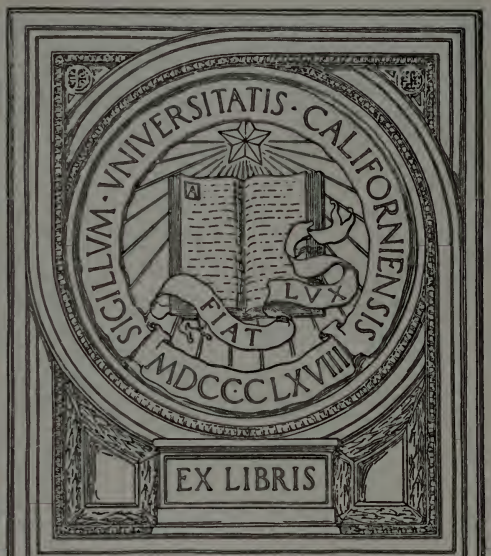
PACIFIC HISTORY STORIES

Harry Wagner



EDUCATION DEPT.

No. 257

WESTERN SERIES OF READERS

Pacific History Stories

ARRANGED AND RETOLD FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY

HARR WAGNER, A. M.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

—BERKELEY.

VOLUME I.

SAN FRANCISCO
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PREFACE.

THE voyages of discovery and notable events of the West Coast of America have not been accessible to the teacher and pupil. An honest attempt has been made by the writer to bring this knowledge to the schools in the form of an historical reader. The book is designed for the middle grades. The direct form of narrative has been observed; clearness of statement, short words, and the human side of history have been made characteristic features.

The stories of Balboa, Magellan, Cabrillo, Drake, the Discovery of Gold, the Bear-Flag Republic, and others are interesting on account of the human and heroic side of the adventures. Where is the boy whose vision will not be enlarged by the picturesque situation of Balboa —

"Silent on a peak of Darien"?

The aim has been to make this a school-book for the teaching of Western history. The mechanical forms of numbered paragraphs and formal questions have not been introduced, because the progressive teacher desires to avoid the stiffness of the average text-book.

An effort has been made to teach history on the principle of correlation. For this purpose the geography of the West and Southwest Coast must be thoroughly studied.

Myths, legends, and inaccurate descriptions have been avoided. Sufficient authorities and original documents have been consulted so that impartial statements could be made.

On the pedagogical basis, that knowledge of the child should be builded on the foundation of facts that lie nearest to it, this book should have preference over the history stories of other lands.

This book is the first volume in the "WESTERN SERIES OF READERS," for supplementary work. The second volume will contain "PACIFIC SCIENCE STORIES."

The story of Fremont and the account of "Old Californians" were written by Joaquin Miller.

Topics for school composition may be taken from the different stories. The pupil will not then be puzzled for material, and there will be plenty of opportunity for original suggestions and descriptive writing.

Teachers will use different methods; but all teachers who desire to be successful will use the blackboard, the globe, maps, and drill on new words.

Permission to use the several poems by Bret Harte was kindly granted by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN PREPARATION.

EXCELLENT results in reading may be obtained by teaching the geography and literature of an article before the child is given the task of the interpretation of the thought.

Example—An outline map, showing the location of Spain, Hayti, Darien, and the point where Balboa took possession of the Pacific, should be drawn by the pupil.

The story should not be read until the pupil has studied it, and has been drilled, and drilled, on the proper names and unfamiliar words.

The voyages of Magellan, Cabrillo, and Drake open up for the larger vision of the child the Southern Seas and the entire coast of the Pacific, from Cape Horn to the Golden Gate. It is a vision that begins with the child's experience and extends almost to endless space. The child's mind, in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh grades, is especially susceptible to expansion.

The "PACIFIC HISTORY STORIES" have the advantage of appealing more strongly to the pupil than a trip to the moon, because they are real, and the geography of the stories is more or less familiar.

The teacher may develop the correlation of Geography, History, and Literature in these stories.

The historical information is valuable; but the main purpose of the book is to place in the hands of the teacher a volume that will stimulate a desire in the pupil for historical

reading, accurate thinking, and form a basis for the human side of the history and geography of the West.

The pictures in the book should be used to make more effective the text. The teacher should frequently refer to them, and have the pupils note the characteristic features of each one. Several of the pictures are from drawings of J. D. Strong, who was with Robert Louis Stevenson in the South Pacific Seas.

The blackboard words, and even the reference topics, should be correctly written on the board, on paper or slate. The more definite the emphasis, the deeper the impression.

Carlyle, in his advice to his nephew, said in reference to history: "Never read any such book without a map beside you; endeavor to seek out every place the author names, and get a clear idea of the ground you are on; without this you can never understand him, much less remember him. Mark the dates of the chief events and epochs; write them; get them fixed into your memory — chronology and geography are the two lamps of history."

HARR WAGNER.

A KEY FOR PRONOUNCING WORDS OF SPANISH DERIVATION.

A THOROUGH drill on the following sounds will be helpful. The children of the Pacific Coast are required to use many foreign words. In pronunciation of Spanish words—

give *a* the sound of *ah*;

give *e* the sound of *ay*;

give *i* the sound of *ee*;

give *j* the sound of *h*;

give *o* the sound of *oh*;

give *u* the sound of *oo*;

h is silent;

ll is sounded like *lli* in million;

ñ is sounded like *ny* in *lanyard*;

hua is sounded like *wa* in *water*.

SOME NOTABLE VOYAGES.

1492—Columbus discovers certain West Indian Islands.

1497—John Cabot discovers land in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

1498—Vasco da Gama rounds the Cape of Good Hope.

1499—Amerigo Vespucci discovers the northern coast of South America.

1513—Balboa discovers the Pacific Ocean.

1513—Ponce de Leon discovers Florida.

1519—Cortez conquers Mexico.

1519—Magellan sails for the East Indies.

1531—Pizarro conquers Peru.

1539—Hernando de Soto fits out his expedition.

1540—Coronado discovers the Colorado.

1542—Cabrillo sails along the Coast of California.

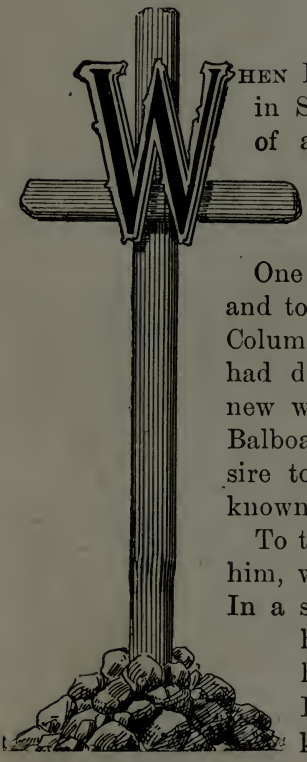
1577—Sir Francis Drake circumnavigates the globe.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Balboa Taking Possession of the Pacific Ocean, Its Islands and Firm Lands, and All the Shores Washed by Its Waves.

THE STORY OF HOW BALBOA DISCOVERED THE PACIFIC.



Balboa's Cross.

WHEN Balboa was a little boy, he lived in Spain. He was seventeen years of age when Columbus discovered America. He was a poor boy, and worked for a deaf man, the lord of Moguer.

One day a stranger came to the place and told him about the great deeds of Columbus and the wonderful land he had discovered. The stories about the new world filled Balboa with a desire to visit unknown lands.

To think, with him, was to act. In a short time, he found himself in Hayti, then known by

Reference Topics.

The Barrel Incident.
Balboa's Marriage to the Indian Chief's Daughter.
Life in Darien.
The First Mention of the Western Sea.
First Sight of the Pacific Ocean.
Balboa Takes Possession, Sept. 29, 1513.
Death of Balboa.

the musical Spanish name, Hispaniola. He tried farming, but with no great success. He produced more debts than anything else, and debts were as much trouble then as now.

In order to avoid the people he owed, he hid himself in a barrel. It was rolled on board a ship. When the captain, Encisco, found him, the ship was too far out at sea to put him off. The captain was angry; but Balboa smiled and said: "I know a country where there is a lot of gold. I'll take you to it."

The captain, seeing that he was a brave, handsome young man, decided to make use of him. On the advice of Balboa, Encisco sailed for Darien.

The sailors liked Balboa better than they did their captain; so they chose him for their leader, and sent Encisco back.

Balboa became friendly with the native chiefs. One day two men came into his camp, dressed in the skins of wild beasts. They told him about the "Great Water" on the other side of the mountain, and of the land of gold, afterward known as Peru. They said that an Indian chief who lived near by had much gold.

The chief was taken prisoner and robbed of his gold by the Spaniards. He wanted to be friendly, and so gave Balboa his daughter in marriage. He then led him to a place where there was a rich vil-

lage. They found plenty of food and a fine drink made from palm-juice, which the Indians called "Tuba."

The chief had a boy who gave Balboa gold. It was divided among the men. Balboa kept a share for his red dog with the black snout, called "Little Lion."

The men fought about their share of gold. The young chief parted them, and said: "You fight about such stuff; for this you make us slaves and burn our towns. Beyond the mountains is a great sea. The rivers that run into it are filled with gold; the people drink from golden cups."

Balboa had heard about the big sea and the gold many times before. He made up his mind that he would cross the high mountain and see if the stories he heard were true.

He took with him about two hundred men,* a lot of bloodhounds, including his favorite "Little Lion," and Indians. On the 6th of September, 1513, he began his march to the sea. It was a fearful trip.

Darien, now known as the Isthmus of Panama, has seen the wrecks of many lives of people who have tried to cross it since that time. On the eastern coast it is full of sandy marshes; farther

* Pizarro, who afterwards conquered Peru, was with Balboa on this journey.

inland dried and perished vegetation stands, like skeleton sentinels, above the green of the underbrush, which is protected from the fiery hot sun by its own denseness. The silent hotness of the place

In the Swamps of Darien.

is great. No song of bird is heard. It is like the twilight stillness of a country lane before sound of cricket rasps the ear.

Through the hot glare of the sun and the languorous heat of the marshes marched Balboa and his men, clad in clumsy armor. At night the

swamps were full of pests; big snakes fell from the trees on the men; monkeys chattered in the trees; weird, strange birds, with beautiful feathers, screeched; the wild tiger growled; fever lurked in the air; even the palm-trees were covered with poisonous vine..

At last they came to the foot of a high mountain. Porqué, a chief, with one thousand men, met Balboa. "What do you want? I will kill every one of you if you try to cross my path." Balboa marched right on.

Porqué and his men tried to stop him with their big war-whoops. When the Spaniards fired their guns and let loose their bloodhounds, six hundred of the Indians were killed.

Balboa and sixty of his men now started to climb the mountain. The bushes were so thick the men had to cut paths with their sabers. At last Balboa reached the top of the mountain. He stood, as Keats said of Cortez,—

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Before him was a great ocean. He would be the first to see it. It would bring him great glory. Who can picture the joy in his heart as he beheld the Southern sea, the mightiest ocean of the globe, its white foam fringing more than half the world. With the majesty of the ocean before him and the

majesty of God above him, he turned his eyes from one to the other and uttered a silent prayer.

As the men came up, Balboa said: "There, my friends, is the reward of your labors. You are the first Christians to behold that sea!" The men shouted for joy. They built a cross and piled stones around it.

They put the name of the ruler of Spain on the trees. Then Balboa, in a loud voice, said: "I take possession of the Southern sea, with all its islands and firm lands, and all the shores washed by its waves." A paper was then drawn up and signed by each man, telling how they were the first to see the big ocean.

The Indians did not know why Balboa was so interested about it. It is doubtful if Balboa himself knew that the knowledge he gained would change the map of the world.

He wanted to touch the water with his hands. It was on the 29th of September, St. Michael's day, 1513, that he sat down upon a grassy slope and waited for the return of the tide.

When the sand was covered one or two feet, Balboa, dressed in his armor, holding his sword and a banner, with the Virgin and Child on one side, and on the other the arms of Spain, marched into the water. He read to the waves and the silences quite a long speech, using large words.

He claimed that the sea was his, and all the islands and all the lands the waters touched, upon the belief that "finders are keepers," and took possession of everything in sight in the name of the sovereign of Spain. He declared that he was able to fight all the other nations on the face of the earth. It was a big speech.

Balboa did not name the sea the Pacific Ocean. It was not known by that name until some years afterward, when Magellan sailed through the "Straits of Eleven Thousand Virgins," now known by his name, and found a smooth, placid sea; and he gave it the name Pacific, which means calm, peaceful.

There is but little more to tell you about Balboa. On his return he did a very cruel thing. They came to a valley ruled by a rich Indian, Poncra. He fled from them and left his gold. They wanted to know where Poncra found so much gold; so his men captured him and brought him back.

Balboa asked: "Where did you get the gold?"

Poncra answered: "I know not; my fathers left it to me." He was tortured, but would tell no more. In an evil hour Balboa let the bloodhounds loose on poor Poncra, and they tore him to pieces.

The enemies of Poncra were pleased, and made Balboa king; but this cruel act will always stain his name.

The brave men returned in triumph on the 19th of January, 1514. They had been gone a little over four months, and brought back, not only a big sea, but gold, pearls, slaves, weapons, and cloth.

Balboa, Vasco Nuñez, a Spanish conqueror, was born of a noble but reduced family, at Xeres-de-Caballeros, in 1475. After leading rather a dissolute life in his youth, he sailed with Rodrigo de Bastidas to the New World. He settled at Hayti. In 1510, he joined the expedition to Darien, commanded by Encisco. An insurrection in the new colony placed Balboa in supreme command. September 25, 1513, he obtained the first sight of the Pacific from a mountain-top. The governorship of the territories conquered by Balboa was obtained in 1514 by Pedrarias Davila, by means of his intrigues at the Spanish court. Balboa resigned the command into the hands of the new governor, a narrow-minded and cruel man, and, in a subordinate position, undertook many important expeditions. His success only increased the hatred of Davila towards him. A dispute arose. Pedrarias induced Balboa to deliver himself up, promising him protection. In violation of all forms of justice, he was beheaded at Santa Maria, in 1517.

In Europe the news of the great sea created almost as much of a sensation as the discovery of America by Columbus.

Balboa devoted himself to serious things. He became very popular. The rulers were jealous of him. The governor of Darien was a weak and wicked man.

One day Balboa received a message that the governor wanted to see him. He had four hundred men, ships, and gold, and would not need to have obeyed the governor; but he was loyal. When he arrived he was put in chains.

The governor tried him for treason, and ordered him beheaded. He died a brave man, declaring that to Spain he was loyal and true. As time goes on, the good qualities of Balboa are remembered, and the evil forgotten.

The brave men of the sixteenth century had hard fates — Balboa and Raleigh beheaded; Columbus sent home in chains; Cortez, neglected and in poverty; Cabrillo and Drake died of exposure; Magellan — well, that is another story, which I will tell you in the next chapter.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Magellan (mȧ jĕl′lan), **Darien** (dā′rē-ĕn), **Cabrillo** (kä-brēl′yo), **Pacific** (pā-sĭf′ĭc), **governor** (gŭv′ern-er), **Encisco** (en-cēs′co), **Spaniard** (spăn′yerd), **majesty** (măj′es-ty), **Moguer** (mō-gâr′), **Hispaniola** (hĭs-păn-ĭ-ō′la), **sovereign** (sŏv′-er-ĭn, *or* sŭv′er-ĭn), **qualities** (kwŏl′ĭ-tĭz), **isthmus** (ĭs′mŭs), **Balboa** (bal-bō′ä).

And ever, as he traveled, he would climb
The farthest mountain; yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Nought but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "This world is great: but I am weak."

—George Eliot.

By the Balboa Seas

The golden fleece is at our feet,
Our hills are girt in sheen of gold
Our golden flower-fields are sweet
With honey hives. A thousand-fold
More fair our fruits on laden stem
Than Jordan's low'rd Jerusalem.

Beneath our ancient clovd clad trees
The ages pass in silence by
Gold apples of Hesperides
Hang at our god-land gates for aye
Our golden shores have golden keys
Where sound and sing the Balboa Seas.

-JOAQUIN-MILLER-

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen:
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
Oft of one wide expanse had been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a mild surmise
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

-KEATS-

MAGELLAN; OR, THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

FERNAN MAGELLAN grew to manhood in a quaint old town in Northern Portugal called Villa Real.

When a boy, he climbed the rugged, lofty mountains near his home, and hunted the wild boar, the deer, and other game. On the hillsides grew the luscious, purple grapes from which the famous port wine is made.

One day, when he looked out upon the wide sea, the hope came upon him to be a captain and sail ships.

His father,[1] who was a kindly man, asked: "What troubles you, Fernan?" and Fernan an-

Reference Topics.

Magellan's Boyhood.
Services for King Manuel.
The August Morning in 1519.
October 21, 1520.
On the Pacific.
Philippine Islands.
Death of Magellan.
Return of the Victoria.

swered: "I thirst for thrilling adventures by land and sea."

The father replied: "I 'll send you to our good King Manuel. He will find some exploit for you. A stalwart youth like you will find merit in his royal eyes."

Fernan bade farewell to his father and friends and appeared before the king, who received him with favor. It was not long before he sailed to the shores of Africa and India and fought many daring battles in the service of his native country.

Magellan's desire to be a great discoverer and sail to unknown lands led him to return to Portugal. The king was angry with him for leaving his post in Africa, and would not listen to his plan of sailing westward across the Atlantic to India.

A man who read fortunes by the stars sent Magellan to Spain. King Charles was a beardless boy, with a short, thick form, and a head of stubby, yellow hair; but he was brave and ambitious, and he ordered five vessels to be made ready for the daring captain from Portugal.

Fernan met his old sweetheart, Beatrix, in Seville. She had heard about his exploits in Africa. Her blushes told Magellan that she still loved him. Before he sailed they were married. It was with a sad heart that she watched the men filling the ships with food for the long, perilous voyage.

It was a warm, soft August morning in 1519, that the five little ships sailed from Seville, and left behind them the olive-crowned hills of Spain.

It was nearly two months before the ships reached the coast of South America. The men were glad to get on land once more. They found a place where there were thousands of parrots, and one of Magellan's men discovered growing in the ground an oval-shaped tuber that grew on a root.

Magellan, Fernan, or **Fernando,** was born in Oporto, of good family, near the close of the fifteenth century. He served with distinction under Albuquerque in the East Indies; but, King Manuel not rewarding him for his services, he went to Spain, in 1517, with Ruy Falero, a geographer and astrologer. They laid before Charles the Fifth a scheme to reach the Moluccas by sailing west. It was received with favor, and he sailed with five ships and two hundred and thirty-six men. He sailed to the mouth of the La Plata and and along the shores of Patagonia, through the straits which bear his name, and across the Pacific, and fell in a fight with the chief of the Isle of Matan, one of the Philippine Islands, April 26, 1521. His ship finally reached home, September 6, 1522, — the first complete voyage around the world.

The man said: "I have found an Italian chestnut growing in the ground." The chestnuts were roasted on coals, and tasted good. This, no doubt, is the first mention of the potato, which John Hawkins took to Ireland, in 1565, from South America, and is now known as the Irish potato.

As they sailed south, they came to a place where the Indians were as large as giants. One of the

sailors got a big Indian to look at himself in a mirror. It was so great a surprise to him that he gave a loud cry, and jumped back so suddenly that he knocked three or four sailors down. Magellan treated the Indians kindly, and in return was treated kindly by them.

Some of the sailors wanted to return to Spain and created a mutiny. Magellan, with the aid of a few friends, captured the leaders, and gave them no mercy. He ordered them shot, and then placed his friends in command.

On October 21, 1520, the heart of Magellan leaped with joy. He had discovered the Southern inlet; the straits that now bear his name.

"In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

When the fleet came to a favorable bay, two ships were sent forward. A storm arose. Magellan thought the ships would surely be lost, but in a few days they returned. The captain said: "Praise God, Admiral, we have found the outlet!"

Magellan took him in his arms and burst into tears. "Is it true? Have you seen the other ocean —the Western Ocean beyond?" "We have seen it," was the answer. Then there was rejoicing. It was a great day for Magellan and his brave sailors.

It was decided to sail over the sea and discover the Spice Islands, or Moluccas. It was a daring thing to do, but they were brave men. So they sailed out on the trackless and nameless sea.

One day he called his sailors about him and said: "Comrades, we are on an unknown sea — no ship has ever sailed in these gentle waters. Comrades, I will christen this calm, gentle sea, the Pacific." The sea was so calm that the ship made no progress at all for weeks.

No land was in sight. The provisions were almost out. The men were attacked with scurvy. The biscuits were reduced to powder and full of worms. The men had to eat leather after soaking it in the sea. About twenty of the men died, and others were so ill that hardly enough were left to sail the ship. At last they came to some islands, which are now known as the Philippine Islands, where there was plenty of food and water.

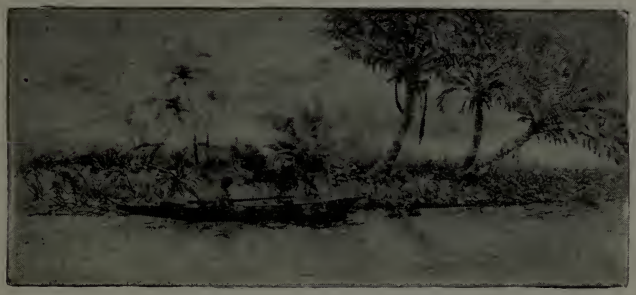
> Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea,
> And never a saint took pity on
> My soul in agony.
> —COLERIDGE.

At one of the islands Magellan became very friendly with the native king. It was a rich tropical island. Food was plenty, and he traded with the natives.

NOTE.—It is said that Magellan's voyage, as written by Irving, suggested "The Ancient Mariner" to Coleridge. It should be read in connection with this story.

Magellan was very religious. He converted the king to Christianity.

One day he went out to fight the enemy of the king. It was, however, a sad day for Magellan and his men. They attacked the savages at midnight. There were about fifteen hundred savages against Magellan and his forty-nine men. The savage king saw that while the Spaniards were protected by the



A Glimpse of a South Sea Island.

shields, that their legs were exposed; so he ordered his men to strike them on their shins with the spears. It was a terrible battle.

Many of the Spaniards fell lifeless at the feet of their foes It was a brave struggle. Magellan fought like a tiger. The blood streamed from his many wounds. An enormous savage struck him a blow on he left leg, and he sank forward on his

face. A multitude of savages fell upon him. They ran him through and through with their spears.

Magellan died at the age of forty-one. He was a brave and heroic pioneer of the Western seas.

But few of his men lived to complete the voyage. After terrible hardships, eighteen men reached Spain on the 6th of September, 1522, in the Victoria, the only ship that remained of the gallant fleet that sailed away from there years before. The men were given a great welcome. It was thought that all had perished.

Among the people that looked wistfully at the sailors was a beautiful woman, dressed in black, leading a little child. It was Beatrix and her daughter.

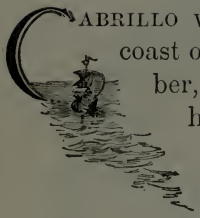
King Charles gave to each sailor a pension. And to the captain he gave an image of the globe, with the motto, "You were the first to go around me."

A curious thing about the voyage was that by sailing from east to west a day was lost. But had they sailed from west to east they would have gained a day.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Magellan (mă-jĕl′lan), **adventures** (ăd-vĕn′tures), **Seville** (sĕv′il, *or* sē-vill′), **mutiny** (mū′tĭ-ny), **Moluccas** (mo-lŭk′kas), **biscuits** (bĭs-kĭts), **Philippine** (fĭl′ĭp-pĭn), **perilous** (pĕr′ĭl-ŭs), **exploits** (ĕks-ploits).

CABRILLO.



CABRILLO was the first man to sail along the coast of California. On the 28th of September, 1542, he anchored in a harbor which he named San Miguel. The man who reported the voyage wrote: "A wind blew from the west-southwest and south-southwest; but the port being good, they felt nothing."

The harbor is now called the Bay of San Diego. The people there hold a great festival each year in honor of Cabrillo. The entrance to this harbor is sometimes called the Gates of Palm. Cabrillo remained in the harbor six days.

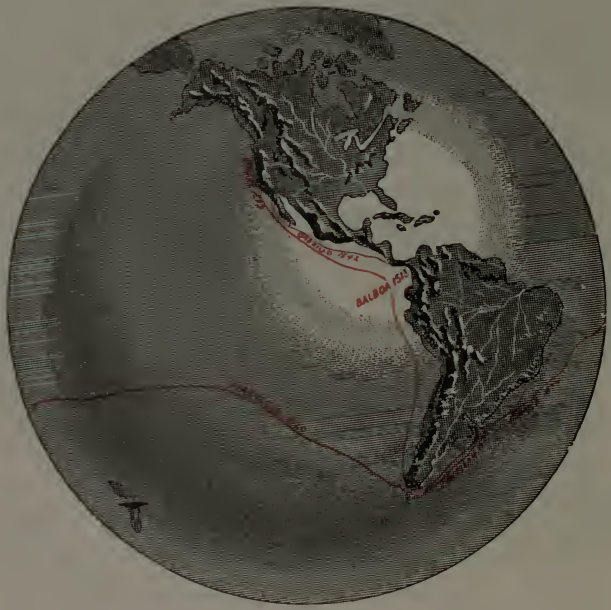
The Indians came down to the shore and looked at the ship. They were very timid.

One night, when the men were fishing, the Indians shot arrows at them and wounded three. The sailors were very careful after this.

Reference Topics.

Discovery of the Bay of San Diego.
The Indians.
Interior Civilization.
How Names have been Changed.
Cabrillo Sailing Northward.
Cabrillo's Return.
Death of Cabrillo.

Cabrillo learned from the Indians that, back from the ocean, there were men dressed and armed like the Spaniards. He took great interest in the



Pioneer Voyages to the Pacific.

natives and treated them kindly. The sailors did not want to leave San Diego Bay, because it was such a good harbor. But Cabrillo was anxious to sail northward.

The man who wrote descriptions of the places Cabrillo visited in his voyage did not use exact words. So the reader is not always sure of the ports he meant. It is certain, however, he sailed to San Pedro, Santa Monica, and Santa Barbara. Cabrillo gave long names to these places, but they are not the ones now on the maps.

Cabrillo, Juan Rodriguez, was born in Portugal. He sailed from Navidad, June 27, 1542, with two ships—the San Salvador and the Victoria. On July 2d, he reached Santa Cruz, in Lower California. He sailed northwestward and examined the coast with great care, especially with reference to its capes and roadsteads. He gave the present name to the Bay of Magdalena. The Bay of Todos los Santos was named by him San Mateo. In the latter part of September he passed the Coronado Islands, and sailed into the bay now known as San Diego, which he named San Miguel. He discovered the islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel. At the latter place he died, January 3, 1543. Ferrelo, his chief pilot, took command of the expedition. To Cabrillo belongs the honor of the discovery of California.

At Santa Barbara, Cabrillo found some queer natives, who wore their hair long, and had it fixed up with some strings of flint, bone, and wooden daggers. They caught fish, and ate them raw. They also had good canoes, and were better than other Indians in many respects. He heard stories like those at San Diego, that, distant seven days' journey, was a great river, and that the people, who looked like the sailors, had towns there.

Cabrillo then sailed farther north. His ship drifted northwestward with the wind; the weather

was pleasant, the coast rough, without harbors, and off in the distance lofty mountains, covered with snow.

One morning at dawn, as the sun sowed its path of gold across the brown hills to the sea, he saw a point of land covered with pines. He called it the Cape of the Pines. Then he sailed on and on—past the Golden Gate and the great harbor within, to Point Reyes.

History says he turned southward, and "descended under lofty snow-capped mountains so near that they seemed about to fall on them." The ship anchored in a little harbor at San Miguel Island, near Santa Barbara. One day Cabrillo fell and broke his arm. He was not careful with it, and it brought on an illness which resulted in his death, January 3, 1543. His dying words were: "Sail northward, at all hazards."

No trace of his grave can be found; no stone marks the spot where his body rests. He did not seem to have the pirate's heart, like Balboa, Drake, Pizarro, and so many other of the sea kings who made voyages to the Pacific.

The books do not contain long accounts of his deeds; yet his services to the world will not be forgotten. If monuments are an honor, then the people of the West Coast ought to erect one to the man who made the first voyage to California.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Cabrillo (ka-brēl′yo), **San Miguel** (sän mē-gĕl′), **Reyes** (rays), **San Diego** (sän dē-ā′go), **hazards** (hăz′erdz), **anchored** (ăn′kerd), **Pizarro** (pē-zăr′ro), **Santa Rosa** (sän′tä rō′sä), **Santa Barbara** (sän′tä bär′ba-ra), **Balboa** (bäl-bō′ä).

The Point of Pines.

Ah, what is this
Old land beyond the seas, that you should miss
For her the grace and majesty of mine?
Are not the fruit and vine
Fair on my hills, and in my vale the rose?
The palm-tree and the pine
Strike hands together under the same skies,
In every wind that blows.

— Ina D. Coolbrith.

AT SAN DIEGO BAY.

BY MADGE MORRIS WAGNER.

ERE first on California's soil,
Cabrillo walked the lonesome sands;
Here first the Christian standard rose
Upon the sea-washed Western lands,
And Junipero Serra first
Laid loving hands.

What saw they here, that fearless band,
To bless, or touch with loving hand?
Or bid them pause, or dream to stay,
Around this silent, sleeping bay?

An acreage of many miles,
Vast miles of sun-burnt naked space,
Red, brown, and bare, and baked as tiles;
Whose surface lay unchanged of face
As it had lain, the hills among,
Since first Creation's psalm was sung;

Whose people watched the squirrels play,
And knew not any more than they.

Not these alone, the fathers saw
Not these made hardships doubly sweet—
He never sees his arrow's flight
Who 's always looking at his feet;—
Those holy fathers, wiser they,
They marked the broad expanse of plains,
And mountains gushing crystal life
Enough to fill its thirsting veins;—
They saw, far off, the mingled weft
Of colors wrought from out the soil,
When Nature rounds upon her loom
The laborer's legacy of toil.

They served, and toiled, and built, and planned,
But ever saw a promised land;
And heard its slowly rising swells
Ring joyous from their mission bells.

Decades past, and fifty years,
A century was born and died;
A nation struggled into birth,
And rose to midday of its pride.
And freedom's war-wet staff was set
Beside that one of love and peace;
And suns of noons, and midnight moons,
Unwove and wove time's ageless fleece.

Time crept by the mission bells,
And back, and tied their tongues with rust,
And touched the eye-lids of the priest,
And garmented his bones with dust.

The glory of the mission passed,
Its gloom its glory overcast.
Within its corners, shadow-walled,
The bats built nests; the lizard crawled
Upon the sunny side to sit,
With soulless eyes, and laugh at it.

But smile not ye with scornful lips,
Nor croak a prophecy of this;
There 's nothing lost that 's lost, and naught
That once has lived has lived amiss.
Nay, smile not ye, nor count that false
Which failed in promises it gave;
Gold is gold, though it go down
A thousand fathoms in the wave;
And brighter-hued the blossom is
That blooms upon a grave.

In silence sleeps the bay no more —
Its treasury of wealth is found;
And all its crescent-curving shore
With infant cities girded round;

And through its gateway come and go
The sails of sun and sails of snow.

Progress to this old new West
    Has turned her face and set her seal;
Has bound the waters, broke the hills,
    And shod the desert sands with steel.
O land of sun!—hot, splendid sun!—
    Of sea-cool winds, and Southern moons!—
Of days of calm, and nights of balm,
    And languorous, dreamy noons!
It needs no seer to tell for thee,
Thy daring and thy destiny.

THE STORY OF DRAKE, THE BRAVE SAILOR.

Sir Francis Drake was the first Englishman to sail around the world. He was also the first to sail along the coast of California. Some of his adventures were wild and thrilling.

He was born in Devonshire, England, in 1539, near where that other brave sailor and friend of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, lived. His cousin was the brave sea-captain, John Hawkins. He heard many stories about the sea.

The wonderful adventures of Columbus, Balboa, Magellan, Cabrillo, and others gave him an ambition to be a sailor.

One day, while visiting the sea-coast, he met a queer old man who owned a little ship. This bachelor sea-captain took a great fancy to Drake—and well he might, for Drake was a brave lad.

He made several sea trips

Reference Topics.

Compare Drake with Spanish Explorers.
John Hawkins, the Slave-Trader.
The Spanish Armada.
Drake on Cape Horn.
First Religious Service in California.
The Queer Animals.
Death of Drake.
The Golden Hind.

with this old captain. On one of these voyages the old man died and left his ship to his young mate.

It was not long after this time that his cousin, John Hawkins, asked him to sail with him to the New World. His cousin told him about the profits in the slave trade, and of the chances to get gold. The English and Spanish were at war. Drake thought it was all right to attack Spanish ships and Spanish towns, and to take all the gold that he could find. He secured so much gold and captured so many ships that he became a great hero.

His men landed at Darien, where Balboa had been before. Drake heard stories from the Indians how the Spanish

Drake, Sir Francis, was born in a cottage on the banks of the Tavy, in Devonshire. His father was a yeoman, and had twelve sons. He went to sea with a neighbor of his father's, who possessed a bark. Drake fell heir to the vessel. While coasting about, he heard of the exploits of Hawkins and the New World. He fitted out a vessel, and with wild and reckless spirits cruised in the West Indies. In 1517, he plundered the town of Nombre de Dios. He crossed the Isthmus of Darien, saw the Pacific Ocean, and returned to England, laden with spoils, a successful sea-rover. Under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth, Drake sailed for the Pacific. He sacked the Spanish towns on the coasts of Chile and Peru. Hoping to find a passage back to the Atlantic, he sailed north. He anchored near Point Reyes, and took formal possession of the country in the name of the Queen of England. He then sailed across the Pacific, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Plymouth, September 26, 1579. He was vice-admiral in the fleet which destroyed the naval supremacy of Spain, in the Armada. Drake died at Nombre de Dios, December 27, 1595, and the bold sailor and buccaneer was given a sea funeral.

brought rich treasures from Peru across the Isthmus. He decided to capture the Spaniards and rob them of their gold.

Then, like Balboa, he wanted to see the "Great Water." After traveling twelve days he came to the top of a hill. His Indian guide told him to climb a tree and he could see the Southern Ocean.

He looked out through the leafy branches of the tree and beheld the smooth waters of the Pacific,

"On whose bosom sparkled the diamonds of the sun."

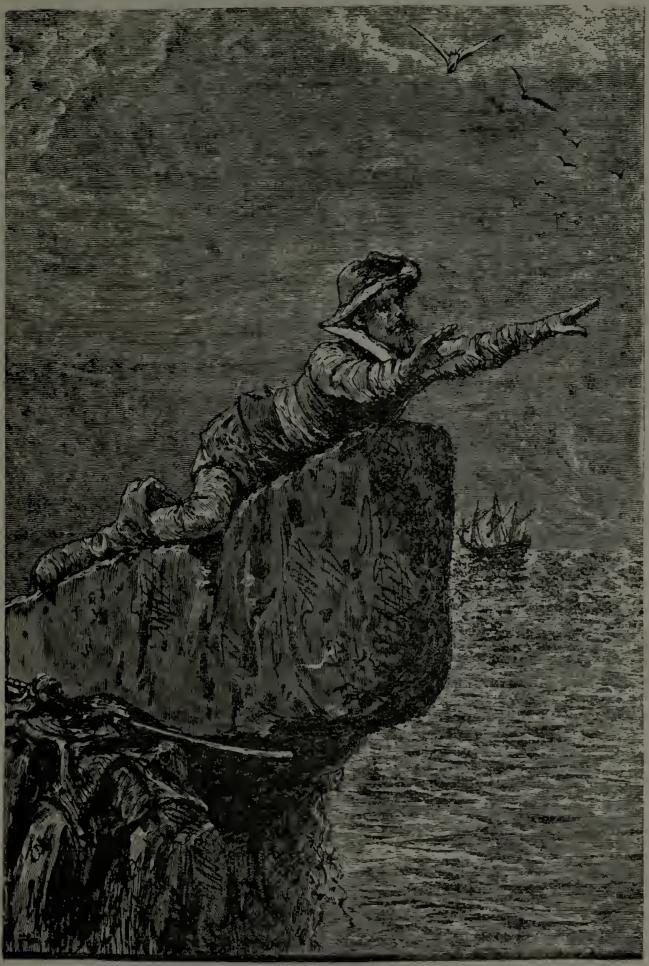
He asked God to give him life and heart to sail an English ship upon the unknown sea.

The view of the Pacific made him feel that he would attain wealth and glory for England. His active brain formed many plans. The thought that he would bring proud Spain to the dust, fired his fancy. He came down from the top of the tree thrilled with what he saw.

At Panama he captured a mule train loaded with bars of gold and other treasures. After many trials, he again reached the Atlantic side and sailed for England.

The news of his adventures and of his gold soon spread through the towns. It was on Sunday, the 9th of August, 1573, that Drake landed in Plymouth harbor.

He was now a rich man. After giving money to



Drake at the Extremity of Cape Horn.

all his relatives, he still had plenty to engage in new enterprises. He wanted to sail to the Pacific. One day the queen sent for him and made him a present of a beautiful sword, and Drake knew that he had her sanction to make the trip.

He soon had a fleet of five vessels. At five o'clock in the afternoon, November 15, 1777, the gallant fleet sailed toward the setting sun.

After many adventures, Drake sailed through the Straits of Magellan, on the Golden Hind, and saw the cape which stood at the outlet to the Pacific.

He cast anchor at the side of some lofty cliffs and went ashore. He went to the highest cliff, and going to the outer edge he flung his arms toward the sea.

When he returned to the Golden Hind, one of the men asked him where he had been. Drake replied with a proud smile, "I have been farther south than any man living." Drake left Cape Horn and sailed northward.

All of his ships, save one, either met with disaster or deserted. So the Golden Hind sailed alone.

It followed the west coast all the way from Cape Horn to Oregon. He believed that he could find a northern passage to the Atlantic. On his way northward he stopped at the towns, in order to fight the Spanish and secure gold, silver, and food.

Drake had with him on the Golden Hind, a chap-

lain by the name of Fletcher. This man kept a record of the voyage. He tells in his report that the snow and ice could be seen on the mountains along the coast, and that the weather was so cold that Drake gave up his northern trip and returned south.

It was in June that Drake found a harbor. Some say that it was the Bay of San Francisco. But it is more than likely that he sailed by the Golden Gate, not dreaming that within its portals was one of the finest harbors in the world.

He anchored at what is known as Drake's Bay, near Point Reyes. The Indians came down to the ship, and treated the sailors very kindly, regarding them with awe. The ship remained over one month at this place. It was repaired and a new supply of water and food secured.

Chaplain Fletcher here held the first religious service in California. Drake made a journey inland, and saw fat deer and thousands of queer little animals that had tails like rats and paws like moles. The people ate them, and the kings had holiday coats made of their skins. All this is described in quaint old English that would be hard for the modern schoolboy to spell.

Drake named all of California New Albion — first, because it had so many white banks and cliffs; and second, because Albion was the name often applied to old England.

Then he sailed west, and sailed, and sailed, and sailed, till he reached England. He had gone around the world in two years and ten months, and had secured gold and disabled many Spanish ships.

Queen Elizabeth visited him and dined with him aboard the Golden Hind. The queen took his sword

The Golden Hind in Drake's Bay.

and said: "This sword, Drake, might still serve thee. Thou hast carried it around the globe; but ere we return it to thee, it must render us a service." Gently tapping Drake on the shoulder, she said in a clear voice, "Rise, Sir Francis Drake."

He was now a knight. He had sailed around the globe. He had defied danger in every form. He had dealt terrible blows to the Spaniards. He had made numerous discoveries. He had returned rich, a conqueror, a pioneer. His exploits thrilled the people.

He continued to fight the Spaniards for some years, winning new laurels. King Philip of Spain sent to Queen Elizabeth the Latin verse, which translated reads thus:

> "These to you are our commands:
> Send no help to the Netherlands.
> Of the treasures took by Drake,
> Restitution you must make."

In reply, Drake fought the Spanish Armada, and continued to take treasures. He then returned to the field of his first success, and attempted to capture Panama. His men died by the score with fever. He was also taken sick; and one bright, genial morning in January, in 1596, he arose to go on deck, but fell back and died, surrounded by his men, and he was buried beneath the waters that he loved so well.

The Golden Hind was ordered preserved. It was kept for one hundred years, but it has long since decayed. A chair made from its timbers was given by Charles II. to Oxford University, and it may be seen yet—a memento of the first English ship to

touch California's shores, and of its bold captain, Sir Francis Drake, the sea-king of Devon.

NOTE.—The Prayer-Book Cross in Golden Gate Park, the gift of G. W. Childs, was erected in honor of Drake's voyage to California.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Englishmen (ĭn′glĭsh-men), **adventure** (ăd-vĕn′tūr), **bachelor** (băch′e-lor), **chaplain** (chăp′lĭn), **San Francisco** (săn frăn-sis′co), **translated** (trăns-lāt′ed), **university** (ū′nĭ-ver′sĭ-ty), **memento** (mē-mĕn′to), **restitution** (rĕs-tĭ-tū′shŭn), **exploit** (ĕks-ploits′), **Plymouth** (plĭm′ŭth), **Armada** (ăr-mā′da, *or* är-mä′da).

THE STORY OF THE MISSIONS.

THE planting of the Cross in California is full of heroic interest.

In the most beautiful places from San Diego to San Francisco, Junipero Serra and his followers built missions. After a lapse of more than a hundred years, they stand as landmarks of the devotion of the earliest pioneers.

The founders, in the selection of sites, chose the most attractive places, and adopted a style of architecture that is the basis of some of the handsomest modern buildings.

The buildings have the color and atmosphere of California. They seem to have grown up out of the brown soil. The soft dove-color of the adobe walls, the red-brown tiles of the roof, the olive leaves on the trees, the

Reference Topics.

- Junipero Serra's Overland Journey.
- Bay of San Diego.
- Mission at San Diego.
- The Journey to Monterey.
- Mission Bells.
- Life and Character of Junipero Serra.
- The Missions.
- Landmarks of Spanish Civilization.

violet haze of the distant mountains, the tawny hue of the hills, all harmonize with each other.

It was at noon on July 1, 1769, that Junipero Serra stood on the mesa above San Diego Bay. It is said that as he looked out across the soft wind-dimpled ocean and about him, his soul was filled with delight, and he stooped, took a golden poppy, touched

Deserted.

it with his lips and exclaimed: "Copa de oro! the Holy Grail! I have found it!"

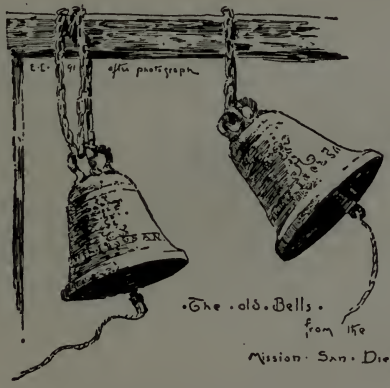
Junipero Serra, whose name was José Miguel before he devoted himself to the church, had walked all the way from the City of Mexico to San Diego.

The ship San Carlos had sailed from San Blas, and entered the harbor before the arrival of Junipero Serra and his companions.

The journey overland was hard on Junipero on account of a painful affliction of his foot.

He asked one of the men for a remedy for the ailment. The man replied, "I know no remedy; I am no surgeon; I can only cure the sores of beasts."

"Well, son," replied Junipero, "treat me as a



beast." The man smiled at the request. He took some tallow, mashed it between two stones, mixed some herbs with it, and applied the medicine. The relief was almost immediate.

On July 14, 1769, Portala, Father Crespi and about sixty others started northward overland to Monterey, in accordance with instructions of Charles III.

Junipero Serra at once began the work of his life.

On July 16th (the anniversary of the victory of the Spaniards over the Moors in 1212), he erected a cross near where the twin palms now stand at San Diego. Mass was celebrated. The natives looked on, and across their flat faces crept an expression of wonder.

One night the Indians, who were very fond of cloth, cut out a piece of the sails from the San Carlos. They would not eat the food of the Spaniards for fear of sickness. This was fortunate for the Spaniards, as their supply was limited.

Junipero did not succeed in converting the Indians at first; and in fact they have never been great exemplars of any religion.

The little band was attacked one night. José Maria, a servant, was killed, and several others were wounded. The mission was removed in 1774 to a spot on the San Diego River about five miles from the bay. Here palm-trees were planted, an olive orchard started, and ground cultivated.

On November 4, 1775, eight hundred Indians attacked the mission. Father Louis Jayme and several others were killed. The mission was burned. The few soldiers, aided by the settlers, fought bravely. In the morning the Indians picked up their dead and wounded and marched away, and never renewed the attack.

Junipero Serra sailed for Monterey on April 16,

1770, to build a mission. Portala, Father Crespi, and companions had made an overland journey for the purpose, but had failed to find the port mentioned by Vizcaino in 1603.

Junipero succeeded in finding an immense circuit of smooth water, full of sea-lions and deep enough for whales. He landed, and on the morning of June 3, 1770, took formal possession of the place.

THE Mission floor was with weeds o'ergrown,
And crumbling and shaky the walls of stone;
Its roofs of tiles, in tiers and tiers,
Had stood the storm a hundred years.
An olden, weird, medieval style
Clung to the moldering, gloomy pile;
And the rhythmic voice of the breaking waves
Sang a lonesome dirge in its land of graves.
Strangely awed I felt that day,
As I walked in the Mission, old and gray,—
The Mission Carmel, at Monterey.

—MADGE MORRIS WAGNER.

Under an oak-tree an altar was raised, the bells were hung, and celebration was begun with loud and vigorous chimes. Junipero, in alb and stole, asked the blessing of heaven on their work. A great cross was erected.

The famous port of Monterey was in possession of Spain, and the royal standard floated in this remote region, the squirrels and Indians watching it curiously.

The mission was changed from the beach in 1771 to its present location. The beautiful wild roses, the roses of Castile, grew all about it. The Monterey cyprus, the forest of pines, the Carmel River, the quiet crescent-shaped bay marked it as a beautiful spot.

At this place Junipero Serra was aided by new arrivals, and the Indians began to take advantage of the missions.

The establishment of missions at San Luis, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey, Pala, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, and other places went on with great rapidity.

When the news of the conquest of California reached Old and New Spain, the bells of the cathedrals rang in tune with the mission bells of San Diego, Monterey, and San Gabriel.

The missions were founded by the order known as Franciscans. Junipero asked of Galvez: " Is St.

Francis to have no mission?" "Let him show us his port and he shall have one," was the reply.

The port of St. Francis was shown, and San Francisco is named after the Franciscan fathers. The city flourishes, though the missions crumble into dust.

The same years that witnessed the conquest of Spain in California saw war for freedom on the Atlantic side.

The spirit of this work of Spain was in Junipero Serra. In August, 1784, he sent a letter of eternal farewell to the Franciscans, and prepared for death. On August the 28th, he took leave of his old friend, Palou, and went to sleep.

The mission bells tolled mournfully. The people covered his coffin with flowers, and touched his body with medals and rosaries. His garments were taken as relics. He was buried at San Carlos.

"He ended his laborious life," says Father Palou, "at the age of seventy years nine months and four days. Eight missions were established, and five thousand eight hundred Indians were confirmed as the result of his labors in Upper California."

This much was accomplished with great hardships. He limped from mission to mission, passed sleepless nights, listening to the howls of the coyotes, and in constant danger of an attack from treacherous Indians. The food was poor, clothing was scant, and his shelter frequently a gnarled oak, on which

hung the sacred mission bells. His name is without a stain.

He followed the paths of the saints and martyrs, the ideals of his sickly boyhood. His work belonged to a pioneer age.

The tourist of to-day finds a melancholy interest in the crumbling adobe walls, the wide corridors, the broken tiles, the cracked bells, the odd nooks, and strange, weird owls and bats that are now a part of the deserted missions.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Junipero Serra (hū-nĭp'e-ro sĕr'ra), **harmonize** (här'monīze), **mesa** (mā'sa), **San Carlos** (sän kär'lŏs), **surgeon** (ser'jun), **medicine** (med'i-sin), **Portala** (pōr-tä'lä), **Crespi** (kres'pe), **exemplars** (egz-em'plars), **Franciscans** (frăn-sĭs'kans), **martyrs** (mär'ters), **weird** (wērd).

Junipero Serra's Monument.

THE ANGELUS.

(HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.)

BY BRET HARTE.

BELLS of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance!

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still!
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

THE FIRST SHIP TO ENTER THE GOLDEN GATE.

The ship San Carlos was the first to sail through the Golden Gate into the harbor of San Francisco. Drake, Cabrillo, Vizcaino, had all drifted by the bay locked in among the hills.

The Bay of San Francisco was first discovered by Portala and his land party, who were looking for the Bay of Monterey. The date was November 2, 1769, over two hundred years after Drake and Cabrillo had sailed along the coast of California.

It was not, however, until August 5, 1775, that a ship entered the narrow straits. The San Carlos left Monterey under instructions to sail to the port of San Francisco and make a survey.

Ayala, the commander, set sail. The ship crept cautiously along the shore. It was nine days before the men on the ship saw the seal rocks and heard the sea-lions.

Reference Topics.

- The San Carlos.
- Overland Journey of Father Crespi.
- The Ships that Sailed by the Golden Gate.
- Cross on Point Lobos.
- Survey of the Bay.
- Angel Island.
- Some of the Changes that have taken place.

A launch was sent ahead to explore the narrow passage, now known as the Golden Gate. The men in the little boat sailed in against the fog that mantled the hills on either side. Ayala followed with his ship. At night he anchored in the bay, having safely passed through the straits.

The next morning the ship San Carlos was moored at an island, now called Angel Island.

It was a delightful place. The picturesque surroundings, the springs of pure water, the chaparral, coves, and pebbly beach gave it unusual attractions for the sailors.

Seal Rocks.

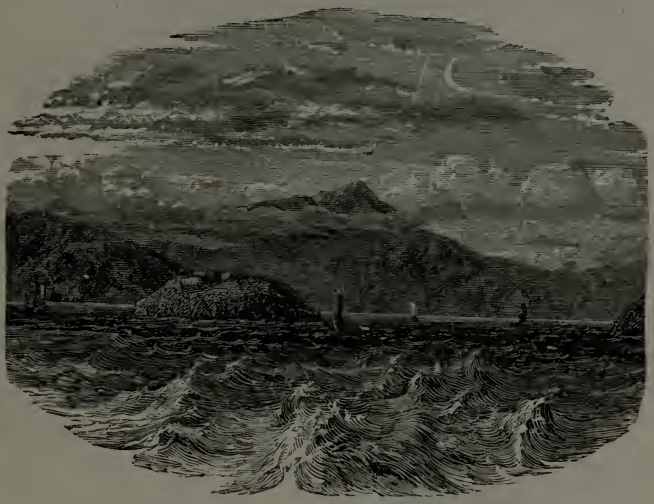
The launch was used in sailing about the main body of the bay and along its outstretched arms, the rivers, San Pablo and the smaller bays.

At Mission Bay, now mostly filled up and built over, they saw three Indians, who were weeping, or making noises resembling crying, and for this reason the cove was named

"The Cove of Weepers."

A cross had been planted by the land party a few

years before on the sand dunes of Point Lobos. At its foot Ayala ordered two letters deposited, one describing his successful entrance to, and survey of, the Bay of San Francisco, the other giving notice of his



Mount Tamalpais from the Bay.

return to Monterey, and asking that if the land party, which he expected, should arrive, to build a fire in sight of Angel Island. The party arrived, the fire was lighted, but no response came back.

These men camped by the side of a lake, and gave it the name which it bears to this day — Lake Merced — in honor of "Our Lady of Mercy."

The ship San Carlos had remained for forty days in the Bay of San Francisco. It had taken possession, Ayala reported, of the best port of Spain. It now sailed out of the harbor and down to Monterey.

Since then, thousands of ships have sailed in and out through the Golden Gate. Flags of every nation have been wafted to the breezes of the bay. The gate stands unguarded, save by the red, white, and blue of "Old Glory," that floats over the Presidio more as a welcome than as a menace.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Launch (länch), **menace** (men'es), **chaparral** (chä'parral'), **cautiously** (kaw'shus-ly), **Point Lobos** (point lō'bōs), **Ayala** (ä-ya'lä), **pebbly**) peb'blĭ), **Vizcaino** (vēs-kä-ee'no).

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

General Pike, who was killed in the last war with England while leading his troops into Canada, was, perhaps, the first real discoverer of the Rocky Mountains to the south (1805–6), as Pike's Peak will forever testify, but he was preceded by still more intrepid men, if possible, away up in the far north (1803).

Their path lay across what the Indians called the "Shining Mountains" and what now is the gold fields of Montana. They passed within hailing distance of the spot where Helena, the capital of Montana, now stands.

Strange they did not discover gold; for the great journal of Lewis and Clark speaks of quartz and of silver and signs of gold.

This great expedition, the first to cross the Rocky Mountains, is known in his-

Reference Topics.

Pike's Peak.
Buffaloes.
A Bear Fight.
The River of the West.
The Indians of the Columbia.
The First Christmas on the Shores of the Pacific.
The Return of the Party.
Lewis and Clark.
Thomas Jefferson.

tory as the Lewis and Clark expedition, and was made up of Captain Lewis, of the U. S. army, and Captain Clark, also of the army, and in direct command of the men in hand, consisting of nine young citizens of Kentucky, fourteen soldiers of the army, two French watermen, a hunter, an interpreter, and a black servant of Captain Clark's.

Lewis, Meriwether, explorer, was born near Charlottesville, Va., August 18, 1774. He was a grand-nephew of Fielding Lewis, who married a sister of General Washington. At the age of twenty, he volunteered to assist in putting down Shay's Rebellion. He afterwards became private secretary to President Jefferson, and was sent out by Congress to explore the continent to the Pacific. With William Clark and a company of thirty-four men, he left Washington, July 5, 1803, and beheld the Pacific Ocean on November 7, 1805.

Their discoveries were made a special message to Congress in 1807. Lewis was appointed governor of Missouri, and served with distinction. He committed suicide on his way to Washington, October, 1809.

When the expedition got to the Missouri River the Spanish commandant of all that vast region reaching up from what is now Louisiana, not having yet had official information that we had any rights there, refused to let them pass, and so the party wintered at the mouth of Wood River.

Now, it is but right to give some credit to a certain Mr. Carver, of Boston, as we go along, for having in some sort preceded Lewis and Clark a little ways; for he left a map and the following note, dated 1774:

"From the intelligence I gained from the Wau-

dowessie Indians, whose language I perfectly obtained during a residence of five months, and also from the accounts I afterwards obtained from the Assinipoils, who speak the Chippeway language and inhabit the heads of the River Bourbon; I say, from these nations, together with my own observations, I have learned that the four most capital rivers on the continent of North America, namely: the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the River Bourbon, and the Oregon, or the River of the West, have their sources in the same neighborhood. The waters of the three former are within thirty miles of each other; the latter, however, is rather farther west."

Clark, William, was born in Virginia, August 1, 1770. He entered the army in 1792, but, after four years' service, had to resign, on account of ill health. In 1803, Lewis chose him as his assistant in explorations of the continent.

After his return from the journey of nearly 8000 miles, Jefferson nominated him as lieutenant-colonel of the Second Infantry, but the Senate failed to confirm him. Later, he acted as Indian agent, with headquarters at St. Louis. In 1812, he declined an appointment as brigadier-general. Madison appointed him governor of Missouri, which position he held until its admission into the Union, in 1821, when he failed to be elected as first governor. He then served as Indian agent until the time of his death, September 1, 1838.

But, of course, Lewis and Clark were the real discoverers of the head-waters of these great rivers, and we must proceed with them. They were equipped with the steel frames of great boats, one of them fifty-five feet long. These frames they finally covered with

the skins of buffalo sewed together, and with these worked their way up the Missouri, taking a whole year to get within hearing of the great falls.

They carried many presents, seeds, beads, blankets, and all sorts of things that might be useful or pleasing to savages, and never in all their first years had any trouble with them. Some Indians had fine gardens and were very nearly civilized, according to the volumes of the great journal, which gives a daily account of everything seen or heard. Here is an account of a great feast there:

"As soon as we were seated, an old man got up, and, after approving what we had done, begged us to take pity on their unfortunate situation. To this we replied with assurances of protection.

"After he had ceased, the great chief arose and delivered an harangue to the same effect; then, with great solemnity, he took some of the most delicate parts of the dog which was cooked for the festival and held it to the flag by way of sacrifice; this done, he held up the pipe of peace, and first pointed it towards the heavens, then to the four quarters of the globe, and then to the earth, made a short speech, lighted the pipe, and presented it to us.

"We smoked, and he again harangued his people, after which the repast was served up to us. It consisted of the dog which they had just been cooking, this being a great dish among the Sioux, and used

on all festivals; to this were added pemmican, a dish made of buffalo meat, dried or jerked, and then pounded and mixed raw with grease, and a kind of ground potato, dressed like the preparation of Indian corn called hominy, to which it is little inferior.

"Of all these luxuries that were placed before us on platters, with horn spoons, we took the pemmican and potato, which we found good, but we could, as yet, partake but sparingly of the dog."

But while there was no trouble with Indians to speak of on this outward march, they were constantly battling with the most formidable and ferocious bears ever heard of.

These were mostly the same as what is now called the California grizzly. But even the brown bears of the Rocky Mountains were terrible. Here is the journal's account of a battle with a brown bear:

"Towards evening (on the 14th) the men in the hindmost canoe discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, immediately went to attack him, and, concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him.

"Four of the hunters now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The furious animal sprang up and ran open-mouthed upon them.

"As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which, breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but before they could reload, he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river, and before they had reached it he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as they could reload.

"They struck him several times; but, instead of weakening the monster, each shot seemed only to direct him towards the hunters, till at last he pursued two of them so closely that they threw aside their pouches and guns, and jumped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river.

"The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters on shore shot the beast in the head and finally killed him. They dragged him to the shore, and found that eight balls had passed through him in different directions. The bear was old, and the meat tough, so that they took the skin only, and rejoined us at camp." *

* When you bear in mind that these reports are official, and made by United States army officers, who made it a point of honor to state things exactly as they took place, you will understand that these few men had a very lively time; for nearly every day they had some sort of adventure with wild animals. The buffalo were so numerous that they often had to take care to keep out of their way, for fear of being trampled to death.

Here, under date of May 29, 1804, we read:

"*May 29.* Last night we were alarmed by a new sort of enemy. A buffalo swam over from the opposite side and to the spot where lay one of our canoes, over which he clambered to the shore.

"Then taking fright, he ran full speed up the bank towards our fires, and passed within eighteen

Among the Buffaloes.

inches of the heads of some of the men before the sentinel could make him change his course.

"Still more alarmed, he ran down between our fires, within a few inches of the heads of a second row of the men, and would have broken into our lodge if the barking of the dog had not stopped him.

"He suddenly turned to the right and was out of sight in a moment, every one seizing his rifle and inquiring the cause of alarm. On learning what had happened, we had to rejoice at suffering no more injury than some damage to the guns that were in the canoe which the buffalo crossed."

The whole region, as far as the eye could reach, up, down, right, or left, was one vast undulating world of wild beasts and roving bands of Indians, with here and there a patch of corn, and melons, and pumpkins along the low, sandy river banks. These primitive fields were tended by squaws.

Their implements for tilling the soil were sticks and elks' horns, hardened in the fire. But all this now is a world of homes and harvest-fields. At last the great falls of the Missouri were reached. The men were now in the heart of the continent.

It would have taken them longer to reach home than it would take a man to go many times around the world in our day. But for all their long absence and distance from home, they exulted in each great discovery, hoisted a new flag, and fired guns.

Hear their own account of it.

"*June 14.* This morning one of the men was sent to Captain Clark with an account of the discovery of the falls. Captain Lewis proceeded to examine the rapids. From the falls he directed his course southwest, up the river.

"After passing one continued rapid and three cascades, each three or four feet high, he reached, at the distance of five miles, a second fall. The river is here about four hundred yards wide, and for the distance of three hundred, rushes down to the depth of nineteen feet, and so irregularly that he gave it the name of Crooked Falls.

"From the southern shore it extends obliquely upward about one hundred and fifty yards, and then forms an acute angle downward, nearly to the commencement of four small islands, close to the northern side. From the perpendicular pitch to these islands, a distance of more than one hundred yards, the water glides down a sloping rock, with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall.

"Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward. While viewing this place Captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and, crossing the point of a hill a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature. The whole Missouri River is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche, and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile.

"Over this it precipitates itself in an even, uninterrupted sheet, to the perpendicular depth of fifty feet, whence, dashing against the rocky bottom, it

rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a sheet of the purest foam across the river. The scene which it presented was indeed singularly beautiful.

"Just below the falls is a little island in the middle of the river, well covered with timber. Here, on a cottonwood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and was the undisputed mistress of a spot where neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surround it.

"This solitary bird did not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls. Captain Lewis now ascended the hill behind him, and saw from its top a delightful plain, extending from the river to the base of the snowy mountains.

"Along this wide, level country, the Missouri pursued its winding course, while about four miles above it was joined by a large river flowing from the northwest. The Missouri itself stretches to the south in an unruffled stream of water, as if unconscious of the roughness it must soon encounter, and bearing on its bosom vast flocks of geese, while numerous herds of buffalo are feeding on the plains which surround it.

"Captain Lewis then descended the hill. He soon met a herd of at least a thousand buffalo, and being desirous of providing for supper, shot one of them.

"The animal immediately began to bleed, and Captain Lewis, who had forgotten to reload his rifle was intently watching to see him fall, when he beheld a large brown bear stealing up to him, and was already within twenty steps. In the first moment of surprise he lifted his rifle, but, remembering that it was not charged, and that he had no time to reload, he felt that there was no safety but in flight.

"It was in the open, level plain, not a bush nor a tree within three hundred yards; the bank of the river sloping, and not more than three feet high, so that there was no possible mode of concealment.

"Captain Lewis then thought of retreating with a quick walk, towards the nearest tree; but, as soon as he turned, the bear rushed, open-mouthed and at full speed, upon him. The captain ran about eighty yards, but finding the animal gained on him fast, decided on getting into the water to such a depth that the bear would be obliged to attack him swimming. He, therefore, turned short, plunged into the river about waist deep, and, facing about, presented the point of his spontoon.

"The bear arrived at the water's edge, but became frightened, wheeled about, and retreated with as much precipitation as he had advanced. Very glad to be released from this danger, Captain Lewis

returned to the shore, and saw the bear running with great speed, sometimes looking back, as if he expected to be pursued, till he reached the woods.

"He could not conceive the cause of the sudden alarm of the bear, but congratulated himself on his

The Sierra in the Distance.

escape, and learned from the adventure never to allow his rifle to be for a moment unloaded."

Far, far up the Missouri River, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, they had to walk up the rugged banks, and leave their last remaining little boats, having buried the big ones under heaps of stones in the river, to be used on their return. They

found the rattlesnakes so numerous and vicious that the men had to bind their legs in thongs.

Late in August they stood on the topmost reach of the Rocky Mountains. Bear in mind, the mountains here are now green fields and harvest-fields. Do not let the idea prevail that the country on the top of the Rocky Mountains is rugged. Strange to say, these mountains, unlike our Sierras, may be crossed easily, and almost anywhere that snow is not encountered. Here is the record of August 12, 1805:

"They had now reached the hidden source of that river, which had never before been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain, as they sat down by the brink of the little river, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties. They reluctantly left this interesting spot, and, pursuing the Indian road through the interval of the hills, arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they saw high mountains, partially covered with snow, still to the west of them. The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans."

After crossing the mountains, the party suffered terribly from cold, hunger, and heartsickness; for

the country was, and still is, desolate indeed for a long distance, made much longer to them from want of guides and any good idea how to reach the navigable waters of the Oregon (now called the Columbia) River. More than once they had only horse-meat. Finally, they had to buy dogs to eat.

When they got down the head-waters of the Columbia, to what is now the Nez Percé (Pierced Nose) tribe, of whom the famous Chief Joseph is now leader, they fared very well; and, leaving their horses with the Indians, they bought canoes, and dashed on down the river toward the great Pacific Ocean. Here follows the record of the first Christmas ever held by Americans on the shore of the Pacific Ocean:

"*Dec. 25.* We were awakened at daylight by a discharge of firearms, which was followed by a song from the men, as a compliment to us on the return of Christmas, which we have always been accustomed to observe as a day of rejoicing. After breakfast, we divided our remaining stock of tobacco into two parts, one of which we distributed among such of the party as made use of it, making a present of a handkerchief to the others.

"The remainder of the day was passed in good spirits, though there was nothing in our situation to excite much gayety. The rain confined us to

the house, and our only luxuries in honor of the season were some poor elk-meat (so much spoiled that we ate it through mere necessity), a few roots, and some moldy pounded fish."

The men were starving; many of them were very ill; but still they did not lose heart, but, as we shall see, hailed the new year with thanksgiving and gratitude. Here is the journal's account of the first "New Year's" ever celebrated under the American flag on this coast:

"*Jan. 1, 1806.* We were awaked at an early hour by the discharge of a volley of small arms, to salute the new year. This was the only mode of commemorating the day which our situation permitted; for, though we had reasons to be gayer than we were at Christmas, our only dainties were boiled elk and wappatoo, enlivened by draughts of pure water.

"We were visited by a few Clatsops, who came by water, bringing roots and berries for sale. Among this nation we observed a man about twenty-five years old, of a much lighter complexion than the Indians generally. His face was even freckled, and his hair long and of a color inclining to red.

"He was in habits and manners perfectly Indian; but, though he did not speak a word of English, he seemed to understand more than the others of his party; and, as we could obtain no account of his

origin, we concluded that one of his parents at least must have been white."

Many explorations were made up the many rivers. At one place, where Oregon City now stands, they found a large Indian village, with not a human being in sight, all having suddenly died from some plague.

At last their work was done. Rivers had been explored, valleys were measured, mountains had been climbed and classified, and given place on the maps of the republic. The men had a right to return. These men, who had been so long from home, and out of reach of all signs of civilization, were now "hairy men." They were clothed entirely in the skins of wild beasts; their beards fell in matted masses on their breasts; their hair blew about their shoulders in the wind. They were a wild-looking lot as they lifted their faces once more to the rising sun, and set out to retrace their steps up the Oregon River, over the Rockies, and down the yellow Missouri.

All along through the journal we find such entries as these: "To-day bought three more dogs, and dried their flesh by the fire to take with us." At one place we read of them buying twenty dogs. At first they did not kill them at once, but took them along with them alive. The dogs, however, were too much given to getting out, so they had to "jerk" them.

The Indians were, for the most part, dirty and thievish. Their teeth were worn down to the gums from eating fish that had been dried on the sand; their eyes were red and weak from sand-storms; and they followed the white men about like chil-

Wind River Mountains — The Highest Peak in the Rockies, where Fremont Placed the Flag.

dren, begging for a sort of eye-water which Captain Clark compounded out of sugar of lead.

As the party reached the Rocky Mountains on their return, they divided, one going up one branch of the Columbia (or Oregon) River, and the other party up the other branch, to meet at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, about one hundred miles from what is now the great Yellowstone Park. Strangely enough, they did not see or hear of the

marvels there; and one can but wonder if they are not, comparatively, of recent date.

I take pleasure in stating that these great explorers found no trouble with Indians on their outward journey; but now, as they returned and neared the tribes that afterward destroyed the brave General Custer and his men, they barely escaped with their lives. Here is their account of the ugly affair:

"*July 27.* The Indians got up at sunrise and crowded around the fire, near which J. Fields, who was then on watch, had carelessly left his rifle by the head of his brother, who was still asleep.

"One of the Indians slipped behind him, and, unperceived, took his brother's and his own rifle, while at the same time two others seized those of Drewyer and Captain Lewis. As soon as Fields turned round, he saw the Indian running off with the rifles, and, instantly calling his brother, they pursued him for fifty yards, and, just as they overtook him, in the scuffle R. Fields stabbed him through the heart with his knife. He ran about fifteen feet and fell dead. They now hastened back with their rifles to the camp.

"As the Indian seized Drewyer's rifle, he jumped up and wrested it from him. The noise awoke Captain Lewis, who started from the ground and reached to seize his gun, but, finding it gone, he

drew a pistol from his belt, and, turning about, saw an Indian running off with it. Lewis followed and ordered him to lay it down, which he did.

"Just then the Fields came up, and were taking aim to shoot him, but Captain Lewis ordered them not to fire, as the Indian did not appear to mean any mischief. On finding that the Indians were attempting to drive off the horses, Lewis ordered the men to follow the main party, who were chasing the horses up the river, and to fire instantly upon the thieves, while he pursued two Indians who were driving away horses on the left of the camp.

"He pressed them so closely that they left twelve of their own horses, but continued to drive off one of ours. They entered a steep niche in the river bluffs, when Captain Lewis called out, as he had done several times before, that unless they gave up the horse he would shoot them.

"As he raised his gun one of the Indians jumped behind a rock, but the other was shot. He fell on his knees, but raising himself a little, fired at Lewis, and then crawled behind a rock. The shot very nearly proved fatal to Captain Lewis, and, as he was almost exhausted with fatigue, thought it most prudent not to attack them further, and retired to the camp.

"The Fields and Drewyer had returned to camp and all were soon ready to leave. They knew there

was no time to be lost; for they would doubtless be pursued by a larger body of Indians, who would hasten to the mouth of Maria's River to intercept them."

The record of the last two days in this most remarkable journal of the most notable expedition that has ever been, perhaps, is as follows:

"*September 22.* When the rain having ceased, we set out for Coldwater Creek, about three miles from the mouth of the Missouri, where we found a cantonment of the United States troops, with whom we passed the day.

"*September 23.* Descended the Mississippi and round to St. Louis, at which place we arrived at 12 o'clock, and, having fired a salute, went on shore, where we received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the whole village."

Captain William Clark was a Virginian, born in 1770. He was, after this expedition, promoted to brigadier-general, and two years later was made governor of Missouri. He died at St. Louis in 1838, universally lamented and beloved for his brave, gentle, and generous disposition, and his devotion to his great country.

His companion in this bold expedition, Captain Meriwether Lewis, was also a Virginian, born in 1774. He was private secretary to President Jefferson in 1801, and the President trusted him entirely

in the great work on which he was sent. Jefferson wrote a memoir of the explorer and extolled his merit.

He was the first governor of Missouri after the return. But his mind had been greatly broken from long exposure, and being subject to temporary fits of insanity, committed suicide two years later.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Interpreter (ĭn-tĕr'prĕt-er), **Missouri** (mis-soo'ree), **Louisiana** (loo-ee-ze-ah'na), **Wapatoo** (wap-a-tōō), **Sioux** (soo), **equipped** (e-kwĭpt'), **official** (ŏf-fish'al).

O THOU, my best beloved! my pride, my boast;
Stretching thy glorious length along the West,
Within the girdle of thy sun-lit coast,
From pine to palm, from palm to snowy crest.

— CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE STORY OF THE DONNER PARTY.

THE covered wagons were packed with food, goods, and articles useful in the life of the early pioneer. The oxen were yoked, and stood lazily waiting the driver's order. The children had said good-by, and, as they climbed up on the wagons, shouted, "Ho! for California!"

Then the heavy wagons started, and the Donner party began the long, perilous journey toward the Pacific. It was early in April, 1846, that George and Jacob Donner and James F. Reed formed the train which was to cross the plains. The journey began with bright hopes. It was known that the roads were difficult; that Indians might attack them; that great deserts would have to be crossed, and roads would have to be found over rough mountains.

These were the days of brave men and women. Fathers and mothers were full

Reference Topics.

An Emigrant Train.
The Desert.
The Sierra.
Donner Lake.
Sutter's Fort.
The Sufferings of the Donner Party.
The Relief Parties.
The Tourist Cars vs. Emigrant Trains.
The Pioneers.

of courage; lovers were full of hope; children were full of glee. The bleaching bones of cattle, and here and there a rude cross over a newly made mound, along the emigrant road, did not change either their courage, hope, or joy.

Fair, young California was before these people,—its rich valleys, its pine-clad Sierra, its rivers and matchless sea.

After the Donner party left Independence, Missouri, it was joined by others, until it contained between two and three hundred wagons, and was, when in motion, two miles in length. The great train succeeded in reaching Fort Bridger, a trading-post, without much trouble.

On one occasion, Mary Graves, a beautiful young lady, was riding on horseback with her brother. They were in the rear of the train. A band of Sioux Indians fell in love with the maiden, and offered to purchase her; but the brother was not willing to sell.

One of the Indians seized the bridle of the girl's horse, and attempted to capture her. The brother leveled his rifle at the savage, and he promptly gave a war-whoop and rode away.

At another place a division arose among the emigrants; some wanted to rest the stock and hunt buffaloes, and secure a larger supply of jerked meat. Others wanted to go on, for fear the grass would

be eaten off by the stock of other trains. It was decided to go forward.

At Fort Bridger, the Donner party chose a new route, called the "Hastings Cut-off." Those who went by the old route reached California in safety.

The trials of the Donner party now began in earnest. Instead of reaching Salt Lake in one week, it was over thirty days, and the stock and men were exhausted. The beautiful Salt Lake Valley, however, filled them with joy, and all hoped for a peaceful, prosperous journey to California.

In crossing the Great Salt Lake Desert severe hardships were endured. The suffering of the stock for water was great.

Some teamsters unhitched the oxen from Jacob Reed's wagons and drove them ahead for water. The desert mirage deceived the oxen, and even the men, and the cattle rushed off into the pathless desert and never returned — the desert —

"God must have made it in his anger and forgot."

The men went tramping through the sand and over the sagebrush, calling "Co, Boss! Co-o-o, Bo-bo-boss! — Soo-ok, Jer-ry — Soo-ook, sook, Jerry!"

No answer came. The loneliness of the desert was increased as the sound of their voices died away in the vast solitude. Reed was forced to

*cache** the goods in his wagons and proceed with an ox and a cow.

While the party was camped on the edge of the desert, it was made known that the provisions would not last until California was reached.

It was decided to send two men ahead to secure provisions and return. C. T. Stanton and William McCutcheon decided to go. A tearful farewell was taken, and the two brave men rode out on the dim trail for California. They carried letters to Captain Sutter, of Sutter's Fort.

At Gravelly Ford, on the Humboldt River, a tragedy occurred. In trying to ascend a hill where it was required to hitch five or six yoke of oxen to a wagon, Reed and a popular young man, by the name of John Snyder, became engaged in a fierce quarrel.

C. F. McGlashan † gives this account of the affray:

"When Reed saw that trouble was likely to occur, he said something about waiting until they got up the hill, and settle the matter afterwards. Snyder, who took this as a threat, replied, 'We will settle it now.' He struck Reed a blow on the head with the butt-end of his heavy whipstock. The blow was followed in rapid succession by a second and a third.

*A term used by the pioneers when they buried anything of value.
†History of the Donner Party.

"As the third stroke descended, Mrs. Reed ran between her husband and the furious man, hoping to prevent the blow. Each time the whipstock descended on Reed's head it cut deep gashes. He was blinded with the blood which streamed from his wounds, and dazed and stunned by the terrific force of the blows. He saw the cruel whipstock uplifted, and knew that his wife was in danger, but only had time to cry 'John! John!' when down came the stroke full upon Mrs. Reed's head and shoulders. The next instant John Snyder was staggering speechless and death-stricken.

"Patrick Breen came up, and Snyder said: 'Uncle, I am dead.' Reed's knife had entered his lung. Snyder's death fell like a thunderbolt on the Donner party."

Reed was banished from the train. At first he refused to go; but the feeling against him was so strong that he yielded to the pleadings of his wife and daughter. He was to go without provisions, or even a gun; but his twelve-year-old daughter, Virginia, supplied them.

As the train moved forward, Mrs. Reed and Virginia would look at every little camping-place for a message from him. He rode toward California, and when he succeeded in killing geese or ducks he would spread the feathers about in such a way that it would be a message to his family, and some-

times would leave letters pinned to the sage-brush.

A day came, however, when they found no message, no letter, or trace of the father. Was he dead? Had he starved? Had the Indians killed him? Mrs. Reed grew pale and worried. Then, she knew that if she died her children might perish. With a brave heart she roused herself, and with noble devotion cared for her children.*

Near the present town of Wadsworth, Nevada, Stanton, who had been sent on ahead, returned from Sutter's Fort with provisions. He brought seven mules, five of which were loaded with dried beef and flour. If Stanton had not brought these provisions, the whole company would surely have perished.

It was now late in October. If the party had pushed right on, the Sierra could have been crossed before the storm season. Another relief party was sent forward. C. F. McGlashan thus describes the approach to the Sierra:

"Generally, the ascent of the Sierra brought joy and gladness to weary overland emigrants. To the Donner party it brought terror and dismay.

"The company had hardly obtained a glimpse of the mountains, ere the winter storm-clouds began

*Mr. Reed reached California, and returned to Donner Lake to rescue his family and aid the others. He lived at San Jose many years, a respected and useful citizen.

to assemble their hosts around the loftier crests. Every day the weather appeared more ominous and threatening. The delay at the Truckee Meadows had been brief, but every day ultimately cost a dozen lives.

"On the 23d of October, they became thoroughly alarmed at the angry heralds of the gathering

Donner Lake in Winter.

storm, and with all haste resumed the journey. It was too late!

"At Prosser Creek, three miles below Truckee, they found themselves encompassed with six inches

of snow. On the summits the snow was from two to five feet in depth. This was October 28, 1846. Almost a month earlier than usual, the Sierra had donned its mantle of ice and snow.

"The party were prisoners. All was consternation. The wildest confusion prevailed. In their eagerness, many went off in advance of the main train. There was little concert of action or harmony of plan. All did not arrive at Donner Lake the same day. Some wagons and families did not reach the lake until the 31st day of October; some never went farther than Prosser Creek, while others, on the evening of the 29th, struggled through the snow, and reached the foot of the precipitous cliffs between the summit and the upper end of the lake. Here, baffled, wearied, and disheartened, they turned back to the foot of the lake."

Several attempts were made to cross the mountain, but without success. Realizing that the winter must be passed in the mountains, arrangements were made for food, by killing the cattle and building shelters. The following is a description of the Breen cabin:

It was built of pine saplings, and roofed with pine brush and rawhides. It was twelve by fourteen feet, and seven or eight feet high, with a chimney in one end, built "Western style." One opening, through which light, air, and the occu-

pants passed, served as a window and door. Two days were spent in its construction.

Patrick Dolan, a brave, generous Irishman, gave all of his food to the Reed family, and started with C. T. Stanton and thirteen others to cross the Sierra on foot.

Before they left, one man had already died of starvation. Matters were desperate. The party only dared take six days' rations. The first day the party traveled four miles, the next, six.

They crossed the summit. The camp of the party was no longer visible. They were alone among the high snow-peak battlements of the Sierra. The situation was terrible. The great snowshoes exhausted them. The heroic Stanton, became so blind that it was difficult for him to proceed. The agony of blindness wrung no cry from his lips. He could no longer keep up with the rest of the company.

One evening he staggered into camp, long after the others had finished their pitiful supper. He said little. In the silence of his heart he knew he had reached the end of his journey.

In the morning some one said to him, kindly, "Are you coming?"

"Yes; I am coming soon." These were his last words. He died alone, amid the snow of the High Sierra.

A terrible storm arose. The people were without food. Unless their hunger was allayed, all would die. Some one proposed to prolong their lives by eating human flesh. It was decided to draw slips, and the one who got the longest was to die. Patrick Dolan got the fatal slip. No one would take Dolan's life. It was not necessary; for hunger had done its terrible work.

Several of the party, including Dolan, died, and the others lived on the flesh of the dead until they came to an Indian rancheria. The savages were amazed. It is said that the Indian women cried with grief at the pitiful spectacle of the starved men and women.

They were given bread made from acorns, and the Indians were very kind to them. But the acorn bread did not strengthen them. They were now in full view of the Sacramento Valley, in all its beauty and loveliness, and yet were dying!

At last one, stronger than the others, went on ahead to Johnson's Ranch, and sent back food to the others. Of the fifteen who had started from Donner Lake, only seven lived to reach Johnson's Ranch.

Word reached Sutter's Fort that men, women, and children were starving at Donner Lake, and Captain Sutter sent a relief party at once.

The people who camped at the lake suffered the

pangs of hunger. One of the survivors, writing, said: "The families shared with one another as long as they had anything to share. Each one's portion was very small. The hides were boiled, and the bones were browned and eaten. We tried to eat a decayed buffalo robe, but it was too tough and there was no nourishment in it. Some of the few mice that came into camp were caught and eaten.

"Some days we could not keep a fire, and many times, during both days and nights, snow was shoveled from off our tent and from around it, that we might not be buried alive. Mother remarked one day that it had been two weeks that our beds and the clothing upon our bodies had been wet.

"Two of my sisters and myself spent some days at Keseberg's cabin. The first morning we were there they shoveled the snow from our bed before we could get up.

"Very few can believe it possible for human beings to live and suffer the exposure and hardships endured there."

Quoting again from Mr. McGlashan, this touching account of Christmas on Donner Lake is given:

"What a desolate Christmas morning that was for the snowbound victims! All were starving. Something to eat, something to satisfy the terrible cravings of appetite, was the constant wish of all. Sometimes the wishes were expressed aloud, but

more frequently a gloomy silence prevailed. When anything was audibly wished for, it was invariably something whose size was proportional to their hunger. They never wished for a meal or a mouthful, but for a barrelful, a wagon-load, a houseful, or a storehouseful.

"On Christmas eve the children spoke in low, subdued tones of the visits Santa Claus used to make them in their beautiful homes before they started across the plains. Now they knew that no Santa Claus would find them in the pathless depths of snow.

"One family, the Reeds, were in a peculiarly distressing situation. They knew not whether their father was living or dead. No tidings had reached them since his letters ceased to be found by the wayside. The meat they had obtained from the Breen and Graves families was now gone, and on Christmas morning their breakfast was a 'pot of glue,' as the boiled rawhide was termed.

"But Mrs. Reed, the dear, tender-hearted mother, had a surprise in store for her children this day.

"When the last ox had been purchased, Mrs. Reed had placed the frozen meat in one corner of the cabin, so that pieces could be chipped off with a knife or hatchet. The tripe, however, she cleaned carefully, and hung on the outside of the cabin, on the end of a log, close to the ground.

"She knew that the snow would soon conceal this from view. She also laid away secretly one teacupful of white beans, about half that quantity of rice, the same measure of dried apples, and a piece of bacon two inches square.

"She knew that if Christmas found them alive, they would be in a terribly destitute condition. She therefore resolved to lay these articles away, and to give them to her starving children for a Christmas dinner.

"This was done. The joy and gladness of these four little children knew no bounds when they saw the treasures unearthed and cooking on the fire. They were, just this one meal, to have all they could eat!

"They laughed, and danced, and cried by turns. They eagerly watched the dinner as it boiled. The pork and tripe had been cut in dice-like pieces. Occasionally one of these pieces would boil up to the surface of the water for an instant; then a bean would take a peep at them from the boiling kettle; then a piece of apple or a grain of rice. The appearance of each tiny bit was hailed by the children with shouts of glee.

"The mother, whose eyes were brimming with tears, watched her famished darlings with emotions that can only be imagined. It seemed too sad that innocent children should be brought to such desti-

tution — that the very sight of food should so affect them.

"When the dinner was prepared, the mother's constant injunction was, 'Children, eat slowly; there is plenty for all.' When they thought of the starvation of to-morrow, they could not repress a shade of sadness, and when the name of papa was mentioned all burst into tears.

"Dear, brave papa! Was he struggling to relieve his starving family, or lying stark and dead 'neath the snows of the Sierra? This question was constantly uppermost in the mother's mind."

Four different relief expeditions went to the rescue of the Donner party. Of the ninety who comprised the party, forty-two perished. Those who survived became prominent in the history of California. The names of Donner, Breen, Murphy, Foster, Graves, Reed, Eddy, McCutcheon, and others of the party, are well known.

Donner Lake, calm and peaceful among the sighing pines, is often the scene of some tourist's camp. Frequently a relic of the days of '46 and '47 is found, and it tells a mute story of death and starvation.

The travelers in palace cars pass over the Sierra, near Donner Lake, unmindful of the struggles of the pioneers; that the white peaks of snow on which rest the golden afterglow of the sun, were not the

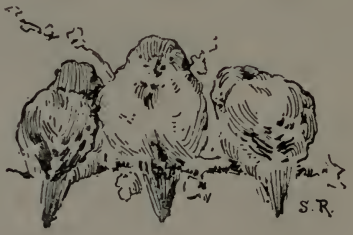
holy spires of God's eternal cathedrals, but the cold menace of death!

The pioneers have fought their last battle with the elements. The names of those who have won wealth and fame are recorded in history. Let the names of the others be engraved with loving sentiment in the hearts of the young. The unnamed graves are sometimes typical of the bravest struggles, the loftiest manhood, and noblest sentiment. The race of pioneers is passing away. Let us cherish their deeds and their strength. It will soon be written —

"The Last Pioneer."

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Sierra (sē-ĕr′ra), **route** (rōōt, *or* rout), **Sutter** (sut′ėr), **rancheria** (răn′che-rē′a), **survivors** (sŭr-vīv′ers), **provisions** prōvizh′uns), **exhausted** (ĕgz-äst-ĕd), **destitute** (dĕs′tĭ-tūt), **injunction** (ĭn-jŭnk′shŭn), **baffled** (băf′f′ld).



THE BEAR-FLAG REPUBLIC.

At sunrise on June 11, 1846, thirteen men left Fremont's camp at the Buttes near the mouth of the Feather River. They were armed with rifles and pistols. They crossed the Sacramento River and made their way to Gordon's Ranch on Cache Creek.

Gordon gave the men a bullock, which they killed and roasted over a big fire. The men had a fine supper. They traveled all night. The next day nineteen men joined them. They rode down into the Sonoma Valley one dark night and surrounded the Californian settlement, and captured the people.

At this time the Mexicans were called the Californians, and the

Reference Topics.

The Buttes.
General Vallejo.
Fremont.
Kit Carson.
Castro.
The Bear Flag.
Captain Stoneman.
Lieutenant Derby.
Sonoma.

Eastern people who had settled in this land were called Americans.

Sonoma is a small town, but it has played an important part in the history of California. On June

Cache Creek.

14, 1846, there was a mission, a few adobe houses, barracks, plaza, residence of General Vallejo, the house of Jacob Leese, which was used in after years as the headquarters of Colonel Joe Hooker, Major Phil Kearny, Captain Stoneman, Lieutenant Derby, and others known to fame.

At daybreak on June 14th, thirty-two men sur-

rounded Vallejo's house. He was roused from his bed and taken prisoner. He said: "I surrender, because I am without a force to defend me. I ask time to dress."

When he was told that no harm was intended, wine was given to the men. The men who went in to capture Vallejo stayed so long that those on the outside sent a man named Ide to ascertain the cause of delay. He found that they were having a merry time. Ide came out and reported.

Then a demand was made that the prisoners be taken to Fremont's camp in the Sacramento Valley. Grigsby, one of the men, asked: "What are the orders of Fremont?" No one could answer. It seemed that no orders existed. A scene of wild confusion ensued. One swore he would not remain; another said, "We'll all have our throats cut."

There was a move to quit the scheme, when Ide stepped up and said: "The Americans have not been treated right. The Californians have told us to leave or die. We must protect ourselves. I will not run, like a coward. If we do not succeed, we'll be nothing but robbers or horsethieves. We must succeed."

The speech made the men rally around Ide, who was chosen the leader. "Now, take the fort!" he said. It was taken without a gun being fired, and the post at Sonoma was captured, with eighteen

prisoners, nine brass cannons, two hundred and fifty guns, and a thousand dollars' worth of property.

Vallejo and three other prisoners were sent to Fremont's camp. The first thing they needed was

General Vallejo.

a flag. It did not take long to produce one. A piece of coarse white cloth, about two yards long

and one yard wide, was used. A narrow strip of red woolen stuff from an old flannel shirt was sewed around its edges.

"There ought to be a bear on the flag," said one of the men; and John Todd drew a large single star and a queer-shaped animal, which he called a grizzly bear. Below the figures were the words

"California Republic."

The flag was then run up on the pole where before had floated the Mexican colors. Rules of order and discipline were adopted. Ide again made a speech to the Californians, in which he said: "We do not intend to rob you or deprive you of liberty. We want equal justice to all men." It was the purpose of the republic to overthrow tyranny and work for the rights of all.

The first night, it was decided to issue a declaration of freedom. Ide had taught a village school in Ohio, and knew something of text-books and politics. In the silent hours of the night, from one o'clock until four, he wrote the new declaration. It was written in the glow of enthusiasm.

The new republic was to have civil and religious liberty. It would foster industry, virtue, literature, commerce, farming, and manufacture. It asked the favor of Heaven and the help and wisdom and good sense of the people of California.

Connected with the Republic were two terrible incidents. Two Americans, named Cowie and Fowler, were lassoed, dragged, tied to trees, and cut

The Old Fort at Sonoma.

to pieces by their captors, the Californians. This took place near the present town of Healdsburg.

The other event was the shooting of three Californians, who were captured by Ford. Papers were found in their boots which were to mislead the

Americans. The men were shot, though they threw away their guns and begged for life.

Kit Carson, who has figured in the song and story of the West, was with the Americans when this occurred.

There was now war in the air. Castro, a leader of the Mexicans, with an armed force, was on his way to recapture Sonoma; and it was said that he would put to death every man, woman, and child, except Ide, who was to be tortured like a beast.

One night the little band of Americans expected an attack. There was the tramp of horses. It was four o'clock—the darkest hour—just before the dawn. Every man was at his post. The cannons were ready. The signal was that when Ide dropped his gun, the men were to fire.

Nearer and nearer came the tramp of soldiers. Ide, with a new light in his eye, was about to drop his gun. The same moment Kit Carson's voice rang out, "My God, they are going to fire!" Then the shout, "'T is Fremont! 't is Fremont!" broke out in the fort, and Fremont came wildly dashing up.

Two days after his arrival the American flag was raised at Monterey, and when the news reached Sonoma, the Bear flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes run up.

The Bear-flag revolution was at an end. Its flag is now in the Pioneer Hall, in San Francisco, where it tells its mute story of early days.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Cache (kăsh), **lieutenant** (lū-ten′ant), **scheme** (skēm), **literature** (lĭt′er-a-ture), **Vallejo** (väl-ya′hō), **tyranny** (tĭr′an-nĭ), **Kearny** (kär′nĭ).

Mount Shasta.

THE AMERICAN FLAG IN CALIFORNIA.

THE story about raising the flag at the Golden Gate can be told in a few words. Away down the coast at Mazatlan was a war-ship, commanded by John D. Sloat. The sailors heard about the Mexicans fighting General Taylor over on the Rio Grande. They wanted to do some fighting themselves.

In June, 1845, Sloat received from George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, a secret letter. The orders were to blockade the Mexican ports, but first to sail through the Golden Gate and take possession of the port of San Francisco. He was told to treat all the people of California in the most friendly manner possible.

On May 13, 1846, Bancroft wrote that Congress had declared war against Mexico, and ordered Sloat to take possession at once of San Francisco, Monterey, and as many other Mexican ports as he could. But of San Fran-

Reference Topics.

The American Flag.
Commodore Sloat.
George Bancroft, Historian, and Secretary of the Navy.
July 6, 1846.
Sloat's Instruction to His Men.
The Presidio.

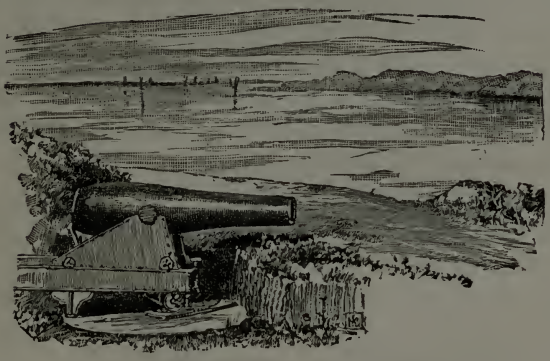
cisco he said: "Take it without fail." His ship sailed into the Bay of Monterey on the second of

The Flag Guarding the Golden Gate.

July. He soon learned about the Bear-flag revolution. There were two English war-ships in the

bay. He was afraid of them. It was several days before he decided to raise the American flag at Monterey.

Sloat said: "I'd rather be blamed for doing too much, than doing too little." He demanded the surrender of the Mexican fort, and was referred to General Castro. Two hundred and fifty men



then marched up, and without the firing of a gun pulled down the Mexican flag and hoisted in its place "Old Glory." This was on the 6th of July, 1846.

As it floated its starry folds to the breeze, the men gave a mighty cheer. Twenty-one guns were fired as a salute to the flag; and from that moment in law Mexican rule ceased and California became a part of the United States.

Commodore Sloat said to the sailors: "Do not tarnish the hopes of bright success by doing any act that you 'd be ashamed to acknowledge before your God or country. Treat the people friendly, and offer no insult or offense to any one, particularly women."

In a few days the American flag floated over Sutter's Fort, Sonoma, and Bodega Bay; and in the country north and south it was hailed with delight. It was on July 9, 1846, that Commander Montgomery, with seventy men, marched to the plaza of San Francisco, then called Yerba Buena, and, amid the cheers of the people, hauled down the Mexican colors and raised our country's flag.

On the same afternoon Lieutenant Missroon, with a few men, went to the fort at the Presidio. He found it deserted. The old Spanish cannons, cast several centuries ago, and some small iron guns, spiked and useless, were exposed to the weather. The old adobe walls were crumbled and the old tile roofs tumbled in.

"Old Glory" was hoisted on the ramparts, and has since kept a sleepless watch and ward over the Golden Gate.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Rio Grande (rē'o grän'dĕ), **salute** (sa-lūt'), **Mazatlan** (mä-sät-län'), **Yerba Buena** (yer'bă bwā'nă), **Presidio** (prā-sē'de-o), **acknowledge** (ak-nol'ej), **Bodega** (bo-dā'ga), **ramparts** (ram'-pärts), **commodore** (kom'mo-dōr), **hoisted** (hoist'ed), **tarnish** (tär'nish), **referred** (re-ferd'), **revolution** (rev-o-lu'shun).

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

GOLD, gold, gold! Have you ever seen it in the sand or in the rocks? The first man to see gold in the sand of California was John W. Marshall. The story of how he found the yellow pebbles will interest you.

He had built houses, also saw-mills and grist-mills. Lumber was very high in California at that time; so he thought it would be a good scheme to build a saw-mill. He got John A. Sutter, a Swiss, who built Sutter's Fort, now owned by the Native Sons of the Golden West, to furnish him some money and food.

Marshall started off in search of a site upon which to build a mill. He found one on the north fork of the American River, at a place now known as Coloma.

Ox-teams, carts, pack-animals, tools, and food were on the grounds in a few days, and the mill was up on the 15th of January, 1848. Sut-

Reference Topics.

The Building of the Mill, Jan. 15, 1848.
The Test of the Gold.
Sutter's Ring.
James Buchanan.
The Gold Excitement.
Marshall's Monument.

ter furnished the money and Marshall the experience. When the mill was ready to run, it was found that the ditch which was to lead the water to the wheel was not deep enough.

Marshall opened the flood-gates and let a big swift stream rush through to deepen the ditch. The water run all night. In the morning he shut the gates, and went down to see the effect.

He was alone. The swift current had dug out the side and the bottom, and spread at the end of the ditch a mass of sand and gravel. While looking at it, he saw beneath the water in the ditch some little yellow pebbles. He picked one up and looked at it closely. Marshall knew that gold was bright, heavy, and easily hammered. The sub-

Sutter, John Augustus, was born in Baden, February 15, 1803. He was the son of Swiss parents. He received a commission in the French army, and became a captain. He arrived in New York, to select a location for a colony, in July, 1834, and located in Missouri. He joined a party of hunters and travelers, and, after making a tour of New Mexico, he went as far as Fort Vancouver. He sailed for the Sandwich Islands, and from there to Sitka, then down the coast to San Francisco, then up the Sacramento River, where he built the stockade which afterwards became famous as Sutter's Fort. He became the owner of very valuable estates. He had a flour-mill that cost $25,000, a saw-mill $10,000, and thousands of cattle, sheep, and hogs.

The discovery of gold resulted in his ruin. The gold-hunters squatted on his lands, and he spent his money and property in fruitless litigation.

The California Legislature granted him a pension of $250 per month. In 1873, he removed to Lancaster, Pa. He died in Washington, D. C., June 17, 1880.

stance he had in the hollow of his hand was bright and heavy. He laid it down on one stone and took up another stone and hammered the yellow pebble into different shapes.

The vision of millions did not dawn upon him. He did not know that that little pebble would people the land and make California leap into greatness.

Marshall returned to the mill, and said to the man that was working at the wheel: "I have found it." "What is it?" asked the man. "Gold," said Marshall. "Oh, no," said the man; "that can not be."

Marshall held out his yellow pebble and said: "I know it to be nothing else." The men about the mill had no doubt read about Sir Walter Raleigh having taken home to England a lot of yellow clay from Virginia, and had little faith in the discovery.

Marshall, James Wilson, discoverer of gold, was born in New Jersey in 1812. He went to Oregon in 1844. He came to California in 1847, and entered the service of Sutter. He built a mill at Coloma, where he discovered gold. He passed twenty-eight years in poverty, while the State was being built from the gold that he discovered. He was never married, and died at Coloma, where he lived so long, on August 8, 1885. He received a small pension from the State, and the State has erected a monument, which stands at Coloma.

Marshall started for Sutter's Fort. He carried with him a number of nuggets in a little rag package. Taking Sutter aside where nobody else could hear or see them, Marshall showed him the small

yellow lumps and said: "It is gold." Sutter tested it, read articles on gold, weighed it, and said that Marshall was right, and that the lumps were real gold.

Marshall started back in the rain. The great white rain of California came down, but he went right on. Sutter promised to visit the mill the next

day. Marshall was so excited that he could not wait his coming, and met him on the road.

The flood-gates at the mill were turned on again, and Sutter picked up a lot of the yellow lumps, which he afterwards had made into a ring, on which were written these words:

"THE FIRST GOLD FOUND IN CALIFORNIA,
JANUARY, 1848."

Sutter wanted the discovery kept secret, so that the men who were working for him on a mill near

the fort would not leave him and go to the gold-fields. A woman told the secret to a teamster, who,

Sutter's Mill.

in turn, told Brannan and Smith, merchants at Sutter's Fort.

Great excitement was aroused at once. Men left their stores, trades, and professions, and crowded into the gold-fields. The whole country sounded

with the sordid cry of "Gold, gold, gold!" Houses were left half-finished, fields half-planted, and newspapers stopped because the editors and printers had gone to the mines.

Thomas O. Larkin wrote a full account of the gold discovery to James Buchanan, then Secretary of State. President Polk called attention to the matter in his message to Congress, December 5, 1848.

People came to California by the thousands—brave men, honest men, brainy men, in search of gold. There were also many true, good women. In 1849, there came by sea about thirty-five thousand people, and across the plains about forty-five thousand people.

The coming of so many people in so brief a space of time to a new country created conditions that had not been seen before and may never be seen again.

They laid the foundations of California, and gave it the name which it will always bear as the Golden State of the Union.

The little lump of gold grew to millions of dollars. John W. Marshall, the discoverer, lived to be an old man. The State gave him money in his old age, and when he died erected a monument to him. It stands at Coloma, in sight of the historic old mill.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Sutter (sut′ẽr), **experience** (ĕks-pē′rĭ-ens), **substance** (sub′stans), **nuggets** (nug′gets), **sordid** (sôr′did), **secretary** (sĕc′re-ta-rĭ), **historic** (his-tŏr′ik), **editors** (ed′i-ters), **Virginia** (ver-jin′ĭ-a).

THE COCOA-TREE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Cast on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me;
Onward I drifted till a coral-tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case;
Widowed within this solitary place,
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I hear the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibers stiffen and grow numb
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come!

WHO NAMED THE GOLDEN GATE?

The entrance to the Bay of San Francisco has always been the delight of the poet. It has been pictured in song during the last fifty years as frequently as Mount Parnassus itself.

The strait between the sea and the bay is picturesque. Mt. Tamalpais stands on one side, Sutro Heights on the other, and the wild sea dashes its foam against the rugged rocks. It makes a picture worthy the inspired fancy of the poet.

The view of the Golden Gate is always beautiful. As the sun dips into the sea and shines back through the Golden Gate the picture is sublime.

The strait is one mile wide at its narrowest point, and five miles long from sea to bay.

John C. Fremont, in his book, "Memoirs of My Life," writes: "To this gate I gave the name of Chrysopylæ or Golden Gate, for the same reasons that the harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople) was named the Golden Horn (Chrysoceras)."

The name was suggested to him by the beauty of the sunset, the gatelike entrance to the bay, and the value of the harbor for the commerce of the world. He put the name on the map that was sent to the Senate of the United States, in June, 1848.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY MADGE MORRIS WAGNER.

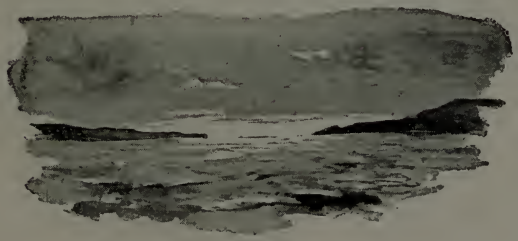
Down by the side of the Golden Gate
The city stands;
Grimly, and solemn, and silent, wait
The walls of land,
Guarding its door as a treasure fond;
And none may pass to the sea beyond,
But they who trust to the king of fate
And pass through the Golden Gate.
The ships go out through its narrow door,
White-sailed and laden with precious store;
White-sailed and laden with precious freight
The ships come back through the Golden Gate.
The sun comes up o'er the eastern crest,
The sun goes down in the golden West,
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate—
The door of life,—

Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,
White-walled, and templed, and marble-towered,—
The end of strife.
The ships have sailed from the silent walls,
And over their sailing the darkness falls:
Oh, the sea is so dark, and so deep and wide!
Will the ships come back from the farther side?
"Nay, but there is no farther side,"
A voice is whispering across the tide—
"Time itself is a circle vast,
Building the future out of the past;
For the new is old, and the old is new,
And the true is false, and the false is true,
And the West is East, and the East is West,
And the sun that rose o'er the eastern crest,
Gone down in the West of his circling track,
Forever and ever is shining back
Through the Golden Gate of life."

O Soul! thy city is standing down
By its Golden Gate;
Over it hangs the menacing frown
Of the king of fate.
The sea of knowledge, so near its door,
Is rolling away to the farther shore—
The Orient side,—
And the ocean is dark, and deep, and wide!
But thy harbor, O Soul! is filled with sails,

Freighted with messages, wonder-tales,
From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky,
Where the gardens of God in the ether lie.
If only thy blinded eyes could see,
If only thy deaf-mute heart could hear,
The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,
And its Golden Gate is near!
For the dead are the living—the living the dead,—
And out of the darkness the light is shed;
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun, from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.



THE STORY OF FREMONT.

"He wore the white flower of a blameless life." This ideal hero of America was born in South Carolina during the War of 1812–13, of an old and honored French family.

He seems to have been born a student and a scholar; for we find him, while yet a boy, teaching mathematics on a Government ship in Cuban waters. His studious and correct habits were rewarded with a lieutenant's commission; and we next find him busy surveying and making maps of the then uncertain line between his own country and Canada, on the head-waters of our great rivers.

Benton, the broad-minded and brave senator of Missouri, had been a colonel under General Jackson in the late war with England; and it would seem he never quite laid down his sword, but kept his eye on the British Lion to the north to the end of his life.

Reference Topics.

- Senator Benton.
- The British Lion.
- Fremont the Student.
- Fremont the Explorer.
- Kit Carson.
- California's First U. S. Senator.
- Fremont, Candidate for President.
- Fremont's Death.

He was soon attracted by the quiet energy, pure life, and scientific skill of young Fremont, far up in the then unknown wilderness of our Western frontier, and when the still boyish-looking lieutenant was called to Washington to report, the great senator took him to his house.

Carson, Kit (Christopher), hunter and soldier, was born in Kentucky, December 24, 1809. When he was fifteen, he was apprenticed to a saddler, but two years later became a trapper, roaming over the plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. For sixteen years his rifle supplied every particle of food on which he lived. In 1842, after the death of his Indian wife, he took his daughter to St. Louis to be educated, and there joined Fremont. Kit Carson was Fremont's guide on both his exploring expeditions. He married a Spanish woman in New Mexico, and settled there in 1853. In the Civil War of 1861–65, he was loyal to the Government, and was made brigadier-general for his services. Kit Carson died at Fort Lyon, Colo., May 23, 1868.

There he met, loved, and married Benton's daughter, Jessie, one of the most beautiful and brilliant young women in all the world.

But there was work, brave and dangerous work, to be done, and Fremont must be up and away. The great big paw of the British Lion was reaching down, down, down from Canada; it already was laid on Oregon, and was reaching on down for the Bay of San Francisco.

Benton stood up in his place in the Senate, time after time, and almost continually cried out, as he pointed beyond the Rocky Mountains:

"Yonder in the west lies the Orient; yonder lies the path to India!"

General Fremont.

And so Fremont was sent to find the path, even before the honeymoon was well half over. He left

his young wife at St. Louis, and there procured a cannon of Captain Robert E. Lee, afterwards the great General Lee, and always the true friend of Fremont, and pushed on before the snow and ice melted from the mountains.

And when it became known that he had taken a cannon with him, the President sent an order that he must not take the cannon, as his was a mission of peace. But Jessie opened the letter, and forgot to send it on for half a year! So that the brave explorer was not left defenseless.

And what perils! One night near the Modoc lava-beds, more than a third of his force was killed or wounded; and but for Kit Carson, not a man of Fremont's had been left alive in that hand-to-hand battle in the darkness.

Fremont reports that the arrows had steel points, and were supplied from a British trading-post at the mouth of the Umpqua River, Oregon. He adds: "Kit Carson says they are the most beautifully warlike arrows I ever saw." The *Athenæum*, an English authority of this time, said: "We are glad that Lieutenant Fremont has been sent to survey Oregon; for we know it will be well done, and we will then know how much blood and treasure to spend to secure that wild region."

Fremont led three of these daring experiences, one after the other, in ensuing years. He named

the Golden Gate long before gold was found, fought through the Mexican War, from Mount Shasta to

Kit Carson.

Los Angeles, and then was made the first United States Senator from California.

Never had there been such an active life in all history, perhaps; certainly never such a useful, and pure, and clean life. It is worth noticing here that Fremont, like Washington and Lincoln, was always

Fremont's Headquarters at Los Angeles.

a student, a student from his cradle to his grave.

While others laughed or told stories of adventure around the camp or cabin fires, Fremont was in his tent or under a tree with his books. He knew all science, every tree or plant, and could talk to his

guides and soldiers, made up of all sorts of people, in almost any tongue.

Fremont, from first to last, was the hero of heroes, and the ideal of the young, and pure, and good, from one end of the land to the other. If only the pure and good, or if only the youths could have voted for him in 1856, when he ran for President, he would have carried every State in the Union.

In the fearful Civil War he was the most conspicuous figure until he issued his emancipation proclamation, thus anticipating President Lincoln. Envy and pitiful little jealousies that too often pursue great souls, were clamoring for his retirement from the field of action. Yet he could not be idle for a day.

He had planned the first railroad to California, and now would have perfected it, but for the envious and rich and powerful men who again thwarted him.

In fact Fremont, if we except his fortunate marriage, was never the favorite of fortune. He was not cunning; he never cared for money; and, let it be proudly said, with all his high offices and great opportunities, he died poor.

Of his final hours (1890) let his sweet, gentle Jessie speak. She says:

" Of the many kindnesses unknown Fate reserved for Fremont, the kindest was the last. He had just

succeeded in a most cherished wish. Peace and rest were again secured, when he was attacked in New York by what he thought was a passing summer illness. His physician recognized danger, and quickly the cessation of pain showed a fatal condition.

"Night and day his loving son watched over him, and with their long-time friend and physician, kept unbroken his happy composure. Rousing from a prolonged, deep sleep the General said: 'If I continue so comfortable I can finish my writing next week and go home.' Seeing the eyes closing again, his physician said, to test the mind:

"'Home? Where do you call *home*, General?'

"One last clear look, a pleased smile: 'California, of course.'"

"Hero, scholar, cavalier,
Bayard of thy brave new land,
Poppies for thy bed and bier,
Dreamful poppies foot and hand.

"Poppies garmented in gold;
Poppies of the land you won—
Love and gratitude untold—
Poppies—peace—the setting sun!"

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Ideal (ī-dē'al), **government** (guv'ern-ment), **frontier** (fron'tēr), **Orient** (o'rĭ-ent), **Los Angeles** (lŏs an'-ge-les), **Modoc** (mō'dok), **Lincoln** (link'un), **emancipation** (e-man-ci-pā-tion), **recognized** (rek'og-nīzd), **clamoring** (klam'er-ing).

HOW CALIFORNIA CAME INTO THE UNION.

Now, I'm going to tell you a story that's not like any of the others. It has no hero. Our country had a big war with Mexico, and we won. California and much other land became part of the United States.

The people of California soon wanted to form a State. A convention met at Monterey, September 1, 1849. A constitution was adopted, officers elected, and laws passed before California was admitted into the Union. The first legislature met at San Jose. It passed many laws and gave the names to the counties of the State. Fremont and Gwin were elected United States Senators. They went to Washington and asked that California be admitted to the Union. The President sent a special message to Congress about California.

The giants of the Senate—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Sew-

Reference Topics.

Convention at Monterey.
The First U. S. Senators.
Webster's Speech.
Seward's Speech.
Calhoun.
September 9, 1850.
Why the Admission was Opposed.

ard, and Jefferson Davis—men whom you will read about in the history of your country,—were interested in California. Calhoun and Davis did not want California admitted because of the Slavery Question.

Almost the last speech Calhoun made was against California. He thought it would bring trouble between the North and the South. He tried to talk again, but was too weak, and another Senator read his speech. It was a great speech in all the arts that go to make up a fine oration.

Daniel Webster said: "I believe in the Spartan maxim—'Improve, adorn what you have; seek no further.' I do not fear slavery in California, because the soil, climate, and everything connected with the region is opposed to slave labor. There has been talk of secession, peaceable secession. You might as well talk of a planet withdrawing from the solar system without a convulsion, as to talk about peaceable secession.

"The Union, which has been so hard to form, has linked together the destinies of all parts of the country, and has made a great nation, because it is a united nation, with a common name, and a common flag, and a common patriotism. It has conferred upon the South no less than upon the North great blessings.

"There may be violence; there may be revolu-

tion; the great dead may be disturbed in their graves.

"All this is possible, but not peaceable secession. The Union is one; it is a complete whole. It is bounded, like the buckler of Achilles, on either side by the ocean."

William H. Seward, another name that you will hear more about in history, said: "California ought to be admitted at once; California comes from that clime where the West dies away into the rising East; California, which bounds the empire and the continent; California, the youthful queen of the Pacific, in robes of freedom inlaid with gold, is doubly welcome!

"The stars and stripes should wave over its ports, or it will raise aloft a banner for itself. It would be no mean ambition if it became necessary for its own protection to found an independent nation on the Pacific.

"It is farther away than the old colonies from England; it is out of the reach of railroads; the prairies, the mountains, and the desert, an isthmus ruled by foreign powers, and a cape of storms are between it and the armies of the Union."

The delegates from California prepared a new address in which they related in detail the claims of California to be admitted into the Union.

It seems strange now, when there is no longer

any division between North and South, that Congress should hesitate to receive as part of the Union the Golden Land of the West.

The bill making California a State passed the Senate, August 13, 1850. There were thirty-four Senators who voted for it, and eight against it. On September 7th, the bill was up for passage in the House. There were several attempts to defeat it, but it was passed by one hundred and fifty-four ayes against fifty-six noes.

The President, Millard Fillmore, signed the bill September 9, 1850. California was the thirty-first State—the thirty-first star in the flag, in order of date,—but the peer in many respects of many States in the Union.

It has contributed more than its share to the material and intellectual wealth of the world. Its treasures of gold, of soil, of climate; the patriotism of its citizens; the excellence of its schools, churches, and libraries; its spirit of progress, its color and art atmosphere, make California the ideal Golden State.

BLACKBOARD WORDS.

San Jose (săn hō-sā′), **Monterey** (mon-tā-rā′), **convention** (kŏn-vĕn′shŭn), **constitution** (kŏn′stī-tū′shŭn), **secession** (sē-sĕsh′ŭn), **successor** (sŭk-sĕs′ser), **Calhoun** (kal-hōōn′), **libraries** (lī′brā-ries), **ambition** (ăm-bĭsh′ŭn), **atmosphere** (ăt′mŏs-fēr), **solar** (so′ler), **Achilles** (a-kil′lez), **delegates** (dĕl′ē-gāts).

THE STORY OF A BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

BATTLE—a real battle with the Indians! It took place at Castle Crags in 1855. And it is said to be the last battle of record where the Indians fought with arrows only.

It occurred near Mount Shasta, which the poet has described as—

"Lone as God, white as a winter moon."

"Mountain Joe," a picturesque figure of pioneer days, was one of the men who took an active part in the battle.

The entire country in the vicinity of Shasta was a sea of tents. The soil had been turned upside down by the miners. The river was red with red dirt. The fishes died. This was in 1855, when the gold excitement was great.

The Indians had determined to drive out the whites. It led to a general war, which resulted in the

Reference Topics.

Mount Shasta.
Castle Crags.
The Shasta Indians.
Arrows.
Joaquin Miller.
The Battle.
Mountain Joe.
Indians of To-day.

extinction of many tribes in Oregon and some in California.

R. P. Gibson, who had married an Indian chief's daughter, was the leader against the Shasta Indians, who were in revolt; and he was aided by some friendly Indians.

Joaquin Miller, who was then known as "Mountain Joe's Boy," fought and was wounded in the battle of Castle Crags. He tells the story of the battle as follows:

"We rested by a deep, dark lake which the Indians call the abode of their devil, Ku-ku-pa-rick, and they refused to approach its grassy, wooded shores.

"Here Gibson, leaving his Indians for the first time, passed from man to man as they crouched under the trees. He told them that there was to be a fight, and a fight to a finish; that the hostiles were not an hour distant, and that no one could turn back and live; for if we did not kill them they would kill us. He told us that they had come down out of the Castle to kill deer, and so their arrows were not poisoned, and that we could swim.

"He broke us up in parties, putting good and bad together, with Indians at the head of each. He told me to go with Joe, whom he sent to make a show of attack on the side next to Soda Springs.

When near the hostiles Joe put me behind a tree on the edge of a small open place, and told me to stay there. Then he went on creeping through the dense brush, to place the other men.

"I put some bullets into my mouth so as to have them handy, but I do not know what I did with them. I fired a few shots after Joe opened the fight, but hit only brush and rocks, I reckon. And now pandemonium! Indians do not often yell in battle; but on both sides of us now, the yelling was simply fiendish. They yelled from the top of the Castle to the bottom, it seemed to me.

"We had taken the enemy entirely unawares,—asleep most of them, after the morning's chase,—and our first shots brought down their dozing sentinels on the rocks. Finally there was some parleying, and the yelling, the whiz of arrows, and the crack of rifles stopped. Then some Indian women came out and across the little gorge to Joe and his men, and I, thinking they had all surrendered, walked out into the opening.

"Gibson called from the rocks ahead of me and to my right, 'Boys, the fight now begins, and we've got to git them or they git us. Come on! Who will go with me?' I answered that I would go; for it was all a picnic so far as I had yet seen, and I ran around to him. But there was blood on his hands and blood on his face, blood on all of his

Indians, and most of the white men were bloody and hot.

"The enemy used arrows entirely. They could tell where we were, but we knew where they were only when we felt their sting. Gibson led, or rather

Battle Rock.

crept, hastily on, his head below the chaparral. No one dared speak. But when we got in position, right in the thick of it, our men opened. Then the arrows, then the yelling, as never before!

"The women and children prisoners down with

Joe set up the death-song, as if it was not already dismal enough. The savages bantered us and bullied us, saying we were all going to be killed before the sun went down; that we were already covered with blood, and that they had not lost a man. I had not yet fired a shot since joining Gibson, and, rising up to look for a target, he told an Indian to 'Pull the fool down by the hair,' which he promptly did.

"The battle had lasted for hours. The men were choking, and the sun was near going down. We must kill or be killed, and that soon. We must do our work before dark. The white man has little show with an Indian in battle at night.

"Gibson gathered all who could or would go, and took still another place by storm. Then Lane fell, mortally wounded by an arrow in the eye. I saw Gibson's gun fall from his hand from the very deluge of arrows; then all was blank, and I knew no more of that battle.

"The fight was over when I came to my senses, and it was dark. A young man by the name of Jameson was trying to drag me through the brush; and it has always seemed to me that a good many people walked over me and trod on me. I could hear, but could not see.

"An arrow had struck the left side of my face, knocked out two teeth, and had forced its point

through at the back of my neck. I could hear, and I knew the voices of Gibson and Joe. They cut off the point of the arrow and pulled it out of my face by the feather end. Then I could see. I suffered no pain, but was benumbed and cold as we lay under the pines. Joe held my head all night, expecting that I would die.

"Gibson had the squaw prisoners carry his wounded down to the pack-trail on the banks of the Sacramento. They laid us down under some pines and pretty juniper-trees on the west side of the swift, sweet river. And how tender and how kind these heroic men were! I was as a brother to them now,— their boy hero. Only the day before I had been merely 'Mountain Joe's Boy.'

"Gibson's loss in killed was considerable for so small a number engaged,— several Indians, though only one white man. Indians never give their loss, because of encouragement to the enemy; and Mountain Joe and Gibson, for a like reason, always kept their list of killed and wounded as low as possible, and spoke of the battle of Castle Crags as a trifling affair. Yet General Crook, in his letter to Captain Gibson, marveled that he ever got out with a single man.

"I had promised to mark the grave of Ike Hare with a fragment of granite from Castle Crags, so that those who pass up and down the pleasant

walks around Castle Crags Tavern might look with respect on the resting-place of a brave man and an honest legislator of two States. But my little tablet would seem so pitiful in the mighty presence of Mount Shasta!

"And it is Crook's monument, and Dribelbies', and Mountain Joe's. The finger of the Infinite traces and retraces, in storm or sun, the story and the glory of their unselfish valor here while the world endures. It is enough.

"There are those who care to read of savage incidents in these border battles. But such things should be left to obscurity, and I shall set down but two here.

"The first of these was the treatment of the dead Modoc chief, Docas Dalla, by the chief of our Indian allies. When the body was dragged before him, where he stood in the heat and rage of battle directing his men, he threw off his robe, and, nearly naked, leaped on the naked body (for it had already been stripped and scalped), and there danced and yelled as no fiend of the infernal regions could have danced and yelled.

"He called his fallen foe by name, and mocked and laughed, and leaped up and down on the dead till the body was slippery with the blood which gushed from its wounds, and he could no longer keep his footing. Yet, after all, it was only the old

Greek and Trojan rage,—the story of Homer in another form of expression; and Castle Crags was Troy above the clouds.

"One more incident, as described to me by the son of this same furious chief, on revisiting the bat-

Aborigines.

tle-ground. This son of the chief was but a lad at the time, and so was left by his father with two Indians and a few white men who were too lame and worn-out to rush into the fight, in charge of the blankets, supplies, and so forth. They were left in the little depression, or dimple, in the saddle of

the mountain, a few hundred feet above and to the south of Crooks (or Castle) Lake, and in the Modoc pass or trail.

"When Gibson forced the fighting, as night came on, the hostiles separated, some going down the gorge as if to reach their stores of arrows in the caves of Battle Rock (for their supply must have been well-nigh spent by this time), while others stole off up the old Modoc trail that winds up above and around the lake, and in which the son of the chief and other Indians, as well as some whites, lay concealed.

"And here in this dimple, on the great granite backbone that heaves above and about the lake,—here above the clouds, amid drifts, and banks, and avalanches of everlasting snow, the wounded fugitives, with empty quivers, and leaving a red path as they crawled or crept on and up over the banks and drifts of snow, were met by their mortal enemies face to face.

"If you stand here facing Battle Rock to the south, and with your back to the lake, which lies only a few hundred feet to the rear, though far below, you will see how impossible it was for the wounded savages to escape down the rugged crags to the left, or up and over the crescent of snow to the right. They could not turn back; they could not turn to the left, nor to the right; so they kept on.

"Two of them got through and over the ridge and onto the steep slope of snow, and slid down almost to the lake, where they lay for a few moments concealed in the tall grass. But their relentless red enemies followed their crimson trail, found and tomahawked and scalped them where they lay, and threw their bodies into the lake.

"Like all decisive battles with swift-footed savages, this one covered a large field. The fighting, or at least the dead, and the blood on the rocks and snow, reached from the south shore of Crook's Lake to the north base of Battle Rock. The cross cut in the white spruce-tree, by the hand that writes this, and not far from the northernmost bank of the lake, may be set down as the outer edge of the battle-ground in that direction.

"You will find small stone cairns set up here and there on heads of granite rocks that break above the snow. It is the custom for an Indian when passing the scene of some great disaster, especially if alone, to place in a conspicuous position a stone by the way, in memory of his dead. He never rears his monument at one time, as does the white man. He places but one stone, often a very small one, and leaves the rest to time and to other hands.

"I will add Captain Gibson's story of the fight, from his own trembling hand:

"GIBSON'S SWITCH, Sacramento River, July 25, 1893.

"In the year 1855, there being a great rush of miners here, the Sacramento River and other streams became muddy, and thereby obstructing the run of fish. The Indians became very indignant on account of its stopping the run of fish, which was their principal living. They commenced making preparations for hostilities by getting into strongholds, the principal one being the Castle Crags. Captain Crook came to the east fork of the Trinity about twelve miles from here with a company of regulars, and went out to Castle Crags with a view to break up the band, but failed to engage them.

"I sent him a letter telling him the way I was situated, so that by raising some men I could destroy them. His answer was to do so, which I did. We had a severe fight,—some men killed and a number wounded. We also found that the arrows were Modoc arrows; also amongst the dead two Modoc chiefs. I sent word of the battle to Captain Crook, and he gave it his hearty approval, and thanked me.

"We had and have every reason to believe that the Indians intended to consolidate and make a general outbreak, as the Modocs did soon after do; and there is no doubt but they would have done it had it not been for that battle as aforesaid at Castle Crags. Captain Crook was afterward the famous Indian fighter, General Crook. I was enabled to reach these Indians, which Crook could not, through my father-in-law, Wielputus, the chief of the Shastas. We took twenty-nine of his men with us. R. P. GIBSON."

SAN FRANCISCO.

(FROM THE SEA.)

BY BRET HARTE.

SERENE, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy height, so lately won,
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

And, scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * * * * *

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast!

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and willful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O Fleecy Fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she cowlèd, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O Fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies;

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

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.

Who in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place,

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

OLD CALIFORNIANS.

'T is a land so far that you wonder whether
  E'en God would know it should you fall down dead;
'T is a land so fair through the wilds and weather,
  That the sun falls weary and flushed and red,—
That the sea and the sky seem coming together,
  Seem closing together as a book that is read:

Oh! the nude, weird West, where an unnamed river
  Rolls restless in bed of bright silver and gold;
Where white flashing mountains flow rivers of silver
  As a rock of the desert flowed fountains of old;
By a dark-wooded river that calls to the dawn,
  And makes mouths at the sea with his dolorous swan:

Oh! the land of the wonderful sun and weather,
  With green under foot and with gold over head,
Where the sun takes flame, and you wonder whether
  'T is an isle of fire in his foamy bed;
Where the ends of the earth they are welding together
  In rough-hewn fashion, in a forge-flame red.

COMMEND me to the old Californian. I should say that an old gold-hunter of '49, standing on a peak of the Sierras with the world behind him, storm-blown and beaten, yet with hands and heart open, unsullied by any sin of the populous world below, stands not far from God.

They climb'd the rock-built breasts of earth,
The Titan-fronted, billowy steeps
That cradled Time. . . . Where Freedom keeps
Her flag of white-blown stars unfurl'd,
They turn'd about, they saw the birth
Of sudden dawn upon the world:
Again they gazed; they saw the face
Of God, and named it boundless space.

Ah, there have been clouds in the old Californian's life; storms and wrecks, and years of clouds! And even still there are more than enough in the West to make the sunset glorious. But the world is away off to him. He has memories—a lock of hair in his hand, a little song in his heart. He lives alone in the past. Life, love—all with him are over; but he does not complain. May he strike it yet in the shaft he is still sinking, in the great tunnel he is still boring into the mountains, and go back to his waiting wife and babes. Alas! his babes are full-grown; he will never see his babies any more.

It is to be allowed that these men were not at all careful of the laws, either ancient or modern, ecclesiastical or lay. They would curse. They would fight like dogs—aye, like Christians—in battle. But there was more solid honor among them than the world will ever see again in any body of men, I fear, till it approaches the millennium.

Do you know where the real *old* Californian is—the giant, the world-builder?

He is sitting by the trail high up on the mountain. His eyes are dim, and his head is white. His hands are not strong. His pick and shovel are at his side. His feet are weary and sore. He is still prospecting. Pretty soon he will sink his last prospect hole in the Sierra.

Some younger men will come along, and lengthen it out a little, and lay him in his grave. The old miner will have passed on to prospect the outcroppings that star the floors of heaven.

He is not numerous now; but I saw him last summer high up on the head-waters of the Sacramento. His face is set forever away from that civilization which has passed him by. He is called a tramp now. And the new, nice people who have slid over the plains in a palace car and settled down there, set dogs on him sometimes when he comes that way.

I charge you, treat the old Californian well wherever you find him. He has seen more, suffered more, practiced more self-denial than can now fall to the lot of any man.

I never see one of these old prospectors without thinking of Ulysses, and wondering if any Penelope still weaves and unweaves, and waits the end of his wanderings. Will any old blind dog stagger forth at the sound of his voice, lick his hand, and fall down at his feet?

No, he will never return. He has not heard from home for twenty years.

And though he may die there in the pines on the mighty mountain, while still feebly searching for the golden fleece, do not forget that his life is an epic, noble as any handed down from out the dusty eld. I implore you, treat him kindly. Some day a fitting poet will come, and then he will take his place among the heroes and the gods.

But there is another old Californian—a wearier man—the successful one. He, too, is getting gray. But he is a power in the land. He is a prince in fact and in act. What strange fate was it that threw dust in the eyes of that old Californian, sitting by the trail high up on the mountain, and blinded him so that he could not see the gold just within his grasp a quarter of a century ago? And what good fairy was it that led this other old Californian, now the banker, the railroad king, or senator, to where the mountain gnomes had hidden their gold?

What accidental beggars and princes we have in the world to-day! But whether beggar or prince, the old Californian stands a head and shoulders taller than his fellows wherever you may find him. This is a solid, granite truth.

Our dead are the mighty majority of old Californians! No one would guess how numerous they

are. California was one vast battle-field. The knights of the nineteenth century lie buried in her bosom; while here and there, over the mountain-tops, totters a lone survivor, still prospecting.

The Crusades knew not braver knight
Than these brave men before her walls;
The noblest in the old-time fight
Matched not the humblest here that falls.
And never were there worn such scars
As these won in these nobler wars.

These bloodless wars, that bring not pain
These priceless victories of Peace,
Where Pride is slain, where Self is slain,
Where Patience hath her victories;
Where, when at last the gates are down,
You have not burned, but built, a town.

MY NEW YEAR'S GUESTS.

BY ROLLIN M. DAGGETT.

SCENE: A chamber in Virginia City; one of the pictures on the walls being the reduced photographs of over five hundred California Pioneers of 1849.

TIME: Midnight, December, 31, 1881.

THE winds come cold from the southward, with incense of fir and pine,
And the flying clouds grow darker, as they halt and fall in line;
The valleys that reach the deserts, the mountains that greet the clouds,
Lie bare in the arms of Winter, which the gathering Night enshrouds;

The leafless sage on the hillside, the willows low down the stream,
And the sentry rocks above us have faded all as a dream;
And the fall of the stamp grows fainter, the voices of night sing low,
And freed from labor, the miner toils through the drifting snow.

As I sit alone in my chamber, this last of the dying year,
Dim shades of the past surround me, and faint through the storm I hear
Old tales of the castles builded under shelving rock and pine,
Of the bearded men and stalwart, I greeted in Forty-nine;

The giants with hopes audacious, the giants with iron limb,
The giants who journeyed westward, when the trails were new and dim;
The giants who felled the forests, made pathways over the snows,
And planted the vine and fig-tree where the manzanita grows;

Who swept down the mountain gorges, and painted the endless night
With their cabins rudely fashioned, and their campfires' ruddy light;
Who builded great towns and cities, who swung back the Golden Gate,
And hewed from a mighty ashlar the form of a sovereign State;
Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert plain,

And where there had been no reapers grew valleys
of golden grain.

No wonder that this strange music sweeps in from
the silent past,
And comes with the storm this evening, and blends
into strains with the blast;
Nor wonder that through the darkness should enter
a spectral throng,
And gather around my table with the old-time
smile and song!

For there on the wall before me, in a frame of gilt
and brown,
With a chain of years suspended, old faces are look-
ing down;
Five hundred all grouped together — five hundred
old Pioneers;—
Now list, as I raise the taper and trace the steps of
the years.

Behold this face near the center; — we met ere his
locks were gray,
His purse, like his heart, was open; he struggles for
bread to-day.
To this one the fates were cruel; but he bore his
burden well,
And the willow bends in sorrow by the wayside
where he fell.

Great losses and grief crazed this one; great riches
turned this one's head;
And a faithless wife wrecked this one — he lives, but
were better dead.
Now closer the light on this face; — 't was wrinkled
when we were young;
His touch drew our footsteps Westward; his name
is on every tongue.
Rich was he in lands and kindness; but the human
deluge came,
And left him at last with nothing but death and a
deathless fame.

'T was a kindly hand that grouped them, these
faces of other years;
The rich and the poor together — the hopes, and
the smiles, and tears
Of some of the fearless hundreds, who went, like
the knights of old,
The banner of empire bearing, to the land of blue
and gold.

For years have I watched these shadows, as others
I know have done;
As Death touched their lips with silence, I have
draped them one by one,
Till, seen where the dark-plumed angel has min-
gled here and there,

The brows I have flecked with sable cloud the living everywhere.

Darker, and darker, and darker these shadows will yearly grow,
As changing the seasons bring us the bud and the falling snow;
And soon — let me not invoke it! — the final prayer will be said,
And strangers will write the record, "The last of the group is dead."

And then — but why stand here gazing? A gathering storm in my eyes
Is mocking the weeping tempest that billows the midnight skies;
And stranger still,— is it fancy? — are my senses dazed and weak? —
The shadowy lips are moving as if they would ope and speak!

And I seem to hear low whispers, and catch the echo of strains
That rose from the golden gulches and followed the moving trains;
The scent of the sage and desert, the path on the rocky height,
The shallow graves by the roadside,— all, all have come back to-night!

And the mildewed years, like stubble, I trample
under my feet,
And drink again at the fountain, when the wine of
life was sweet;
And I stand once more exalted, where the white
pine frets the skies,
And dream in the winding cañon, where early the
twilight dies.

Now the eyes look down in sadness, the pulse of the
year beats low,
The storm has been awed to silence; the muffled
hands of the snow,
Like the noiseless feet of mourners, are spreading
a pallid sheet
O'er the heart of dead December, and glazing the
shroud with sleet.

Hark! the bells are chiming midnight; the storm
bends its listening ear,
While the moon looks through the cloud-rifts and
blesses the new-born year.
Bar closely the curtained windows, shut the light
from every pane,
While, free from the worldly intrusion, and curious
eyes profane,
I take from its leathern casket a dented old cup of
tin,

More precious to me than silver, and blessing the
draught within,
I drink alone and in silence to the "Builders of
the West"—
"Long life to the hearts still beating, and peace to
the hearts at rest!"

APPENDIX.

WHO NAMED CALIFORNIA?

CALIFORNIA is mentioned for the first time, so far as any one has been able to discover, in an old Spanish romance, printed in 1510. The name appears in the following passages:

"Know that, on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the Terrestrial Paradise, there is an island called California, which was peopled with black women, without any men among them, because they were accustomed to live after the fashion of Amazons.

"In this island are many griffins, on account of the great savageness of the country and the immense quantity of wild game found there.

"Now, in the time that those great men of the Pagus sailed (against Constantinople), with those great fleets of which I have told you, there reigned in this land of California a queen, large of body, very beautiful, in the prime of her years," etc.

The name California next appears in the memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Diaz del Castillo, who served with Cortez in the conquest of Mexico. He writes that "Cortez again set sail from Santa Cruz, and discovered the coast of California."

"The name California was gradually used to designate the region from the Gulf of California to the mythical 'Straits of Anian' (which were very probably Bering Straits)."

"The country was called New Albion by Sir Francis Drake in 1579."

"In recent times the region north of San Diego was called Alta California, and that to the south, Baja California."

The name California, derived from the two Spanish words, *caliente fornalla*,— *i. e.* "hot furnace,"— was given by Cortez, in the year 1535, to the peninsula now known as Old (or Lower) California, of which he was the discoverer, on account of its hot climate.

A SHORT LIST OF BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

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