, but showed that it had been as black as a raven's wing in the olden days before age and rough living had left their traces upon him. His eyes were small, and peered out from their deep sockets with a sort of squinting, quizzical gaze, that impressed one with the idea that he was trying to look through a gimlet hole. His face was as red as the comb of a cock, while his nose, which was somewhat on the pug order, was almost like a glowing coal of fire, giving indication of the numberless cocktails and gin-slugs, not to say anything of the whisky straights that had passed under it on their way into the seemingly cast-iron labyrinths of his internal organism. His shoulders stooped a little from the weight of accumulating years. His gait was far from being regal, but it was well befitting a man of his position in the social scale. A brown, heavy ducking hunting coat, with pantaloons to

match, a blue woolen navy shirt, cowskin boots numbering up among the tens, into the tops of which his trouser legs were half stuffed with a reckless *neglige*, completed the outer covering of the man. He said he was a native of Connecticut, and claimed to be a son of Vulcan.

So here you have a faithful pen picture of the man who played such an important part in the drama which I am about to record. One day just after lunch I was sitting in the business office of a friend, when Charley, the tramp, as we had all come to call him, dropped in and joined us in our conversation. At last he spoke up in rather an abrupt manner, just as if he had suddenly returned from an excursion to dreamland, and said :

"Say, do yer fellers know I've got a gift ?"

"A gift ! No ; who's been giving you anything, and what is it ? The gift of gab is about the only thing you seem to be possessed of," said my friend Siebe.

"O you don't *sabe* ; I mean spiritualism gifts ; transitory gifts like, you know."

"Transitory gifts ! pray what are they ?"

"Why didn't yer ever hear tell of them ar' fellers what goes into a transitory state, a kinder sleep, so to speak, and then tell all manner of queer things ?"

"Oh, you mean a trance. Why, of course we know all about that. Do you mean to say that you can go into a trance ?"

"Wall, neow," said he, giving the two words the broad Yankee twang, "I should ruther presume I can, that is, when I've got any one what knows how to mesmerize me. Why, I traveled for four years with Prof. J. R. Lovejoy of Maine, and I used to tell fortunes, read sealed letters, tell ages, find lost things, heal the sick, detect criminals and everything else miraculous and funny. Why, I will just give you one instance. A young fellar away down in Maine killed his uncle and aunt for their money, and skipped the country. Nobody could find him. The detectives couldn't somehow catch onto anything that 'd pan out worth a cent. The Professor came to the town to hold one of his 'sayonses,' as he was always careful to call 'em, and as a little business dodge just put it in the paper that I would tell the whole history of that boy's movements after he killed the old folks, and also his present whereabouts. The house was full of course, for people do so like to be humbugged but I fooled 'em that night, for sure's you're born, I did tell 'em to a dot all about it, and a detective went and found him on a cattle ranch in Texas just as I had said."

"Well, Charlie," said Siebe, "do you ever do anything in that line nowadays?"

"Oh yes, sometimes."

"Well," said Siebe, "I understand this thing of mesmerism and have seen a great deal of it in days gone by. My friend here is a stenographer, and we three will meet at eight o'clock to-night in my back office, and I will put you into a trance condition, and my friend will write down all you say, and we will see what kind of a circus we will have."

According to appointment, we met in the back parlor of Mr. Siebe's business office. The gas was turned down till a mellow tone of light was produced, giving everything in the room a wierd, far-away look. Charley took his seat in the great easy chair, leaned his head back against the soft upholstery, and, closing his eyes, seemed about to fall asleep. The few magical passes were made, and the soul of the man was off on spirit wings to other realms. Presently the muscles of his face began to twitch, his hands moved nervously, and his whole body seemed to be pervaded by a something that was foreign to himself. Suddenly he sprang up, and with a deft

kilt of his hat, and the unbottoning and shifting up of his shirt, he looked the very image of a sailor. With a swinging tread, unsteady, as if on a vessel riding over waves, now easy, now bracing, but ever keeping with the sway of the ship, he walked across the room.

"Yi ho-o, yi ho-o, me hearties," he sung out with a clear and musical voice that was very foreign to Charley's own, as we had heard it.

"Hello," said Seibe, "can't you tell us who you are?"

"O I'm the captain of a gallant ship,
To you I'll tell her name,
O, I'm the captain of a gallant ship
It is the Oriflamme."

he sang in reply, in the minor cadences one often hears emanating from the fo'castle.

"You're of a nautical turn," said Siebe.

"Oh, I never sing," he replied, "except when I am happy. I am overjoyed tonight, for I've got what I have been longing for these twenty years, as you of earth reckon time."

"What's that?" said Seibe.

"Don't you see that I'm at the helm of this blasted old craft you call Charley. Just see how I can steer it about. Port, starboard, steady. Port, hard up, (makes a short turn). See how I made her come round without a misstay. But this isn't all, for I am going to tell you a sailor's yarn that will make your eyes hang out like saucers; and the best part of it is, that it will be true. This is something which has weighed upon my mind ever since I crossed over to shadow land, and when I have told you what I have to say, my soul will be at rest, and I can then pass on to higher planes of existence. As it is, I am held firmly bound to the lowest levels, and that is why I am so rejoiced to be able to use the organism of the medium to-night. I do not know you from Adam, a personage, by the way, I have not yet had the felicity of seeing, but I would just as soon narrate my story to you as to any of Adam's sons, for they are all one to me now. Now, you fellow with the writing fixings, get all ready, for I'm going to talk it off very fast, for that fool Charley will be back here pretty soon and want to take his turn at the wheel of this old craft, and I'll have to go below and turn in."

"All ready, Captain," said I, after I had adjusted my note-book and taken a freshly pointed pencil. And this is what he told me:

"First of all, my name is James Albert White, and I shipped from New Bedford in 1844, on a hide and tallow drogher as skipper, bound for a cruise of three years to California. She was called the *Ori-flamme*. It was a merry day when we set sail and stood out of the harbor. Flags were flying and guns were fired, and the populace lined the wharves and decks, waving adieux with their handkerchiefs. But in all that vast throng there was no face that had any charms for me, for, leaning from a balcony far up the street, was a face, to look upon which would have made the heart of any mortal leap with joy. Instead of a kerchief wave, her lithesome fingers sent kisses floating out towards the fast receding ship.

"Then came the long and tedious passage around the Horn, and on to California. We sailed in May and it was late in November before we dropped anchor off San Diego, our first station. Then came the long year and a half of bartering for and stowing away our cargo of hides, tallow and horns. Just two years to a day from the time I left New Bedford, I hove anchor in San Francisco Bay and set the prow of the *Ori-flamme* homeward. With a sigh of relief I saw the white cliffs recede as my vessel held her course westward, far out beyond the Farallones. I should have laid her course for the Cape at once, but there was an ill-guiding star in the planning of my chart. I had told the bonnie, sweet-faced lassie who tipped the kisses at me that bright May day as I sailed out of the harbor at New Bedford, to write a letter and send it to the Sandwich Islands by some whalers who were to sail the next spring, and I had hoped that some chance vessel, bound for California, would pick it up at the islands and bear it on to me. But my hopes had all been in vain; I reasoned that she had sent the letter, and that it was still at the islands awaiting some opportunity of being sent to me.

"Then I said: Here, it will not take me but a month or two longer to run over to the islands and get the letter, and then I will still have ample time to pass Terra del Fuego before the winter solstice. So I

shaped my course, and in due time sighted the volcano of Owhyhee; once at anchor, I hastened ashore to inquire for my letter. There were two instead of one, and they were tied together with a piece of black crape. How my heart leaped into my throat when I saw that! My mother or sister must be dead, I said to myself, and Nellie has written me of it. Impatiently cutting the band which bound them together, and breaking the great wafer seals, so common then, I saw that one was in the smoothly-flowing, shapely handwriting of a few other small *billet doux* which I had in my chest on board ship, and which I had read and re-read, till there was precious little of them left to read. The other was the strong, bold hand-writing of a man. Of course, I began to read Nellie's first. There were tear stains all down the page. And this is what was written:

"DEAR, DEAR JAMES: I promised to write you a letter when the whalers sailed, but it is still long before that time, and yet if I ever write you another letter in this world I must do it to-day. O, my dearly beloved, how can I tell you! I am dying, James. I cannot see to-morrow's sun, so they say. Oh, to see you once more! To have you with me to-day so that I could lay my poor, aching head upon your breast and have you stroke my hair, as in the days of our happiness, would be worth half a lifetime. To have your strong arms around me when I go down into the cold waters, would sustain me till I do not think I should fear to die. Oh, my darling! how I have loved you—how I love you now! The bright dreams of our youth have flitted by all unrealized, and love's sweet hopes are blasted in an hour. But my strength fails me—my hours are numbered. In the great love of the All-Father I trust, and I pray you do the same, that we, whose hearts are thus so early torn asunder, may be reunited where God's good angels dwell. These tear stains will tell you more than my pen can. Good-by, my darling, God bless you! I am so weak, I am——"

"Here the letter ended. Dazed and wild with grief, I returned to the ship, and going into the cabin, I locked myself up and gave vent to my pent up passions. Curses, such as mortal ear has never heard, and none can utter save fiends incarnate, I

gave vocalization. In it all I saw only the black hand of Despair, dashing from my lips the sweet cup of love's fruition. God, I cursed as the author of my existence. Man, I cursed, that my idol had not been preserved to me by human agency. Devil, I cursed as the entailer of all my woe, and myself I cursed with imprecations inconceivable and unutterable. The first paroxysm of grief passed, I became calmer; and read the other letter, which was from a friend, and contained a detailed account of Nellie's death, burial, etc.

"The next day I went ashore again, and still being overburdened with the agony of my great grief, I sought to cheer myself up a little by drinking. Then, after a few glasses had fired my brain, I determined to drink, till in my potations, I found the Lethæan solace so vainly sought for from that source. Glass followed glass in rapid succession and I became at last unconscious * * * * When I awoke from my stupor, had I but just come from the regions of the damned, I could not have felt more poignantly the torments of hell. Finally I succeeded, in a measure, in slaking my insatiable thirst and partially collected my scattered senses. I started to go to my vessel, but when I reached the strand, lo, it was gone! "What can that mean?" said I. Just then one of my sailors approached me and said: 'Skipper, that was the devil's own caper you cut yesterday.'

"And what was that, pray?" said I.

"Why, your getting drunk and selling the Oriflamme to those Englishmen for £8,000 and that old tub of a schooner they had.'

"The what?" screamed I.

"He then sat down on a flat rock by the seashore and told me all about it. Shortly after I had begun drinking, some Englishmen, who were in port with a small schooner, came up and finding me the worse for liquor, planned my ruin. For the consideration of the paltry sum of £8,000 and the old schooner, I had sold my vessel and cargo, which of course was valued at several times that amount, to those men and they had taken a portion of my corn and sailed out of port while I was yet intoxicated. The money was in the schooner, and two of my most trusty sailors were with it.

"Here was a quandary truly. But what was to be done? To try to return to New Bedford in that old craft were certain death, and to remain there till I could get home on some whaler was only to go to a fate worse than death—state's prison for life. So, the days and weeks went by. At last, I decided to return to California. Repairing the schooner as best I could, I set sail for San Francisco, which port I reached without further accident or incident. Then the question arose, what am I to do with myself, and with my money? I dare not show myself at any of the ranches, or at the Pueblo or Presidio of San Francisco, for I was liable to meet with those who would recognize me, and, doubtless, they would ask me questions, which it would be hard for me to answer, if I remained within the bounds of the realm of truth. All was gone which I had any ambition to live for, so I drifted about in a listless sort of way from place to place, moving generally in the night, and remaining in the unfrequented sloughs and estuaries of the bays. At last, I chanced to enter the Rio de Napa, as the Spaniards called the stream, and after sailing along its sinuosities for several miles, I came to a very large sycamore tree standing on the bank of a slough just at its junction with the main stream. I proceeded up this slough a short distance and dropped anchor. My two faithful sailors were still with me, but I had come to fear that they might plot together to dispose of me, so that they might be able to obtain possession of the gold.

"While lying at anchor there, I determined upon the culminating deeds of my career of crime. My plan was to kill the two seamen, as they were the only ones who knew of the money being in my possession. I would then take the coin ashore and bury it. This done, I would go away into the interior and live among the Indians for ten years. At the end of that time I concluded that all remembrance of me among men or nations would be obliterated, and I could then return to my *cache* of English sovereigns, and use them with perfect immunity from detection. I carried my plan out to the letter as far as disposing of my two comrades and the burying of the gold was concerned. I then cast the old schooner adrift, and af-

ter taking exact measurements from what I considered were substantial land marks I set out for the mountains.

"For two days I traveled northward through a charming valley, along the banks of the Rio de Napa, and then a mighty mountain closed my pathway. I crossed over it by a trail, and passed on northward through a broad and well wooded valley, when I came to another great mountain. This crossed, I came upon a stream of water winding through the mountain glades, like a ribbon of silver painted by an artist's hand upon a background of russet and emerald. On and on I followed this stream until it developed from a sprawling brook into almost majestic proportions. At last I came to an adobe house which was deserted. Here I concluded to spend the winter. Farther on to the northward the stream debouched into a most beautiful lake, which lay nestled in the bosom of the mountains, very much like Gennesaret of old, on whose sacred banks he was wont to teach, from whose lips fell such words as never man spake. The country was teeming with savages, but was unable to approach any of them. If I entered a village they ran away as if panic stricken. One day I went into a village, and suddenly I found myself surrounded by a host of of Indians, with drawn arrows pointing directly at me. I made a dash for my life, and as I ran that fatal gauntlet an arrow, barbed with the black obsidian so common in that section, pierced my side and entered deep into my body. I knew, of course, that death must result from the terrible wound. I hastened with all dispatch, hoping to reach the old adobe, but the king of terrors overtook me by the wayside, and in the chemisal at the foot of Konocti mountain my body fell never to rise again.

"But a rainbow rich of glory
Spanned the yawning chasm o'er.
And across that bridge of beauty
Did I reach the other shore."

"At the foot of an oak tree one hundred yards northwest of the site of the old adobe, you will find, interred in a small iron chest, full directions how to find the coin which I buried.

"My story is ended, gentlemen, and I must bid you a long adieu."

"Hold on just one minute," said Siebe, "I have a great curiosity to know whether

or not you have had the great pleasure of meeting with the young lady you told us of, Nellie I think you called her, since you have been a resident of the land inhabited by the great majority?"

"I will tell you all, in words of one of earth's sweetest bards who voiced his experiences over there through the lips of a woman years ago, and mine was like unto his:

"Mid the surging seas she found me
With the billows breaking round me
And my sadened, sinking spirit, in her arms of
love up-bory,
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
"In her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the
heavenly shore,
Like the breath of blossoms blending
Like the prayers of Saints ascending—
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our
souls forevermore."

"Hello, there's that fellow Charley coming back, I can see him away off yonder."

"Oh, I'm the Captain of a gallant ship
As ever sailed the main,
O, I'm the Capt——"

* * * * *

Here the cheery song of the Captain ended abruptly, and the body of Charley, the tramp, fell prone upon the floor, to all appearances as bereft of life as though a cannon ball had taken off his head. Siebe made a few passes, and the spell was, in a measure, broken; but Charley looked dazed and bewildered. A drink of whiskey of enormous proportions had the result of reviving him to quite an extent, though his entire nervous system had suffered from the excessive strain upon it. He asked what had been said while he was in the transitory state, as he persisted in calling it. The notes were read to him, and his look of surprise was fully as great as ours had been when we heard it from the Captain through Charley's organism. Our proposition to Charley was as follows: If he could go to the site of the old adobe house, spoken of by the Captain, and find the iron chest containing directions for locating the exact spot where the treasure was buried, then we would believe in the truthfulness of his control, and enter heartily into the search for the coin, and when it was found we would all share equally in it.

It was long after 12 o'clock when we separated for the night and business kept

us apart for several days. At last, one night about a week later, Siebe and I were sitting in his back office chatting quietly, when suddenly there came a furious rap at the door. When it was opened, to our surprise, there stood Charley, with a package in his hand about a foot square, which was carefully wrapped in an old burlap bag and securely tied about with California's salvation—baling rope. His small black eyes were dancing with delight as he placed his parcel on the table before us.

"Eureka! Unibus plurum!" he shouted.

We opened the rust-eaten old chest with care, and there we found the letters of which the Captain had told us; also a shining tress of golden hair and some other keepsakes. But the best of all, so far as we were concerned, was a plat of the ground for some distance around the tree, at the foot of which the treasure was buried. Everything was so plainly indicated that we had no trouble whatever in fully verifying the statements made by the Captain.

LYMAN L. PALMER.

Napa, Cal.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS 87TH BIRTHDAY.

O, earnest heart that kindly feels
 For all oppressed beneath the sky;
 Strong as thy mountain-rooted oak,
 Warm as Aeolia's tropic sigh.

So long as despots breathe the air,
 Or protean wrong defies the night;
 So long may Time give gen'rous years,
 And keep thy fervid stylus bright.

No more the slave with clanking chain
 Disturbs thy numbers' graceful flow,—
 His grateful heart and sable hand
 Twine fadeless laurels for thy brow.

O, nevermore beneath that flag
 Where Freedom's god-like sons are found,
 Shall grieved Columbia pour her tears,
 To see her children captives bound.

May gentle Peace inspire thy Muse,
 And Love and Joy breathe through thy song;
 May sweet Content for work well done,
 Thy ripe and honored years prolong.

And when the sun shall near the west,
 And heav'n at last break on thy view;
 May Angel guides and Seraph hosts,
 Safe conduct give to shield thee through.

* * * * *

From shades "lang syne" dear forms come up
 (Like ghosts forbid to walk the earth),
 To teach thy bard, who humbly sings,
 This simple tribute to thy worth.

THE GOLDEN ERA.

Thy name, to him, is like a chain,
 And ev'ry link is wrought of gold ;
 It wreathes with gems a chalice rich
 With all the wond'rous cup can hold.

He sees in stratum deeply hid,
 A childhood's vanished joys and tears ;
 And over it, in close review,
 The struggles of his graver years.

He draws the blinds, and Mem'ry brings
 Her priceless trophies into night ;
 Of winter hours, the chimney's glow,
 The room ablaze with ruddy light.

The rattling storm that smote the house,
 Borne o'er Atlantic's crested foam,
 Enhanced the gladsome hours within ;
 (For heaven is like a cheerful home.)

The evening long, but never dull,
 Albeit Boreas loudly roar'd,
 We had enough to welcome give
 The "Snow Bound" trav'ler at our board.

A neighbor's children dropping in,
 (They always found the latch string out)
 We boldly challenged long-faced Care
 With merry joke and roistering shout.

From granite cave beneath the house,
 Brought crimson apples up the stairs,
 And when the well-earned forfeit paid,
 Kissed bashful cheeks as red as theirs.

Soon jest and prank were put aside,
 And drawn out table cover'd o'er
 With magazine and calf-bound tome ;
 And ev'ry page was rich with lore.

With one accord, "Tom, read to us"
 (He stands the first on mem'ry's list ;
 He sleeps beside the Golden Gate ;
 My eyes are dim with gathering mist.)

No need to urge. He slowly turns
 The well-thumbed leaves of Whittier's book
 And to his thoughtful audience reads
 The "Royal Bride of Pennacook."

Enough of that. Again he turns
 To "Songs of Freedom's" little band,
 Which shows how more than "graven arms,"
 May be the sign of "Branded Hand."

He turns again,—The very room
 Seems choked with odors from the grave ;
 We hear the dip of Charon's oar ;
 The mournful sob of Acheron's wave.

The midnight cry, "Bring out your dead"
 Rings wildly through the fetid air,—
 Slow moved Death's awful carnival,
 The sheeted dead seemed everywhere.

Responsive to the harsh command
 Is brought one, only, fragile form ;
 'Tis laid upon the coarse dead-cart,
 To feel no more life's bitter storm.

'Twas she who watched beside the couch,
 And tried to mend the vital thread ;
 Like her who sat beside the tomb,
 To see the Christ rise from the dead.

(God bless these angels in disguise,
 Whose own lives guard the smitten couch ;
 Nepentha's in their patient ways,
 And balm that heals in ev'ry touch !)

Thus sped the hours with little thought
 That Time, the thief, was stealing so ;
 Till the long clock with stroke of ten
 Admonished guests 'twas time to go.

Since then the years like dreams have flown,
 And still *my* years unceasing run ;
 And I have floated on their tide
 'Till I'm a man, or big as one.

* * * * *

Thy name is graven on my heart
 Where wasting time cannot efface ;
 And teeming recollections leave
 Along the way their golden trace.

God bless thee through thy snowy years,
 And lengthen out life's longest span,
 And ages hence the world will tell
 Of one who loved his fellow-man.

Ogden, Utah.

A. S. CONDON.

SUNSET.

Pink clouds, the smiling pages of the sun,
 Glide slowly by,
 Like new-born hopes that cast a roseate glow
 O'er life's gray sky.

Alas ! That king and pages all, should sink
 Into the sea,
 And leave Fate's bitter shades to quickly close
 Round you and me.

From a Rosary of Rhyme.

CLARENCE URMY.

HOW MISS HOPKINS NEARLY GOT MARRIED.

Upcott House was a queer-looking old place in New England, standing in the midst of a small estate. Everything about the place bespoke of ancient English origin, and so exclusive were its inmates that the few farmers who lived in the vicinity knew scarcely anything of them.

The owner and tenant of Upcott House was an old, or rather to speak more correctly, a middle-aged maiden lady named Alvira Hopkins. The term "old maid" would be a more appropriate epithet, if one might be allowed to speak so plainly of one of aristocratic descent. Yes, Miss Hopkins *was* an old maid, and she was possessed of all the whims and fancies usually ascribed to those unfortunate mortals. She had for many years shut herself up from the world with a pair of quaint old confidential servants, who from their long service in the family had become almost a part and parcel of it.

The life at Upcott House, at the period of our story, was exactly the same as it had been in the Hopkins' family at least fifty years before—the same fashions were in vogue and the same manners. Everything was antiquated and seemed to bear the mustiness of faded aristocratic grandeur, like the three old people who might now be said to constitute the family. It is true that Upcott House had seen the time when gallant men and fair women flitted hither and thither, making the now silent rooms echo with brilliant conversation and sweet music; but that was long, long ago, when Miss Hopkins was quite a little thing. The years rolled on, and the little thing grew into a girl, but no suitor sought her hand in marriage. She grew into a woman, and the hot atmosphere of disappointment turned sour her milk of human kindness. By degrees she ceased to mix with the world, and by degrees she drifted further and further away from all knowledge of outside life. In short, Miss Hopkins had renounced the world and shut herself within her own wicket gate. She had not kept pace with the times and felt in her heart that the world was fast, very fast going to the devil.

Miss Hopkins was sitting alone in her drawing-room in a very straight-backed

chair, alternately reading a large print Bible, and knitting with great dignity. She was just thinking what a wicked place America must be, for she now and then heard a little of the world through her servants, and was rejoicing in her heart that she was so far removed from its evil influences. Little reflections like this are good sometimes, for were it not for their refreshing influence, those of us to whom Nature has not been kind, would have little satisfaction in living. At this juncture a tap comes at the door, and an old man in knee breeches and stockings, totters across the room and presents a letter to his mistress.

"A letter for you, madam," he says, with a rheumatic bow, then backing to the door to await orders.

"A letter for me! Who can be writing to me?" She breaks open the seal, and reads as follows:

"KIRKTON HOTEL, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR ALVIRA: I am staying at the Kirkton Hotel, and by chance learning your address it occurs to me to send you a line to ask if you are willing to make up the old family quarrel. We are both getting old now, and are the only living members. If you share my spirit, you will find my man William at the depot to meet the 2:30 train tomorrow, and he will drive you to my hotel. I think I make sufficient concession in taking the initiative in this matter, and expect you to do your share and come and see me. I am leaving for Europe at once. Your affectionate cousin,
L. F. PALMER."

It took the good lady some time to read this curt note, as she was very shortsighted. But, at length, getting at the pith of it a cold severe expression, more cold and severe than usual, came over her face. She seemed to be having a struggle with herself—her own feelings against her religious convictions. Presently her eye fell upon the open Bible, and her better nature triumphed. She looked up and beckoned to the footman.

"James!" she said, "I am going into the city to-morrow."

This was a rude shock for poor old

James, he tottered to his mistress's side all trembling with anticipation, knowing that something had occurred.

"G-o-o-d G-r-a-c-i-o-u-s, madam! Into the city?"

"Yes, James. Send Margaret to me at once."

The old footman shuffled off eagerly with the news. His mistress was going to the city! What can have happened? Presently, Margaret came running in all of a flutter with excitement, and old James followed to the door, where he paused, breathless, to overhear more.

"Margaret," said the mistress solemnly and impressively, "I am going into the city to-morrow."

"Good gracious, madam! Into the city?"

These three persons had lived together so long that they all spoke and acted like one individual.

"Yes, Margaret, it is true; circumstances make it necessary for me to once more walk through the streets of sinfulness even as Lot walked in Sodom and Gomorrah."

"But you will not go alone, madam, surely; something might happen; the world is a very wicked place, one is not, now-a-days, safe in broad daylight in the city."

"I shall go alone, Margaret, there is no necessity for evil to befall one who is so well acquainted with the world as I am. I know the world, Margaret, and know how to take care of myself. I shall wear my silk dress, my best one, so you had best begin at once. See that it is quite clean. I shall wear my brown wig."

Margaret was not quite satisfied until she had learned all the details of the visit, and when at length, she had wheedled out of her mistress, the whole story, as she well knew how to do, set about her work of preparation. Margaret was one of those strong-minded old servants, who, after once getting a footing in a place, keeps it by force of will, and in time becomes the tyrant of her mistress.

The best silk dress—an old family institution—was unpacked from some remote corner where it had lain for the last ten years. It was known to have belonged to her grandmother, but how many generations before that it had been in existence,

was a matter of doubt. But Miss Hopkins was very proud of her "old silk," and no doubt, thought it suited her—and it did too, for they were both a little back of the times.

The excitement at Upcott House was at fever heat until the hour for departure arrived; and such a running up and down stairs had not been gone through for many a long day. At last a hack rumbled up to the front door and Miss Hopkins was handed in with a world of wraps after hurriedly delivering farewell instructions enough to last for half a century.

The railway was a stranger to Miss Hopkins, but with the assistance of the hack-driver she was safely lodged in her seat, and, beyond a little nervousness, experienced nothing of consequence until she arrived at her destination.

When the train stopped and she found herself at the depot, she was a little bewildered on account of her shortsightedness, and at a loss to find her cousin's vehicle. Outside the depot there were quite a number of vehicles, and after most of the crowd had gone away Miss Hopkins was on the point of asking some one (who, for all she knew, might be a murderer or a robber,) to find the vehicle for her. At this juncture a cabman, who had been sent to drive a wet nurse to a certain address, accosted her thus:

"Here you are, mum, this 'ere's your kerredge."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the bewildered lady, "are you William?"

"Yessum, that 'ere's my name, howsomever they most calls me Bill 'cept in perlite serciety, *then* its William. Sit right there mum. I suppose," he continued, with a sly wink, "I must drive kinder steady so's not to churn yer up?"

"Dear me, William! you are *very* familiar," she replied, not quite knowing whether or no to be angry, as it might, perhaps, be the new fashion, and she did not want to make an exhibition of her ignorance.

"Look 'ere mum," said the driver grinning over his shoulder as he gathered up his reins, "I don't know how yer got a hold of my name, but howsomever ye might as well call me 'Bill' as its kinder more social like. Ye ain't been in these parts afore?"

This familiarity was just a little more than the good lady could stand, so she replied rather sharply in the negative, and assumed a manner that was calculated to freeze the vivacious William. But it was not the slightest use in the world, for that individual merely remarked, half aloud:

"'Pears to me as she's a pretty tough old fowl. Blowed if I think it aint a case of 'buyin' a pig in a poke.'"

The good old lady's cup of wrath now fairly boiled over, but she could never descend to bandy words with such a low creature, so she called up all her ancient dignity to command his respect. Miss Hopkins had never seen her cousin and accordingly, began to wonder what kind of a man he could be to employ such an ill-bred creature. But she determined to take full and complete vengeance when she reached her destination.

They had not driven very far up the street when the driver pulled up at a beer saloon, and after asking the lady to excuse him whilst he "made a call," went in for a drink. It was, perhaps, fortunate for William that Miss Hopkin's bad sight prevented her from knowing she was in front of a saloon,—actually a beer saloon, or the consequences might have been unpleasant.

Next to the saloon was a vacant lot, in which stood a horse, who, seeing friends drawn up in front, came to look over the fence at them. Miss Hopkins, looking up and catching sight of the nodding head, thought it was somebody bowing to her.

"How do you do?" she said in swave tones.

The horse nodded his head again, and the lady thinking her bow had not been observed, bowed again, in her most lady-like manner; but being in doubt as to the sex of the supposed acquaintance, thought it best to let the person speak first. The horse nodded again twice and the lady bowed again.

"How do you do? How do you do?" She said louder, and beginning to feel embarrassed. The horse nodded again and this time gave vent to a faint whinny. Miss Hopkins bowed again and "begged pardon." Then the thought suddenly crossed her mind that it might be her cousin who was too proud to come to her and expected her to go to him.

"Are you Lambert, my cousin?" she

asked, with a smile and voice of forgiveness. The horse uttered another faint whinny, and nodded its head, which the lady mistook for an answer in the affirmative, and she was just on the point of getting out of the hack when she was restrained by a loud laugh from William, who had been watching her for several moments, from the door.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed that individual, "Blowed if she ain't bowin' to a 'orse!" She's a queer old party anyhow. 'Pears to me she's been drinkin'."

William, still chuckling to himself, mounted the box, whilst Miss Hopkins sank back in her seat, mortified at having made such a ridiculous mistake, which she admitted in her heart furnished some grounds for the driver's insulting insinuation. She felt the wide gap between herself and the world, and was making a secret resolve never to travel alone any more, when the hack pulled up, and she was shown to the door by the driver, who rang the bell for her. A girl opened the door, and without a word she was ushered into a dark sitting-room and left to herself, the girl hurrying off without giving her time to speak. Miss Hopkins began to think the present manners a very deplorable state of things as she sat in momentary expectation of seeing her cousin walk in.

When she had been sitting alone for about a quarter of an hour, a man came to the door, and after surveying the indignant lady for a few seconds, went away. Presently two children came and peeped at her round the door, then a lady in a dressing-gown, with a very young child in her arms, came in, and after making a formal bow, took a chair opposite Miss Hopkins.

"You must excuse me," said the lady nervously, "but we did not hear who your husband was. Of course we would like to know that."

"My husband!" gasped the thunder-struck spinster. "My dear madam, I—I—" she began in freezing tones.

"Good gracious! cried the lady, "you don't mean to say you are not a married woman?"

"No! madam," almost shrieked the outraged maiden. "You know I am not married; this is an infamous plot to insult me!"

"A plot to insult *you* indeed madam!"

said the lady rising to leave the room. "I beg that you will leave this house at once, and not pollute it with your presence. I can't think what Mrs. Jones could have been about to send such a creature here. You are much too old under any circumstances."

The lady left the room with dignity and Miss Hopkins quite thunderstruck, sat motionless until her senses became clear enough to allow her to think. She then resolved to sit where she was until her cousin should make his appearance, for she was now fully persuaded that the whole affair was a diabolical plot to provoke her. In a little while the gentleman who had looked at her before from the doorway again made his appearance, and Miss Hopkins was on the point of asking the meaning of the insults, when he gravely said:

"My good woman, my wife has already told you, you will not suit. Will you have the goodness to leave the house?"

"I shall not move a single step sir, until I see my cousin. Are you Lambert?"

"Your cousin!" said he, thinking she was a little tipsy. "Your cousin is not here. Now *do* go before I am obliged to call a policeman."

This was the last straw that broke the camel's back; the good lady rose up in her wrath, with her eyes flashing and her chest heaving violently.

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?" she asked in an awful voice.

"Are you not the wet nurse?"

"The—the—oh you brute! I shall have you punished sir, I shall have you imprisoned if it costs me every cent I have. I will show you sir; that Miss Hopkins, of Upcott House, is not to be insulted in this way for nothing."

"Oh, pray, pardon me, my dear lady," said the gentleman, scarcely able to repress a twitching of the lips. "I see now we have made an absurd mistake."

"*Absurd*, sir! There is nothing *absurd* in insulting Miss Hopkins as you shall discover to your cost."

It took a long time to persuade the good spinster that she had come to the wrong house, and after the same things had been said over and over again a great many times, a hack was finally called and she proceeded on her way to the Kirkton. It was now quite late and as she did not like

the idea of travelling about by herself after dark, made up her mind to spend the night in the city. Upon her arrival at the Hotel she was much troubled to find that her cousin had left about an hour before her arrival, evidently thinking she was not coming. The good lady was a little upset with the day's events and very much disappointed that she would not see her cousin, so ordering a bedroom and private parlor, she determined to retire early.

Now, it so happened that a runaway match had been arranged between a young and loving couple, who had made the Kirkton their rendezvous, intending to be married there. The landlord had been bespoken, and had agreed to give the young lady No. 6, when she should drive to the door in a hack. It so happened that he was at dinner when Miss Hopkins arrived, and taking it for granted that she was the expected runaway, gave orders accordingly, but kept out of sight himself, as he was a prudent man and wished to wash his hands of the affair.

The good spinster supped in her private parlor, and then retired for the night.

She had not been in bed very long, when the young man came in search of his lady love. After a few whispered words with the landlord and sundry sly winks from that gentleman, the young Lothario hurried upstairs to No. 6. Softly opening the door he was surprised to find the parlor in darkness. He lit a lamp on the table, and after looking around walked softly to the bedroom door. He was just about to rap at the door when he was terror-stricken to hear the well-known angry tones of his lady love's father loudly demanding to be shown to No. 6. It was no time for ceremony, so he opened the door hastily and went in. Miss Hopkins, terrified at what she supposed a burglar, began to scream loudly, and the young man naturally thought his *fiancee* was terrified at the approach of her father. He had no time to attempt to console her, however, for the next moment the angry parent burst into the room.

"Hands up!" he roared.

The young man threw up his hands, and allowed himself to be searched for weapons, whilst the landlord stood by with a light. Miss Hopkins hid her face under the bed clothes in mortal terror.

"Sit there!" said the enraged father, in a voice of thunder. "By Gum, sir, you shall marry her at once. Landlord, will you send a man to fetch the nearest minister and let him know what he's wanted for, too?"

The excited pater then withdrew to the sitting-room and closed the door to make sure of his couple.

The good lady lay with her head covered all the time thinking that at least she was going to be robbed and perhaps murdered; but when she heard that she was to be married she nearly fainted away. After a few moments' silence the young man groped his way to the bedside, anxious to console her.

"Darling," he whispered, "Don't be frightened, they are going to marry us. It's all right."

"Going to—to marry! oh, do leave me—pray leave me, sir—oh, what shall I do!"

It sounded like "don't leave me," from under the bed-clothes, and the amorous youth, in his anxiety to assure her he had no such intention, snatched the clothes from her head and imprinted a kiss which landed somewhere near the nape of her neck, bringing forth a dreadful scream.

"What's all this blamed row about?" roared the father, putting his head in at the door. "Come in here, sir, and let her alone till after you're spliced. Dress yourself, you vixen, do you hear?"

"Oh, sir!" came faintly from the bed.

"Silence!" roared the father, "and do what I tell you, or I'll have you married in your nightgown, by—by gum, I will."

The father and his would-be son-in-law then withdrew to the sitting-room. The father took a seat with the back of his chair against the door, and putting his feet on the table, prepared to make himself comfortable.

"You need not be in such a darned scot about it," said the young man at length. "I was going to marry her all right." But the surly father was not to be drawn into conversation, anyhow, and remained in grim silence until he heard the landlord at the door.

"Sorry to have to bring you here at this time of the night," he said to the minister, "but business is business. Got all your fixings?"

"Yes," said the minister, opening a black bag and laying some documents and things on the table.

"Guess this will fix 'em up for sure. Where's the parties?"

"That's *him*! *She's* in here dressing herself," said the father, striding over to the bedroom door.

"Now, then!" he roared, "ain't you dressed yet?"

"Oh, sir!" came faintly from beneath the bed-clothes.

"None of this blasted nonsense! I'm not going to be humbugged any longer, you shall be married in your night-gown, —by Heavens you shall! Minister, fetch a light along and we'll make a job of it right off."

The minister came in with the light followed by the young man. Miss Hopkins still kept her head covered and was now almost hysterical.

"Now, then, turn out, or sit up if you like it better!" cried the father, giving the clothes an angry twitch. But she clung to them with a vice-like grip and the only reply was a sob of terror.

"You wish to marry this young man?" said the minister bending over her.

"Never!" shrieked the lady.

"You hear that?" said the minister. "You cannot make her marry against her will, you know."

"Dash my buttons! I'll soon change her mind for her." He took a hasty step to the bedside and snatched the clothes violently away.

"Oh, sirs, sirs!" wailed the good maiden sitting up in bed and wringing her hands in terror. "For the love of God have pity on me!"

"Blank, blank, blank!" roared the infuriated father, "that old *hag* ain't my Norah. You blank, blank, blank fool," he cried to the astonished young man, "this is one of your blasted larks. Where is my daughter, you hound?"

"Oh, oh, oh, my goodness! He called me an 'old hag,'" shrieked the maiden, sinking back on her pillow almost in a faint.

The intended bridegroom having stood as much as a man could be expected to stand from a father-in-law, upon seeing the turn events had taken, made it a pretext to violently assault that gentleman.

The two men rolled over on the floor ; the landlord and minister fled, shutting the door after them, and Miss Hopkins, after screeching fearfully, went off in a dead faint.

There is very little more to tell. Miss Hopkins got very little sleep that night, even after the trouble was all over, for her nerves had received a rather severe shock. Her wrath with the landlord was unbounded, and to him alone she attributed the whole affair. Indeed, she never quite managed to understand the thing properly, and actually went away with the idea that a real attempt had been made to marry her. She had at one time made up her mind to bring the matter into court ; but on second thought concluded it was better to retire within her gate and keep there for the rest of her days. The world was far too wicked a place for her, and the less she had to do with it the better would she be for it.

The next morning Miss Hopkins arrived home and found her two old servants at their wits' end to account for her absence. The good old lady walked in to her sitting-room, with an air of such import that the unpleasant surmises of those two old bodies underwent a confir-

mation, and they began to prepare themselves for the worst. Miss Hopkins seated herself in an old carved oak chair, in which she had been accustomed to be seated when settling matters of family importance.

"James, Margaret!" she began in sepulchral tones, "I have been grossly—violently outraged!"

Margaret screamed and James trembled with agitation.

"Yes, they—they tried to make me m-marry by force," she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

James seized his mistress' hand, and began to maudle and kiss it, whilst Margaret threw herself down on the floor, and hugged her mistress' knees. The three remained speechless for some time before Margaret could command voice enough to say :

"Did—did they do—?"

"No, Margaret, I am still Miss Hopkins."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the two servants in chorus.

"Amen!" exclaimed the good spinster, with something of irony in her voice.

WALTER E. ADAMS.

SKETCH OF CALIFORNIA SHIPPING.

A little more than three hundred years ago Sir Francis Drake brought the first Anglo-Saxon ship to the coast of California. After sailing through the straits of Magellan and capturing many Spanish ships, he determined to return to Europe by sailing west, in order to avoid the Spanish ambush he anticipated would be in wait for him if he returned the way he came. Contrary winds, however, prevented his design, and drove him northward until he found himself in very cold latitudes. He gave up the project and returned to the coast of California, striking it a little to the northward of the Bay of San Francisco. Some say he discovered the Bay of San Francisco, but it is by no means certain that he did.

This may be considered the pioneer of California shipping. Could Sir Francis

sail into the Bay to-day he might well gaze around him with astonishment even more marked than did Rip Van Winkle after his long sleep in the mountains. But Sir Francis would not be alone in his astonishment by any means, for many a master of the floating palaces of the present day, would gaze with wonder at the frail vessel scarcely larger than a schooner, which had so successfully battled with the elements through so long a voyage. The primitive rig and antique hull would attract thousands to the city front, who would gaze with admiration upon the stout-hearted pioneer, who with so many disadvantages could do so much.

The ship of the sixteenth century was a peculiar contrivance, and not very manageable. She could not work to windward at all, except in a light breeze, and even

then it was a doubtful undertaking. The ships of the present day can all work to windward as long as there is any breeze at all; they have better compasses and unfailing means of finding their position at sea within a radius of three miles. We cannot then do otherwise than admire the unceasing vigilance and consummate skill of the bold spirits of the sixteenth century, who, under the greatest disadvantages, could navigate safely, when even steam vessels of the present day, possessed of every means short of infallibility, are frequently wrecked.

Although there were many vessels on the Coast previous to the year 1800, no trade was carried on up to that date; most of the vessels were for other purposes than trading. A little exchange had been carried on along the coast of California, but no regular trade. "It is sad not to see a single owner on the Pacific Coast," wrote Costansó in 1794. "There is no trade in the South Sea islands, and consequently no revenue."

The old Spanish laws strictly forbade all trade, not only with foreign vessels and foreign goods, but with Spanish and Spanish-American goods, except the regular articles brought by transports. At first the transports were forbidden to bring other goods than those included in the regular invoices to the *habilitados*. After the year 1785, however, the trade was free on transports except that from 1790 to 1794 one-half of the regular duties had to be paid, and at no time could foreign goods be admitted.

Whale ships began to make their appearance in the fall of 1882, and have increased in numbers year by year since that period. However, some impolitic port regulations had the effect of sending off a great number of them to the Hawaiian islands, a place much less convenient for getting supplies than San Francisco, though in other respects more desirable; for when the gold fever broke out the sailors would desert, and it was at that time impossible to replace them. It was, therefore, in many cases, irrespective of port regulations, found expedient to refit and victual at Honolulu.

Previous to the year 1822 a small traffic was carried on between Mexico and California, the latter exporting principally

tallow and a little soap. A few small vessels from the Hawaiian islands occasionally visited San Francisco, and in the last named year trade began between California, the United States and Europe.

The first harbor master of San Francisco was Captain W. A. Richardson, who was appointed in 1835. He it was who erected the first dwelling of any kind in San Francisco, which consisted of a canvas hut, supported on a wooden frame. The captain's occupation at the time was the management of two small schooners, one belonging to the Mission of San Francisco and the other to the Mission of Santa Clara. These schooners were employed in bringing the produce of the farms around the bay to the sea-going vessels at Yerba Buena Cove. The amount of freight then received was ten cents per hide, and one dollar for each bag of tallow. The tallow was melted down and run into hide-bags, which averaged twenty-five cents a fanega (about two and a half English bushels.)

The first vessel built in California was launched about this time. This was a small schooner of about thirty-three tons, built for Carlos Carrillo and William G. Dana, for coasting trade and otter fishing.

Some years before this Yerba Buena Cove had been habitually visited by Russian ships for small quantities of supplies. One of these vessels took away annually about one hundred and eighty or two hundred tons of provisions. In the year 1816 the English sloop of war "Raccoon" entered the port, and in 1827 the "Blossom," of the same nation, on a surveying cruise. In the last named year the "Artemesia," French frigate of sixty guns, arrived. In 1839 there appeared the English surveying ships "Sulphur" and "Starling." In 1841 the first American ship of war—the "San Luis" (sloop)—arrived, and in the same year the "Vincennes," also American, on a surveying cruise. After this, ships of war of all nations have frequently entered the Bay.

On November 15, 1847, the first steam vessel of any description was brought from Sitka, by Mr. Leidesdorff, and made a trip round Wood Island. Being the first vessel of the kind in California it was called the "Steamboat." Two days later she sailed for Santa Clara, and in the Feb-

ruary following was sunk in a heavy "norther."

On Sept. 9th, the first square-rigged vessel discharged cargo at Broadway wharf. This was the brig "Belfast," from New York. The price of goods fell in consequence 25 per cent, and real estate rose from 50 to 100 per cent.

On February 28th, 1849, the steamship "California" arrived, being the first of a line of mail service on the coast, which is now known as the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. For twenty years the "California" ran on the Coast carrying passengers and fast freight. She was afterwards laid up and then sold. The new owner converted her into a bark, and she has since been to many ports under that rig. A short time ago she was again in the Bay, and is, at the time of writing, on the way to Melbourne, Australia. She is said to be an extremely lucky vessel, and a remarkably fast sailer. When last in the Bay some planks were taken from the bow and she was found to be in a complete state of preservation, though nearly forty years old.

In October, 1849, the second of the P. M. S. Company's steamers arrived. This was the "Oregon"; she brought 350 passengers. The steamboat then became a regular institution, and a line was established between New York and San Francisco via Panama. The arrival and departure of the steamer, at first once a month, and afterwards once a week, was an event of unusual attraction. Business was almost entirely suspended for the day, and the people crowded to the wharf. The Agent, by virtue of his position, was one of the leading men of the city. The immense business of the Company soon attracted competition, and a rival line was established crossing from ocean to ocean through Nicaragua. This new line obtained large patronage, until the route was closed by the occupation of the country by Walker's filibustering party.

The overland mail route which ran between San Francisco and St. Louis in 1859, and the Middle route between Sacramento and Missouri in 1861, took but few passengers, probably on account of the three weeks' jolting, night and day over bad roads; and for twelve years, until the completion of the transcontinental railroad,

the P. M. S. Company had no serious competition. They were, therefore, able to build the largest and most comfortable vessels afloat. The importance of this company was greatly increased by the subsidizing of a mail route to China, which opened from San Francisco to Hong Kong on 1st of January, 1867, and began to make monthly trips in 1868. The business was regular and safe, and the revenue immense, but the management fell into the hands of stock-jobbers, and the stockholders were sacrificed.

Besides this misfortune, the company was obliged to pay extortionate rates to the Panama Railroad Company for the use of its fifty miles of transportation. Rival lines were then established across the Pacific to China, and the railroad began to take the passengers between New York and San Francisco. Some time ago the company sold their line of steamers running to Oregon and northern ports. For the last thirty-three years the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has been, and still is, one of the largest transfer companies of the world; and though the majority of its stock-holders are still in New York, the center of business has been, from the first, in this city. For many years the company had no steamers on the Atlantic, whilst it has always had at least two lines on the Pacific. Until a very recent date it has had three lines on the Pacific, but that to Australia has recently been withdrawn. The two remaining lines run to China and New York via Panama. Among the steamers possessed by the P. M. S. Company, are the "City of Pekin," 5000 tons, the "Colima," 2,900 tons, the "City of Sydney" and "City of New York," each 3,200 tons, and a number of smaller, though by no means inferior vessels. The company suffered a severe loss in the recent wreck of the magnificent "City of Tokio," which with the "City of Pekin," was one of the largest steamships afloat.

The first jail in San Francisco was the hull of the brig "Euphemia," which was dismantled and hauled on the mud flats near the shore where she soon became embedded, and afterwards rotted away. About the same time a vessel called the "Apollo," was moored near the shore, and as the city improved lots were piled in on the mud flats, far beyond

where the "Apollo" lay and she gradually became surrounded by houses and streets. The dilapidated hull was made into a drinking saloon, and strangers were surprised to find the hull of a large ship in the midst of the city.

In October 1849, steam navigation began to be adopted on the Bay and upper waters, just two years after the first steamer, previously mentioned, had made her appearance. Speculators then sent out some good steamers from the Atlantic States. The "Pioneer," a little iron steamer, was the first sent out. She arrived in pieces, and was put together in San Francisco. On the 9th of October the small steamer, "Mint," made her trial run on the Bay, which proved highly satisfactory. She soon began to ply between San Francisco and the upper waters. On the same day the screw propeller, "McKim," left for Sacramento. Previously to the introduction of steamers on the rivers, all traffic was carried on by means of schooners or sloops, which would sometimes take ten days on the trip to Sacramento. The steamers began to run every alternate day, sailing from Sacramento on the intervening day. The fares at that time were, cabin, \$30, or \$20 on deck. If berths were used \$5 extra was charged; meals on board were \$2 each. The well-known steamer, "Senator," was soon afterwards placed on the line, and the little "Mint" taken off and placed on another line. This was the commencement of a very great and increasing trade.

Towards the end of 1849 there were between three and four hundred square rigged vessels of all kinds in the Bay. The crews of these vessels had deserted during the gold rush, so that they were unable to go to sea. Many of them never got away at all, but rotted and tumbled to pieces at their moorings. As stores and dwelling places were scarce at that time, and labor yet more scarce, many of these vessels were hauled on the mud-flats where they became imbedded, and used as lodging houses, saloons, stores, etc., to accommodate the crowded population. These ships were also enclosed with houses of brick and frame when the city grew over the flats. When the gold fever began to die out, the sailors returned and many of the ships were able to go to sea; though in

many cases the wages of the seamen exceeded that of the captain himself.

As early as 1848 the want of wharves was seriously felt, and it was not until 1849 that any steps were taken in the matter. At that time a proper wharf association was formed, capital raised, and operations begun. By December of the same year 800 feet of wharf was completed; but the great fire in 1850 destroyed most of it. In August following, measures were adopted for continuing the work, and the wharf was extended to two thousand feet, at a cost of \$18,000. The wharf was then capable of berthing ships of the largest tonnage at any tide.

In the great fire of 1851 some of the old store ships, which had been built round as the city increased, were burned. One of these, the "Niantic," had long lain at the corner of Clay and Sansome streets, where the hotel of that name now stands. In digging the foundation for the present hotel, it is said that a case of fine old champagne was found among the decayed timbers. The "Apollo" and "General Harrison" were also burned at this time. By breaking up the wharves, and so cutting off the connection, an immense amount of valuable shipping was saved, which at one time was in imminent peril.

The earliest shipping records of California are for the year ending June 30, 1851, for which the value of imports from foreign ports amounted to \$13,530. The earliest record of exports is, for the year ending June, 1854, valued at \$3,466,222, and of imports for that year \$8,456,633. Total value in that section \$11,922,855.

In October, 1851, there were four hundred and fifty-one vessels of all classes in the Bay, nine of which were ocean steamers. Of the remainder, one hundred and forty-eight were store-ships belonging to all nations, though mostly to America. Most of these store-ships were among those that came in 1848-9, previously mentioned as rotting in the Bay; others were unseaworthy ships that had been pressed into the service to carry immigrants during the gold fever.

In June, 1852, from the Harbor Master's report—that of Captain King—it appears that seventy-four vessels, entitled to be called "clipper ships" and averaging

over 1,000 tons burthen, had arrived in San Francisco Bay during the past three years. These records commence with the well-known brig, "Colonel Fremont" in May, 1849, and includes the "Aramingo," which arrived in 1852. The average passage of these vessels was 125 days on the trip outward, though some made the voyage in a little more than half that time. The "Flying Cloud," which arrived in August, 1851, made the trip in eighty-nine days from New York. The "Sword Fish" made the trip in ninety days; the "Surprise," "Sea Witch" and the "Flying Fish," made the run in ninety-six, ninety-seven and ninety-eight days respectively. But these records have been surpassed by ships sailing from San Francisco to Eastern ports, on account of the prevailing westerly winds at Cape Horn. Thus, the "Northern Light" ran to Boston in *seventy-six days*, in the year 1853. There are a great many fine ocean steamers afloat now that could not make the voyage in so short a time; and when it is considered that the wind could not have been always steady, or always favorable, or even always blowing, we get some idea of the immense speed these ships were capable of making. The clipper ships were virtually a creation of San Francisco, for the necessity of carrying goods as quickly as possible to the distant market, one, too, which was so likely to be over-stocked, forced builders to design a new class of vessel of superior model, in point of speed. Hence, the modern clipper with her great length, sharp entrance and clearance and flat bottom. These magnificent vessels now make the longest voyages known to commerce, running both coasts of the Americas in four months, whilst the ordinary ships of the old model would take from seven to eight months on the same trip. The contrast is very striking between the short, chunky ships that brought the first Europeans to California, and the beautiful birdlike clipper of the present day, some of which register as much as three thousand tons. A clipper ship with all sail set in a fresh breeze is one of the most beautiful sights a man can hope to see. She careens over with the pressure of the sail, and gently swaying to and fro, dashes along like a race horse, leaving a long

track of eddy foam far in the rear. Some of these vessels have made four hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

In the early days, wrecks do not seem to have been so frequent as may be reasonably expected, when it is remembered that many vessels quite unseaworthy undertook the voyage from the East to California. On March 6th, 1883, the paddle steamer, "Tennessee," of the Pacific Mail Company, went ashore at Tagus Beach, Bolinas Bay. The vessel ran on this beach between the cliffs in a dense fog. Had she struck on the cliffs, every soul must have been lost; but as it happened, all were saved. Within a few weeks of this disaster two more big wrecks occurred. The "Independence," of Vanderbilt's Independent line, struck a hidden rock a mile from shore at daybreak. The sea being calm at the time, the steamer was backed off but soon began to leak badly. It was then determined to steam for a beach about five miles away, and beach her. The passengers and crew had hitherto been calm and collected, but it was soon discovered that the vessel was on fire, and a panic set in. The people became frantic, and many leaped overboard to escape the flames, but only to perish in the water. All order was lost and the scene was horrible in the extreme. Strong men thrust the women and children aside to save themselves. Of the four hundred and fourteen souls on board, two hundred perished, including seventeen children and fifteen women. Three days after this disaster the steamship "Lewis," of the Nicaragua line, ran ashore in a fog six miles north of Bolinas Bay. The three hundred and eighteen souls on board were all saved. A high sea was running, and the vessel soon went to pieces. It seemed that there was a kind of fatality attending San Franciscan steamers at that period, for eleven vessels of this description were totally lost within the previous two years.

The number of vessels which entered the Bay in 1881, including small craft engaged in foreign and domestic trade, was 3,500 or 1,700,000 tons; an average of 485 tons to each vessel. Of these 174 were steamers. Fifty vessels came from China, averaging 2,500 tons each, sixty from American ports on the Atlantic aver-

aging 1,600 tons each, and 200 from Great Britain averaging 1,400 each. The remainder averaged less than 1,400 tons each.

The charges for pilotage, towage, dockage, wharfage and repairs at San Francisco and the Columbia River, are the subject of much complaint and annoyance to the shipmaster, and are also serious obstacles to the development of the shipping interests of this State. The pilot fees, fixed by Legislature under the influence of political favoritism, have been especially oppressive, and were the more offensive because made obligatory. Vessels discharging at San Francisco must pay dockage in proportion to their tonnage. A vessel of 225 tons must pay \$5 a day; one of 550 tons \$8.50; one of 1050 tons \$12.50, and one of 2100 tons must pay \$23.50 per day. Whilst loading, receiving, or discharging ballast, or doing nothing after discharging, the vessel must pay half rates. Every load of merchandise, no matter how small, hauled to the ship, must pay a wharfage toll of ten cents; but the charge is five cents per ton if in loads of two or more tons. All vessels entering or leaving the harbor of San Francisco, unless on a fishing or whaling voyage, or engaged in trade between American ports, must pay \$5 per foot of draught; and if the vessel be more than 500 tons 4 cents per ton additional when she takes a pilot, and if she refuses a pilot she must pay half pilotage charges according to the schedule of charges. The pilotage at the Columbia River is \$8 per foot for crossing the bar and \$4 additional per foot for taking a vessel to Portland. At Victoria the pilotage is \$3 per foot. Vessels leaving Humboldt Bay are towed out and pay 75 cents for every 1000 feet of lumber and 25 cents for each ton of merchandise. The charges are the same for Coos Bay. From the foregoing it will be seen that much damage must necessarily have resulted in past years by these exorbitant charges.

The principal part of the ocean traffic of California is carried on by lines of large ocean steamers belonging to great transportation companies. The companies have lines plying between San Francisco and Asia, Australia, British Columbia, Puget Sound, Oregon, the Hawaiian Islands, Panama, Mexico, and the Southern Coast

of California. The Central Pacific Railroad Co., the Oregon Improvement Co., and Dunsmuir, Diggle & Co. have vast deposits of coal in Washington Territory and Vancouver Island, and in supplying San Francisco employ steam colliers which compete for return freights. The steamboat is destined to render service in developing the wealth of the remarkable archipelago extending north from latitude 48 deg. to 58 deg., with 3,000 miles of channel, deep and wide enough for safety, and protected from the roll of the ocean to such an extent that the water is as smooth as the Bay of San Francisco.

After the Pacific Mail Steamship Company the next great line of ocean steamers is the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company, which plies between San Francisco and China. This company runs four fine steamships—the "Oceanic" and "Arabic," 3,800 tons each, and the "Belgic" and "Gaelic" each 2,600 tons. These vessels run to Hong Kong, alternating with the vessels of the Pacific Mail Company.

The third great line of ocean steamers is the Oceanic Steamship Company, plying between Honolulu and San Francisco. This company runs the magnificent steamships "Mariposa" and "Alameda," each 3,000 tons. They are the fastest American built steamships afloat, and the Pacific Slope may well be proud of them. The "Mariposa" has made the run from San Francisco to Honolulu in five days, twenty and one-half hours, the usual time occupied by other fast steamers being seven days or more. Both these vessels are capable of steaming at the rate of sixteen knots an hour for days together.

The West Coast trade is chiefly carried on by several large shipping companies among which are the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The former company runs a line of fine steamers to Portland and Astoria, and the latter runs steamers both north and south of San Francisco.

The great magnitude of the Pacific coast grain trade will perhaps be more clearly understood by comparing it with the cotton trade of the United States. The total weight of domestic exports of raw cotton during the two years, from July 1st, 1882 to June 30th, 1884, was 2,075,323

tons. The total weight of exports of wheat and wheat flour from the Pacific coast during the same time was 1,814,815 tons. From this, it appears that the exports of wheat and flour from the Pacific Coast alone was only 12.5 per cent less than the tonnage of the total export of cotton from the United States for these ten years.

The merchant marine of California on the 30th of June, 1884, consisted of 875 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 233,480 tons. There were engaged in domestic commerce 683 vessels, the aggregate tonnage of which amounted to 116,074. There were 39 vessels built in the State during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1884, the tonnage of which amounted to 6301 tons. The tonnage built consisted entirely of wooden vessels.

As the production of wheat increased on the Pacific coast it drew hither a numerous fleet of the larger class of sailing ships which pursue a random occupation on the ocean, wherever profitable freights may be had at the ports of the various commercial nations. Many of these ships in the ordinary course of their wanderings, circumnavigate the globe about once a year. In the year 1882 the grain fleet (as these vessels are called) amounted to 446 vessels with an aggregate of 628,380 tons. Of this entire fleet only three were steamers, all the rest were sailing vessels. The general nature and business of these ships may be inferred from the following facts: A large number of them sail from Europe to this Coast with cargoes of coal, pig iron, tin and general merchandise; many of them also take cargoes of general merchandise from England and from ports in continental Europe to Australia and thence bring coal to San Francisco, and others take coal or general merchandise from ports in Great Britain to Calcutta and Bombay or Hong Kong and thence proceed to San Francisco with light cargoes or in ballast. Many American ships return to Atlantic ports of the United States and there carry railroad iron, coal and general merchandise to this Coast. Under our navigation laws only American vessels can engage in trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the States, it being regarded as a branch of the coast trade of the country. Notwithstanding this advantage enjoyed by American ships,

about two thirds of the vessels engaged in the transportation of grain to Europe sail under foreign flags.

The greater part of the grain ships are iron vessels sailing under the British flag. There have been many attempts made to understand the reason why English iron ships are preferred by the insurance companies to good hardwood American ships. Records of shipping show beyond dispute that the American wooden ships not only sail faster, but as a general rule suffer less disaster than the ships of any other nation. It is not improbable that the reason is as follows: English ships are consigned to agents, who do the whole of the ship's business; the captain has nothing to do but to navigate the ship. When the ship arrives, she is received by an English clerk, attended to by an English company, and insured by an English firm. The result is, that many ships are chartered before they arrive at San Francisco, frequently several months before.

On the other hand, American ships are wholly in the charge of the captain, who acts as his own agent. He is instructed on sailing to do the best he can in the interests of his employers. The English companies, who have agents everywhere, are naturally prejudiced in favor of their own ships, and by these means secure the control of the trade.

There are other things, too, which will materially act in preventing the revival of American shipping. Wheat can be grown in India for one fourth the cost of American wheat, and it is now being grown. Wheat is being grown in Australia and New Zealand, and it will be a matter of surprise, if natural national prejudice will not in time veto the importation into Great Britain of American wheat, when it can be supplied from its own colonies. Wheat can never be produced in America as cheaply as it can in India. The competition of Indian and Australian wheat is now being felt, and one would not be far wrong in asserting that last year's wheat crop of the Pacific coast has not yet been touched. There are thousands of tons of wheat now unable to find a foreign market, lying stored in California.

There are a few other things in connection with the decadence of American shipping. At Astoria, where a great deal of

wheat is exported, the bar of the Columbia River is so shallow that only shallow draught ships are able to load a full cargo. From the annual report of Charles F. Powell, captain of engineers at present at work on the improvements at the mouth of the Columbia, it appears that there is only about 19 feet of water on the bar at high tide, where at least 26 is required. English iron ships draw less water than American ships, and are consequently better able to compete for the trade in that section. An English iron ship, as a rule, draws about 20 or 21 feet, when an American vessel of the same size draws often as much as 26 feet. It is ruinous to American shipping not to hasten the deepening of this bar, which it seems might be done at no very great cost. Vessels that cannot take in their full cargo inside the bar are unable to do so outside, on account of the continual rough sea. Thus many American ships are obliged to leave the port with several hundred tons less than they can carry.

It would not be just to close this sketch without mentioning some of the large shipping firms of the Pacific slope.

Goodall, Perkins & Co have a large business at No. 10 Market Street. This firm has the Agency for the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Navigation Company. They also employ a number of steam tugs on the Bay.

George C. Perkins of the above firm, is one of the most notable ship owners of California. He was born in Maine, August 23, 1839, and is now 46 years of age. After spending six years at sea as a cabin boy, he arrived in California at the age of 16, and after working in the mines and suffering from sickness, he obtained employment as porter in a store at Oroville, for which he received a salary of \$60 per month. By hard work, combined with natural ability, he made himself so useful that he rose to the position of clerk. But he did not stop there, for his valuable qualities induced his employer to make him a partner in the business. In time he became the sole owner of the establishment. He pushed the business and gained the confidence of everybody; money accumulated and business prospered more and more. He was

elected to the Legislature, and shortly afterwards moved to San Francisco where he became a member of the leading steamship company of the city. In the year 1879 he was elected to the responsible position of Governor of the State. The Hon. George C. Perkins is one of those men who, by economy, industry, tact, integrity and business capacity, has raised himself from the humblest position to one of the highest positions in man's estate. He is universally esteemed and respected, and adds one more name to the long list of names of which all Americans are so justly proud.

Charles Goodall, the partner of George C. Perkins, is a native of England. He had a common school education and at the age of fourteen went to sea. After arriving in California he went to the mines. He next established a shipping firm in San Francisco, which has since grown to be one of the first of the State. He was elected Harbor Master in 1861-3 and was a member of the State Assembly in 1870. He afterwards became a member of the Senate for Butte county and the acquaintance of Mr. Perkins led to that gentleman's admission into the firm as a member.

G. W. McNear is extensively engaged in the shipment of wheat from California, and is one of the best known business men in the city. During the five years ending June 30, 1882, he shipped more wheat than anyone else on the Coast. During that period he sent away 335 cargoes. The great wheat-shipping depot at Port Costa owes its existence to his bold plans and judicious investment. He has built a wharf there 2,000 feet long with a depth of water from twenty-five to thirty feet and warehouses capable of holding 50,000 tons of grain. Eight ships can load at once. The extra expense of towage for twenty-five miles is compensated for by free wharfage. As much as 2,000 tons of wheat has been loaded into a ship in one day of twelve hours. Mr. G. W. McNear was born in Maine, in 1837, and at the age of fifteen went to sea. At the age of nineteen he took command of a steamer plying between New Orleans and Pascagoula and remained in that position for four years. In 1860 he came to this

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF CALIFORNIA.

I.

Few of the fables of quaint old Æsop are more familiar than that of the "Boar who was whetting his tusks against a tree," although "there was neither hunter nor hound in sight, nor any other danger at hand." And the maxim which it teaches—"In time of peace, prepare for war"—is so evidently based on soundest wisdom, that probably no one has ever, when brought face to face with it, had the audacity to dispute it. Every one has laughed at the absurdity of the philosopher discovered under the leaky roof of his Arkansas hut, which couldn't be mended when it was raining, and didn't need mending when it was dry weather.

But people are quick to see wisdom or folly in others, who yet fail to exercise the same keen judgment in affairs that concern themselves as individuals or as a nation. There is no political institution of merit that has met with more opposition, ranging from the covert sneer to active hostility, than has that of the Militia in our own country.

Yet those who thus decry members of the militia as "playing at war," or as a source of useless expense to the State, reason precisely as did the Arkansas philosopher in dry weather.

Such opponents, it is almost needless to say, have never been found among our statesmen. Instead, we find Washington, at the close of the Revolution, recommending: "The adoption of a proper peace establishment in which care should be taken to place the militia throughout the Union on a regular, uniform and efficient footing. The militia of this country must be considered as the palladium of our security, and our first effectual resort in case of hostility."

And again and again, in the legacy of counsel which he has left to the American people, has he repeated these sentiments.

That remarkable body of statesmen who formulated for us our National Constitution, have also incorporated in it a lasting testimony to the value and the necessity of a citizen soldiery. To this may be added the authority of our earlier Presidents,

each of whom, from Washington to Jackson, at various times, publicly upheld the establishment of militia as a safe-guard of public security.

Perhaps the consideration that weighed the most with these men was their distrust and fear of standing armies, as being a menace to the free government which they had done so much to form. Said Jefferson: "None but an armed nation can dispense with a standing army."

This is, indeed, its best characteristic, that in the words of Thos. Cazneau, "The National Guard are of the community whose interests they aim to uphold." Yet it is perhaps on this very account that the enemies of the institution have oftentimes attacked it. They have cited instances again and again where the militia, instead of firing on the men, women and children whom the authorities have attempted to disperse, have even joined them, arms and all.

Thus Governor Johnson, in 1856, in his report concerning the "Vigilance troubles," says:

"The military organized under the authority of the State, with a few noble exceptions, ingloriously deserted the post of honor and duty; and either abandoned their arms to the State, or yet less honorably carried them into the ranks of the Vigilance Committee. * * * In vain the authority of the Sheriff was strenuously exercised to protect the jail; his orders were disregarded and defiance hurled in his face by those summoned to the duty."

But such condemnation has not been the verdict of the people. It is for this righteous disobedience by the militia of that day, composed as it was of the very best citizens of San Francisco, that we honor them—for this refusal to uphold an iniquitous and fraudulent administration of injustice that we indorse them. It was precisely for this characteristic that they were organized. Our statesmen saw, that being of the people, the National Guard could not, as can a standing army, be made the tool of tyranny or fraud.

And so, I think, it will be generally found that cases of disobedience of militia in times of disturbance result from a con-

sciousness that the position of the government is wrong, and not from cowardice or inefficiency. On the contrary the militia has, when properly organized, as a rule, tendered brave and effective service to a righteous government.

They quelled the "whisky rebellion" in Pennsylvania—an outbreak that seriously threatened our weakened government; they fought Indians at heavy odds, and they furnished the cause of freedom a basis for the armies which reunited the nation. And it may be remarked that in proportion as the States enjoyed an effective militia system, they furnished quickly and easily the troops called for by Lincoln at the outbreak of the civil war.

Major General N. P. Banks said :

"Massachusetts could never have done what she did without long preparation—preparation in time of peace; preparation at a moment when none supposed there was to be war; when the great mass of the people were wild enough to believe that a war anywhere that could entangle us in its meshes was impossible; preparation made when everything connected with the military name and organization and military spirit was looked upon as the spirit of dissipation, to be discouraged and discountenanced, and not regarded as part of the conduct or duty of an honorable or reputable man."

And as an example of what a single militia regiment did in those times, may be instanced the New York Seventh, which furnished six hundred and six officers who served with distinction through the war. Among the number were three major-generals, nineteen brigadier-generals, twenty-nine colonels, and forty-six lieutenant-colonels.

Fifty-eight members gave their lives in defence of the Union, of which the monument in Central Park testifies.

And to come to the examples which our own National Guard of California has furnished in defence of the system by virtue of which it exists, the list is too long to be given here in detail. For the isolation of California, especially before the era of railroads, its proximity to hostile Indian tribes, and often scarcely less hostile white nations, the circumstances under which it was settled, and the cosmopolitan and adventurous nature of its immigration even to-day, all combined to give constant rise to events, which imperatively call for the use of an armed force, for defence or in aid of law and order. Reference only need

be made to what will be treated in more detail further on; to the early Indian troubles, beginning with the Gila campaign; to the squatter riots of 1850; the rescue of Berdue from a mistaken mob; the protection of emigrant trains on the north frontier; the Klamath war; the bloody Indian campaign of 1859; the aid to Nevada after the Carson river massacre; the important part of the California regiments furnished by the militia during the rebellion; the squatter troubles in Sonoma county in 1862; the Amador mine difficulties, in which the property saved by the National Guard could have paid for the expenses of the regiment to the State many times over; the guard duty during the San Quentin fire, and at the Stockton jail; the preventive services of the city regiments during the labor troubles of 1876-7; the moral effect of their appearance under arms during the excitement following the shooting of Kalloch; a like service at Sacramento in 1882; and, finally, last year, the services of the Stockton companies in aid of writs upon the Moquelumnes grant settlers. More than these actual services performed, is the influence for the prevention of disturbance which the knowledge of a disciplined body of troops is perpetually, though silently exerting upon the lawless. This, General Sherman referred to, when in his Palace Hotel speech to members of the National Guard, he said :

* * * "Especially in these United States we should have some volunteer soldiers. * * * There should be volunteers in every city that has a large population floating and sometimes unemployed. * * * Be ready for any duty that may come. If you are prepared, the day won't come; but if you are not it may come."

That the value of these services has, to some extent, been appreciated by the citizens is evidenced by a fact casually stated by Adjutant-General Backus in his report for 1880, where he mentions that a citizens' committee in San Francisco, in view of threatened disturbance, collected and expended some \$40,000 in procuring uniforms and equipments for the thousand or more who then joined the National Guard of San Francisco. The influence of this donation was immediately and sensibly felt throughout the State in increased membership in the National Guard.

The six brigades of young men now in

the State, it will thus be seen, are not organized for mere pastime or ornamental appearance on parade. It is true that even in actual service their duties rarely have the exciting character that attach to regulars in war times; that they are often called upon for guard duty only; or to face unruly and insulting crowds without firing. These are the most distasteful of duties, but they are performed as faithfully, unshrinkingly, and with as true a patriotism as if that performance were attended with all the glory of active strife. In quiet times like these, as they meet from week to week in their armories, they vary the monotonous routine of drills with an entertainment or ball. They fit their armories with the comforts of a club and make them places of social enjoyment. But should these "piping times of peace" give way to war, the California National Guardsman will be found ready to do his part, as brave as any other American, and ten times better prepared than he who belongs only to the "enrolled militia."

II.

In England, in the time of the Saxons, the *ceorles* or peasants held lands under condition of military service. They were banded in bodies of which the command was given to the *ealdormen* (aldermen) elected by the people in the *folk-motes* (folk-meetings). In time of war, these bodies were united under the leadership of the lords, who, however, exerted no other authority over them than the temporary one of leading them in the fight—in the main, these citizen soldiers were directly responsible to themselves and to their king.

Although this system has been attributed to the wise and good King Alfred, yet traces of it have been found in earlier times than his.

The Norman conquest introduced the feudal system of land tenure. The conqueror divided his territory among his barons, requiring each in return, to furnish a certain number of troops in time of war. These barons distributed their territory on like terms to their knights, who in turn, let their allotments out to the peasants on condition of allegiance. It will easily be seen how quickly and surely an army could thus be raised in an emergency.

This system has been continued in Eng-

land, with such gradual and for the most part unimportant changes, as the changing conditions of the nation itself called for, until the present day. And when it is remembered that our own constitutions model our militia system in almost every detail, after the English pattern, the influence of these early institutions on our own will be easily recognized. To cite a single instance, there has been in England since the time of Edward III., a statute that no militiaman shall be summoned from his county save in time of war or imminent danger of invasion, and in no instance can he be sent outside the realm.

This provision, as is well known, is paralleled in our own militia system, in which the State corresponds to a certain extent, to the English county.

III.

In the American colonial days we had substantially the English organization of the militia. In revolutionary times, this body of soldiery, unlike that of a standing army, sided with the colonies, for then, as now, they were "of the community whose interests they aim to uphold."

And while they rendered important service, their occasional failures which have been recorded are due only to defective training, a matter which the National Guard, as organized to-day, is designed to avoid.

The actual estimate which our forefathers formed of the militia may, however, be best inferred from these provisions which they incorporated in the National Constitution.

The second amendment asserts that "A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The framers did not indeed incorporate in the body of the constitution this and the other declarations of rights which compose the first installment of constitutional amendments, believing that such truths "go without saying."

But it was thought best afterward to make assurance doubly sure, and secure those rights by express provisions.

In the Constitution itself, Congress is entrusted with the power :

To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions.

To provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively, the appointment of the officers and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress.

And the troops are herein provided with a leader (Art. 11) :

The President shall be Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States.

In the earlier part of our National existence, the relation of the militia to the State and to the Nation was very imperfectly understood, and frequent disputes arose between the State and the National authorities on that account. Governors of States often claimed the right to decide finally as to the necessity for calling out the militia, even after receiving such call from the National Executive.

In accordance with the general tendencies, these, as most similar questions, have been finally resolved in favor of the general government.

At first the State militia systems were very inadequate. They were principally based on a provision for an annual drill, on a day universally known as "training day."

The enrolled militia were summoned, and a part responded. In country districts it was a gala day. The Brigadier-General appeared in state. The maneuvers were ordered, as slowly read or spelled, from the book. The wearisome ordeal being over at last, the warriors gladly adjourned to some public house.

The opinion gradually became prevalent that all this was useless. "Training day" became a stock joke for the humorists. The final blow was given in Congress in 1846. General Crary, of the Michigan militia, criticised General Harrison's conduct at Tippecanoe.

The inimitable Tom Corwin deliciously replied. His irresistible description of "training day" convulsed the House. The unfortunate Brigadier was referred to, on the following day, as "the late General Crary." And just as chivalry received its final blow from Cervantes' "Don Quixote," so "training day" vanished amid the

laughter of the Nation over Corwin's witty address.

With that time may be said to have dawned a new era in the militia system, that of permanently organized volunteer companies. It needs no explanation to show its advantages over the old system.

It was in this era that the first California Constitution was adopted.

It provides : (Article VII.)

1. The Legislature shall provide by law for organizing and disciplining the militia in such manner as they shall deem expedient, not incompatible with the Constitution and laws of the United States.

2. Officers of the militia shall be elected or appointed in such manner as the Legislature shall from time to time direct, and shall be commissioned by the Governor.

3. The Governor shall have power to call forth the militia to execute the laws of the State, to suppress insurrections, and repel invasions.

From a comparison of this with what has already been quoted from the United States Constitution, it will be seen that the status of the militia man, is that of a citizen-soldier. His connection with an organized company, while it intensifies, does not substantially alter his duties and relations to the State and to the Nation. He is subject to the call of the Governor for State duty; his arms, accoutrements and training are furnished by the State directly, and in part by the Nation indirectly.

But on the call of the Nation, the Governor, under certain limitations, is obliged to assemble the troops and place them under the direction of the Nation.

IV.

In accordance with the State Constitution, the first act, organizing the Militia of California, was passed April 10, 1850.

It established an enrolled militia of all free, white, able-bodied male citizens from the age of 18 to 45, not otherwise exempt.

From this list it exempted all officers or members of volunteer or independent companies within the State.

These companies were organized in four divisions, each officered by a Major-General, and eight brigades commanded by Brigadier-Generals. The territory of these divisions extended in four belts across the State, east and west.

The office of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General was established.

The enrolled militia could avoid performance of military duty by a commutation tax of two dollars annually, paid into the Military Fund.

The immediate officers of the voluntary organizations were elective.

Thus, at the outset of the State history, the militia were divided into the two classes of volunteer organizations, and an enrolled militia, paying an annual tax in lieu of military duty. This tax is in no way to be confounded with a poll tax.

It has since varied from as low as twenty-five cents to as high as two dollars per year.

This exemption of members of volunteer companies from this tax was followed in 1851 by an act exempting them also from jury duty.

This was afterward repealed, but was restored a few years ago.

In 1852, there were established seven military districts. Each county was authorized to organize one or more independent companies. The State furnished the arms and equipments. The office of Quartermaster-General was merged into that of Adjutant-General, which William C. Kibbe held from this time on until 1864.

From year to year, the volunteer companies were rendered less and less independent, and the system was more and more consolidated and centralized. In 1855, an act was passed ordering a parade of the companies twice a year. An act of 1862 still further developed the system. The war was diffusing new ideas of the value of the militia and the expedience of a compact organization.

The many-headed system of manifold divisions was replaced by the present organization into a single division consisting of six brigades. The important provision was made that each company was to be known by a particular letter or number of its regiment. No one was allowed to be a member of more than one company at a time. Thus the volunteer companies were deprived of their independent character, and, for the first time, the State militia assumed the form of a little army.

In 1863, the lines of discipline were drawn more tightly. Parades were ordered four times a year, monthly drills were required, and the San Francisco companies were compelled to drill weekly.

This requirement of a weekly drill was by 1872, extended to include the Sacramento companies, and in 1878, was further extended to Oakland, Vallejo, San Jose and Los Angeles.

The same act of 1863 accorded the privilege of exemption to members who had served seven years—a privilege of which many have since availed themselves.

The next important law affecting the militia organization was passed April 2, 1866. It cut down the number of companies which had, under the quickening influence of civil war, grown inordinately large. It assigned to the organized militia the name NATIONAL GUARD. And the unity of this organization was still further strengthened by the adoption of a uniform of a dark blue frock coat and light blue pants. Heretofore companies had selected their own uniforms, whose color in many cases determined the name of the company.

In 1870 and 1872, an additional branch of the service was organized. The act of 1870 authorized the formation of a cadet battalion at the University of California, and this as amended in 1872, was made to apply to any collegiate institution in the State. The instructor of any such department was given the rank of Major in the National Guard. In this connection it may be well to observe that in accordance with the first of these acts, a battalion of cadets was organized at the University of California, in the fall term of 1870. It consisted of four companies, lettered from A to D, and within a year had a hundred and twenty members. The arms and equipments were furnished by the State, and we find the colonel (Frank Soule, Jr.) recommending the substitution of light breech loaders as more suitable to the size and age of the cadets.

In 1867, the U. S. Government adopted Upton's tactics, and the year following California did the same, thus making possible the harmonious drilling of all the troops in a body.

In 1874, a movement was on foot to disband the National Guard. But the chairman of the Legislative Committee made a report strongly favorable both as to the condition of the National Guard, and as to the necessity of its existence, and the threatened dissolution was averted.

The adoption of the New Constitution of 1879 did not materially affect the National Guard. The old constitutional provisions, in this respect, were retained. In addition is an affirmation of the subordination of the military to the civil power, and a prohibition of the carrying of any other flag in National Guard parades, than that of the United States or California. It secures the National Guardsman from imprisonment for a militia fine in time of peace, and all electors from militia duty during attendance at an election.

In April 1880, any Colonel of a regiment was authorized to organize a cadet company, and prescribe the ages of eligible members. These members were required after they became eighteen, and before they reached the age of twenty-one, to join some company of the National Guard for at least one term of enlistment. The Colonel was made instructor of his cadet company. These companies were to receive one-third the State allowances to other companies of the regiment.

On March 4, 1881, the Legislature enacted that commissioned officers disabled and rendered incapable of service, or having served continuously for eight years may be retired, ranking next to officers of like rank on the active list.

In March of this year a provision was made allowing each company to have as many as ten honorary members who shall pay fifty dollars per annum into the company treasury, and shall thereupon be entitled to all the exemptions to which men on the active list are entitled.

Such is an outline of the development of the present militia system of California. The enactments made from time to time have been in part an effect, and in part a cause, of the varying condition of the National Guard. They have, however, been oftenest a cause, and for this reason have been narrated first.

V.

The history of the National Guard of California as an effective body of men, has been far more varied than that of the average and peaceful State.

There was first a period of lawlessness in the State during the "good old days of '49," and, for a few years after, this was complicated by frequent troubles with the Indians.

Then after a short period of comparative quiet came the Civil War, and the tremendous impulse that it gave to all matters military.

During all this time California was in an isolated condition, and left more or less by the Nation to attend to her own affairs.

Following the war was a period of apathy in military matters. But the completion of a transcontinental line of railway brought a new tide of immigration. California thus collected not only valuable citizens, but also a large amount of drift from the class that floats about in the West. This cosmopolitan and unstable element during periods of trade depression, gave the National Guard, particularly of San Francisco, plenty to do. It is to be feared that this period yet continues, although all upon the surface is serene. The earliest military companies were independent of the authorities.

A gang of desperadoes in the early days of our city's history, known as the "Hounds," whose outrageous operations had made life and property insecure, led to the organization of the first militia company, which was known as the First California Guard. It was an artillery corps, but also drilled with muskets, and in the evolutions of infantry. It was after the expulsion of the notorious "Hounds," and when the excitement, which they created, had in a measure subsided, that some of the most prominent citizens, dreading a recurrence of like scenes, conceived the idea of the organization of the company mentioned above to aid the legal officers in the maintenance of order. The suggestion met with ready acquiescence, and in the early part of July, 1849, several preliminary meetings were held in the "Institute," as the school-house on the plaza was called, for the purpose of effecting said organization. On the 27th of the month, forty-one gentlemen signed the following preamble:

We, the undersigned, do hereby form ourselves into an association under the name and style of the First California Guard, and for the good government thereof have adopted a Constitution and by-laws, for the support of which we mutually pledge ourselves.

Among the signatures are those of the following well-known gentlemen: H. M. Naglee, W. D. M. Howard, E. L. Sullivan, Alexander G. Abell, W. H. Tilling-

hast, Hall McAllister, H. E. Teschemacker, and John Sime.

The officers elected were, Henry M. Naglee, Captain; W. D. M. Howard and Myron Norton, First Lieutenants; Hall McAllister and David T. Bagley, Second Lieutenants; Richard H. Linton, Orderly Sergeant; and Dr. S. R. Gerry, Surgeon.

To provide an armory, certain members of the Guard organized a joint stock company, purchased a lot, and erected a building on the northeast corner of Dupont and Jackson Sts. This was ready for occupation in the fall of 1849.

On the following 22d of February, they held their first military entertainment—a very elaborate affair.

This armory was burned in September of that year, and the building, with which the company replaced it, suffered a similar fate in 1851.

The membership of the California Guard was of a high order, comprising many of the most prominent men of the city, and its *esprit de corps* was well sustained by accessions of men, who had seen service in the Mexican war.

About this time, there were several other companies of a more or less temporary nature, organized in many instances to meet special exigencies of service.

The next organization of note, however, was the Marion Rifle Corps, which dates from the 14th of May, 1852. The officers were T. B. Schaelffer, Capt.; G. T. Davidson, First Lieutenant; J. W. Rider and W. W. Hawks, Second Lieutenants; and W. Neely Johnson, First Sergeant.

Soon afterward the Eureka Light Horse Guards and the National Lancers, cavalry companies, and the San Francisco Blues, an infantry company, were formed.

These five companies, and the Sutter Rifles of Sacramento, were organized July 4, 1853, into a battalion. On this occasion they were received by Major-General John Sutter, and presented with an ensign by Mrs. Catherine N. Sinclair.

In August 1850, their services were first called for, to suppress the Squatter Riots. As Gen. A. M. Winn of the Second Brigade, First Division, California Volunteers had been ordered to the scene, Captain Howard, then commanding the California Guards, was applied to for the loan of the

company arms to the authorities; but the company decided to bear them in person.

Together with the Protection Fire Company all under command of Colonel Geary, they repaired to Sacramento. Their actual services were, however, not needed and after complimentary resolutions from the civil and military authorities at Sacramento, they returned. In the early part of the same year, an Indian attack had been made at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. In October, Indian depredations were committed in Eldorado County. In both these cases, the Sheriffs of the nearest counties raised emergency companies who succeeded in thoroughly punishing the Indians.

In 1851, there were various Indian troubles, quelled, as was usual in those days, by local companies temporarily organized.

The Washington Guard performed a valuable service at that time for a man called Stuart or Berdue. They protected him from a mob who were trying to lynch him, as the alleged murderer of a merchant named Jansen. It was afterward learned that Berdue was not the man that the mob supposed he was. He escaped to furnish a remarkable instance of the mistakes which mobs, and even courts, are liable to make.

In 1852, the only services required of the militia, were the protection of emigrant trains in the northeast. This duty was performed by the Fitzgerald Volunteers and by the Volunteer Rangers.

The worst element of San Francisco, had, in 1856, by virtue of fraud, intimidation, and the like means, obtained control of the city government in all its branches. The worst crimes went unpunished, and murders and all violence increased alarmingly. James King of William, editor of the *Evening Bulletin*, was particularly bold in his denunciation of the corruptionists. He finally offended Jas. P. Casey, of the *Sunday Times*, who met Mr. King on May 14th, and murdered him. Fearing that Casey's trial would result as trials usually resulted at that time, a mob gathered about the jail and an assault was freely threatened. The only guard mustered to defend the jail was of about twenty men commanded by Lieutenant Reese.

There was at that time an organized mounted battalion under Major Rowell, consisting of the California Guards (Lieut. Curtis), the Light Dragoons (Capt. Reed), and the National Lancers (Capt. Hayes). Captain W. T. Sherman had been appointed Brigadier-General of this division in place of W. R. Gorham, and was at this time in command of all the military forces.

These were not ordered out at once. Instead, the Sheriff attempted to maintain his authority by a special detail of private citizens.

But the better class of San Francisco were arrayed against the authorities, and a Vigilance Committee was formed. The people arrayed themselves under the committee, into several companies. On May 18th, these companies were summoned early and were placed in charge of Chief-Marshal Charles Doane. A detachment took possession of the field-piece of the California Guard and prepared it for action. Shortly after noon the companies formed under the escort of the Citizens' Guard, Capt. James N. Olney. Among the remaining company officers were Capt. Donnelly, Lieut. Frank Eastman, and Capt. Richard.

On the following day, they raided the armory of the First California Guard, taking therefrom, rifles, swords, ammunition, and two sixpounders.

With these they established an armory of their own at their headquarters.

The number of the vigilants rapidly swelled to thousands of men. They assumed the administration of justice themselves.

A Trial Committee investigated all charges of crime, and their verdict was reviewed by a still larger committee. Criminals were either exiled or hung.

Of course, all this could not be tamely viewed by the State authorities, and consequently, on June 2, Gov. Johnson ordered Gen'l Sherman to call upon such as might be deemed necessary of the enrolled militia or those subject to military duty; also, upon all the voluntary independent companies of the military division, to enforce the law. San Francisco was declared in a state of insurrection.

But the Governor's proclamation was ridiculed as too late, and but about seventy-five men responded to Gen. Sherman's orders.

Many military companies disbanded throughout the State as well as in San Francisco. Some returned their arms to the State, others took them to the Vigilance Committee as the real representatives of the people.

General Sherman, finding himself not in sympathy with the authorities, resigned and Volney E. Howard was appointed in his place.

In a few months the criminal element of society, under this irregular, but effective reign of the Vigilants was, in a great measure, subdued. The Committee disbanded, and on November 3d, returned the captured arms to the State.

In the spring of the same year, the Indians in Klamath County proved troublesome, and to subdue them a company of volunteers was formed of about thirty men. These had several brushes with the Indians, who were finally subdued, however, later in the year by a force under General John Cosby.

In the winter of 1858-59, a still more severe campaign was held. The volunteers were under the direct leadership of Adj. General Kibbe. Some one hundred Indians on the northwest frontier were killed, and about three hundred were captured and sent to a reservation.

In the following summer the Indians of Mendocino County destroyed life and property. The hostile band was chased and scattered by a company of about twenty volunteers.

The last militia service worthy of note before the time of the civil war, was in 1860, at the time of the Carson river massacre in the State of Nevada. With substantial courtesy to a sister State in trouble, California forwarded assistance in the shape of arms and men.

Up to this time all troubles calling for armed bodies of men, had been with Indians, criminals or squatters. In their nature, these troubles were of an irregular and temporary character, and were settled in the main, by men who organized and acted on the need and impulse of the occasion.

But now came ominous rumors of an impending national struggle. The need was felt for the use of all the energies of the State toward the organization of all her resources of defense or offense upon a

war footing. Citizens aroused themselves. Companies of all kinds were formed secretly and openly. It was rumored that plans were afoot to tear the Pacific Slope from the Union, and make a Pacific Republic. Various military companies were organized to prevent this, and various others for no other than the vague idea that they would be somehow needed.

In the Legislature matters were equally stirring. A committee made a thorough examination, and a valuable and systematic report of the state of the militia.

The first call for troops from California, by the Secretary of War, was made in the middle of the year 1862. It was for one regiment of infantry and five companies of cavalry.

Their duties were to protect the mail route from Carson valley to Salt Lake and Fort Laramie. Tinkham, in his history of Stockton, mentions that the Light Dragoons served as an honorary escort to these volunteers on their way to Salt Lake.

A few days after the first call, a second was made for four regiments of infantry and some cavalry. These reported to General Sumner, then in charge of the United States' troops in the Pacific division.

It may be well to mention that in these exciting times, minor troubles escaped notice that would otherwise be better known.

In Santa Clara County, by certain decisions, a large number of settlers were ordered dispossessed of the lands that they were living on. But to the number of about a thousand, they offered resistance to the execution of the writs, and memorialized the authorities in a forcible appeal modeled closely after the National Declaration of Independence.

In consequence, the Sheriff of the County reported the state of affairs and asked for about three thousand men as military aid. The Governor gave a synopsis of the matter in a message to the Legislature, May 16, 1861.

In September of the following year, Gov. Stanford, at the request of the Sheriff of Sonoma County, ordered out the Petaluma Guard, Captain P. B. Hewlitt and the Emmet Rifles, Captain T. F. Bayliss, to execute writs of restitution ordered by the courts of Sonoma County, which writs the occupants of the land were

resisting. The companies reported at Santa Rosa on September 27th. On arrival at the lands in question, they encountered an armed body of the settlers. A flank movement on the part of the militia caused their opponents to retreat, leaving the State troops in possession without the discharge of a gun.

During the Civil War, California had plenty to do in fighting Indians, both to the north and south, from Washington Territory to New Mexico.

She sent to the aid of the Government all the troops required of her, and offered more. But the Government considered them more useful at home, as the distance and isolation of the State, with the prevalence in certain districts of a strong Southern sentiment, rendered California an object of solicitude to the Washington authorities.

The glorious part performed by the California regiments in the war, interesting as it is, is yet more within the province of another article than this.

The era of political excitement succeeding the war, infected many of the militia companies to such an extent that the boys occasionally forgot themselves as a non-partisan organization. As an instance, the news of the nomination of Grant and Colfax in 1868, so aroused the enthusiasm of the Stockton Light Artillery, that they fired a salute of a hundred guns in honor thereof. So natural a prompting of the Republican sentiments of the company, although it resulted in a great, good time for the boys, failed to elicit a very sympathetic response from the Democratic sentiments of the State authorities, who promptly disbanded the company amid immense excitement, and the local historian, who chronicled the affair several years after, was even then unable to restrain his indignation.

A period of activity in the militia was ushered in by the expedition to Sutter Creek, usually referred to as the "Amador War." Early in July, 1870, the miners and laborers in Amador County organized a league, whose beneficial aims secured for it a membership embracing in addition many of the solid business men of the community. But in 1871 a strike was begun, which went to the extent of the prevention by force of the employment of non-mem-

bers at the mines. In addition, the pumps were not allowed to be worked by the engineers and the mines were rapidly filling with water, to the great prospective damage of the mining property. Appeal for troops was made to Governor Haight, the mine owners at the same time offering, inasmuch as State money was not available at the time, to pay expenses and good wages to the troops while in service.

Gov. Haight, accordingly, on June 21st, 1871, ordered Brig. Gen'l Hewston, commanding the 2d Brigade, to designate two companies from the First Regiment (Col. Barnes) to report to Maj. J. F. Bronson, as commander of the battalion.

The First assembled early the next day, and Companies C (Nationals) and E (Sumner Light Guard) were chosen. Details from other companies of the regiment were made as follows :

Co. B, twelve men ; Co. D, eight men ; Co. F, eight men ; and Co. H, six men ; to report to Capt. Oscar Woodhams, of Co. E ; and Co. G, ten men, to report to Capt. Geo. Humphrey, of Co. C.

At six o'clock, the men were on the steamer. The force consisted of ten officers and over 165 men. They were selected from San Francisco, so that Sacramento, being nearer the scene, could promptly re-enforce if necessary. The Leaguers were estimated at from three to five hundred men, armed with breech loaders.

The command was quartered at Sacramento, while Governor Haight proceeded to Sutter Creek to negotiate, if possible, a peaceful settlement of difficulties. His mission failed.

On the twenty-fifth, the troops left Sacramento, and reached Sutter Creek after nightfall. The only hostile demonstrations made were the firing of a few blank cartridges by the Leaguers, over the heads of the troops. Guards were immediately stationed at the threatened property, and on June 26th, the mines and mills were again working. No interference was offered by the strikers to the employment of laborers.

After several days of quiet, it became apparent that the protection by the troops would continue while necessary. Accordingly, the Leaguers and mine-owners held a conference, in which it was agreed

that the former rates of wages were to be continued, while, on the other hand, the Chinese, who had been partly the source of the difficulty, were to be discharged.

On July 16th, the troops broke camp, and marched to Latrobe. The twenty-two miles of rough country were traversed in eight hours, principally at night. On arrival at San Francisco, they were met by the remainder of the regiment, with a band of music, and marched to their quarters amid an ovation from their friends.

In this little campaign, the conduct of the men was admirable. There was the strictest discipline, good order, sobriety, and unremitting drill. Adj. Gen. Cazeau says : " The refreshing union of soldier and gentleman was always apparent, and when the force finally withdrew from Sutter Creek, the League were foremost among the public to express their admiration of the conduct of the soldiery." Which last remark suggests the idea that the Leaguers were not such misguided fellows, after all !

The sad episode of the affair was the death of Major Bronson, after his return to San Francisco—a result attributed to the exposures and hardships of camp life and marching, and the cares of responsibility. By his death, the Guard lost a sterling soldier, and the State a faithful citizen. Others also died shortly afterwards from colds, etc., undoubtedly caused by the unwonted exposure and fatigue they had undergone.

The Amador war is responsible for many of those reminiscences, which rehearsed again and again, at the many social gatherings in the National Guard, are received and understood as pleasant compounds of memory, imagination, and invention. One of these attaches to the then Colonel of the First, General Barnes. There is danger that investigation would spoil the story, and so it is here given as told.

The mine-owners had at the outset guaranteed to the men pay and subsistence. Col. Barnes communicated this to his men, and assured them of the good faith of the mine-owners. But, at the close of the service, there seemed to be some doubt whether subsistence was to have come from the State or the mine-owners

hence, a dollar a day per man was withheld from their pay, until the question should be settled.

Now, certain of these men who served, made this disputed dollar a special study, and finally arrived at the conclusion that they must look to the Colonel for it. This was the more natural, inasmuch as Col. Barnes had been a sort of godfather to the regiment, from the time he had taken command, and as it was through his efforts that they had received uniforms, equipments, breech loaders, and various other blessings, they had come to believe that it was but "ask and ye shall receive."

Accordingly they formed in a body and proceeded to his office. Their spokesman entered their complaint and made formal demand for that dollar. It was a critical moment. The odds were enormous. The doorway was held by the right of the enemy, and the Colonel's line of retreat was cut off. To accede to their demands was ruin. With rare presence of mind, he said:

"You are all members of the First Regiment?"

"Yes," (unanimously and hopefully).

"And subject to my orders?"

"Yes," (not quite so unanimously).

"Fall in!"

A line was formed facing the Colonel.

"Right, *face!*"

Beautifully done!

"Forward, *march!*"

In a minute the last man of that formidable file had marched from the room, and the Colonel was saved by the discipline of his men.

In the latter part of 1872 and in 1873, there were various brushes with the Indians. In Siskiyou county and vicinity, various independent companies were armed against them.

Some of the regular State troops also saw service in the lava beds against Captain Jack, and the Modocs.

In January, 1876, from the Second Brigade was furnished a funeral escort to the remains of Benjamin P. Avery, Minister to China.

On February 28, 1876, a fire broke out at San Quentin prison, and a call was made for troops from the city to prevent a possible escape of prisoners. A detachment

under Lieutenant-Colonel Oscar Woodhams, consisting of the "Nationals," Captain Humphreys, and the "Union Guard," Captain Fritz, promptly left for the scene. The good behavior of the prisoners, however, rendered their services unnecessary.

The Sheriff of San Joaquin county, on July 22nd, called for 30 men of the Stockton Guard, "because certain lawless persons were combining to take from jail a certain prisoner held by him in lawful custody." The men were immediately furnished, and the danger was averted.

The Chico Guard, in March, 1877, were mustered and kept under arms while a number of prisoners were removed from Chico to Oroville for trial.

In the turbulent years of 1877-78-79, the National Guard were often looked to for security, and although their duties went little farther than the frequent assemblage at their respective armories, to be in readiness for service, yet there is little doubt that their influence toward civil order was pre-eminently effective.

In Sept. 1879, the Second Brigade bore a conspicuous part in the reception accorded to General Grant on his return trip around the world. A remarkably fine display was also made by this brigade on the occasion of the visit of President Hayes.

When Kalloch was shot, an excited crowd gathered, and the troops were again needed and furnished until all danger had passed.

A similar service was performed by Companies A, G, B, and the cadets, of the First Artillery at Sacramento, following the killing of James Lansing by one Raten, in 1882.

The last difficulty that has occasioned the services of the National Guard was in July, 1884, and like the first trouble in 1850, sprung from disputed land titles.

The Sheriff of San Joaquin County being resisted in the execution of writs upon settlers on the Moquelumne grant, called for aid. The Stockton and Emmet Guards, under Captain Eugene Lehe, of the Stocktons, thereupon accompanied the Sheriff, and under their protection, the writs were successfully served.

The promptitude and unanimity with which these companies responded to the summons, and the readiness with which they took the field, although armed at

first with obsolete and condemned guns, is creditable to their courage and discipline.

VI.

Upon the organization of the First California Guard, the pioneer company, the number signing the roll was forty-one. This was soon increased to a hundred.

As detailed before, other companies were rapidly organized until in 1854, they numbered twenty-four, with a membership of 1600, which increased the next year to 3000.

In 1860 there were 49 companies, 4000 strong. In 1861, there 31 companies with 1860 men. The Senate committee reported this year that some seventy companies had been organized since 1852.

In 1862 the influence of the war had increased the number to 5,694 out of an enrollment of 142,000 subject to militia duty.

In 1865 there were 140 infantry, 20 cavalry and 5 artillery companies, with a membership of 8,250.

In 1866, to reduce the militia to a peace footing, 14 field and staff organizations and 88 companies were mustered out. This left 73 companies; 11 cavalry, 4 artillery and 58 infantry, with a membership of 5,200.

In 1868, the number of companies had fallen to 37, of which 30 were infantry, 5 cavalry and 2 artillery. The force was 2,700 men.

In 1871, there were 3400 enlisted out of 94,000 enrolled; in 1873, 2,700 out of 105,000; in 1874, 2,600 men; in 1876, 2600; in 1879, 2,700 out of 112,000 enrolled; in 1880, 3,300 out of 122,000; in 1882, 2,650 men. At the time of the Division Encampment this year the force was in 43 companies.

VII.

While from the first, companies in the Guard have in whole or in part been subject to expenses arising in various ways, the institution is theoretically paid for by the State and the Nation. The National support is allotted to the states, according to their respective strength; and to this, the State adds such funds as may be deemed necessary.

The first public support was to the companies of San Francisco, being an appro-

priation by the city in 1853 of \$500 monthly for rent of armories.

For the three years previous to 1856, the quota which California received from the United States in the shape of arms and the like averaged about \$20,000 annually.

In 1862, an appropriation of \$250 a month was made for the First California Guard as a mounted battery of artillery.

Then there was gradually developed a method of allowance to the different companies according to strength, arm of service, necessary equipment and the like. This has been frequently changed as to details.

In March 1885, this allowance was specified as follows:

To each infantry or artillery company, \$100 per month.

To each artillery or Gatling battery, having four guns, \$200 per month.

To each cavalry company, \$150 per month.

To each regiment or battalion, \$5 monthly, for incidentals, and, if the body contains four companies, \$25 monthly for an organized band of twelve pieces.

To each Brigade General, \$5 monthly for each company for incidentals.

To the Major-General, \$600 per year.

To each company, uniforms and their repair, to the amount of \$150 per year.

To the Adjutant-General, \$3,500 annually, for the promotion of rifle practice.

VIII.

The necessity to the National Guard of effective weapons and skill in their use is so self-evident, that any deficiency in that direction which may exist anywhere, must be attributed more to carelessness or lack of funds than to any positive opinion otherwise. Of course, the weapons used at different times varied with the state of the art of manufacturing them. In the Constitution of '49, the militia-man is required on certain occasions to be provided "with three good flints, or 100 percussion caps," thus indicating that the old flint-lock was not even then obsolete.

The stimulus given to invention in the direction of arms during the Civil War, soon made the muzzle loaders an obsolete weapon. The first regiment armed with breech loaders was the First Infantry, Second Brigade. These guns were of Sharp's

pattern, 500 in number, and cost nearly \$12,000 which was raised by private subscription through the efforts of Colonel Barnes.

Recommendations were frequently made to the authorities that they arm the troops with the Springfield breech-loading rifle. In 1875 the Governor, by energetic efforts obtained the desired arms from the general government and by the close of that year, a majority of the troops had been supplied. In 1877, all but two infantry companies were reported armed with the new weapons.

Cotemporaneous with the introduction of this arm, was the rise of interest in marksmanship. Target excursions grew more frequent. On March 20, 1875, a match was shot between a visiting team of fifteen from a Nevada company, and a like number from Company E, of the First Regiment, San Francisco. This was won by the California men by three points.

The same Company E (Sumners) also arranged a match by telegraph with Company D, 12th New York, N. G., to take place June 26th, 1875. This was also won by the Sumners.

It was in this year that, mainly through the efforts of Col. Shaw, the California Rifle Association was organized. Its object is "to encourage rifle practice and promote a system of aiming drill and target firing among the National Guard." Members of the Guard are admitted at one-half the regular rates, under certain conditions. This association holds a semi-annual meeting for prize shooting.

Such was the progress made by the independent efforts of companies all over the State, but particularly in San Francisco, that attention was called to it in the official State reports of that year. The Adjutant-General suggested that the practice be introduced of firing at unknown distances. Major-General George R. Vernon remarks (Report 1875-77) that the scores at the target practice of the California companies led all the other States.

In 1876, the city of San Francisco offered for a prize to the regiment or battalion whose company teams make the highest aggregate score, a centennial trophy valued at \$500. This was to be held by the winner for one year and again contested for, and so on until 1976. But the

rules have been amended so as to bring the possibility of permanent possession within the range of our times. The trophy was won by the First Regiment, which is now in possession of it.

In September, 1877, a team of twelve were invited from California to contest at Creedmoor, New York, for a bronze statue, "The Soldier of Marathon," presented by the State of New York, to be annually contested for at Creedmoor by teams from the National Guard of different States.

Accordingly, sixteen of the N. G. C. were selected by competitive matches from which the twelve were to be chosen on the day of the contest at New York. These sixteen, with the scores made at Creedmoor, were—

Brigadier-General John McComb, 79.
Capt. H. J. Burns, Company E, First Infantry, 84.

Capt. Wm. H. Brockhoff, Company D, Second Infantry, 89.

Lieut. J. Robertson, Company E, First Infantry, 87.

Serg't C. P. LeBreton, Company C, First Infantry, 87.

Serg't Harry Hook, Company A, Second Infantry, 83.

Serg't J. P. Warren, Company A, Second Infantry, 86.

Corp. Charles Nash, Company C, First Infantry, 86.

J. W. Maher, Company C, First Infantry, 82.

L. Barere, Company E, First Infantry, 76.

E. H. Ladd, Company A, Second Infantry, 80.

Wm. Wright, Company A, Second Infantry, 76.

E. Unger, Company B, First Infantry.

E. N. Snook, Company C, First Infantry.

T. E. Carson and Geo. H. Strong, Company E, First Infantry.

Of the above, only the first twelve participated in the contest. The other States contesting were Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. The following is the score by teams :

	200 yds.	500 yds.	Total
California	499	496	995
Connecticut	505	466	971
New York	480	487	967
New Jersey	411	333	744

As the possible number of points was 1,200, it will be seen that California won by a score of 82 11-12 per cent.

On the return of the victorious team, it was welcomed at Sacramento and banqueted at Stockton and Oakland. Speaking of this match, Gen. Benet, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., in his report to the Secretary of War, said :

"In the hands of the California team from Gen. McComb's brigade, the score made is said never to have been equaled in a military team match."

The well-won trophy had to be returned the following year, as the expense of the trip is too great to be incurred every year.

In 1878, at the Sacramento State Fair, the prize of \$300 and gold medal was won by the "Sumners" of San Francisco. The second prize of \$200 was taken by the Sarsfield Guard of Sacramento.

In 1878 the office of Inspector General of Rifle Practice was created, and it is apparent that the tendencies are to farther encouragement of this important accomplishment, by the State. The report of the present incumbent embodies many practical suggestions for the future :

The State should furnish ammunition, suitable rifle ranges, transportation to and from the ranges, targets, and markers, free to her troops.

In addition to individual practice, volley and file firing ought to be regularly pursued. Men should be accustomed to firing by platoons, or companies, with coolness, precision, and effect. It is folly to expect a body of troops, inexperienced in firing in ranks, to present an effective front to a determined enemy.

The question to be considered is, in what way can rifle practice be encouraged and advanced. Certainly not by requiring men to pay from their private purses for ammunition, use of range, etc. As I said before, the State ought to furnish all of these free. Officers and men should be classified in three classes, according to certain percentages of proficiency they attain in shooting, the highest being designated as Sharpshooters, the next Marksmen, and the next, Third Class. Buttons, badges, or other similar insignias should be given, to be worn on the coat, or collar, indicating the class to which the shooter belongs. Prizes and trophies should be offered, and no medals but those donated by the State, or authorized by the Adjutant-General, should be worn by a member of the National Guard when wearing his uniform, the buttons or badges of veteran soldiers excepted. Rifle practice should be made a part of the regular drill, and men should be taught that it is just as essential to their efficiency in the service to be good rifle shots as it is to be well up in the manual of arms, or tactics.

A suitable rifle range for the Second Brigade, adjacent to San Francisco, to be used exclusively by the National Guard, should be provided. This is a great necessity.

I respectfully recommend that an allowance of at least 100,000 rounds of cartridges, freshly loaded and reliable, be expended annually in rifle practice; that a rifle range be constructed; that prizes and trophies be offered by the State for competition in marksmanship; that the various commands be required to practice rifle firing at least six times in each year; that the troops be classified according to the progress made in shooting, and insignias be distributed for the two highest classes; and that Subdivision 2, of Section 2018, of the Political Code, requiring annual target practice on September ninth of each year, be repealed. I furthermore respectfully recommend the appropriation of \$7,500, to be expended by the Adjutant-General, for ammunition, a range for the Second Brigade, prizes, trophies, etc. It is of vital importance to the service that the soldier be experienced in the use of his weapon, and failure in that respect places him under great disadvantage when opposed by those with whom this practice and instruction has not been neglected.

"Those officers who habitually and persistently neglect the instruction of their men in the use of the rifle, are thoughtless of the great responsibility which rests on those in whose hands the lives of men are placed."

The first to introduce a modern system of rifle practice was the Sumner Guard. Previously, the target used was the old regulation one, roughly approximating the figure of a man, and scores were determined by actual measurement of distances from the centre. The Sumners began using the Hythe system, which differs only from the Creedmoor as to the shape of the target, which is square, while the Creedmoor is circular. The target surface in these modern systems is divided by concentric circles or squares, the belts so made being valued in the order of their distances from the bull's eye.

It must be remembered that the scores made by National Guardsmen's weapons must not be judged by those made by independent sharpshooters' guns with their accurate sights and hair triggers. The regulation gun for the N. G. C. has an open sight, and the "pull" of the trigger is fixed at six pounds.

The practice of most value to the Guard, however, is that of volley firing rather than individual marksmanship. This was first done under rules, by the Oakland Guard in 1878, at which time also the practice of estimating distances was introduced. In the service to which the troops are most liable, that of facing undisciplined crowds, aim is

not usually taken, and the end to be attained is the sudden demoralization of the mob. This is more quickly, and, in the end, more bloodlessly accomplished by volley than by desultory shots.

IX.

In time of peace, military routine is notoriously dull. To the spectator the evolutions of a well-drilled body of men seem easily performed, and convey a sense of pleasure, but, to those participating, it is work, and when often repeated, monotonous work. The majority of the National Guard are young men, too, and have a keener taste for enjoyment. It is natural, therefore, that we find the annals of the N. G. C. abounding in records of visits, and banquets, and socials, and excursions, and balls. In such times as these, there is no harm in the "sound of revelry by night," if there is no battle of Waterloo impending the next day.

The first thing the California Guard of 1849 did, was to get an armory. The next thing, was to dedicate it, which, as mentioned before, was done on the 22d of February, 1850, by an entertainment and ball. This was of so magnificent a character, as to remain worthy of special mention some years after in the "Annals of San Francisco."

The *finale* of the parade, which followed the organization of the first battalion in 1853, was a large old-fashioned dinner at Russ' Gardens in San Francisco. Here it was that Mrs. Catherine M. Sinclair presented to the newly united companies a silken ensign.

In 1857, the militia parade in San Francisco was the main feature of the celebration of the Lafayette Centennial.

The Union Guard of Stockton, at their first annual ball in November, 1861, were presented with a beautiful flag by Miss Mary Loring. Mr. George W. Tyler, now of San Francisco, then a member of the Company, made an animated and loyal speech in response.

By 1871, the custom of Sunday picnics and entertainments had grown to such an extent that the Adjutant General saw fit to recommend their discouragement by Law.

A more orthodox method of Sunday observance was taken by the First Regiment of San Francisco, in 1878. In this

year, Dr. Stone, of the First Congregational church was appointed chaplain of the regiment. A newspaper report published at the time, gives an account of one of the special church services for the Regiment. The officers and men attended in a body, and the subject of the sermon was appropriate to the occasion.

In June 1873, Mayor Alvord gave a stand of colors to this Regiment, Governor Booth making the presentation speech, before a brilliant assemblage.

But affairs of this kind so abound in the records, that to mention all is impossible, and to select, save as illustration, is invidious. Companies frequently interchanged visits. Many hold monthly socials. Exhibition drills are frequently given. Regimental wing drills, introduced, it seems, by Colonel Woodhams, of the First Regiment, furnish the stimulus of rivalry.

The armories of the respective companies are fitted up according to taste, with the various comforts of a social club. The visitor to the different armories will see gymnasiums, billiard tables, and like facilities for amusement; organs, pianos, paintings, historic flags, reading rooms and libraries. In 1873, a Military Library was organized by the officers in San Francisco, is now located in the Safe Deposit Building, and contains about 1300 volumes, all on military subjects.

Armories were at first rented at the expense of the companies, and consisted, generally, of a bare room for drill. The armory of the California Guard, however, seems to have been an exception to this rule.

At the close of the Vigilance troubles, the building the committee used as an armory, was thrown open to a curious public. It was stocked with all sorts of arms, accoutrements and flags. The false-bottomed ballot boxes, which they had managed to secure, attracted much attention.

One San Francisco company owns its own armory building, and in 1883, the Sacramento First Artillery purchased their present regimental armory.

But there is an old and growing necessity for armories owned by the State. As early as in the fifties, it was yearly urged upon the State that it should take measures to own safe armories and stop rents. This is especially necessary in San Fran-

cisco, where the rental of the scattered armories in use, amounts to tens of thousands annually. The insecurity of present accommodations is such, that a few years back, arms had to be placed in the City Hall for security, and the first necessity, at present, when difficulties threaten, is to coop the bulk of the National Guard in their drill rooms, as guards to the buildings.

In March, 1864, seven mounted guns were forwarded to the care of the Adjutant General, who took the best measures possible in the absence of any building already provided, by renting a place to keep them. The door fastenings being insecure, disloyal incendiaries entered and set fire to the building, necessitating the remounting of the guns at great delay and expense to the State.

The advantages of State armories in point of security, economy and means of concentrating troops are becoming more and more evident. The National Guard Officers' Association, which held its first meeting in San Francisco, in December, 1884, presented these advantages to the Legislature in a well-conceived petition.

X.

The California National Guard is remarkable for its excellence in company drill. As an evidence, one of the San Francisco companies several years ago astonished the people of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other Atlantic cities by the performance of evolutions in blindfold drill that were as perfect as many well-drilled companies of these cities could give with open eyes. In fact, it did open their eyes. This perfection has been largely carried into the battalion and brigade drill of the California National Guard and its discipline as a whole, while on duty, is as good as that of the regular armies of many countries. The many sincere compliments that its performances have on various occasions elicited from army officers are further evidence in its favor and need only be alluded to, to be remembered by all old members.

But drill on smooth floors and proficiency in theory is quite another thing than excellence in the field. They are valuable as preliminaries, but it is necessary that the fullest experience possible, short of actual warfare should be attained.

It is also desirable in the highest degree that before actual service, troops should become as thoroughly as possible used to the exposures and other circumstances incident to camp life. This was early understood by those to whom the interests of the Guard had been entrusted. The Mexican war had taught them that among war troops in actual service, the camp kills four men where the bullet kills one. We find in the reports along in the "fifties" many repeated appeals to the Legislature to establish for short periods each year, National Guard Encampments. It was finally seen that the companies themselves must make the start. Accordingly in September, 1859, the First California Guard, the Marion Rifles, the Sutter Rifles, the Stockton Blues, the Coloma Grays the Independent National Guard, and the Independent City Guard, each with 25 to 45 men, assembled a mile west of Sacramento, in Yolo county, as a battalion, for an experimental camp. Officers of both the U. S. A. and the N. G. C. were in command. Of the former, Col. Hooker, afterwards known to fame as "Fighting Joe," was at the head of the battalion. Camp Weller, as it was known, in honor of the then Governor, awarded a first prize to the Independent National Guard as the best disciplined and instructed company; a second, to the same company for steady conduct and accurate drill; a third, to the Stockton Blues for target shooting; a fourth (a gold medal), to the Sutter Rifles for the best rifle shooting; a fifth (a silver medal), to the Marion Rifles for the second best rifle shooting; and finally, a silver bugle, to the First California Guard for efficiency in drill of light artillery.

The camp lasted for three days, remembered yet by those participating, as a time of enjoyment and instruction.

The most memorable encampment before that of the present year was held from May 21 to May 29, 1863, in accordance with the provisions of an act of the Legislature of the preceding year. This act was to the effect that the Commander-in-Chief shall order a Camp of Military Instruction to continue ten days in April or May of each year, which shall be attended by all the commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the California militia, and be commanded by the Major-General.

The site chosen for this camp was a mile from the Encinal landing, Alameda county. A uniform of a dark blue cloth cap, dark-colored frock coat, and dark-colored pants, was required to be worn by all in attendance. Camp Stanford, as it was named out of compliment to the Governor, was to be commanded by Major-General Allen, but the command eventually devolved upon General John S. Ellis, then of the Second Brigade. The State furnished transportation to all attending.

General Headquarters were established in two old fashioned houses; an organization was effected into a regiment of eight companies, with a total strength of 740 men. Work immediately began in earnest. It was in war time, and the pressing need of instruction was felt by every one there. This instruction was given by Colonels Wood, McKenzie and Cazneau. Schools were formed in the infantry, in the cavalry, and in the artillery, arms of the service. Daily recitations in the School of the Soldier, were held. All the different drills were practiced. Nor was it all work and no play. The men exercised their taste in the most elaborate decorations, admired by all visitors. Those in command at first disapproved, but soon saw their mistake. Such endeavors at ornamentation strengthen *esprit de corps*, and add to the contentment and good fellowship of the men. In the evening, visited by citizens, graced by the presence of ladies, made attractive by the virtues of hospitality, made gay by light and color and brilliant uniforms, the camp was a pleasant resort.

Their duties over, the men disported themselves in various ways. Strange animals could be seen moving through the camp. Elephants were represented by two men bending down covered with a blanket, the front man carrying a rolled blanket for a trunk, and two sword scabbards for tusks. Others got themselves up as tigers; many personified Indians. Mock parades were given, and the peculiarities of the camp officers reproduced in burlesque. A general election for Governor was held, in which the rival candidates—one a wit by the name of Fogarty—the other a man from Pike county, Missouri, known as Bull Run Joe—addressed their constituents on the issues of

the day. Fogarty was elected. Of course no camp was ever entirely satisfied with its rations; but in this case, the only fault that could be found, was with the cooking.

A review was held before General Geo. T. Wright and when the camp was over, the troops marched in San Francisco to Washington Square where they were finally reviewed by the Governor.

The benefits of this camp were so great, that after a lapse of ten years, the Adjutant-General took occasion to refer to it in his report and to recommend a similar encampment again.

The act of 1862 already referred to, also provided that the Governor should order an annual encampment of not more than ten days, of the organized militia, to be held in September or October within the brigade limits, and further provided, that troops attending should be deemed in active service and paid accordingly.

In accordance with this, the Second Brigade organized Camp Allen near the Encinal on October 6, 1863, under Brigade-General John S. Ellis; the Third Brigade established Camp Gilmore on the 14th of September, near Stockton, under General Alex M. Dobbie; the Fourth Brigade Encampment was at Camp Kibbe on September 19th, near Sacramento, under General James Collins; and the Fifth Brigade went to Camp Ellis, near Red Bluff, October 26th, under General John Bidwell.

The Code provided for the expenses of pay and subsistence to men in camp under certain conditions, but in no important instance does it seem that companies or regiments availed themselves of its provisions. The next Brigade Encampment noted is that of the Second Brigade at Schofield, near San Rafael, May 20-22, 1875. It was under command of Brevet Major-General W. L. Elliott, U. S. A., and it was a feature of this camp, that there was present with the brigade, a detachment of the First U. S. Cavalry, and the Light Battery of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, under Major Hasbrouk.

The plan of having companies and officers of the regular army in camp with the National Guard worked well. Uncle Sam furnished nearly all the tents; a detachment of his soldiers pitched them, and his officers planned the camp; the First U. S.

Cavalry furnished free music; and above all was the value of the example furnished by the regular soldiers and the instruction given by the regular officers.

Owing to the lack of uniformity in arms, uniforms and equipments, few prizes were given; the thousand dollars set apart for the purpose was divided among the companies instead.

On one day during this camp, nearly 900 men answered to roll call.

Regimental encampments were inaugurated in 1878. During the State Fair, the First Regiment of San Francisco, the Oakland Guard, the Emmet Guard, of the Third Regiment; the San Francisco Light Artillery, the Jackson Dragoons, of the First Cavalry; the Placer-ville City Guard, the City Guard, and the Sarsfield Guard, of the first battalion of Infantry; the Sacramento Light Artillery, and the St. Patrick's Cadets, organized Camp Irwin, in Sacramento. Prize drills were held, and prize rifle shooting practiced. All the companies in camp won golden opinions for conduct, discipline, and training.

In that year, also, nearly all the commands in the State went into camp for periods of from two to four days.

A camp was also held at Sacramento in the following year, and named Camp Walsh. One of its features was a sham battle. Other encampments were held this year, and in 1880, the Legislature passed an act for the benefit of regimental encampments. In accordance therewith, the First Artillery camped, September, 1880, at Alameda; in 1881, near Nevada City; in 1882, at Laurel Grove, near San Rafael. The First Infantry camped in 1880 at Sacramento, in 1881 at Santa Cruz, and in 1882 at San Jose, in 1883, for eight days, at Santa Cruz, and in 1884, for the same period, at Santa Rosa.

In July, 1882, companies F, G and H of the Second Artillery, and the Oakland Light Cavalry camped three days at Santa Cruz at their own expense.

The Third Regiment encamped for three days at Monterey in 1884. In the same year, Company G, of the Second Artillery, marched to the Yosemite, where they remained in camp for a few days. The Stockton Guard encamped at Oakdale, in Stanislaus county.

A general encampment of the rank and file of the National Guard of California has, at various times, been proposed. In 1869, the Adjutant-General took occasion to officially recommend the project to the Legislature. Besides the advantages of regimental and brigade encampments, it was urged that a general encampment would unify the whole force, and increase soldierly pride in the National Guard. An appropriation for this purpose was not, however, decided upon, until March 10, 1885, when the Legislature allowed the National Guard \$20,000 to be expended in one or two years, as the Board of Location and Organization may direct for a general division encampment.

It was also enacted in the same month, that bodies encamping annually during seven days, receive from the State for expenses \$1.25 daily for each member in the camp, within the limit of \$400 for each company.

As the total allowance was none too large, it was easily decided to expend the amount in one year and thus Camp Stone-man was established in August of this year.

Before a site for a camp was finally selected a party of regimental commanders visited various places on a tour of inspection. The choice was finally made in favor of Santa Cruz. The site selected was about a mile from town. It is a level field of about 120 acres covered with thick growing turf. Wooded ridges border and shelter it on two sides. From any elevated point of view it is a scene of beauty.

It has the varied elements of mountain, hill and level; forest and field; orchard and meadow; pretty houses and winding roads and beyond it all, the spires of the little city and the glimmer of the bay.

But Santa Cruz did not trust to these natural advantages alone. Realizing the value of the camp in a business point of view, well knowing that no National Guardsman would take any money back with him, and wanting the presence of the boys and a good time anyway, they enterprisingly and generously offered the site free; to put the grounds in good condition, to furnish food and stabling for the horses, straw for mattresses, lumber for needful buildings, tables and benches, to erect a platform,

band-stand and flag-pole, to furnish seven electric lights on poles, to sprinkle the grounds and keep the roads in order, to lay pipes and furnish water in unlimited quantities, and, finally to donate \$1,000 to cover anything they might have forgotten. These offers were accepted. On May 30, the general orders were issued and Camp Stoneman was located at Santa Cruz.

On July 12, the camp was laid out by Generals Turnbull and Cosby and Col. Hall and Major Gordon—the latter of the U. S. A. This was done in generous proportions, for they had the room. Details from the different companies were on the grounds a day or two in advance and pitched the tents.

Liberal transportation rates had been secured for the Guardsmen and their friends. The most of the troops arrived at the grounds on Saturday night, August 15th. On the morning of the 16th, about 1600 answered at roll call. This attendance was considerably increased by the end of the week. The Legislative appropriation was sufficient for an average of only about forty men to each company; but in some companies, a larger number came, the companies paying the additional expense. The appropriation was supplemented also very considerably in various ways.

From the first day it became evident that the men were there for work. Drills formed a generous part of the routine of the day, and the programme was rigidly carried out. Discipline was strict, the pickets were vigilant, and doubtless very few culprits escaped the penalty of the guard-house. When the tired camp had sunk to rest after taps, the stillness was broken only by the frequent cry of "Corporal of the Guard, Post Number five"—or whatever other number designated the post—indicating that one more belated unfortunate had failed in his attempt to enter without the regulation latch-key of a countersign or pass.

The 18th will be remembered as the date of the first general review ever held of the State troops. This was before Governor Stoneman in person. The faultless lines and the accurate evolutions of the National Guard on the ample parade ground, gave ocular evidence of the labor

and study and expense and time that the friends of the National Guard had devoted to it from the days of '49 until the present had produced tangible results.

A feature of the occasion was the music which was furnished by six combined bands under the leadership of Drum Major C. M. Mayberry, of the First Infantry.

From the first, the companies were industrious and tasteful in ornamenting their quarters. Those regiments and companies who had been often in camp took the lead in this direction, but the others quickly caught the infection, and each last company effort surpassed all the others. The tent floors were carpeted with the green foliage of the fir tree, arbors were constructed before the tent entrances; one company "hung banners on the outer walls"; another arranged a system of lights in various colored glasses; one regiment erected a tall mast, from whose top ran in every direction to the ground lines suspending Chinese lanterns. Trees were brought from the woods and planted in rows along the streets, and remained green throughout the week. Different regiments erected their own band stands and laid their own dancing-floors. Hardly an evening passed but some regiment gave a ball, to the delight of the fair visitors that on each evening thronged the tented streets. Companies gave and returned to each other receptions with a hospitality characteristic of the National Guard. Many of the tents contained musical talent sufficient for quartettes or sextettes of quite a creditable order, and strains floated on the evening air from instruments of almost all varieties, even including a piano brought by one of the companies.

Among the officers and their visiting friends, social receptions and balls were brilliant and frequent, both in camp and at Santa Cruz. The beach was daily the resort of those successful enough to get leave of absence from camp.

In the rear of the General Headquarters, tents were erected for a printing office, known as the Encampment Press.

Here were printed all the general orders, and social invitations. Quite a custom sprang up of the interchange of personal address cards, bearing in the corner some design indicative of the proper

rank or the arm of the service to which the person belonged.

On the afternoon of the 22nd, the encampment was virtually terminated by a sham battle; the most elaborate and successful mimic contest ever held in the State. The hills were lined with spectators. The attacking forces were the First, Third and Fifth regiments of the Second Brigade, commanded by General Dimond. The camp was defended by the First and Second Artillery (in reality, infantry regiments), the Provisional Regiments, and the Hussars. The attack was made over and around the low, cleared extension of the wooded ridge, which bordered the camp-ground. For the most of the time, the First Artillery faced the First Infantry; the Second Artillery, the Fifth Infantry; and the Provisional Regiment, the Third Infantry; while the Hussars were principally engaged with the Light Battery.

This latter was once captured and once re-taken; the attack was, as arranged, steadily successful, and the final and almost hand-to-hand conflict, was held on the parade ground.

Governor Stoneman umpired the conflict, ordering those companies to retreat, which would probably have been forced to do so, had it been actual warfare.

The next day tents were struck. The episode of the morning was the burial procession, made up principally from the Fifth Regiment. It was headed by a band playing a dirge. Caps were worn reversed; all sorts of implements and improvised ensigns and banners were carried. Four men bore a bier decorated with flowers and covered with empty bottles. These were laid to rest in front of General Headquarters, in presence of the Governor and

staff, to appropriate remarks, convulsive weeping and suppressed murmurs of the name of that execrable article of diet which had aroused so much wrath, and which it has become unwise to mention in presence of a National Guardsman.

It is too soon to write fully of the results of this encampment. Its friends can not claim for it all the advantages of regimental encampments, nor can its opposers deny them all. The greatest benefits were to those regiments who are most scattered and isolated, and who have least experience in encampments. The most of those who doubt the wisdom of a Division Encampment are to be found in the city regiments. It is claimed for the encampment that it is economical, unifies the troops, increases friendly feeling between brigades, and pride in the National Guard. It is claimed for regimental encampments that they admit of a routine better adapted to the wants of the regiment, and a selection of a locality more in accordance with the wishes of its members. A San Francisco private, in a conversation with the writer, claimed, with amusing *naïvete* that there are not officers enough at a regimental encampment to monopolize the society of the fair visitors.

It is certain, however, that Camp Stoneman came reasonably up to the expectations of its projectors, and that it enabled every National Guardsman to form a good idea of the strength and proficiency of that splendid body of young men of which he is a member. At Camp Stoneman the National Guards encouraged itself and its friends, and gave promise for the future of a continuation of the advancement which we have just seen in all its past.

CLARENCE A. MILLER.

HISTORY OF COMPANIES.

In the preceding general sketch, it was not deemed advisable to introduce company histories, except in so far as they were necessary to the general view of the subject. Nor is it possible in the limits of a magazine article, to sketch the career of each of the hundreds of companies that have been in existence in this State. It was necessary therefore, to select a few of what may be termed representative companies, old and new, city and interior, in such a way that their histories which are here appended, may convey to the reader as clear an idea as possible, of the general characteristics that belong to all the companies in the National Guard. Our choice has been largely determined, too, by our facil-

ities for obtaining correct information in regard to them.

In the general article, reference has principally been made to the earlier companies. Enough, however, has not been given of the pioneer of all California companies.

FIRST CALIFORNIA GUARD.

The date of this organization has already been given as July 27, 1849. Its charter members numbered many of the best citizens of San Francisco, and have already been referred to, and the causes and manner of organization have been given. This company participated in the Sacramento Squatter war.

In the May fire of 1850, the Army equipments and all property belonging to the "First California Guard" were entirely destroyed. The Battery again equipped itself, and built another armory, but in the great fire of June 1851, all was again lost. Through the enterprising and energetic spirit of its members, the Old Guard procured another armory and was again equipped.

The first funeral ceremonies performed by the Guard, were over the death of Hon. E. Gilbert, first Congressman from the State of California. He was killed in a duel in Sacramento.

When the First Regimental Organization was formed in this city, the Guard became Company "A," which letter it has ever since retained (except for a short period of time, when it was known as Co. B. 2nd Artillery Regiment.)

With the "San Francisco Blues"—which has since disbanded—the Battery acted as the Sheriff's posse, and formed around the scaffold for the first execution in San Francisco, held on Russian hill.

In 1854, many members of the Battery were killed and wounded by the explosion of the steamboat "Queen City."

In 1857, a large number of the members joined the last "Vigilance Committee," and others the "Peace Committee," which was instrumental in bringing about a peaceful solution of the difficulty between the State Government and the Vigilantes.

When the late war broke out, the Battery was for the Union, and large numbers enlisted and obtained rank in the Federal Armies. With pride, the present members refer to its War Roll:

General Wm. T. Sherman, U. S. A.
 Brevet-General John W. Geary, Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.
 Brig. Gen. H. M. Naglee, U. S. Vols.
 Brevet-Brig. Gen. Thos. D. Johns, Col. 7th Mass. Vol. Infantry.
 Brevet-Brig. Gen. A. Van Horn Ellis, Col. 124th Reg. N. Y. Vol. Infantry, killed July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.
 Brevet-Brig. Gen. Francis Lippett, Lieut. Col. 2nd Reg. Cal. Vol. Infantry.
 Brevet-Brig. Gen. Jas. F. Curtis, Lieut. Col. 4th Reg. Cal. Vol. Infantry.
 Brevet-Brig. Gen. Greely S. Curtis, Lieut. Col. 1st Reg. Mass. Vol. Cavalry.
 Brevet-Brig. Gen. Jno. N. Hammond, Major and Asst. Adj. Gen. U. S. Volunteers.
 Major D. W. C. Thompson, 2nd Mass. Vol. Cavalry.
 Major R. B. Hampton, U. S. A.
 Major T. Elliott, N. Y. Volunteers.
 Major G. Hammond, Pa. Volunteers.
 Major T. A. Wakeman, N. Y. Vol. Artillery.
 Commander L. W. Sloat, U. S. Navy.
 Captain R. S. LeMotte, U. S. A.
 Captain C. S. Eigenbrodt, 2nd Mass. Vol. Cavalry, killed in action Aug. 25, 1864, Hailtown, Va.
 Captain J. S. Reed, 2nd Mass. Vol. Cavalry, killed in action Feb. 22, 1864.
 Captain C. Mason Kinne, Brev. Maj. and Asst. Adj. Gen. U. S. Volunteers.
 Captain G. S. Watson, U. S. Volunteers.
 Captain Selim Woodworth, U. S. Navy.
 Captain Dan. McLean, U. S. Volunteers.
 Captain W. E. Hull, U. S. Volunteers.
 Captain Thad. Mott, U. S. Volunteers.
 Captain Eli Cook, 6th Cal. Vol. Infantry.
 First Lieut. J. W. Sim, 2nd Mass. Vol. Cavalry.
 Lieut. A. C. Wakeman, Q. M. Dept. U. S. A.
 Lieut. D. T. Berry, U. S. Volunteers.
 Lieut. John J. Sheppard, U. S. Volunteers.

Lieut. J. Mead Huxley, U. S. Volunteers.

Lieut. John Hill, 5th Cal. Infantry.

Lieut. Frank Wheeler, 2nd Reg. Cal. Vol. Infantry.

Sergeant Chas. W. Nystrom, 2nd Mass. Vol. Cavalry.

Privates Geo. Simmons, B. Richards, John Palmer, — Campbell, and J. L. Von Bokelen.

In 1863, the First California Guard was given the "Post of Honor" in guarding the remains of Col. E. D. Baker, who fell mortally wounded at the head of his gallant California Regiment at Ball's Bluff.

The history of the Battery since the war has been the same as the other companies of the National Guard; but the company boasts of having given the following eminent officers:

Major Generals—J. P. Havens, J. S. Ellis, H. A. Cobb, Jr., D. W. C. Thompson; Colonels—R. H. Sinton, Archibald Wason, C. Mason Kinne, and also from among its members are the following named gentlemen who have stood high in their professions in civil life.

John W. Geary, Ex-Governor of California and Pennsylvania, Thos. O. Larkin, 1st Alcalde of San Francisco, P. A. Roach, 1st Alcalde of Monterey, and present Public Administrator of San Francisco, Eugene L. Sullivan, late Collector of the Port, A. J. Moulder, Hon. H. H. Haight, late Governor of California, Hon. Hall McAllister, Frank Turk, W. T. Coleman, J. King of William, Sam Brannan, W. D. M. Howard, C. K. Garrison, W. C. Ralston, Wm. Sherwood, Albert Dibblee, M. D. Boruck, Jos. Donahue and Peter Donahue.

The following have served as Captains commanding the Battery: H. M. Naglee, R. H. Sinton, E. J. Lippett, F. A. Woodworth, T. D. Johns, J. S. Ellis, Frank Wheeler, Isaac Bluxome, Jr., H. J. Pippy, Marcus Harloe, W. C. Burnett, R. G. Brush, Grant Lapham and W. B. Collier.

The Armory of the Battery is now located at 590 Mission Street. Its armament consists of 4 ten pdr. Parrott guns and caissons and 4 Gatlings, all ready for immediate service.

After a hard and weary struggle, assisted by the untiring labors of Capt. W. B. Collier and Lieut. Geo. Reynolds, for several years, the Battery succeeded in lifting the heavy debt that hung over it, and is now in a prosperous condition, with \$800 in the General Fund. The present officers are: Captain, W. T. Sime; 1st Lieutenants, Wm. Macdonald, John Beatty; 2nd Lieutenant, Chas. C. Fisher, and 1st Sergeant, John Elliott.

In the hope of influencing good men to become members of the Battery, a proposition has been made to organize a Mutual Benefit Fund.

THE CITY GUARD.

One of the companies formed out of the First California Guard, is what is now Co. B. of the First Infantry Regiment, San Francisco. It was organized March 31, 1854, and is therefore the oldest infantry company in the State. This is the company before referred to as disbanding on account of dissatisfaction with duties required by the authorities during the Vigilance troubles, and reorganizing as the Independent City Guard. It was re-mustered into the State service March 11, 1859. Its record of services during its 31 years of existence, is a long one, and space will permit mention of only a part of it. It guarded the jail in which Casey was confined in 1856, from May 15th to May 18th. On the day following the assassination of President Lincoln, from April 15th to April 20, 1865, it was under arms and ready to suppress possible riots.

It served throughout the campaign in Amador county in 1871.

Among its numbers is the oldest active member of the N. G. C., Lieut. L. R. Townsend, who joined the First California Guard in February 1854, and was transferred to the City Guard in April 1854.

The strength of this company has varied from fifty to seventy members; but at the beginning of the rebellion it grew to one hundred and twenty members. The following gentlemen have served as its Captains: J. A. Clark, G. F. Watson, Chas. Doane, W. C. Little, G. W. Granniss, Douglas Gunn, Chalmers Scott, T. J. Johnson, David Wilder, H. A. Plate, J. H. Dickinson, E. F. Selleck, S. J. Taylor and Geo. R. Burdick. The company is justly proud of its membership and history.

FRANKLIN LIGHT INFANTRY.

This is another of the companies antedating the civil war. It was organized in the early part of 1861, with Valentine Drescher as Captain. He, with all of his command but seven members, entered the Federal service. The remnant successfully reorganized the company in June of that year, under the name which heads the sketch. It was lettered "E of the First Artillery Battalion" (afterwards Regiment). It became Company C of the 2nd Infantry, when that regiment was organized, and in 1870 was transferred to the First Infantry regiment as Company D, its present designation.

It was principally organized from the printers and compositors on the city newspapers; Captain (afterwards General) McComb, being connected with the *Alta*.

A detail of eleven men from this company served during the Amador troubles in 1871. During the disturbances of July 1877, an average of 53 men from this company reported every night that it was ordered on duty. It formed the escort to the arms sent at that time to the City Hall. It won the first prize for drill at the Sacramento Fair in 1878. Since then it has given numerous exhibitory drills and taken several prizes. It holds and deserves a fine reputation as a well-drilled company. Among its members, the following have been long in the service:

Corporal A. R. McFarlane enlisted in June 1864; Corporal M. J. Myers, July 1864; Capt. V. Kingwell, April 1865; Sergeant H. A. Perry, Feb. 1874, and E. J. Selleck, July 1874. The company now numbers 66.

The following have been its Captains: John McComb, Wm. O. Breyfogle, Fred W. Pierce, R. H. Orton, E. A. Allen, S. F. Wentworth, G. D. Harvey and Vincent Kingwell.

COMPANY F, FIRST INFANTRY.

Co. F, First Infantry, organized Nov. 12, 1858, under the name of the "Light Guard," making it the fourth oldest Company in the N. G. C., Captain Eli Cook was the first captain. For years after this company was organized, it was the pride of the militia, never parading less than one hundred men. Its first armory was on Market Street opposite where the Palace Hotel now stands. Among the officers of the old company were such men as Hon. Alex. Badlam, A. D. Barker, and other prominent men. At the breaking out of the war, a large number of the members of the Light Guard, joined the California troops, and all distinguished themselves by their bravery on the field, many rising to important offices. Of all the N. G. C. companies represented in the U. S. Volunteers during the war, the largest number

of promotions was accorded to former members of Co. F.

In 1896, the company was attached to the First Infantry and designated as Co. F. Since then, the company has steadily maintained its position as one of the foremost companies in the service, and of late years it has been noted for its contributing some of the most efficient officers that have served in the State troops, among whom may be mentioned the late Lieut. Col. Geo. M. Gaylord, without doubt the best officer ever in the service. Capt. Henry Levy, now in the Third Infantry, Lieut. Col. L. L. Bromwell, Major Geo. W. Reed, Major J. P. Clark, Capt. C. F. Holyoke, Lieut. W. H. McClintock, Lieut. W. M. Cavanaugh, Col. W. C. Little, Capt. Geo. Teller and many others. In 1890, the Company moved to the lower floor of the National Guard building on Post Street, from the Regimental Armory, and fitted up its new quarters in an elegance unequaled by any Company in the State, a piano, billiard table and first class gymnasium being among its possessions. On Aug. 1, 1885, Co. E, First Infantry, was mustered into this company, bringing the membership up to nearly 130 men, the second largest company in the State. The present officers are Geo. Teller, Capt.; P. S. Teller, First Lieut.; G. W. Longley, Second Lieut.; E. J. Longley, First Sergeant.

COMPANY G, FIRST INFANTRY.

Of the more recently organized companies of the same regiment, is Company G, which in its present form was organized May 10, 1882. The present officers are Chas. L. Tilden, Captain; H. W. Adams, First Lieutenant; Wm. Sumner, Second Lieutenant. This company contains the senior First Sergeant of the regiment, Chas. E. Thompson. Its first Captain was Charles P. LeBreton, one of the best tacticians in the N. G. C. This company has a well furnished armory on Post street, and the monthly socials held there have achieved for the company quite a local reputation as a social body of gentlemen.

COMPANY H, FIRST INFANTRY.

This company was organized August 4, 1869, to fill the vacancy caused by the mustering out of the California Tigers. It began its existence with about sixty members. Its first Captain was R. G. Gilmore, who was succeeded by J. V. Spader, and his successor is the present Captain, H. P. Bush, who has, it seems, been longer in continuous official service in the N. G. C. than any other officer. The First Lieutenant, W. H. Fraser, and Second Lieutenant, J. M. Duncan, have been with the company since it was formed, and all the non-commissioned officers are old members of the company.

At present Company H numbers sixty men, and is one of the best equipped in the National Guard. It has a complete camping outfit, and its armory room is handsomely furnished with pictures, piano, and in other ways made a comfortable place of meeting. The social character of its members have made this company, when in camp, famous for its open-handed hospitality.

THE THIRD INFANTRY.

The Third Regiment was organized in March, 1862, by Major Thomas L. Cazneau. Some of the companies comprised in it were organized much earlier. The first, the Montgomery Guards organized in December, 1859, became Company A. Company B was the MacMahon Guards, organized in 1860. In 1861 the Shields Guards was organized. These three companies

then organized into a battalion, electing Thos. L. Cazneau as Major. In 1862 the Invincibles, (Company D) organized, and almost immediately changed their names to the Wolf Tone Guards. Next came the Meagher Guards, Company E. About the same time a Petaluma company, the Emmet Rifles (Company F) was organized, with Thos. F. Bayliss as Captain. The Sarsfield Guards of Benicia, constituted Company G; the Emmet Guards was Company H, and the Hugh O'Neil Guards was Company K, of what then grew from the battalion to be the Second Regiment of the California State Militia. The regimental headquarters were on the corner of Jackson and Front streets. In 1864 they were moved to the south side of Market street, opposite Sansome, where the regiment remained until it was mustered out of the State service in October 1866. Four companies—the Montgomery, Wolf Tone, Meagher and Shields Guards—then formed an independent battalion, and elected Archibald Wason, Major in command. The battalion used the old regimental armory, and in a short time fire destroyed the building and all its contents, leaving the battalion without arms or uniforms. Major Winters, who succeeded Major Wason, exerted himself, raised money for new arms and uniforms, and with his enthusiasm and work kept the battalion together. On February 22, 1868, Gov. Haight mustered the battalion into the National Guard. In May, 1868, the Emmet Guards was mustered in. In 1870, the McMahon Guards was mustered in, and completed a regiment. Wason became Colonel, Bateman, Lieutenant-Colonel, and John J. Conlin was elected Major.

In 1880, the Emmet Guards withdrew. Five months later the Colonel and his staff were mustered out. In 1882, an independent 3d regiment was again formed, with Harry T. Hammond (since dead) as Colonel, William Corcoran as Lieutenant-Colonel, and John T. Conlin as Major. The independent organization was maintained until after Governor Stoneman took his seat, and, in April, 1883, he mustered it back into the National Guard. At present, the regiment is organized as follows: Colonel, Robert Tobin; Lieutenant-Colonel, P. Boland; Major, Thos. F. Barry; Surgeon, F. B. Kane; Chaplain, Rev. J. E. Cottle; Inspector Rifle Practice, J. J. O'Brien; Paymaster, B. P. Oliver; Ordnance Officer, R. P. Hammond, Jr.; Quartermaster, W. D. Lawton; Commissary, Jas. C. Dunphy; Adjutant, P. M. Delany.

Captains, Robert Cleary, Thos. Drady, Henry Levy, J. C. O'Conner, M. McCormick, J. C. Smith; Second-Lieut., J. W. Warren; Captain, D. J. Driscoll.

THE EMMET GUARD.

The following is compiled from the account furnished us by Capt. Robert Cleary:

This company was organized in November 1862, by a split from the Shield's Guard, Co. C, 2nd Regiment, and was admitted into the service on the above date. Michael Coonan was elected Capt., Patrick Redding, First Lieut., Thos. O'Neil and John O'Brien Second Lieuts. Since then the captains of the company have been Michael Coonan, Thos. O'Neil and Robt. Cleary, the latter having served as such since May 15, 1868.

The present officers are Robt. Cleary, Capt., Daniel Foley, First Lieut., and M. J. Bolger, Second Lieut.

In October 1866, the company was mustered out of the State service, together with the entire Regiment. The members became scattered through four companies of the old regiment.

On May 15, 1868, shortly after the formation of the First Infantry Battalion, the Emmet Guard was re-admitted into the State service and was assigned the letter E. With some \$300 collected back claims due the old company from the State, we commenced again, not having as much as a fatigue cap. On the 4th of July, 1868, our company paraded 48 muskets in full U. S. Regulation uniforms, and on the 17th of March, 1869, paraded 55 men in full company uniform; green swallow-tail coats, white facings and epaulettes, black bear-skin hats and blue pants with white stripes, which style of uniform continued to be worn up to 1874, when the regiment adopted the regulation one; but our green coats were always worn in company parades.

The company, with the regiment, spent three days at Brigade Camp Schofield in 1875. In that year, the company received and entertained the Emmet Guard of Virginia, Nev. In 1878, the company went to Sacramento to participate in the encampment and competition drill held there during the State Fair.

In 1879 the company returned the visit of the Emmet Guards, of Nevada, remaining a week.

In Nov. 1880, owing to difficulties between the Battalion commander and the company commander, the company was mustered out, and the whole regiment soon after becoming an independent organization.

After Gov. Stoneman's election, the regiment being re-admitted as the Third Infantry, our company became Co. A. This was April 18, 1883. A year or more previous, the Emmet Guard and several other companies formed an independent regiment with Harry T. Hammond as Colonel—not long from the U. S. Army. The regiment early learned to love and respect him, and deeply regretted that he did not live to see his regiment a constituent of the N. G. C.

After long years of service in the military of San Francisco, I can state that I feel prouder of the old Third than I ever did before, for the manner in which it is governed, and I consider it the equal, if not the superior, of any regiment in the State service to-day.

COMPANY G, THIRD INFANTRY.

This is instanced as a representative company of young men.

During February of the present year, a number of young gentlemen conceived the idea of forming a military organization which should be composed exclusively of young men. The preliminary meeting was held at the armory of the Third Regiment, at which fifteen persons attended, with D. J. Driscoll acting as chairman. At this meeting a committee was appointed to nominate members—and a canvass instituted. The result of this action was that in two weeks fifty names were on the roll. On March 3d, the following officers were elected: Capt., D. J. Driscoll; First Lieut., S. J. Ruddell; Second Lieut., T. J. Morse. Through the efforts of Col. Robt. Tobin, the company became a part of the Third Regiment as Co. G Cadet Corps, the old cadet company consolidating with the new to raise the company to the number required by law.

The officers at once set the standard of excellence by passing a very creditable examination, for which they received special praise from the Brigade Examining Board. On April 30th the members gave their first entertainment and hop at Saratoga Hall. This was so much enjoyed that at the request of many friends they gave a second successful party at the same place, on Nov. 19th. In July last Co. G was raised to a full company. The number of men on the roll

is 62. The officers are as follows: Capt., D. J. Driscoll; First Lieut., S. J. Ruddell; Second Lieut., T. J. Morse; Rec. Sec., W. V. White; Fin. Sec., J. W. Dermody; Treas., W. S. Thurgood.

COMPANY E, SECOND ARTILLERY.

Another promising company, of comparatively recent organization, is Company E, which dates from July 16, 1882. It was formed to fill a vacancy left by mustering out another company. Its first and present captain is Joseph T. Donovan; the other commissioned officers are Jno. H. Flynn, First Lieut., and T. J. Desmond, Second Lieut. The company has grown from 47 men to 73 men, and is now fully uniformed and equipped. They have lately moved into new quarters, which they are fitting up in handsome style.

COMPANY H, SECOND ARTILLERY.

This company was organized Aug. 7, 1863, as the San Francisco Cadets, Co. K, First Artillery under C. E. S. McDonald, Capt; Geo. Wood, First Lieut; H. J. Davis, and J. M. Greenlaw, Second Lieutenants.

Upon the reorganization of the militia in 1866, the company became H. of the Second Infantry. This is the company already referred to, as exhibiting the blindfold drill in Eastern cities. Captain McDonald had arranged a fancy Zouave drill compiled from the tactics of Hardee, Casey, McClellan, and Monstree. On Aug. 12, 1873, the company left for the East. In New York it was the guest of the famous "Seventh." Its exhibitions became celebrated at once; invitations crowded upon them; the principal cities were visited, and large crowds attended their performances. On their return they were received with military honors.

During the centennial year, Ex-Capt. McDonald trained and drilled a band of Indians, and appeared in all the prominent cities of the United States; he also appeared before the crowned heads of Europe. Capt. McDonald was one of the organizers of the First California Guard.

Company H won a competitive drill at Sacramento, and also (under the present Capt. Waters) the contest for the U. S. championship in the Manual of Arms, held in 1866 at the old American Theatre.

Co. H has given benefit drills at various times, an exhibition blindfold drill before King Kakaau, and at present has a Drill Corps of sixteen men under Lieutenant Thos. F. O'Neil, which challenges any similar organization in the State.

During the excitement over the news of Lincoln's assassination, the company was on duty for two days and nights.

In 1877, Co. H was on duty whenever called, and was specially detailed by Gen. McComb as an escort to the guns from the Pavilion to the old City Hall. On Gen. McComb's retirement from the Second Brigade, the company, at a banquet, presented him with an elegant gold headed cane.

This company has encamped at Camp Schofield, in 1875, at Camp McComb, Santa Barbara, in 1878; at Camp Murphy, in Los Angeles City Gardens, Oct. '79; at Camp Dana, San Luis Obispo county, in Aug. 1881; and at Camp Stoneman this year, having a daily average at the latter camp, of fifty men.

Capt. McDonald's successor was Capt. Bigley, whose record of faithful and conscientious service deserves remark. He enlisted in 1863, and for over nineteen years was an active member of the company, and a commissioned officer for over thirteen years.

The present officers of the company are: Wm D. Waters, Capt; Jas. W. Reinfeld, First Lieut; and Thos. F. O'Neil, Second Lieutenant.

CADET CORPS, SECOND ARTILLERY.

This was formed February 1, 1882, at the San Francisco Boys' High School, with 61 members, all of the school. The Captain was Wm. C. Sharpstein. After drilling five months, they stood a very creditable competitive drill at Oakland Park, with the St. Patrick Cadets, the older company beating them by but two points.

In November, they were made a battalion of four companies, Captain Sharpstein becoming Major. In August, 1883, about forty men being transferred to Company G, the battalion was again made a company, with C. A. Davis as Captain. After his death, two months later, Emmet Rixford was made Captain, who resigned April 6, 1885. Previous to this, the company was again organized as a battalion.

The successor of Capt. Rixford, Capt. R. S. Atkins, is, at present, in charge of the organization, with Galliard Storey as First Lieut., and Walter W. Kaufman as Second Lieut.

COMPANY A, FIFTH INFANTRY.

At the beginning of the late war, Oakland determined to form a military company for possible service for the Union in this State. Among the citizens who were the original promoters and organizers of the Oakland Guard were Wm. Hoskins, Jerry Tyrrell, Jas. Brown, Harry N. Morse, John Potter, Chas. McKay, Henry Hillebrand, W. W. Crane, Jack Orr, C. H. Ellis, Geo. Carleton, Alfred W. Burrell, H. H. Burrell, Chas. Reed, and about sixty others. The Company was organized and mustered into the State Militia June 10, 1861, and Jas. Brown was elected the first Captain. Following him in office were Harry N. Morse, W. C. Little, Alfred W. Burrell, Horace D. Ranlett, Henry Levy, Albert L. Smith, Thos. H. Thompson, and Gilbert B. Daniels, the present Captain. The present First Lieut. is J. A. C. McDonald, and Second Lieut. is Geo. C. Pardee.

The Company for some ten years past, has given special attention to rifle practice, particularly under the administration of Capt. Ranlett.

In 1879, being equal to any in the State, it won matches with the Roxbury City Guard, Mass., and at Sacramento in 1879, with seven State companies.

The Company was on duty during the troubles in 1877, being the first company called under arms at that time. It also served in 1878 at a similar juncture.

It is now one of the solid, well organized companies of the State.

COMPANY B, FIFTH INFANTRY.

This was organized early in the war as the San Jose Zouaves. After being attached to the Fifth Infantry Battalion, it was in 1879 re-organized in its membership, and for the past three years has held a high reputation from both a social and military point of view. Its officers are: Capt., Albert K. Whitton; First Lieut., T. F. Morrison; Second Lieut., Alva W. Ingalls.

COMPANY C, FIFTH INFANTRY.

An enthusiastic company of the "Dandy Fifth," as it is now called, is Company C, which was organized June 29, 1869, with James Armstrong, Captain, commanding under the name of Hewston Guards. It continued under this name until the early part of 1882, when it became part of the Fifth Battalion.

Shortly after, a large number of the young men of Petaluma joined the Company, who replacing the former members, gradually worked the Company to an excellent position.

The present officers are: Captain, D. B. Fairbanks; First Lieut., G. W. Zartman; Second Lieut., Joseph Naylor.

In this company particular attention is given to Target Practice. At the Regimental Match at Camp Stoneman, Aug. 17, '85, Co. C won the first prize, averaging 80 per cent., ten men shooting in each team. The company has fitted up fine ranges, and practice-shooting is continually indulged in.

They are in possession of commodious quarters, well furnished, and have a complete supply of clothing of all kinds, and were probably one of the best equipped companies that went into camp at Santa Cruz.

Though for many years it was the only company north of San Francisco, and not far distant, it has never been called to arms but once and then from a rumored outbreak at San Quentin, which proved a false alarm.

It has a membership at this writing, of 63 enlisted men.

COMPANY D, FIFTH INFANTRY.

This Company, located at San Rafael, was organized under its present name on May 14th of this year. It supplied the place of the Vallejo Company D, which was mustered out the month before.

This Company has a membership of about 70 men; about fifty of whom were in attendance at Camp Stoneman. It has had a brief but lively existence under its Captain, Jos. B. Lauck. Its First Lieut. is J. D. Lawton; its Second Lieut. is Wm. Elliott.

COMPANY E, FIFTH INFANTRY.

This is a very newly organized company at Santa Rosa, dating only from June 10, 1885. Its Captain was S. I. Allen, but it is, at present, under the command of Lieutenant L. W. Juilliard, and promises to be a fine company.

COMPANY F, FIFTH INFANTRY.

Previous to August, 1885, this was known as the Oakland Light Cavalry. It was organized in 1877, under Captain W. C. Little. For five or six years, it has been one of the best companies in the State. Its present officers are: Captain, George B. Flint; First Lieut., A. M. Boyden, and Second Lieut., J. L. Parsons.

COMPANY E, FIRST ARTILLERY.

Of the Sacramento Companies, Company E was organized in Camptonville, Yuba Co., Cal., where for twenty-one years it was under the command of Capt. J. P. Brown, and during the year 1881, won from the State a beautiful gold medal offered to the N. G. C. for the best company attendance for that year.

Camptonville being largely a mining town, and the mining interests having declined in that locality, during the last few years, Capt. Brown, who had been engaged for a generation or more in Yuba Co. as a banker, found it necessary to make a change.

Feeling that the company could not be well sustained any longer, he asked to have it mustered out of the service, which was done. Within a few weeks, however, Capt. Fred Eis-

enminger, then in command of a Sacramento Cadet Co., attached to the First Artillery Regiment, organized a new company in Nov., 1883, in Sacramento, which was promptly mustered into the service, and thereafter known as Company E, First Artillery Regiment. The first officers of this new company were Fred Eisenminger, Captain; Chas. Lovell, First Lieut.; Chas. L. Fonteneau, Second Lieut. Capt. Fred Eisenminger having resigned in Oct., 1884, he was succeeded by the present incumbent, who was then First Lieut. of Company A, First Artillery Regiment.

The officers of the Company at present are: H. W. Einstock, Captain; Geo. W. Safford, First Lieut.; Chas. L. Fonteneau, Second Lieut. Company E has seventy names on its muster roll, and is in a strong, healthy condition.

THE FORSYTHE GUARDS.

This is one of the newest companies in the service. It was organized at Fresno on the 13th of June, 1885, and mustered into the service in of the State a few days later.

The following officers were elected by this company: M. W. Muller, Capt; S. S. Wright, First Lieut; O. J. Meade, Second Lieut. The company comprises representatives from many trades and professions. The legal profession is represented by six members, and the medical by two. The company commenced special preparations for the Santa Cruz encampment with great enthusiasm, being well represented at several drills, each week during the six weeks preceding the 15th of August. Forty-three of the company were on the ground at Santa Cruz where they received many encomiums for rapid progress.

They voted the Santa Cruz encampment a grand success, and another like encampment would, no doubt, find them present. The Forsythe Guards were among the number of those who forsook the tripe pots of the camp and sought a more generous allowance of grub at the restaurants in Santa Cruz. The weekly drills are kept up by a fair attendance. When any special event requires the attendance of the Guards, they are generally well represented in full uniform, and bearing aloft the beautiful flag which Col. Forsythe (for whom the company was named) generously presented to them.

THE SAN FRANCISCO HUSSARS (UNATTACHED).

The first company from which finally originated the San Francisco Hussars, was the Citizen's Dragoons, organized directly after the Vigilance troubles in 1856.

In about three years this company was reorganized as the Black Hussars. At the beginning of the civil war this name was changed to that which it now holds—the San Francisco Hussars.

Its first Captain after it was finally reorganized, was Captain Broad. Succeeding him was Captain Seymour. Then followed Capt. Broad again, and then D. A. McDonald. His successor was Captain J. Schreiber, who was followed November 29, 1876, by the present Captain C. C. Keene.

Captain Keene joined the Hussars in 1861, in the following year became Second Lieutenant of the company, and afterwards became First Lieutenant, which place he held until he became Captain. His official service is therefore one of the longest in the National Guard.

REPRESENTATIVE RECORDS IN THE NATIONAL GUARD.

GOVERNOR GEORGE STONEMAN.

By virtue of his office, Governor Stoneman is Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of California. He was born the 8th of August, 1822 at Busti, Chatauqua county, New York. He entered West Point on the 1st of July, 1842, graduating four years later, being breveted Second Lieutenant of the First Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. During the war with Mexico he was ordered to San Diego, California, and was A. A. Q. of the Mormon Battalion, arriving at the Mission San Diego in January, 1847. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in July, 1847, and during 1848-9 commanded the post in San Francisco at the Presidio. He was engaged in all the Indian wars on this Coast until 1854, when he was commissioned First Lieutenant. In the following year he was made Captain, and stationed at Camp Cooper, in Texas. His promotion to Major occurred at Washington, where he was stationed in the spring of 1861. For good work in the cavalry service he was made Brigadier General and chief of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. He took part in the thirty days' siege of Yorktown, Mechanicsville, Fredericksburg, in 1863, being made Major General. From July, 1863, to January, 1864, he was Chief of the Cavalry Bureau at Washington. In March of the same year he was made Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Cavalry, and on the 30th of July was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville, being exchanged in October following. After this he was in active service until the close of the war, doing splendid execution and breveted Major General, the close of the rebellion finding him in command of the Department of Tennessee. General Stoneman remained in the regular army until June, 1871, when he resigned and was on the retired list of the army when elected Governor, and came to California. He has since occupied the position of Indian Agent, Railroad Commissioner and in 1882 was elected Governor by a handsome majority.

ADJUTANT GENERAL GEO. B. COSBY.

General Cosby, the Adjutant General of this State, relieved Adjutant General J. F. Sheehan in January, 1883, having been appointed by Governor Stoneman. He is a graduate of West Point, having been appointed from Kentucky, and entered the army as Brevet Second Lieutenant of Mounted Rifles in July, 1852; he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in 1853 and transferred to the Second Cavalry in March, 1855; he became First Lieutenant in May, 1856, and Captain on the 9th day of May, 1861. The following day, May 10th, he resigned from the army and joined the Confederate forces, rising to the rank of Brigadier General, and at the battle of Red River successfully combating General Bank's forces. General Cosby came to California soon after the war closed, and before his appointment as Adjutant General was chief clerk in the State Engineer's office. He is a gentleman of most genial disposition and has many personal friends.

COLONEL A. ANDREWS.

The present Paymaster General and consequently a member of the general staff of Governor Stoneman, was born April 7th, 1826, in London. He came when a child to New Orleans, and in 1846 enlisted in the U. S. army for the Mexican war, as a lieutenant. Then he became Captain of Company A, 2nd Ohio. Thence he joined General Lane's staff in which he served till the close of the war.

In 1849, he came to California. On October 3rd, 1853, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel on the staff of Major General John A. Sutter, where he served six years. Shortly after this appointment he became Quartermaster General with the rank of Colonel.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion, he was appointed Major of the Second Cavalry Regiment. Shortly after, he resigned. Then he left California and before his return had made a tour of the world, experiencing all kinds of adventures and vicissitudes.

When he returned, he was appointed on the staff of Major General Lewis, as Commissary with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and served during his administration.

Closely following the inauguration of Governor Stoneman, he was appointed to his present position of Paymaster General with the rank of Colonel.

He is the first Vice President of the Mexican War Veteran Association, and was for the nine years preceeding 1884, Treasurer of the California Rifle Association.

COLONEL CHAS. SONNTAG.

Colonel Charles Sonntag was born at Wilmington, Delaware, January 6, 1848, and came to California in 1854. His military record begins at the early age of thirteen years. It was a time of commotion and preparation for a great conflict. Of the many organizations formed to protect the Union from a threatened Pacific Rebellion, he joined one as a drummer boy.

On April, 21, 1877, he became a member of the staff of General McComb as Captain and A. D. C. Some three years afterward, this position was resigned.

He was appointed to his present position as Inspector General of Rifle Practice, with the rank of Colonel, on February 1, 1883. His last official report contains many valuable suggestions in regard to the improvement of the rifle practice of the National Guard.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL GEORGE HARTWELL KIMBALL.

This record begins with the Civil War. In April, 1861, Col. Kimball joined the famous Thirtieth Massachusetts. He participated, as a member, in the battles of Antietam, Martinsburg, and all of the famous conflicts in which that regiment fought from the middle of 1861 to the same time in 1862. In December of the latter year, he joined the command of General Banks at New

Orleans. One year afterward, having in the meantime been promoted to the position of Assistant Adjutant General, he was compelled to resign his position on account of an attack of the dreaded yellow fever.

His connection with the N. G. C. begins with February 1, 1883, when he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel and A. D. C., on the staff of Governor Stoneman, which position he now holds.

Col. Kimball is also a member of the Military Order of the Royal Legion of the United States.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL HARRY W. CARROLL.

Col. Carroll received military instruction as a cadet at St. Augustine Academy, from August 1873 to June 1875. He was a member, also, of the Cadet Corps at the University of California from Aug. 1875 to June 1880. In the former corps he became 1st Corporal. At the University, after a term of one year as private, he became Corporal of A Co. for one year, then Orderly Sergeant of A Co. and right-guide battalion for one year, and then Captain of D Company for one year. During his command this company won every prize it ever competed for.

In February 1880, he was also a commissioned Engineer officer on the staff of Brigadier General John F. Sheehan, commanding the Fourth Brigade, which place he held one year and a half. He was then advanced to the position of Brigade Inspector (under Gen. Tozer, who succeeded Gen. Sheehan), which he held till Gov. Perkins' administration closed. He was then appointed Lieut. Col. and Aid-de-camp on the staff of Gov. Stoneman, which position he now holds. He has attended Camp Backus (Alameda); Camp Brown (Nevada Co.); Camp Haymond (San Rafael), and Camp Stoneman (Santa Cruz). He is a great friend and admirer of military matters, and has many friends among the commissioned officers of the U. S. Army.

MAJOR GENERAL WALTER TURNBULL.

The above-named commander has a record of twenty-two years' service in the National Guard. He enlisted in the City Guard, Company B, First Infantry Regiment, under Captain W. C. Little, on the 28th of December, 1863. His subsequent promotions were rapid, being made a Corporal in 1865, a Sergeant in 1867, and receiving a state exemption certificate from further military service, if he chose to avail himself of it, on the 9th of August, 1871. He was commissioned First Lieutenant and Quartermaster on the staff of Col. W. H. L. Barnes, commanding the crack organization of the First Infantry Regiment, in June, 1872, and was made Adjutant, with the rank of Captain, in March, 1873, remaining as such until his resignation, on the 30th of December, 1874. He was then commissioned Lieutenant Colonel and Division Inspector in April, 1880, on the staff of Major General Barnes, whom he succeeded in that office in February, 1883, when General Barnes resigned. General Turnbull was born in Canada in 1844.

GENERAL JOHN R. MATTHEWS.

Brigadier General Jno. R. Matthews, commanding the First Brigade, N. G. C. is the youngest

officer in the National Guard of that high grade. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 21st of March, 1848. He received a commercial education at the Washington University, of St. Louis. General Matthews springs from a family in whom the military ardor has shown itself, having three uncles who served throughout in the Mexican war and relatives on both sides who were in the late war. He served two years and a half in the Second Regiment, National Guard of Missouri, under Colonel Squire and Captain C. P. Ellerly as company commander. He was commissioned Brigadier General of the First Brigade by Governor Stoneman on the 20th of last February, vice E. E. Hewitt, resigned. His brigade consists of the Eagle Corps, of Los Angeles, and Company B, San Diego City Guard, two very effective and well-drilled organizations.

MAJOR L. S. BUTLER.

Major Butler, now Assistant Adjutant General, and Chief of Staff of the First Brigade, can date his military record from the beginning of the Civil War, when, in May, 1861, he entered the 7th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He experienced various promotions and changes from regiment to regiment through five years of service, receiving his final discharge some time after the close of the war.

Major Butler's first commission in his present position bears date of May 9, 1883. He has received similar appointments to this place by three successive Brigade Commanders.

GENERAL W. H. DIMOND.

Brigadier General Dimond, commanding the Second Brigade, is one of the members of the influential firm of Williams, Dimond & Co.; a dignified, refined and public-spirited citizen, whose popularity is shown in the fact that his second appointment as Brigadier General, by Governor Stoneman, was at the unanimous request of every commissioned officer of the Second Brigade. William Henry Dimond was born on the Sandwich Islands, of American parents, in 1840, and is a graduate of the Oahu College. The year 1861 saw him enlisted in the First Hawaiian Cavalry, and before the close of the year he was commissioned Second Lieutenant. He served as such until the news of the battle of the Wilderness reached the Islands, when he resigned his commission, abandoned his business pursuits and embarking for the continent, with the highest testimonials proceeded to Washington and tendered his services to President Lincoln. He was appointed Captain and A. A. G. of U. S. Volunteers from New York City, serving until the close of the war when he resigned and returned to his Island home. Again he entered the Hawaiian service, being commissioned Captain of Troop B, First Cavalry resigning in 1867, when he came to San Francisco and entered into business. On the election of Governor Perkins, he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel and A. D. C. on the staff; and in 1881 was commissioned by him as General of the Second Brigade, vice John McComb, who resigned. General Dimond belongs to the Masonic fraternity, the G. A. R., Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Military Association of the Pacific, and is President of the California Rifle Association. He

has twice been decorated by King Kalakaua in recognition of his services in opening up that country to commercial relations with foreign nations.

MAJOR JOHN T. CUTTING.

This member of General Dimond's staff has an interesting record. He has proved to be a very capable staff officer since his appointment by Col. Dickinson as Quartermaster of the First Infantry. He is generally respected in the community as an honorable and successful merchant, and is well known as an earnest comrade of Geo. H. Thomas Post, G. A. R. The record of war service which earned for him the right to be a member of this association of veterans is as follows :

He enlisted at the commencement of the war, at the age of sixteen years, in Company B, Chicago Light Artillery (known as Taylor's Battery), in response to President Lincoln's call, April 15, 1861, for 75,000 men to serve three months. He re-enlisted for three years in the same company, and during his connection with Taylor's Battery, participated in the battles of Frederickstown, Mo., Belmont, Mo., and Forts Henry and Donelson, receiving a wound at the latter battle, from which he was laid up in Mound City Hospital several months. After a severe illness of long duration he was honorably discharged from the service on account of general disability on January 4, 1864; he re-enlisted for three years, or during the war, in the Chicago Mercantile Battery; accompanied General Banks' expedition up Red River, and took an active part in the battle of Sabine Cross Roads. In this disaster the battery was lost and all the officers but one, with thirteen men, were either killed or taken prisoners. After the battle of Pleasant Hill, the company, or what was left of it, was returned to New Orleans where it was reorganized and supplied with full equipments. It accompanied General Davidson's raid from Baton Rouge to Pascagoula Bay, a distance of nearly 400 miles, seventy-five of which was through swamps over which corduroy bridges were built the whole distance. The roads were rendered almost impassable by heavy rains. Yet the march was effected within fifteen days, the men halting not exceeding four hours at any one time. Maj. Cutting was mustered out of the service at the close of the war, after having served three years in all before reaching the age of twenty-one years. He was appointed Quartermaster of the First Infantry, N. G. C., May 24, 1881, with the rank of First Lieutenant on Col. Dickinson's staff. He was promoted Jan. 10, 1882, to his present position of Major and Ordinance officer on the staff of the Second Brigade.

MAJOR Z. P. CLARK.

The creditable record of Major Clark, long as it is, can be given in almost a word. He was an officer in the First Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry and served in all the campaigns of the army of the Cumberland from 1861 to 1865. He is now Major and Paymaster on the staff of Brigadier Gen. Dimond, commanding the Second Brigade N. G. C.

COLONEL JOHN H. DICKINSON.

John Henry Dickinson, of the First Infantry Regiment, was born in Parkersburg, West Vir-

ginia, in 1849, and moved with his parents to Portland, Oregon, in 1854, where he resided until 1866. He managed to save sufficient money to go East and take a five months' course in the Ohio Military College, returning to Portland in the fall of 1865. In 1869 he went to St. Augustine Academy in Benicia, where he was engaged as military and general instructor, and remained until 1873. Then he began the practice of law in this city. In 1879 Colonel Dickinson was elected to the State Senate, serving two terms; also, in 1880-81, under the new constitution. The Colonel is life member of Companies B (City Guard) and C (National Guard), of the First Infantry Regiment. He was elected Captain of Company B in 1877, and promoted a Colonel in 1880. The regiment is the pioneer organization of the N. G. C., and has always been noted for its *esprit de corps*. The Colonel is President of the National Guard Officers' Association; had considerable to do with the passage and framed the Military bill passed by the last Legislature. He has always been an enthusiastic member of the National Guard.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL R. H. ORTON.

The second in command of the First Regiment was a member of its organization, holding the position of Second Lieutenant of Co. K. Thence he entered the Sumners, then Co. I, as a sergeant. In March, 1863, he became Second Lieut. of Company F, of the First California Volunteer Cavalry, and in Jan. 1864, he was promoted to be First Lieutenant.

While in the U. S. service he was stationed in New Mexico and Texas. During the winter and spring of 1864-5 he was in command of the outpost of San Elizario, Texas, and made five raids into old Mexico in pursuit of Indians and deserters. During the summer of 1865 he was Adjutant of an expedition against the Comanche and Kiowa Indians under the celebrated Kit Carson, and was promoted Captain in his regiment, while on that expedition, and on the return of the same assumed command of Co. M, at Fort Selden, New Mexico—while at that post during the winter and spring of 1866 information was received that the town of Janos, Mexico, had been captured by Apache Indians and that they were still holding the town. An expedition was organized by Col. Ned Willis, First Cal. Infantry, for the rescue of the same, and Capt. Orton went in command of the Cavalry portion of the expedition, which resulted successfully. Capt. Orton was mustered out of the U. S. service Jan. 4th, 1867, being the last Californian volunteer in the U. S. service.

He again entered the State service as Second Lieutenant, Co. D, First Infantry, N. G. C., April 1873, was promoted First Lieutenant, Sept. 1874, and Captain of the same Co. Feb. 2, 1875. The Company, while under his command, won the first prize for excellence in drill at the State Fair in Sacramento in 1878. He was promoted Major of the First Cavalry Battalion in Aug. 1878, and was placed on the retired list in Sept. 1881. He re-entered active service in April 1885, as Major of the First Infantry and was elected Lieut. Col. of the same regiment on May 30th, 1883.

He also holds the position of Assistant Quartermaster General, G. A. R.

LIEUTENANT FRANK BUXTON.

Another very complete war record is that of Lieutenant Buxton, who joined the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, August, 1861. With this regiment he served about two years, participating in all its battles including the Ball's Bluff disaster. Joining the Tenth Unattached, Artillery, he served with them until the close of the war, and then remained with it as a militia organization until he left Massachusetts in about 1866. Coming to California in 1869, he joined the N. G. C. about seven years thereafter as a member of the Light Dragoons. On July 16, 1880, he was appointed to his present position of First Lieutenant and Ordinance Officer on the staff of the First Infantry.

LIEUTENANT A. S. PETERSON.

The record of Lieutenant Peterson begins at the outbreak of the rebellion. In 1861, he joined the Little York Union Guard of Nevada County. Out of 108 voters in the village from which it was organized, 76 joined the company.

Lieutenant Peterson was one of the attendants at the famous Camp Kibbe in 1863.

Coming to San Francisco, he joined Company C of the First Infantry in 1865. He was appointed in 1882 on the staff of Col. Dickinson, and is now First Lieutenant and Paymaster on the same staff; his commission bearing date March 19, 1884.

He is now treasurer of Company C and Company G of the First Infantry.

Mr. Peterson is one of the California pioneers of 1849.

DRUM MAJOR C. M. MAYBERRY.

In his search for certain items in the history of the National Guard, the writer came upon a remarkable military record. It begins in 1847, when Mr. Mayberry, who by the way is a native of New London, Connecticut, joined the U. S. Marine Corps, serving until 1849. He was also in service from 1853 to 1859. In January, 1862, he joined the Ninetieth Pennsylvania volunteers, and in 1863 joined a third arm of the service by connecting himself with the New Jersey Cavalry.

From May, 1868 till the year 1876, he was a member of the Twelfth United States Infantry.

In September of the latter year he became a member of the First Regiment, N. G. C.

This veteran, if there ever was a veteran, is now armorer at the First Regimental Armory, on New Montgomery and Howard streets, San Francisco.

COLONEL WILLIAM R. SMEDBERG.

William Renwick Smedberg, Colonel lately commanding the Second Artillery Regiment, is the beau ideal of the soldier in the N. G. C. He is high in the Grand Army of the Republic, is Recorder of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Commandry of California, and a member of the Military Association of the Pacific. Colonel Smedberg is a soldier by profession and inclination, and the greater part of his busy life was spent in the service. Born in New York City on the 19th of March, 1839, he entered Columbia College, New York, in 1853, graduating in June, 1857. He enlisted in Company F of the New York Seventh Regiment in July,

1858, remaining with it until 1860, when he was honorably discharged on account of his removal to Washington, D. C., where he joined the National Rifles in 1861, and resided until the breaking out of the war. He enlisted in the United States service on the 15th of April as a volunteer and private in Company A, Third Battalion, District of Columbia Volunteers, and was honorably discharged on the 4th of July, on acceptance of a commission in the United States army, serving in the Potomac and Patterson campaigns. Hamersly's "Records of Living Officers of the United States Army" gives his record of service as follows: First Lieutenant, Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, May 14, 1861; Captain, October 25, 1861; Brevetted Major on July 2, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Gettysburg, Penn.; Brevetted Lieutenant Colonel, May 6, 1864, for like conduct at the battle of the Wilderness, Va.; Adjutant Second Battalion, Fourteenth Infantry, from August 30th to October 25, 1861; Division Inspector, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, when wounded May 5, 1864, after which he served as Recruiting and Mustering Officer until the close of the war, when he came with his regiment to California in November, 1865. He was Assistant Inspector of the Department of California from December, 1865, to May 26, 1866 A. D. C. of the Military Division of the Pacific from that period to the 31st of May, 1869 and A. A. G. from June, 1869 to December 15, 1870, when he was retired from active service, with rank of Mounted Captain, on account of the loss of his right leg from a wound received at the battle of the Wilderness, Colonel Smedberg's connection with the N. G. C., dates from September, 1874, when he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel and Division Inspector on the staff of Major General D. W. C. Thompson; Brigade Inspector on the staff of General John McComb, Second Brigade, January 19, 1876, and elected Colonel of the Second Infantry (now the Second Artillery Regiment) October, 1876, being successively re-elected, and lastly in October last. Much to the regret of the Second Regiment, Col. Smedberg has recently tendered his resignation which has been accepted. Since his retirement from the army, in 1870, Colonel Smedberg has been intrusted employment with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, C. A. Low & Co., and is now with Balfour, Guthrie & Co. In private, as in military service, Colonel Smedberg is a dignified courteous and irreproachable citizen.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL DAVID WILDER,

While the bare dates of the record of a man so well known in military circles as Colonel Wilder, hardly do justice to his career, they show a ladder of promotion without the absence of a single round—a rise due evidently to merit, not favor. They begin with his enlistment in the City Guard Company B, 1st Infantry Regiment, August 15, 1862. Thence he rose through the positions of Corporal and Sergeant to that of Second Lieutenant, Oct. 16, 1866.

On Nov. 1, 1869, he became First Lieutenant, and was commissioned Captain of his company March 4, 1871.

Stepping out of his company, he became Major of the First Infantry Regiment, on Feb. 27, 1875, and on Dec. 1, 1877, he received his commission as Lieutenant Colonel. With this rank he was placed on the retired list July 14, 1880, but on August 4, of the following year, he was assigned the position which he now holds—that of

Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Artillery Regiment.

He is also Military Librarian, and, *apropos* of this, it may be said that the Colonel's information regarding the history and present state of the National Guard of California is remarkably complete.

LIEUTENANT HANS H. KOHLER.

The present Paymaster on the staff of the Second Artillery, first enlisted in Company E, of this regiment—a company formed of members of the Olympic Club. He remained with the company when it was consolidated with Company G. In the early part of 1883 he was made a corporal, and on August of that year he was promoted to his present position with the rank of First Lieutenant.

COLONEL ROBERT TOBIN.

Colonel Robert Tobin, commanding the Third Infantry Regiment, was born in San Francisco on the 30th day of October, 1854, and received a literary and classical education at St. Ignatius College. Graduating in 1872, he entered upon the study of the law in his father's office, and in October, 1875, was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, and became the junior member of the law firm of Tobin & Tobin. He was elected Colonel of the Regiment on the 29th of June, 1883. Colonel Tobin was one of the elected members of the Board of Fifteen Freeholders to frame a charter for the city of San Francisco under the new constitution. He has been Vice Chairman of the State Central Democratic Committee, and a member for three terms, being now a member at large of that body. He was the first officer of the N. G. C. to be favored with honorary membership in the Military Association of the Pacific. Colonel Tobin is a most energetic officer, and very popular in his command.

COLONEL H. D. RANLETT.

Colonel Horace Dodge Ranlett, commanding the Fifth Infantry Regiment, is one of the most zealous and energetic officers of the N. G. C., besides being a crack shot and an enthusiast in rifle practice. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., on the 4th of April, 1842, received an education in the public grammar and High Schools of Charlestown, and from his sixteenth to nineteenth year was engaged in fitting himself for a mercantile life. He came to California in July, 1861, going thence to Yokohama. He remained in the orient—both at Yokohama and Shanghai—in mercantile pursuits, but had to leave in 1864, on account of ill-health. In 1865, Colonel Ranlett was chief clerk in the State Controller's office at Concord, New Hampshire, and in 1866 came to California a second time, where he has since resided. He was a member of Salignac's Drill Battalion of Boston in 1860-61, and of the "Yokohama Volunteers" in 1862-63. In 1866, he enlisted as private in Company B. N. G. C.; was Second Lieutenant in 1869, First Lieutenant in 1870, Captain of the Oakland City Guard for six years, and in 1882 was commissioned Major, and later Lieutenant Colonel. Colonel Ranlett is President of the Pacific Rifle Club, and the only representative on

this Coast of the National Guard Association of the United States.

LIEUT. COL. JAS. MERVYN DONAHUE.

Col. Donahue was born April 30, 1859, and is, therefore, one of the youngest regimental officers in the National Guard. He became a National Guardsman, Feb. 9, 1879, when he joined Company G of Second Regiment, San Francisco. He was afterward appointed Paymaster on the staff of Major Hammond. Then followed his appointment on the staff of Governor Perkins and afterward on Gov. Stoneman's staff, ranking as Lieutenant, his commission dating from Jan. 12, 1882.

On June 16, 1885, he resigned from the staff and accepted the place of Captain and Adjutant of the Fifth Infantry Battalion. About four months ago he was elected to his present position as Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifth Infantry. In business Col. Donahue holds the responsible place of Vice-President of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad.

MAJOR WM. M. GIBSON.

In August, 1874, Major Gibson enlisted as a private in the Stockton Guards, Third Brigade, N. G. C.

On May 29 of the following year he was appointed Major and Ordinance officer on the staff of the General commanding the Third Brigade. This position he resigned March 5, 1877, but in the same year he was appointed Major and Aide-de-camp on the staff of Major General Lewis, commanding Division; the commission expiring by the resignation of General Lewis.

February 26, 1880, Major Gibson was appointed Brigade Inspector on the staff of the Third Brigade. Two years after he was promoted to the position of Major and Assistant Adjutant General on the same staff.

One June 24th, 1885, he was placed on the retired list with the rank of Major.

On October 16, of this year, at the request of Major Budd, commanding the Sixth Infantry Battalion, Third Brigade, he was detailed by the commander-in-chief as Adjutant of the Battalion, which position he now holds.

GENERAL JOHN T. CAREY.

Brigadier General John T. Carey, commanding the Fourth Brigade, is a lawyer by profession, and served as District Attorney of Sacramento county during the years 1883-4. Previous to his acceptance of the Brigadier Generalship he was Rifle Inspector on the staff of Colonel Creed Haymond, of the First Artillery Regiment, and as early as 1868 was a member of the Sacramento Light Artillery. General Carey is a native of Missouri, and came to this State when a child with his father, R. S. Carey, who has figured as one of the most prominent citizens of Yolo and Sacramento counties.

MAJOR W. J. DAVIS.

This gentleman, to whom we are indebted for courtesies in the way of information in regard to many points in the general history of the National Guard, was connected with the Fourth Brigade, July 29, 1881, as Commissary Sergeant of the First Artillery Regiment. Since November 16th of the same year, he has borne his commission as Major and Engineer officer on the staff of the Brig. Gen. of the same Brigade.

MAJOR H. A. WEAVER.

The following facts were furnished by the Major himself at our request. We find ourselves unable to state them better, and hence give them *verbatim*:

"I beg to state that my first service for the State was performed in '63 at Camp Kibbe, on the Encinal, where the town of Alameda now stands, in a Santa Cruz company, located at Watsonville (Jerome Porter, now of your city, Capt.), in the honorable position of private.

In 1864, returning from an excursion of one of the city companies of Sacramento, I carried a musket for a wounded soldier, whose repeated attacks on John Barleycorn had disabled him for the service.

Next commissioned Aid-de-camp on the Staff of Brig. Gen. Jno. F. Sheehan, 4th Brigade, now of the *Post*, your city. Promoted to Asst. Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff under the same gallant commander; re-appointed under Brig. Gen. L. Tozer, Major and Quartermaster, same Brigade; re-appointed to the same position on the Staff of Gen. J. T. Carey, who commands at this date.

COLONEL T. W. SHEEHAN.

The Colonel of the First Artillery Regiment has had military experience covering a period of twenty-three years. He entered the Union army from Maine when not more than a boy in years, his regiment serving in the Butler expedition to New Orleans and doing good service before Port Hudson, where the men suffered terribly. At the close of the war, he came to California, and was soon Captain of a company of the old Fourth Regiment, in Sacramento, where he has since resided, having held for many years the position of business manager of the *Record-Union*. Some years ago, he became Captain of Company G of the First Artillery, and on Colonel Haymond's retirement was elected his successor. Colonel Sheehan has the reputation of being one of the best tacticians in the National Guard. He is a strict disciplinarian, but is very popular with his command.

MAJOR J. S. CAMERON.

One who has always taken a lively interest in the welfare of the National Guard is the present Fifth Brigade Surgeon. Maj. Cameron has been connected with the Staff of Gen. Cadwalader for nearly ten years. His first appointment was early in 1876. The Major is a genial gentleman, and as his position indicates, is a physician and surgeon.

GENERAL CHARLES CADWALADER.

Brigadier General Charles Cadwalader, the commander of the Fifth Brigade, is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born at Brownsville, in that state. At an early age he became a civil engineer on the Central Ohio Railroad, remaining in the employ of the company as constructing engineer until 1852, when he came to this state. Clerking in his father's store at Mokolunnæ Hill for four years, he removed to Sacramento and engaged in the business of farming, which he followed until the beginning of the building of the Central Pacific Railroad. He then obtained the position of assistant chief engineer, which he held for twenty years. He was also locating and constructing engineer between Sacramento and Ogden and between the capitol city and Redding, on the Oregon & Cal-

ifornia Railroad. He was a member of the Sutter Rifles until the company was disbanded, at the time of the Vigilante troubles, in 1856. Charles Cadwalader was appointed Brigadier General of the Fifth Brigade, N. G. C., in 1873, by Governor Booth, and at the expiration of commissions has been successively reappointed by Governors Irwin, Perkins and Stoneman.

MAJOR GEO. W. REED.

In the general historical sketch, reference has been made to that branch of the National Guard represented at the different institutions of learning in the State. The present instructor of cadets at the University of California, is Maj. G. W. Reed. His fitness for the position as far as experience in the National Guard is concerned, is abundantly shown by the following official record:

First enlisted in Co. F, 1st Infantry Reg., Aug. 4th, 1877.

Appointed Sergeant Co. F, 2nd Infantry Reg., May, 25, 1878.

Appointed 1st Sergeant Co. F, 1st Infantry Reg., Jan. 2, 1879.

Commissioned 2d Lieut. Co. F, 1st Infantry Reg., April 1, 1879.

Commissioned 1st Lieut. Co. F, 1st Infantry Reg., Aug. 19, 1879.

Commissioned Capt. and A. D. C. 2d Brigade, N. G. C., March 8, 1880.

Resigned and commissioned 1st Lieut. and Adj. 1st Infantry Reg., July 16, 1880.

Commissioned Capt. and Adj. 1st Infantry Reg., March 4, 1881.

Commissioned Maj. and Asst. Adj. Gen. 2d Brigade, June 9, 1881.

Resigned and commissioned Capt. and Adj. 1st Infantry, Reg., May 25, 1883.

Received Exempt Certificate Aug. 4, 1884.

Commissioned Maj. and Instructor of cadets at Berkeley, June 25, 1885.

COL. OSCAR WOODHAMS.

One of the most enterprising and enthusiastic members of the National Guard, was Col. Oscar Woodhams. He became a member of his favorite "Sumner Light Guard," Sept. 7, 1863. On Oct. 2, 1865, he was elected corporal; on April 4, 1867, he was elected 1st Sergeant; on April 13, 1868 he was elected 2nd Lieut., and on May 17, 1869 he became Captain.

His regimental record begins Aug. 30, 1871, when he became Major of the First Regiment. On Feb. 27, 1875, he became Lieut. Col., and on Dec. 6, 1877, he assumed the position of Colonel of the 1st Infantry Regiment. During his official connection with the National Guard, he was fertile in the devices to increase the interest of the men of his command in their duties. He introduced the custom of Exhibition Wing Drills, under direction of U. S. officers; he held the first regimental encampment in the State; his was the first command to attend Divine Service in a body. The church was that of Dr. Stone, who at that time was the Regimental Chaplain.

Col. Woodhams was born in New York City in 1837, and came to California in 1850. He was retired May 15, 1880, with the rank of Col.

COL. WM. HARNEY.

On the retirement of this well-known gentleman from the service, the following, written by one of Col. Harney's friends, appeared in one of the dailies:

"The retirement of the oldest commissioned officer of the National Guard calls for more than

passing comment. Col. Harney commenced his military career at twelve years of age as Second Lieutenant of a cadet company in New York, gaining there a knowledge of drill which was of much service to him, when on the 16th of March, 1857, he enlisted as private in the Black Hussars Cavalry of San Francisco. In this company he held the commissions of Second and First Lieutenants, remaining with it until the outbreak of the war, when he resigned and organized a company of cavalry volunteers for service in the East. Finding that the company was destined for service in Arizona, he resigned his commission as lieutenant, and assisted in organizing the San Francisco Guard for home protection. In 1862 he was commissioned Judge-Advocate on the Staff of Brig. Gen. J. S. Ellis, commanding 2d Brigade, and took considerable part in organizing the military school and camp at Alameda, where the militia of the whole State were concentrated for instruction. He was then promoted Aid-de-camp on the Staff of Gov. F. F. Low, and served in the same capacity on the Staff of Governors H. H. Haight and Newton Booth, being promoted by the latter to be Col. and Paymaster-General. This office he continued to hold until lately, having been re-appointed and commissioned successively by Governors Pacheco, Irwin and Perkins, and on Jan. 19, 1882, he was placed upon the retired list as Colonel, upon his own request, after a service in the State militia of over twenty-four years, during more than half of which he has occupied the responsible office of Paymaster-General.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL L. L. BROMWELL.

Another veteran war record is that of Colonel L. L. Bromwell, who entered the U. S. service in 1862. From that time on, until the close of the Rebellion, he participated in all the many engagements where duty called him. This period of active service was closed by his honorable discharge as acting master's mate, U. S. Steamer *Abeona*, No. 32, Mississippi squadron.

Col. Bromwell's connection with the National Guard of California begins in Oct. 15, 1880, when he was elected Major of the First Infantry Regiment of San Francisco. Here he served until Feb. 13, 1882.

He was then unanimously petitioned by the Oakland Light Cavalry to assume their command, which he did. Here he served until March 10, 1883, when he was elected Lieut. Col. of the First Infantry Regiment, vice Gen. Turnbull, promoted. This place he held until his resignation on March 27, 1885.

MAJOR FRED. G. SMITH.

At the time of his retirement (August 13, 1880), with the rank of major, Fred. G. Smith was Brigade Inspector on the staff of the Brigadier General, commanding the Second Brigade. His connection with the N. G. C. dates from Feb. 15, 1865, when he joined Co. A, First Infantry. On March 8, 1869, he was transferred to Co. C, of the same regiment. On Jan. 3, 1870, he was elected Treasurer of that Company, an office which he held for ten consecutive years. On Jan. 22, 1872, he became Sergeant in his Company; on Feb. 5, 1877, he was elected a veteran member; made a life member Jan. 5, 1880, and an honorary member Sep. 6, 1880. During the disturbances of 1880, he acted as A. A. General. He was appointed Brigade Quartermaster on the staff of Gen. Coey, and was afterward appointed, as before stated, to

the position of Brigade Inspector on the staff of Gen. McComb.

MAJOR EDWIN J. FRASER.

Major Fraser entered service in the 2d Regiment, 2d Brigade, National Guard of Cal., in the spring of 1874. His first commission as First Lieut. and Ass't Surgeon, was dated Aug. 10, 1874, with rank from July 30, 1874.

His second commission was the same, and was dated June 24, 1875.

His third commission as Major and Surgeon of the 2d Regiment, the 2d Brigade, N. G. C., is dated April 28, 1880.

He was retired from service with the rank of Major on Oct. 25, 1882.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN MCCOMB.

John McComb enlisted in the Franklin Light Infantry, Co. E, 2nd Infantry Battalion, (afterwards First Artillery Reg.), in Aug. 1861. He was elected Captain in Sept. 1861; was afterward elected Lieut. Col. of the 2nd Infantry, N. G. C. He was chosen Col. of the 2nd Infantry in Feb. 1875. He was appointed Brig. Gen. by Gov. Pacheco in Dec. 1875, and confirmed by the Senate in Jan. 1876. He was re-appointed Brig. Gen. by Gov. Perkins in Jan. 1880, and confirmed by the Senate on the same day; on receiving his appointment to his present position as Warden at Folsom, he went on the retired list of the N. G. C., with the rank of Brig. Gen. Dec. 24, 1881.

It was during his term as Brig. Gen. commanding the 2nd Brigade, that the Chinese riots and labor troubles so frequently threatened the peace of San Francisco. The efficient service rendered by his brigade, under his direction, has been elsewhere chronicled. Reference has also been made in the same article to the team that, under his leadership, won the rifle match at Creedmoor, in 1877.

CAPTAIN HENRY A. PLATE.

Capt. Plate was born in New York City, Jan. 9, 1860, and came to California in May, 1851.

His military connection began in 1843, when, as a student at City College, he joined the City College Cadets as a drummer boy. From 1865 to 1868, Capt. Plate was in Europe, but after his return he joined the City Guard (now Co. B.) of this city, in 1870. His promotions in this company were as follows: In 1871, corporal; in 1872, Sergeant; in the latter part of that year, Second Lieut.; and in 1873, Captain (holding the office four years).

In 1877, he went back to the ranks, and afterward accepted the position of Quartermaster Sergeant for a short term. Resigning, he joined Co. G, of the 2nd Artillery as a private. On January 31, 1881, he was appointed Capt. and Aid-de-camp on Gen. Dimond's Staff, which position he resigned Feb. 15, 1883.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ALLEKEY W. VON SCHMIDT.

This civil engineer and surveyor has an illustrious record. Born in Russia in 1822, he, at the early age of six years, left his native land and made his home in New York City. In 1846 he joined Co. 8, of the famous N. Y. 7th Reg., and his connection with that military organization continued for about two years.

In the memorable hegra of gold hunters to the Pacific Coast, Von Schmidt was in the van, arriving in California in May, 1849. His mil-

itary career here extends over a period of seventeen years. He was appointed Major of Engineers on the staff of Brig. Gen. H. A. Cobb. He became Lieut. Col. of Engineers when Gen. Cobb was appointed Maj. Gen. of the Cal. National Guard.

He was re-appointed on the staffs of Lucius Allen and Gen. W. H. L. Barnes. He was retired with the rank of Lieut. Colonel at his own request, having served the State in his military capacity, ably, faithfully, and enjoying the profound respect, and sincere friendship of his brethren in arms.

Col. Von Schmidt has not only the mental but the physical qualifications of the true soldier. He has an imposing military presence—tall, straight, sinewy, and with the elastic tread of an Olympian athlete, does great credit to the citizen soldiery of his adopted State.

It may not be deemed inappropriate in this connection to state that the subject of this brief biographical sketch has a justly deserved reputation as a skillful and wonderfully successful civil engineer. His construction of the Spring Valley Water Works, his building of the great Dry Dock of San Francisco, his blowing up of Blossom Rock, are but few of many of the monuments of his genius, ingenuity and intelligent mechanical labor.

Col. Von Schmidt is an Ex-President of the Association of California Pioneers; and as a citizen, universally respected throughout the community to the advancement and prosperity of which he has so materially contributed.

COLONEL GEO. W. GRANNISS.

Col. Granniss has been closely identified with the career of the National Guard of California from its earliest days, and has contributed much of his time, energies and means to its advancement.

His military record does him honor. He received his first lessons in the ranks of the famous New Haven Grays, at New Haven, Conn. Coming to California in 1850, and while residing at Sacramento, he became a member of the military company selected from volunteers called out during the squatter troubles of that year. This company was the nucleus of the first military organizations of Sacramento. Afterwards becoming a resident of San Francisco, he enrolled himself in the "Independent City Guard" in 1856. Moving to Sonoma County in 1858, he became Second Lieutenant

of the "Sotoyome Guard." He returned to San Francisco in 1860, and rejoined his old company B, of the 1st Infantry. On October 29, 1861, he was appointed Fourth Corporal, and May 12, 1862, 1st Corporal of the company. On August 14th, in the same year, he was promoted Second Sergeant, and on July 31, 1863, he was advanced another grade, to wit, First Sergeant of the company. Two years later, on July 6, 1865, he was commissioned Junior Second Lieutenant, and on September 18th following, Senior Second Lieutenant. He was elected First Lieutenant before the commission was issued. A vacancy occurring in the Captaincy, he was, on October 16, 1866, elected and commissioned Captain. On Nov. 19, 1868, he was promoted Major of the 1st Regiment, and he succeeded to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy on Nov. 1, 1869. He succeeded Colonel W. H. L. Barnes as Colonel of the 1st Regiment on the 27th of February, 1875. It is very well known that positions in the 1st Regiment do not "go begging," as at elections of commissioned officers very severe struggles for preterment take place. He was appointed Colonel and Engineer on the staff of Governor Perkins. On Jan. 26, 1883, he was retired with the rank of Colonel. Colonel Granniss can say what no other officer can, who has held so many positions. He was advanced in every grade without opposition.

LIEUTENANT W. J. YOUNGER.

One of the early members of the well known Summer Light Guard, is Dr. W. J. Younger. He joined the company in October, 1861, very shortly after its organization. Passing from the ranks, as Corporal, and then Sergeant, he became Second Lieut. of his Company in 1867, and in May 1869 became First Lieut. This position he afterwards resigned, and continued in the Company as a private, and as such served through the campaign at Sutter Creek, at Camp Morgan, and at Advance Post.

Not long afterward, Dr. Younger left the State on a foreign tour. On his return, he was appointed First Lieut. and Quartermaster on the staff of Col. Granniss of the 1st Regiment, May 26, 1877. On Jan. 23, 1878, he accepted the position of First Lieut. and commissary on the same staff, which position he resigned in 1880.

Dr. Younger is a good *raconteur* of reminiscences of his associations in the National Guard, and has evidently thoroughly enjoyed his experiences in the 1st Regiment.

THE AMADOR FIASCO.

In 1871 the "Amador war" created a ripple of excitement in militia circles. The true innerness of that fiasco has never appeared in print. The moving of troops to Amador upon that occasion, was not only an insult to American manhood, but an outrage upon the citizen sovereignty of the men who then composed our militia, inasmuch as they were unwittingly made to play the part of hirelings paid by private capital to defend the Chinese with

whose labor capitalists sought to supplant the American workers of the mountain mines.

Governor Haight was a sworn member of "The Sovereigns of Labor," and therefore sworn to oppose the employment of Chinese. The employment of Chinese in the Amador mines caused the white miners to form a union or "league." The league struck against the pigtailed and "boycotted" the mines in which they were

employed. To protect their mines—*i. e.*, their Chinamen—the mine-owners called for troops. In all probability, Governor Haight was in sympathy with the strikers; at all events he made the play that there were no funds available for the payment of expenses incident to a compliance with the demand of the Amador nabobs. The nabobs, however, were not to be put off. They brought pressure to bear and the pressure brought about an agreement by the stipulations of which State troops were to be forwarded to Amador, the nabobs to furnish the cost of transportation and the *per diem* of the men.

In effect, the troops, to the number desired, were hired to the Capitalists of the State, who were interested in the mines of Amador County, a proceeding which I hope may never again be chronicled.

A CAMP KETTLE CAMPAIGN.

On the 25th of June, 1871, two companies of the first regiment, under the command of Col. W. H. L. Barnes, arrived at Sutter Creek, Amador County.

Aside from the baseness of the principle involved, and which, at the time, was wholly unperceived by the men, the troops had a jolly time of it; the only warlike demonstration which appeared being a casemated mountain battery of camp kettles which some wagish mountain men had arranged for the field-glass ogling of Commandant Barnes and his staff.

Rising abruptly from Sutter Creek, a mountain spur frowns down upon the village as the shaggy moustache of Commandant Barnes frowned down upon his chin. One morning, early, while strolling along the base of the mountain, an emotional little Corporal discovered that a formidable battery of howitzers had been planted during the night high upon the mountain and directly over the ill-fated town. Filled with trepidation and alarm, the man hastened to headquarters and demanded an interview with the Commandant.

A three-foot by five matron, of the Hibernian persuasion, informed the excited Corporal that "Th' Gen'ral" had "spint a moighty loud noight"—and that he was still wrapped in the "arrums av Murphies."

The Corporal insisted that his mission

was one of life and death and made such racket that the Cammandant was roused from the "arrums av Murphies" and roared out, "come in!"

With becoming seriousness and wonderful composure, (considering the loudness of the night just passed), the Commandant heard the tale of the Corporal. Trumps of war were sounded, messengers were dispatched to rouse the staff from the "arrums av Murphies" and the "Ginral" fished from the depths and straw of a champagne crate his sword-knot and field-glasses. A reconnoitering party was hastily formed and from a sheltered coign of vantage, the midnight battery was anxiously scrutinized.

Sure enough, there it was. Ten great black mouthed howitzers gaped and yawned down upon the town—each firmly bedded in a bastion of great brown rocks—in rear of which, and pitched at a suggestive angle, the eagle eye of Commandant Barnes detected the bulging belly and the iron lips of a monster mortar.

A council of war was immediately held, the result of which, perhaps, will never be known. Col. Barnes, however, took the next stage for 'Frisco and never more saw the brown rocks and gaping gunnery of Amador.

The hire of an army, even of two companies, began to bear heavily upon the mine owners. They settled with the strikers and discharged the Chinese and their protectors. The "battery of howitzers" was dismantled and proved to be ten big mouthed camp kettles bolstered by rocks and clods, and backed by a great hog scalding cauldron that had served the imagination of the "The Commandant" as "a monster mortar."

Thus ended the Camp Kettle Campaign. The nabobs settled with all parties concerned except the rank and file of the militia. To each man of the two companies who dared the "monster mortar" one dollar is yet due.

The heroism of "Captain Jack," the Modoc martyr, the Fraud of '76, the Order of Caucasians, the riot of '77, the cowardice of Kearney and the murder of Lancing excited the attention of militia men but called for no service worth the labor of a chronicler.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

THE GALLANT MILITIA MAN.

I.

As he marches gay, on a summer's day,
 When smiling maids but scan—
 The polished boot and the bran new suit
 Of the young militia man;
 In the youthful face and lithesome grace
 The thoughtful surely see—
 The bud and bloom, the bride and groom,
 The foliage of the free!

CHORUS.

To the right about—march on, and shout—
 Go it while you can!
 Let love and law shout out hurrah!
 For the gallant militia man.

II.

When the plum'd cockade nods in parade,
 And treasure's watchdogs sneer—

At the awkward squad, as the columns plod,
 While gamins whoop and cheer;
 In the blue and buff, I see in rough
 The brawn of a hero heart
 And drum beats con: "You'll need anon
 The spirit we impart."

CHORUS.

III.

Forevermore each front and fore—
 To the right—and on, march on!
 Let law control while girls extol
 The gallant militia man.
 In love and law first freedom saw
 The twain that teaches men:
 "Let no surcease of slothful peace
 Forge your chains again."

CHORUS.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

THE MILITIA.

The idea, as well as the practice, of maintaining an organized body of citizen soldiery must be traced—in my judgment—to the Celtic nations. True, the ancient Persians maintained "The Immortals," a choice body of ten thousand men, but they were "Soldiers of the king" and made no pretensions to the rights and privileges of citizenship. Mithridates maintained a standing army, but Pontus contained no citizen militia. Carthage and Rome maintained neither standing army nor militia, but drafted as emergency required, enforcing involuntary service and in many instances compelling their slaves to stand in the front of battle. Such was never the case among the Celts. Each member of a Celtic clan or sept was the equal of all others in citizenship. Every clan was an organized battalion and every chief was a captain. Those features of Celtic clanship made a forcible impression upon the mind of Julius Cæsar and are largely mentioned in his commentaries.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

The peculiar organization and polity of the Teutonic tribes—Gothic and Germanic—developed feudalism; while the formation and polity of the Celtic clans ren-

dered the establishment of the feudal system impossible.

Though the elective franchise was in vogue among the Germans—in some form—from time immemorial, yet the civic and military being of the tribesman were by no means co-equal. In the person of the citizen the soldier always appeared, but in the person of the soldier the citizen was dormant or dead. The tribesman held his land—yea, even his right of life, by a military tenure. Fealty to the death was due the chief, and through the chief, the king, from whom the petty ruler held his territory in fief. By a process of natural development this system raised up Clovis and sprouted and spread till it bloomed in the splendid feudality of Charlemagne, which the descendants of Rollo planted in Britian, grafted in Italy, bannered in Morocco and displayed in Palestine.

Feduality added flame to the fire of war and romance to the calling of the soldier. It did so, however, at the expense of citizenship. But while feudalism retarded the march of liberty, it taught the value of discipline and the power of concentration.

As we are indebted to no one man for the full perfection of any great machine

neither are we indebted to any one race or nation for the perfection to which our militia mechanism has attained.

To the Romans we owe the germ of discipline; to the German that idea of concentration and the retention of the elective franchise in our militia militant. To the Celts, however, we are indebted for the form of the militia itself, as well as the preservation of the citizen in the person of the soldier.

A body of men who render service in lieu of lands, booty or privileges held, promised, or expected, are in no sense a militia, as we now understand that term. Nor can a body of men who serve because of fealty due by oath or inheritance to king, chief, or dynasty comply with our understanding of the term.

The mere semblance of such fealty is a just, if not imperative reason, for disbanding any part or portion of our militia displaying such semblance. For such a display, at the close of the Grant-Colfax campaign in this State, a Stockton company was rightly and properly disbanded. Hence, the berserkers of the Scandinavian Vikings, or the fighting vassals of the Saxon Heptarchy, cannot be regarded as a militia.

As I regard the Roman "Enrollment of the Tribes," as the basis of the present German Landwehr, so I regard the Celtic clan system as the basis of our modern militia.

THE CELTS.

The members of a Celtic clan regarded each other as blood relations. Every member bore the same general or family name, that is to say, each member of Clan Catesby, was a Catesby; every member of Clan Donald, was a Donald; and all of Clan Nial, were Nials, a peculiarity emphasized by the use of the prefixes: "O," "Mac," and "App." The prefix "App," was used by the Cambrians or Celts of Briton, and meant and still means "of" "Rurac App-Morgan," was Rurac of Morgan.

"O" and "Mac" were prefixes used by the Celts of Scotia Major (Ireland), and Scotia Minor (Scotland), and meant and still means "Descendant"—"Son."

"Rory O'Niell was Rory, descendant of Nial. "Angus MacDonald was Angus, son of Donald."

That the members of a clan were co-equal in clanship, and only graded as families are graded, is fully evidenced by the facts that the Celts knew no aristocracy, and that the only title in vogue was the use of the article "the" before the prefix "Mac," "O" or "App," and which designated the chief of a clan. Thus: "The" O'Niell was chief of the O'Niells; "The" MacGregor, chief of the MacGregors; and "The" App-Jones was chief of clan Jones.

From the foregoing it will be seen that each member of a Celtic clan was the peer of all the others in clanship, and clanship comprehended all that we know to-day of citizenship so far as its exercise was needed.

No land tenure bound the Celtic clansman to his chief; no military fief bound the clan to the king. Clan lands were held *a la commune*; even the king could not sell a grain of sand.

Each clan was a complete political and military community; a federation of clans formed a province or palatinate, and a confederation of provinces formed the nation. Every clansman was born a soldier and every chief was born a captain.

Military duty came to the Celt with his birth. It was a duty as naturally inherited and unquestioned as the duties of the chase, the spade and the plow. It was not a duty formulated by king or chief and rendered for value received or privileges conferred or promised; but one born with the clansman, grown with his growth, an attribute of manhood extending from the cradle to the grave.

Those conditions naturally led to the formation of a national military body, resembling in formation and in many of its obligations the militia of America.

THE FENIANS OF FION.

The term "National Guard" describes a military body organized in the interest of the nation as in contradistinction to one organized in the interest of the king and pledged to the crown; and the first military body of this kind known to history—a body combining all the qualities of citizenship with the duties and obligations of the soldier—was organized many centuries prior to the Christian era by Fion MacKool, a noted chief of ancient

Erin. This was the famous Fenian militia whose deeds and herbes form the base and burden of the songs of Ossian, the Irish Homer.

To be a Fenian was an acknowledgment of distinguished citizenship; a coveted honor to be won only by the citizen whose moral, mental and physical qualifications stood the test of a most rigid examination. The Fenian made no oath of fealty to the king—he was sworn to defend the nation. The body first formed by Fion may therefore be considered the first properly organized national guard or state militia known to the world.

Among the ancient Irish the term "clansman" was equivalent to the modern term, "citizen," and in the Hibernian mind the quality of citizenship was inseparably associated with the duties of the soldier. Such is the case to-day in Switzerland; and though the Swiss are among the most peaceable and law-abiding of people, they are the most war-like of men, and possess, at this time, a militia system the most complete and perfect in the world.

The military spirit of the Swiss, as well as the perfection of their militia system, is entirely due to the prevailing estimate of "the citizen"—an estimate that places first among the integrals of citizenship the defense of the nation—the duties of the soldier, principles first formulated by Fion MacKool and given first practical effect in the formation of the Fenian militia.

SWITZERLAND'S NATIONAL GUARD.

Every Celt was a soldier by birth, and a citizen by inheritance. Each Swiss is a citizen by birth, and a soldier by law, being so declared by the Constitution of the State. Before this law all men in Switzerland stand equal; no man can be substituted for another. Money cannot purchase blood, and blood alone can prove patriotism and win honor. Exemption from service can be had only by officers of the Government, of public institutions, clergymen, students of theology, members of the police and pilots.

Exemption may also be extended to the only son, or one of the sons of a widow, or widower. In the later case, the widower must have passed his sixtieth year, and prove that his only son is necessary to his

support. A widower with minor children, and who has no means of support save the labor of his hands, may also be exempted as well as one or two brothers, whose labor is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of aged parents, or growing and helpless young.

The Council of State of each Canton appoints each year a Commission on Furlough. This Commission is composed of ten persons, four of whom represent the militia as follows: 2 commissioned officers, 1 corporal, 1 private. The Commission on Furlough acts under oath, grants exemption for physical defects, or want of height, passes men from one branch of the service to another, or relegates them from active service to the reserve. Five feet and one inch is the Swiss minimum military height, and the man of twenty, who cannot fill this measure is furloughed for two years, at the close of which period, if he still lacks, he is dismissed for good, as unavailable timber. Men convicted of crime, or of known bad character, are debarred from service, and once thus debarred, no man can hold a commission in the service of Switzerland.

The Swiss militia is composed of two great divisions—the Federal Contingent and the Landwehr. The first is divided in two general bodies—the Elite and the Reserve. The Elite is composed of persons between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years, and includes three per cent of the whole population. The Reserve contains no man above forty years of age, and includes one and one-half per cent of the population. The Landwehr is composed of men between the ages of twenty and forty-four.

The Landsturm is another and the *dernier* source of Switzerland's military strength; but it must not be confounded with the organized militia. It is, as its name implies, a *levy en masse*—a *dernier* resort, and consists of the whole male population capable of bearing arms, and not incorporated in the Elite or Reserve.

SERVICE OF THE SWISS.

Eight years is the term of service in the Elite, and no man can enter that body who has not passed through a complete course of primary instruction. Each Canton is charged with the primary instruction of

its militia, contingent to which purpose fifty-six days of each year is set aside.

The infantry, cavalry and riflemen, of the Elite, are called out annually for masse, skelton and battalion drill. Special attention is paid to the drilling of dragoons and guides, the drill occupies six days, three of which are devoted to the instruction of commissioned and non-commissioned officers—a practice that might be profitably duplicated by the militia of California.

Each alternate year is set aside for the drill and field practice of engineers and artillery—upon which occasions new phases and inventions of gunnery are tested and new theories of fortification and demolition are proved or exploded.

In addition to the foregoing, annual Federal camps are established to which the Cantons send their men that they may become familiar with camp life and the pomp and panoply of the larger combinations and movements. Those camps are on the highest grade of "the school of the soldier," and serve as a practical drill for commanders and staff officers.

The militia of Switzerland is subjected to a rigid annual inspection by Federal Colonels appointed by the general government; and if any want of perfection be detected in the contingent of any Canton, the inspectors have the power to order such additional drill as may, in the judgment of the inspecting officer, remedy the deficiency.

A colonel's commission is the highest military parchment issued by the government. Even the commander of all the forces of the Swiss Republic is only a General by courtesy. All officers, up to the rank of Major, are appointed by the Cantonal authorities. Colonels are appointed by the Federal government.

No one can be commissioned in the engineers, cavalry or artillery except such as have passed through a creditable course of instruction at a military school. In addition to the educational and technical qualifications required, two years service is exacted for the holding of the lowest commission—eight years for the commission of Major and twelve years for that of Colonel. All candidates for promotion must pass a public examination

As a result of her complete and well

nurtured militia system, Switzerland can place 300,000 well armed and well drilled men in the field; one hundred thousand men, armed, equipped and ready for action, can be placed in line within the limit of forty hours. When it is considered that the country contains only two million and a half of people, this showing is wonderful—almost incredible. But the official record proves the fact, and facts force credibility.

ORIGIN OF AMERICA'S MILITIA.

Sam Adams, a shoemaker of Boston, was the soul of the colonial secret society known as the Sons of Liberty. Adams and his comrades were the sowers of the seed from which sprang the Republic that to-day stretches its giant limbs from the lakes to the gulf and from sea to sea. From the seed thus sown leaped the Minute Men of New England whom the ride of Paul Revere roused from repose to light the torch of war, to build the pyre of tyranny, and to witness the travail of the grandest birth known to the maternity of nations.

The Minute Men were sworn to liberty and "The Continental Congress," *i. e.*, the nation and the constitution. They were the seed and soil of America's militia. Bancroft

The English Volunteers of to-day are not militia; they are sworn to the Crown, not the nation. They bear arms not by right but by the will of "Her Majesty." The same is true of the Royal Volunteers of colonial times; they were sworn to George, "the beast" and bore arms not by right, but by "the will of His Majesty." With a few noble exceptions, such as Warren and others—the King's Colonial Volunteers were officered by enemies of America—sycophantic snobs, toadies of "the Colonial court." While those officers were unable to hold all the rank and file of their several organizations, they filled the vacancies with dependents and hirelings and preserved the organisms intact for "the King." Former members who were taken with arms fighting for kith, kin and freedom, were held to the royal compact, tried and convicted of desertion, and executed. A notable incident of this kind occurred in Charleston, South Carolina, immediately after the fight at Concord.

THE MCCOYS.

Prior to revolutionary troubles, an old man named McCoy occupied a farm close to Charleston. He was a hard worker, stern of aspect and stalwart of frame. With his wife and only son—a noble specimen of young manhood, Mr. McCoy lived quietly and prosperously. Like many young men of the period, his son had joined one of the Colonial Volunteer companies. But the "Time that tried men's souls" came upon the country, and "Old McCoy" was spotted—he was known to be a pronounced and active "rebel." One morning, when talk and threats had given way to blows, the McCoy farmhouse was suddenly surrounded by the very Company of which the young man was a member. "Old Mac" was of the blood that rarely shirks and never surrenders, and hastily barricading his log home, he bade defiance to the king's hirelings, and fought like a tiger.

At the moment of attack, young McCoy was at work some distance from his home; roused and alarmed by the firing, he made haste to the scene of action, and arrived at the house, just as his former comrades-in-arms forced the door and swarmed upon his heroic father.

With the howling Tories the young man entered. He saw his father fighting savagely, surrounded by the cursing cowards; he saw him stagger and fall—he saw the stalwart old frame, with a mighty effort, force itself partially erect, resting painfully upon one knee, in which position, bleeding and faint, the gallant old hero continued to fight like a stag at bay.

All this he saw in a single glance, and wresting a weapon from the nearest Tory he dashed through the murderous circle and stood beside his dying sire.

The cruel conflict was brief and bloody. "Old Mac" lay dead, slashed and gored from head to foot. The young man lay bound and pinioned, desperately, if not fatally wounded.

Young McCoy, was borne, bound and bleeding to Charleston, where he was charged with "desertion and treason, in having been found and taken with arms in hand, fighting against the king's Colonial Dragoons of which he was a member and to whose oath of fealty he had subscribed."

Drum-head courts have a penchant for conviction, and as a matter of course young McCoy was found guilty as charged. He was publicly hanged in the market place amid the drunken jeers of a Tory mob. Hanged in the presence of his bowed and aged mother who, kneeling upon the ground, at the foot of the "Gallows Tree," wept not a tear, but prayed as Mary prayed at the foot of the cross; prayed for the souls that were gone—for the noble son and the hero sire—South Carolina's first font of blood in liberty's baptismal rites.

From the blood of the McCoy's, sprung the Minute Men of the South—the Swamp Angels—Marion's Men; and many a Tory whose drunken jeers embittered the last moments of liberty's young martyr found "The rest that knows no waking" at the hands of the sleepless Swamp Fox and his men.

Such, in brief, were the impulses and materials from which sprung America's militia. Its Fion MacKool, however, the master spirit that forced its permanent organization, the legal father who gave it lawful being, was the immortal Patrick Henry, of Virginia.

FIRST MILITIA MEASURE.

In the Old Dominion House of Representatives—"The Convention of the Counties and Corporations of Virginia"—Patrick Henry introduced the following resolutions on the twenty-third day of March, 1775:

Resolved: That a well-regulated militia, composed of gentlemen and yeomen, is the natural strength and only security of a free government; that such a militia in this colony would forever render it unnecessary for the mother country to keep among us for the purpose of our defence, any standing army of mercenary soldiers, always subversive of the quiet, and dangerous to the liberties of the people, and would obviate the pretext of taxing us for their support.

"That the establishment of such militia is, at this time, peculiarly necessary, by the state of our laws, for the protection and defence of the country, some of which are already expired, and others will shortly do so; and that the known remissness of government in calling us together in legislative capacity, renders it too insecure in this time of danger and distress, to rely, that opportunity will be given of renewing them, in general assembly, or making any provisions to secure our inestimable rights and liberties, from those further violations with which they are threatened.

Resolved, therefore: That this colony be immediately put into a state of defence, and that there be a committee to prepare a plan for em-

bodying, arming, and disciplining such number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose."

These resolutions were adopted; and Patrick Henry, George Washington, Richard H. Lee, Robert C. Nicholas, Benjamin Harrison, Adam Stevens, Lemuel Riddick, Andrew Lewis, William Christian, Edmund Pendleton, Isaac Zane and Thomas Jefferson were appointed a committee to prepare a plan in accordance with the last resolution.

It was during the debate on these resolutions that the American Demosthenes delivered the tremendous storm of eloquence which stands to-day as a model of its kind and which closes with the ever living sentence: "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The Henry resolutions were the sills of our militia system; and with their passage was laid its legal foundation. Their pith and spirit were afterwards incorporated in the organic law of the nation and appear to-day in the constitution of every state of the Union.

CALIFORNIA'S MILITIA.

As the organization of the militia system ante-dates the birth of the Union, so the organization of California's militia ante-dates the birth of the State.

California never had a territorial existence under the laws of the United States. The country had a provincial government under Spain and Mexico, but was born to America, armed and equipped as a State.

California was admitted to the Union on September 9, 1850, and the first military company was organized in Sonoma County in 1848. This was a body of Americans now known as "The Bear Flag Pioneers."

Such is a resumé of the general history of the militia as an institution up to the organization of California as a State.

STATUS AND SERVICE OF THE N. G. C.

As this issue contains another paper wherein may be found a detailed statement of the strength and cost of the N. G. C., its armament, location, etc., I will only supplement the same as follows:

We have had seven Major-Generals of militia who succeeded in the following order: Lucius H. Allen, H. A. Cobb, D.

W. C. Thompson, Geo. R. Vernon, E. J. Lewis, W. H. L. Barnes, Walter Turnbull.

We have had nine Adjutant-Generals as follows: Wm. C. Kibbe, Geo. S. Evans, Jas. M. Allen, Thos. N. Cazneau, L. H. Foote, P. F. Walsh, Samuel W. Backus, John F. Sheehan and Geo. B. Cosby.

Generals Cosby, Walsh, Backus, Sheehan and Foote are still with us in the flesh, and all are gentlemen of social and official distinction.

The present *personnel* of the N. G. C. will compare favorably with any similar body in the Union. As an old soldier, however, and with the kindest of feelings I will venture to suggest the propriety of imitating the Swiss practice in the matter of creating and promoting militia officers, as well as the sound military policy of inaugurating consecutive skeleton drills for commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

That the militia of California contains all the essentials of an efficient and capable corps, goes without saying. That it is the stuff that braves the brunt of war, is true; and that its past has not been wholly an idle pageant is proved by the following extract from a report made by Adjutant Gen. P. F. Walsh and rendered by request of the Constitutional Convention of 1878:

I have examined the records of the cavalry battalion, consisting of four hundred officers and men, which left San Francisco on the twenty-first day of March, 1863, to join the Army of the Potomac, and served until the close of the war, and find the following casualties:

Killed, died of wounds and in prison.....	70
Wounded	55
Missing	13
Casualties in the Cal. Hundred: killed, died of wounds and in prison	13
Wounded	5

California also furnished eight infantry regiments, two cavalry regiments, one battalion of mountaineers, one battalion of native cavalry, besides a large number who went East to serve in both armies, in all not less than 20,000 men."

For valuable official data I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Ajt. Gen. Cosby and Gen. P. F. Walsh. I am thankful to both whom I respect as gentlemen and know as soldiers.

Of those who took a prominent part in the militia of 1861, J. G. Downey, of Los Angeles; John B. Frisbie, of the city of

Mexico; N. Green Curtis, of Sacramento; James L. English, also of Sacramento, and A. B. Dibble, of Grass Valley, I believe to be still "to the fore." Don Jose Covarubias and Don Andreas Pico have passed the last picket post of life. They were both Hispano-Americans, and Don Andreas had served in the service of Mexico as General of the Mexican

forces who opposed the Americans, and who were driven from Los Angeles by General Stephen W. Kearney. General John A. Sutter has also passed the rubicon, and sleeps the sleep of death. Green be the memory of the dead—they were good men and true!

P. S. DORNEY.



ENCAMPMENT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD AT SANTA CRUZ, 1885.

THE MUSEUM.

FORTY MINCE-PIES.

Christmas memories come stealing over me about this time of the year, seeming like days of delight in a joyous procession. A happy childhood is one in which the first six months of the year are spent in recalling the joys of the past Christmas, and the next six preparing for the coming one, with Fourth of July and Thanksgiving and birthdays thrown in to relieve the tedium between.

There are those of Puritan ancestry who have imbibed the bitter hatred of those doughy old souls against celebrating Christmas, as a sort of Catholic mummery, and who devote all their energies to the observance of Thanksgiving instead, and they cannot understand why children lose their heads at the approach of the 25th of December. But there is something in Christmas that is pre-eminently suited to the childish heart—gifts and giving are easily understood by the youngest one of the flock.

As we have the holiday at present, it is surrounded by a number of customs and symbols gathered up from many nations of the earth, the origins of which are lost in antiquity. And this, doubtless, was one of the reasons that our Puritan ancestors took so little stock in Christmas.

I remember a joyous little celebration spent in the East, in the center of Pennsylvania, where in the midst of our Christmas-tree excitement, a strange man made his appearance and denounced my grandfather for permitting us to bow down and worship idols. To this day I can still feel the tremor and sensation of horror that came over me at the sound of his voice and his words. And yet from his point of view perhaps he was justified. The tree was worshipped

by the Druids, and undoubtedly borrowed from their old rites, and grafted on to Christianity when they adopted the new religion, and thus has come down to us.

Be this as it may, a Christmas is not half a Christmas that has no tree. It is like a breath from the forest, or a sigh from the wildwood, to smell the fresh, piny fragrance of the Christmas greens, and it is a delightful custom, whether borrowed from those sun-worshipping heathens or not.

There are a number of savors that must always accompany that piny odor, to make it seem like Christmas, and not the least of these is the aromatic mince-pie—not the counterfeit mince-pies found in the modern restaurant, but the real thing itself. I don't know why it is that I so seldom meet a real mince-pie nowadays. I think, possibly, that the halo of childhood and the freshness of the senses must have something to do with it. It is said that a legend hangs over the Christmas pie as well as the Christmas tree, and that it originated in the gift of frankincense and myrrh presented to Mary by the wise men. These spices were in time placed between two crusts, and by a course of evolution became the mince pie which descends to us of a later day.

I remember a season of mince-pie beside which all other mince-pies pale in comparison. It was when we lived in a deep canon of the Sierras, miles away from any other house, and in the long, cold winters we had to find our recreation within our own little family circle. In preparing for our Christmas, my mother devoted several days to baking, while myself and brothers danced around in delight at seeing that the promised time was nearly at hand.

The usual custom is to make up a great jar of mince-

meat and use it from time to time throughout the days succeeding the holidays; but this time, the winter was so cold and severe and everything seemed to favor the idea, so that she resolved to make up the entire jar at once. I remember seeing visions of mince-pies standing in rows—so many of them, that just out of curiosity, I counted them and found forty—forty mince-pies!

We had an addition built on to the house, commonly called an L, a room which in winter was utterly uninhabitable, it was so much like the Arctic regions. A fire made no appreciable difference in its temperature, so that it had to be abandoned for sleeping purposes. Into this natural refrigerator, we laid the multitude of pies, and during those long solemn nights of stillness and icy chill, or of tempest and snowy death we gathered close to the mery, crackling blaze, and told stories and riddles and sang songs; and then one of us would be sent into the "cold room" for our little banquet. In we would fly, seize the treasure, and dart out like a hero who had dared the goblins. Placing the frozen morsel between two pans, we would turn it over and over before the flame, and slowly upon the atmosphere would steal those delicious flavors, subtle and spicy, which belong to the mince pie, and the mince pie alone.

When cut into mathematical segments, each expectant youngster received his or her share, and smilingly absorbed the fragrant triangle. We were hardy children, Nature adapting us to battle with the cold, and the mince-pie seemed specially designed for the peculiarities which surrounded us. We never had the dreams that fall to the ordinary mince-pie eater, but slept peacefully and soundly after our feast, and awoke refreshed and ready to battle with the rigors of Nature again in the morning.

The long, bitter winter in the ice-bound canon would have long since faded from my mind, but it has become crystallized into a sort of dim legend, on account of the forty mince-pies.

TWO BAGS OF GOLD.

A TRUE STORY.

It was long, long ago, perhaps in the year of '52. One night, quite late, a miner bought a large bill of goods from the provision and grocery store of "Kelsey & Martin," of Sacramento. He was about to start for Frazer River, and the goods were to be shipped there for him. It being so late, and the man hesitating where to spend the night, one of the younger men of the firm invited him to stay with them in the room over the store, where they rolled themselves in their blankets and took it easy.

He accepted the invitation, and listened to the talk going on around him with a singular interest. It was steamer day and they were reading aloud the letters they had received from the folks at home. One read of Sally's new beau, and Mary's baby, and how anxious mother was, and another responded with a thoughtful letter from father, full of good advice, and a third read an affectionate, childish letter from a little sister, all breathing of a strong love for those far away wanderers, stretched on the hard floor with nothing but their blankets under them.

The old miner listened to these items with more than a passing interest, and the next morning, he sought out the head of the firm and asked to leave two bags of nuggets and gold-dust in their care.

Said he, "I listened to them letters last night, and they waz so good and homely, that I jest made up my mind that all you folks waz to be trusted around here. I dunno when I'll be back again, but I'd ruther leave it here than in a bank."

There were so many unconventional things done in those days, that no one expressed much surprise, and the miner went away leaving three thousand dollars worth of treasure in their care.

Two years had elapsed when the miner returned from his Frazer River trip. He was much older, much more weather-beaten, and had gathered only a small sum for his years of toil, but he had resolved to collect his money together and go to his home in the East, worn out with the privations and disappointments of a miner's life. He called at the store and was surprised to see the sign changed. An unfamiliar face greeted him.

"Isn't this the store of Kelsey & Martin?" he asked, beginning to be troubled.

"It was, sir, but it has passed out of their hands and belongs to me."

"Where can I find Mr. Kelsey?"

"Mr. Kelsey has been dead a year," was the startling response.

"And Mr. Martin?" the miner's face was a study.

"He went East, six months ago. Anything I can do for you?"

The miner shook his head gravely. "I don't see how I could have been mistaken. I'd do it over again. The fact is I left two bags o' gold-dust and nuggets here with them, but how I am aoin' to get 'em again, beats me."

"Just step in here, sir, and tell me the circumstances," and he led the way.

When the miner had finished the odd little story with full reference to Sally's beau, and Mary's baby, and how worried mother was, the incidents of the letters they read aloud to each other, the owner of the store opened his safe and said, "Mr. Seaman, here is your property. Your nuggets are identically the same, but the gold dust, we made use of to tide us over a financial stress, and it put us on our feet again. We would have gone to the wall without it. But it is safe and sound, replaced several months ago, and here is the interest for the use of it. See I here it is on my books to your credit. I was one of the young men that you met up stairs that night, but I have grown a beard since then, which was the reason you did not recognized me."

Words cannot express the miner's grateful surprise, but when he gained possession of his speech, he said, heartily, "Well, now, I knowed it. A lot o' young men with such good relations back home, as them there folks that writ them there letters—they're most always safe to leave yer money with. I tel yer, famerly's a great thing."

LOGICAL.

An Evolutionist was talking of his belief the other day. "Why," said he, "Evolution can explain everything. For instance now—its plain enough why children are afraid of the dark. When we were monkeys, we could escape from all the wild beasts of the forest easily enough in the daytime, but at night, in the darkness, we hid in the trees with fear and trembling, completely at the mercy of serpents and all kinds of horrible foes—and this is why, to this very day, that we imagine the darkness is filled with horrid shapes and monsters," and he glanced around to see if any one would dare to refute it.

"Well, if that's so," said little Rosebud, visibly giving her curls a shake to dash off a repulsive blue-bottle, "I think I must have been sugar once, cause I hate flies so."

A RACE FOR AN APPLE.

"Let's have a race!" cried Billy to his brothers.

"And I'll give my big red apple to the one that wins," said his pretty little sister.

As they came in panting and breathless, she cried, "Billy! its yours! you came in ahead."

He planted his teeth in its juicy red cheek, then recoiled with a shudder.

"I didn't win the race after all," he said dryly, "for there's been a big worm got in ahead o' me."

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

CHRISTMAS.

So the old year is sinking slowly, but surely to its latter end! We may mourn its decease, but we meet it with good cheer amid family rejoicings. Christmas is the time of good cheer and happy reunions; the children are all a tip-toe with expectancy, and as the warm breath of summer gradually gives place to the settling chill of the dying year, we bury past animosities, forget old troubles and turn our thoughts above the common places of everyday life. When the crisp air tingles our cheeks we catch the spirit of

expectancy from each other; the dispersed members of families long to meet once more, the holiday attire is donned and all the world seems kind and smiling.

When the children begin to talk of Christmas, fond parents remember with sweet sadness the dear old bye-gone days when they were themselves bright, happy children. The present seems drawn closer to the past; the children's joys and sorrows seem more closely blended with our own, until at length amid laughter and romping, we forget that we are children no longer.

Come dear old father Christmas with thy mirth and

laughter! Come for the children! Come for the parents! and bring, and in the plenteousness of thy love, toys for the little ones and sweet, happy reminiscences for all. Lift our souls above the petty cares and troubles of every day life, and keep ever before us the blameless life of Him who was sacrificed on the cross!

Christmas is the time when we should banish all unhappy thoughts. What should we care that we are all a year older, or for the past sorrows? Let us say with the poet:

"Then what avail are grief and tears,
Since life that came must go,
And brief the longest tide of years
As waves that ebb and flow.

"For each, oh, be there many years,
Apart from every woe;
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow."

When the midnight chimes ring out upon the expectant air and toll the knell of another departed year, the GOLDEN ERA will have entered upon the thirty-fifth year of its existence.

This original publication has stood the shock of many a reverse. It is like a circum-polar star which has sunk to its lower culmination, without going out of sight altogether. It is in the ascendant now, and will gradually climb to the zenith, until it shines out with a pure and effulgent lustre. The star of the GOLDEN ERA's destiny will never set—it has too many friends; and those who lost sight of it when it went down, and close to the horizon, now begin to recognize it again as it ascends; and they welcome it cordially, too, as the friends of their by-gone days.

We are pleased to be able to say that the GOLDEN ERA has of late made wonderful strides, as the last numbers most indicate. We may cordially thank our supporters and wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WOMEN AS WRITERS.

In a back number of the GOLDEN ERA we find it stated that Mr. J. M. Foard, one of the original proprietors, complains that the effect of allowing women to contribute was to kill this journal with their "namby-pamby, school-girl trash." The GOLDEN ERA does not seem to be very dead just now in spite of the fact that many of our articles come from female writers. Perhaps Mr. Foard had some grounds for his unhappy remark, but however that may be he was not careful enough in arriving at his conclusion. The only grounds that we can admit he has any claim to, is the fact that women more often write of what they know, and should know least about, than men do. In the case of general experience of life men see more, and are obliged to learn more than women. When a woman writes a story she is, in most cases, obliged to gain her knowledge of the world from reading other authors, and as a natural consequence her writings are more or less formed after the style of some favorite writer. There is a very interesting book by J. S. Mill called "The Subjection of Women"—not the *subjugation* mind, in which the author shows very clearly that women's writing is not of necessity inferior to that of men. The great difference, as he points out, is that as yet women, in their writings, have not originated a style of their own: that as men were the originators of science and literature, women who are as yet only beginners in these subjects have been under the necessity of copying, as all young writers are, the only style in existence; that when women are sufficiently far advanced to originate a new style of literature in which they can give full swing to their feelings, a new era will begin in the writing of fiction.

There seems to be a good deal of truth in this, and it probably explains why we have had no female writer equal to Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespeare, etc. What can respectable women (as a rule) know about many of the subjects, which have made the reputation of these writers? We have been accustomed to look upon the styles of these writers as the acme of story-telling, because we have not as yet seen the other side. There is a great field in literature open to women in the future, if they will only try to discover a new style. Now a-days women have much more encouragement to write than they had a few years ago. They write much more for magazines than of old, and also read more. Magazines are read just about twice as often by women as by men, and the former appear to be beginning to take an interest in each other's writings. We have often heard women refuse to read certain books because they happened to be written by persons of their own sex; but we hope such sentiments have died out by this time.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Has Henry George resolved the Political Economic question? No! decidedly, he has not, though he has done per-

haps more toward it than Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill. If there had been no Adam Smith there would have been no Henry George, and those who are inclined to give George the best praise, because he has built upon the life work of the earlier political economists, and has raised it one step nearer the objective point, should remember that the science of political economy as it stands at present, will never completely solve the problem. To solve this complex question it is necessary to touch upon many more sciences than are usually supposed to be necessary for its solution. The best example of our meaning will be found in a close perusal of Buckle's "History of Civilization in England." The political economists of the present school confine themselves strictly to one narrow course of argument. In all solution hitherto propounded (or nearly all) the element of human character, for instance, has been ignored. Thus it is then, that a new class of thinkers is beginning to be required; for as the science stands now, it has been carried to such a degree of perfection that a man similar to Buckle is required, who will take the investigation of metaphysicians, historians, naturalists, etc., and forces them to a single point, namely; a "science of existence," or some such term in substance. As we conceive it, all the sciences tend to the betterment of the human race; so that each individual science is but a factor in the whole equation. The undertaking of Buckle will be again taken up where he unfortunately left it by his untimely death, and carried on by philosophers of a new grade.

One of the first things necessary to establish is (it appears to us) that there are, in nature, no hard and fast rules of universal application. This is generally understood in a vague sense by a great number of unthinking people as well as by the thoughtful. But in these simple words there is something back of the sense in which it appears to strike most people. Take the human will for instance. It cannot be denied that the human will is subject to extraneous influences, though it is to a great extent under the control of each individual. If the human will is not absolute, nothing can be absolute for reasons which it would take too long here to explain. Every mind is the slave of its own constitution, and all minds are not subject to the same influences. If the wish, which is father to the thought, does not occur, the thought will not occur. We can never make all men wish alike much less think alike; hence it is an utter fallacy to attempt to make rules of universal application. Every rule must admit of exceptions, and every rule should be an exact mean between extremes.

The science of political economy has been pushed to a great extent, but the art remains yet to be discovered. John Stuart Mill says in substance that art presupposes science, and that each art is evolved from either one or several sciences. Hitherto political economists have not used a sufficient number of sciences to discover the art they are in quest of; but as it is first necessary to pursue each individual science to the end, the work that has now been done will be of lasting value in this connection. It appears to us that the point has now been reached beyond which very little can be done until some new science is applied.

This is an all-important subject, and it is remarkable that more men do not take it up in preference to other subjects.

PROF. W. T. ROSS.

It is with pleasure that we call attention to the important work being accomplished by this well known elocutionist. In addition to supervising the proofs of his new book, "Voice Culture and Elocution," he has a large class in Sacramento, another at the Y. M. C. A. of this city, regular classes at Trinity School, and also classes and private pupils at his parlors in St. Ann's building, No. 6 Eddy street. Prof. Ross is thorough in everything he does. There is no half-way work, and the results of his work border on the marvelous. We doubt if there is another teacher in the country more successful in voice building. He has strengthened many a weak voice, and thereby added the power of usefulness to professional men and women. Prof. Ross is a scholar, and has a thorough understanding of that which he teaches. To be under his instruction means hard work, and improvement. His terms are reasonable. His book will be sent to any address for \$1.00 Write for circulars to Prof. Ross, 6 Eddy street.

PRIZE POEM.

In November we offered a prize of thirty dollars for the best poem on Sutor Hights. About twenty poems were placed in competition by December 1st. The judges Hon. A. J. Moulder, J. J. Owen and S. M. Shorridge, in awarding the prize to "A Legend on Sutor Hights," Madge Morris proved to be the lucky poet. The poem is printed in this issue. All who have read the advance sheets pronounced the poem worthy the genius of the talented writer

SKETCHES ON WHEELS.

Mr. Harr Wagner will resume his sketch, "On Wheels," with the January number. He will visit San Antonio, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Chicago.

VAIN NOTES.

"Re-married," by C. R., rejected. All writing should entertain, or preach a moral. Yours simply stupefies the intellect.—Dr. A. S. Condon, the poet of Utah, has been writing a humorous critique on literary forgeries for the Salt Lake *Tribune*.—"The Land Question," by Judge Maguire, is the title of a series of articles to appear in the ERA.—C. S. W. In reply to your question, "Name the three brightest women in California," would say, you analyze yourself, then ask, "Who are the other two?"—M. T. K. The *San Franciscan* is the best literary weekly on the Coast.—Hazel. Glad to see you back, but regret to say that your verses are too amatory for publication.—A continued

story by Carrie Stevens Walter, a poem by Madge Morris, "A Bear Hunt in Mendocino," by F. M. Stone, "Ethics of Suicide," by Dr. Brown, "The Geological Phases of Sutro Heights," by Adele Brown Carter, and a number of other articles intended for this issue, will appear in the January number.—"An unexpected Smack" has been rejected. The merit of a smack is in the sweetness expected. Try your unexpected smack upon a magazine or journal edited by a lady.—Will the lady who sends us a poem beginning, "Let me kiss you," please send her address to the editor of the *Maverick*.—A. K. You asked me confidentially why the ERA does not raise its standard and pin it up? I reply, because you would not read it, nor would the other subscribers if it were not for the delightful sensation of finding now and then a rare gem, and more rarely an error in its pages devoted to the literature—not of the cultured, but of the people.—Amador. We cannot accept your "Christmas Story". Christmas literature must be very good, else it is very bad. It is mostly the latter.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

B. P. Moore's book, "Endura," has met with a fair and steady sale. The entire edition will be disposed of within six months.

Mrs. Jean Bruce Washburn is one of the most voluminous writers in California, and belongs to the old school of authors. She has eight or ten ordinary volumes of unpublished MSS., of stories, poems and dramas, also as much more that has appeared in print. She used to write for the early Eastern literary journals. Her industry is marvelous, and all her writings show the evidence of culture and careful work.

"Montezuma," and the "Legend of a Kiss," are for sale at C. Beach's store.

THE ART AMATEUR for December, is devoted specially to illustrations of the unique style of Bume Jones' works of art.

OUTING, beautifully illustrated, contains a charming article by Thomas Stevens, "Around the World on a Bicycle."

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, devoted mostly to Southern war articles, presents an interesting class of literature from the other standpoint.

THE CENTURY contains a humorous sketch by Mark Twain on the war, in which he says "he learned more about retreating than the man who invented retreating." The short stories are utterly pointless, but the engravings are superb.

THE LEGEND OF A KISS, by Henry Sade, is a charming yet tragic story told in verse, of the flower that grows in England, called the "Kissing Cup." There are many pretty lines and ideas which are worthy of a little more mechanical skill in the carving and setting.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE promises a new dress, and new editorial management for its next number with the price reduced to \$2.00. Its articles are always good, and of great interest, while the short stories are noted for brightness and motive.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY contains an interesting article

on "How to make Christmas Presents," very appropriate for this time of year.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE has an interesting article from the pen of Canon Farrar entitled, "Shall America Have A Westminster Abbey?"

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW replete with national articles, has a gem in Robert Ingersoll's tribute to Lincoln in "Motley and Monarch," while Rosecran's sketch, "The Mistakes of Grant," is in exceeding bad taste.

ARTHURS HOME MAGAZINE presents items and short stories relative to the domestic circle, particularly a sketch on Christmas gifts.

ST. NICHOLAS with a new cover, comes in all its glory, radiant with story and picture, Mrs. Barnett's tale of "The Little Lord of Fauntleroy," increasing in exquisite tenderness, and Frank Stockton's "Fruit of the Fragile Palm," provoking a comical smile.

THE ART INTERCHANGE brings an autumn study as well as the usual designs and art decorations.

THE ST LOUIS MAGAZINE contains a short sketch of Madge Morris, our California poet.

THE CURRENT issues 1,500 sample copies a week, and sends them broadcast over the country.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, a new musical and literary journal, published by Broderick & Co., has a sketch on California wild flowers, by Ella Sterling Cummins, and also a sketch of Edgar S. Kelley.

It was our good fortune recently to attend a reception tendered Walter B. Lyons, Grand Secretary of Odd Fellows by the member of the order in this city, and we have never seen a more artistically arranged table than the one set on that occasion by Mrs. Kate L. Hart, of the "Home Lunch Room." It was in buffet style, with a center piece three feet high, resting on a French plate mirror in a heavily chased silver frame. Crystal and silver epergnes and bonbon stands occupied the four corners of the buffet, and on each end stood two massive candelabra, every available spot was filled with the choicest eatables, and the whole was profoundly decorated with smilax and chrysanthemum. Although but recently starting in this line of business, Mrs. Hart has met with the most unqualified success, and already has an assured position as caterer for the California Commandry of Knights Templar, the S. F. and Cal. Chapters of R. A. M., the Congregational Club of San Francisco, and many others.

THE THEATERS.

NEVADA'S second advent into San Francisco was almost a disappointment.

JUDIC AT THE BALDWIN. —Judic, the fair, piquant Parisian comedienne! She makes the greatest "hit" with her eyes. The voice sings French, the naughty, beautiful eyes talk purely accented English.

During the season the following combinations will appear at the Bush-street theatre, presenting, as it does, a list of first-class attractions rarely offered.

M. B. Leavitt's European Specialty Company.
Alvin Joslin Co. and his \$10,000 Challenge Brass Band.
Alice Harrison in her New Musical Comedy, "Hot Water."
Milan Grand Italian Opera Troupe—50 Artists.
Evans & Hoey's "Parlor Match" Company.
Buffalo Bill and his Great Show.
Harrison & Gourlav's Co.
Tony Pastor's Grand Combination.
Edouin & Sanger's "Bunch of Keys" Co.
Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hart in their New Comedy, "Buttons."

Lillian Russell Opera Bouffe Company.
Eugene Tompkins' "A Tin Soldier" Company.
Mlle. Aimee, in English.
Harry and John Kernell's Double Attraction.
Baker & Farron in their "Soap Bubbles."
Tony Denier's Pantomime Company.
Hallen & Hart First Prize Ideals.

THE Rankins are nothing, if not successful—and they are never nothing.

"Allan Dare" is a greater success than was even "A Wall-street Bandit," which it succeeded at the California. The secret of attraction in its first night was the *debut* of Mrs. Susie Williams. Critical San Francisco was evidently pleased with her acting.

Miss Trella Foltz has a prominent part in "Allan Dare." She has a sweet girlish face, and witching manner, and is winning the hard-earned laurels of her chosen profession.

"Allan Dare" is an American play dramatized by an American author, and enthusiastically received by San Franciscans—Americans are slowly learning to appreciate their

own. The arrangement of the play is good—but it could be improved.

McKee Rankin, as Macbeth, was not at his best. In "Allan Dare," he makes of the ideal man, a living reality. Mr. Rankin is so imitable in "49" that one who has seen him in that play imagines a subtle flame of it pervades whatever else he undertakes.

Little Minnie Tittle is a cunning "Midget."
Col. Ed. Price is the most popular manager the California has had for years.

J. J. Wallace, as Mungo Park, is master of the art of impersonation.

With so strong a cast, "Allan Dare" could not be other than the success which it is.

Mrs. McKee Rankin is in the country. The absence of this favorite of San Francisco artists is strikingly conspicuous.

The latest attraction at the Tivoli is the "Three Guardsmen." The performance at this popular place of amusement is so very good that, were it not for the smoke of tobacco and the smell of beer, one could mistake it for a dollar-and-a-half-admittance opera.

Miss Mabel Bert has an exquisitely pretty form.

"Dreams," at the Bush, are very waking dreams—the kind of dreams one likes to see repeated. There is enough of nightmare in real life.

Charlie Reed's laughter-provoking burlesques continue to keep crowded houses at the Standard. He is the prince of fun-makers, and

"The sad, old earth must borrow its mirth."

(Ella Wheeler and Col. Joyce will please observe that this line is quoted).

"The Battle of Waterloo" still rages in its mysterious panorama, which mysteriousness is probably the hidden source of its long continuance. There is always the witchery of fascination about that which we cannot fathom.

Mazzanovich's scene painting is making him an enviable fame.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" will be the Kiralyts' opening at the California.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Christmas Goods.

At this season of the year, when beautiful and appropriate holiday presents constitute the principal thought in the minds of nine out of ten people, we feel that we can interest a proportionate part of our readers by drawing attention to the magnificent selection of goods which Col. Andrews, of the Diamond Palace, has just imported from Paris and Berlin. These goods include superb toilet sets, various useful articles inclosed in exquisite ornaments, ladies' writing desks, beautiful plaques set in plush, satchels, ladies' work boxes and leather goods of all descriptions. Next to the uniquely artistic devices and shapes in which these goods are worked, the things which attracts one's attention most in regard to them, is the surprisingly low prices. Of the Col.'s grand collection of diamonds it seems almost superfluous to speak. His reputation as the diamond merchant of the Pacific Coast, has long since been established. We may mention, however, that, being somewhat overstocked, the Col. has determined to mark all his precious stones at 5 per cent above cost, for cash.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1886 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preserva-

tion and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the alacand, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1886 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot secure one in his neighborhood.

READ THIS.

Mr. A. H. Baldwin, formerly McDowell & Baldwin, of the New San Francisco Carpet Beating Machine, 1321 and 1323 Market Street, has improved new machinery throughout. He calls for carpets, cleans and relays them, all in one day. Renovating and refitting carpets a specialty. Telephone 3036. Only first-class workmen employed—no Chinamen.

HOMCEOPATHIC REMEDIES.

We show elsewhere, on a purple page, Boericke & Schreck's family medicine cases. They are invaluable to residents of the interior. We take great pleasure in endorsing them, and recommend them to our subscribers. Send for "Guide to Health." Sent free on application. Address, BOERICKE & SCHRECK, 234 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Read the advertisement of Dr. Pierce & Co.'s in this issue.

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While the sale of the adulterated brands of many American manufacturers has been prohibited in Great Britain, our **ABSOLUTELY PURE GOODS** have attained the largest popular sale ever known in Cigarettes in that country, with a steadily increasing demand.

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Pierce & Co, have recently placed a beautiful case of their goods in J. H. Widber's drug store, cor. Market and Third St.

Smith's Cash Store is unequalled on this coast for the line of goods and prices. Read the full-page advertisement and if you see anything you want, send for it. We will guarantee that you will obtain perfect satisfaction.

THE GOLD MEDAL.

No California piano received the gold medal at New Orleans, but Behr Bros., of New York, Ivers & Pond, of Boston, did receive the medal Kohler & Chase, 139 Post Street, Agents.

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Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Volcanic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

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L. A. Bonnore, M. D.

Dr. Bonnore has been located in San Jose for many years and has treated thousands of difficult cases successfully. Educated abroad, with natural talents as a physician, she has gained the confidence and patronage of the public. If you are afflicted, try Dr. Bonnore. New methods are oftentimes successful when all else fails, and you may be assured of successful and intelligent treatment. Mrs. Bonnore has her excellent remedy, the Electro-Magnetic Liniment, for sale. It is a wonderful remedy and worthy a trial. Call on or address L. A. Bonnore, 797 and 799 South First Street, San Jose.

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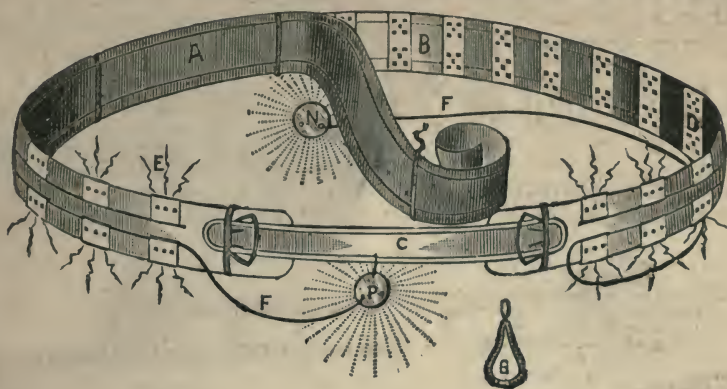
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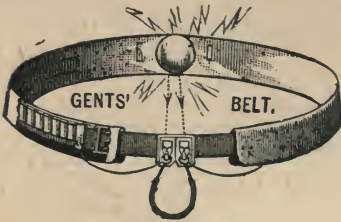
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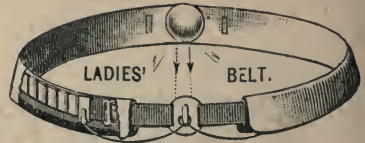
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