

ORATIONS & POEMS
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS
1853 - 4 - 5 - 7 - 8 & 9.

O R A T I O N

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Society of California Pioneers,

AT THEIR CELEBRATION OF THE

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADMISSION

OF THE

STATE OF CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION,

BY HON. T. W. FREELON.



O D E :

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

San Francisco. September 9th, 1857.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PRINTED BY CHARLES F. ROBBINS, CORNER CLAY AND SANSOME STS.

1857.

CELEBRATION OF THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Admission of the State of California into the Union.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

FIRST DIVISION.

Mounted Trumpeter.
Grand Marshal—John Middleton,
Aids—Wm. R. Wheaton, Dr. H. M. Gray, Wm. Arrington, A. Marius Chapelle.
Committee of Arrangements, mounted.
Marshal—H. M. Whitmore.
Major General John A. Sutter and Staff.
First California Guard—Light Battery—Captain T. D. Johns—Lieutenant J. F. Curtis,
Commanding.
Mounted Brass Band.
First Light Dragoons—Captain J. Sewall Reed.
Marshal—J. C. L. Wadsworth.
American Brass Band.
Independent National Guard—Capt. J. B. Moore—as Escort of Honor to California Pioneers.
Orator, Poet and Chaplain, in Carriage.
SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.
Marshal—George A. Parker.
Gen. C ark, U S. A., Commanding Pacific Division, and Capt. Farragut, U. S. N., Command-
ing Mare Island, in Carriage.
Officers of the United States Army.
Officers of the U. S. Navy,
Officers of the United States Revenue Marine.
Officers of the Federal Government.
Governor and Officers of State.
Board of Port Wardens.
President of Board of Supervisors.
Board of Supervisors.
Board of Education.
County Officers.
City Officers.

SECOND DIVISION.

Marshal—H. J. Labatt.
Music.
Independent California Fusileers—Capt. Seidenstriker—as Escort of Honor.
Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2.
Delegations from Fire Companies.
Harmonic Society.
Academy of Natural Sciences.
Express Companies.
Marshal—Charles L. Parent.
Ship and Steamboat Joiners' Association.
Coopers' Protective Association.
Mechanics' Institute.
Seamen and Mariners.
Marshal—Thomas Tennent.
German Benevolent Society.
Boatmen's Association.
Citizens on foot.
Marshal—William McKibben.
Draymen and Teamsters, mounted.
Citizens, mounted.

The Procession will be formed at 11 o'clock, precisely, on Market street, right resting on Montgomery. Any Societies, Associations or other bodies not included above, will be assigned to their respective positions by the Marshals.

LINE OF MARCH.

The line will move down Market street to Bush, passing the Oriental Hotel, to Montgomery; thence to Washington; thence to Stockton; thence to Pacific; thence to Powell; thence to Union; thence to Stockton; thence to Broadway; thence to Dupont; thence to Pacific; thence to Kearny; thence to Bush; thence to Sansome, to the American Theatre, when the procession will be dismissed, and places in the Theatre assigned to the different bodies.

The Theatre will be open for ladies and their escorts and specially invited guests at 1 o'clock, P. M., and none others will be admitted until the arrival of the procession.

The invited guests are requested to meet at the Oriental Hotel at 10 1-2 o'clock, when an Aid will be in waiting to escort them to their positions in the line.

The First California Guard, Capt. T. D. Johns, will fire a National Salute at fifteen minutes before 12, M.

JOHN MIDDLETON, Grand Marshal.

WM. R. WHEATON, Aid-in-Chief.

[From the *Alta California*.]

CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

CELEBRATION OF THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION.

The Seventh Anniversary of the Admission of California into the federal Union was duly celebrated on the 9th, by the Pioneer Society, aided by the Military, Fire Department and Civic Societies. The day was all that could be desired, and the observance, although not so general as that of Monday, was worthy the occasion. The display made was highly creditable, and its progress through the city was witnessed by large crowds. JOHN MIDDLETON, Esq., Grand Marshal, assisted by his aids, is entitled to much credit for the ability displayed in arranging and carrying out the programme of the day.

The Society of Pioneers, Military, Firemen and Civic bodies, formed at eleven o'clock upon Market street, the right resting on Kearny. The First California Guards, with their field pieces, took their station on Market square, at the intersection of Market and First streets, and, on the arrival of Major General Sutter and staff, they saluted the veteran with a round of fifteen guns. At twelve they fired a national salute of thirty-one guns, and took up their march at the head of the line.

On Market street the procession consisted as follows :

Mounted Trumpeter, in dragoon uniform

Grand Marshal, John Middleton.

Aids, William R. Wheaton, W. Arrington, Dr. H. M. Gray, A. Marius Chapelle.

Committee of Arrangements, six in number, mounted.

Marshal, H. M. Whitmore.

Major General John A. Sutter and staff, Cols. Van Winkle and Ellis, and Surgeon Gen. Stout.

First California Guards, Light Artillery, Capt. T. D. Johns, Lieutenants J. F. Curtis, Robert Hampton and J. L. Van Bokkelen, with four brass pieces and fifty men — twenty of whom were volunteers in the gray fatigue dress of the First Citizen Dragoon Company, under Capt. Bradt.

First Light Dragoons — Capt. J. Sewell Reed, Lieutenants C. L. Taylor and Charles Plum, forty-five rank and file, preceded by the San Francisco Brass Band of six pieces, mounted.

Marshal — J. C. L. Wadsworth.

American Brass Band, numbering sixteen men, in gray uniforms and bear-skin caps, under the leadership of A. Wolcott.

Independent National Guard, Capt. J. B. Moore, Lieutenants E. Cook, J. C. Lane and I. Potts, as escort of honor to the California Pioneers, numbered sixty-two rank and file, dressed in their handsome uniform of blue, with buff trimmings, bear skin caps and cross bands. A better drilled, finer looking, or more soldierly company certainly never paraded the streets of our city. They attracted universal attention, and were quite a feature of the procession.

The Society of California Pioneers was headed by A. G. Abell, Esq., President; Messrs. Thos. O. Larkin and Samuel Brannan, ex-Presidents; G. C. Yount, J. P. Leese and H. Gerke, ex-officials; A. B. Perkins, Secretary; G. B. Post, Treasurer, and their banner. They numbered one hundred and twenty-four, twenty of whom wore the red scarf, indicative of their having arrived prior to 1849. They bore in their ranks the celebrated Sonoma bear flag, the first raised in California prior to the annexation of the Territory; the second bear flag, and Col. Fremont's silk banner. The major portion gave evidence of many years of future usefulness in their vigorous appearance, and several of the rising generation, also, in regalia, participated in the festivities. The Society was preceded by a carriage, containing Hon. T. W. Freelon, the Orator, and Edward Pollock, Esq., Poet of the day, and Rev. Mr. Brierly, Chaplain, attended by Geo. W. Ryder, Esq. Three carriages followed, containing General Clark and Captain Jones, U. S. A., Commodore Farragut, Capt. McDougal, and Dr. Messersmith, U. S. N., Judge Coon, Mr. President Burr and Supervisors George, Tilton and Lane, which closed the first division.

SECOND DIVISION. — Marshal, H. J. Labatt. Independent California Fusileers, Captain Seidenstriker, Lieutenants Sesser and Tittle — thirty-five rank and file, with the California Band, 16 pieces.

Delegation from the Continental Guards of six members.

Delegation from the Young America Guards of eight members.

Delegation of eighteen members from Lafayette Hook and Ladder Co. No. 2, in uniform.

St. Francis Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1, with their truck drawn by forty men in new uniform; presenting a remarkably fine appearance.

Delegations from the following Fire Companies: Manhattan, No. 2, twenty men; California, No. 4, fourteen men; Monumental, No. 6, sixteen men; Pacific, No. 8, twelve men; Vigilant, No. 9, twenty-four men; Crescent, No. 10, eight men; Columbian, No. 11, twenty men; Tiger, No. 14, four men.

Following, came Freeman & Co.'s Express Wagon, loaded with freight, drawn by four horses, beautifully caparisoned, driven by Mr. J. S. Angell. The American Express Co.'s Wagon, drawn by two horses, and driven by Mr. Chas. Nicholls.

Marshal, Chas. L. Parent. Ship and Steamboat Joiners' Association, twenty-eight members. This association bore a white and blue satin banner, on the front of which was inscribed: "Ship and Steamboat Joiners' Association of San Francisco." On the obverse: "Organized, March 21st, 1857." They bore a magnificent silk ensign, and on a car, drawn by one horse, was a miniature clipper ship, full rigged, named "California," and a model of a steamboat, on a pole, was carried in their ranks.

The Coopers' Protective Association, twenty-seven in number, wearing badges, followed.

Marshal, Thomas Tennent. The Watermen of the city, mounted, dressed in uniform, gray shirts and glazed caps, preceded by a silk flag, fifty in number. In their line was a water-cart, drawn by three horses, decorated with wreaths. A majority of the horses were also ornamented with miniature American flags.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, the procession, from which the delegations from the engine companies had left in consequence of some mooted point of privilege, countermarched down Market to Bush street, and thence along the route designated. The streets were crowded with spectators, a large number of whom were ladies. The march was not devoid of incident, the most noteworthy of which was the distribution of bouquets to the California Guards, from the upper story of Mansfield & Wood's store, on Montgomery, near Washington street. We learn they were a tribute to the company from the mother and sisters of the late J. Crowell, who was formerly their companion in arms. No more fitting compliment could be paid the "old Guard."

At half-past one o'clock the procession arrived at the Theatre; the dress circles of which were crowded with ladies. The Society of Pioneers, attended

by the California and National Guards, took their position on the stage, where seats were prepared; the residue of the procession taking their places in the parquette, and upper circles. Whilst the company were being arranged on the stage the American Brass Band performed an overture, at the conclusion of which the curtain rose presenting quite a striking tableau. After the rendition of Hail Columbia, by the Band, Mr. A. G. Abell, the President of the Society, introduced the Rev. Mr. Brierly, who addressed the Throne of Grace. The Zetus Glee Club then sang a quartette, to the air "The Red, White and Blue," the words of which were written for the occasion, by the daughter of a distinguished pioneer lawyer of this city, and read as follows:

California, thou gem of the ocean!
The land of red gold and gay flowers;
The heroes now meet in communion,
To brighten with joy the swift hours.
Thy banners in beauty are streaming,
Their stars the brave freeman's heart cheers,
Whilst Liberty's soft light is beaming
On the great band of bold Pioneers.

Welcome, then to the brave Pioneers!
Bring, to crown them, the brightest of flowers;
All honor to those we revere,
Who first trod this fair land of ours.
And may freedom's gay banner outstreaming,
Whose stars every freeman's heart cheers,
Whilst Liberty's soft light is beaming,
Still wave o'er the bold Pioneers.

The song was warmly applauded, being rendered with considerable ability by the gentlemen amateurs.

Mr. A. G. Abell, the President of the Association, prefaced the oration by the following remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The celebration of the anniversaries of important epochs in the history of States and Empires has ever been one of the prominent characteristics of an enlightened people; and we, the pioneers of that civilization which now dwells upon the fartherest verge of the Occidental world, do not intend that this patriotic habit of our fathers shall be here forgotten.

While, as Christians, we humbly give all reverential respect to the natal day of a world's Redeemer — while, as American citizens, we proudly celebrate the anniversary of that day upon which was first announced the glorious assertion that we were to take our place among the nations of the earth, as free and independent States — while, as *men*, with glowing hearts and grateful feelings, we pay due honor, as we have lately done, to the memory of those whose lives and labors have been devoted to the cause of human liberty — we should not, we *must* not forget that, as Californians, too, we have something to remember.

The task of perpetuating that remembrance has been undertaken by the Society of California Pioneers, of whom, on this occasion, I have the honor to be the representative. On this day, seven years ago, the State we now so proudly call our own was admitted a member of the great confederacy. Through much travail did the momentous birth take place, and it has not been thought presumptuous that those, and the descendants of those, who were here during the period pregnant with the mighty causes which produced that great result, should assume for themselves the perpetual guardianship of its anniversary.

Thus, for the seventh time, do we appear before you, to commemorate the day which gave us a separate existence as a Sovereign State; and not only is it our intention ever to hold this as a festival in future, but under our organization, to our children and to our children's children has been confided the patriotic duty of continuing that commemoration.

With these few remarks, I have now to announce that, in accordance with our annual custom, an oration and a poem will be this day here delivered, and for the performance of the first of those duties, I have the honor to present to you the Hon. T. W. Freelon, a member of the Society of Pioneers, and the Orator of the Day.



ORATION.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Society of California Pioneers :

The sun is heralded to the new born day by glowing streaks of golden light, and at the death of each succeeding day Earth and Heaven put on their mourning for the dead.

The Earth marks the great eras in her annual existence by seasons and times, by the falling leaf and budding blossom, by change of fruit, by rain and drought, by wintry blast or summer breeze.

Every great event in ever-recurring nature has its sign and mark, its glorious transformation, its seeming death, its new and bursting life. Nature will not leave us, unmindful of her mysteries, or uncaring for her promises—for each she gives a sign, and for each demands a recognition.

So are there seasons and times, in the histories of men and creeds and nations, and each has its peculiar significance and its appropriate rite.

The refined Greek celebrated at the returning Olympiad his civilization and culture, and once in the revolving four years, Olympus saw beneath her shade the grace and strength, the poetry and science, the beauty and patriotism which adorned and consecrated her solemn games, and which from them reflected, threw rays of light to outer barbarism, and reaching thence, have shone, even to our day, through mist of time and gloom of ignorance, illuminating the name of Greece, whose games were her history, and giving to her games an import and a charm no less historic than poetic.

The savage of the North American wilderness commemorates in the same spirit at the outskirts of his forest opening, or upon the grassy meadow, where the autumn river runs lingering by, the season of harvest, and the gift of corn. How beautiful is the allegory of courage and endurance in the feast of Mondamin, in the song of Hiawatha.

And so nature and savage and cultivated man, and all creeds and religions, societies and nationalities, have ever followed an unerring instinct in the celebration of the great epochs of their history and existence.

But the other day our streets were gorgeous with animated and imposing show, the hearts of two nations beat in unison in the anniversary display. Banners bore aloft the insignia of diverse races—music, with soft voluptuous swell, lent charm and furor to the scene, and shout and echo met upon the answering air. All who loved America, all who loved France, all who loved liberty, were there to swell the train of joyful and funeral pomp, to honor the memory of Lafayette, whose birth belongs to France, whose deeds belong to us, but whose fame is the heritage of a common humanity.

It is not inappropriate, then, that we should celebrate this day. The ninth day of September, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and fifty, marks a great event—great, because it has produced the present; greater, because it is the harbinger of the future. It has produced the present, this present of to-day, in which we move and live and have our being, these scenes about us, this patriotic glow, this concourse of citizens, this array of charms, this flag, on California soil, which waves above us. What California could have been, or might have been, or would have been, without the tried wisdom, the patriotic concession and the deep prophecy which made her a part of the Union, who shall say? I have faith in California, faith in the races which predominate in her composition, and faith in their amalgamation. Perhaps if the Government of the United States, seven years ago, had had no claim upon our territory or allegiance; perhaps if we had then organized a government according to the lights we had, and out of the elements which formed us, perhaps in such case, I say, the California of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the Republic of the Pacific, the centre of a federation with the Sandwich Islands for a point, and extending along the continent from the Bay of Panama, on the south, to the straits of Fuca, on the north, might have presented a spectacle as hopeful and inspiring as that which greets our eyes to day. Perhaps these wharves would have stretched their Briarean arms to the embraces of the bay; perhaps these warehouses would have opened their ponderous doors; perhaps these deep-laden couriers of the sea would have folded their white wings at our ports; perhaps these palaces of private wealth or commercial enterprise would have reared their stately fronts, and the temples of art and religion, or, those others consecrated to the worship of family and home, would have raised their spires from our streets—

would have nestled in our valleys, or would have clustered around our hill-tops. All this, and more, might have been. Who can tell us that it would have been? Deep in the inscrutable wisdom of a mute Deity, lies the destiny of the nations; no Pythoness may divulge it.

But whether independent California would have been thus happy and glorious, or whether, wanting wise, and parental support, she would have rushed still deeper into the excesses of youth—have made enemies on her borders, and traitors in her camps, and finally have sunk to oblivion, if not to contempt:—however this may be, we do know that California not independent—that California a part and parcel of the great Union of States—that California made a State by virtue of that admission which we celebrate to-day, holds to day the rank and wealth and place which make her what she is. We have here around and about us, in our streets and on our wharves and in our public places, the present evidences of a certain prosperity. We know that we have this in the Union; we do not know what we should have had out of the Union.

But, Mr. President, beyond and above all considerations of material prosperity, I glory in this day. I glory in it because, until this time, at least, it has made California a part of a common country of a known nationality.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land.”

I ask a nationality; I crave a native land, a country and a home. This we now have, because we are one, and this we shall only have so long as we remain one. We are one in our hearts.

On parents' knees, from Maine to Georgia, the youth has learned the history and traditions of our nation's birth; the exploits of Putnam and of Marion alike have awakened the romance and emulation of our school-boy days; we have not cherished the memory of Bunker's Hill because its glorious fight was made upon the soil of Massachusetts; we have not revered the name of Washington, because he was lent by Virginia to a common cause. No; the struggle, the trials, the bravery, the patience, the triumph and reverse, the names and events of the Revolution belong to us all alike, and inspire us all alike with an ardent devotion and a patriotic pride, because we owe to them alike the greatest blessing which God has hitherto granted to any nation—our liberty and our country.

The Roman, upon the farthest confines of the known world, could say — “I am a Roman citizen.” We, too, thanks to the federation of the States, and the glorious consummation of

the Revolution, we, too, have a country, to be in the most distant lands our boast and protection. We are not citizens of distracted provinces, of small principalities, of commercial leagues, or of petty republics; we are not citizens of Vermont or Louisiana; we are citizens of the United States. When I look upon the present position of California, I forget for the moment her material greatness, and the miraculous advance she has made in wealth and development, to remember with gratitude that she has kept her faith intact; that the debt we owe to the reminiscences of our early teachings, to the memories of our ancestors, to the sentiments of patriotism, to the inspirations of battle-fields, from Yorktown to Chapultepec, to the common legacy of all the great deeds and hopes and aspirations of the wise, the brave and the good, from the Revolution until now — has not been repudiated. California will be true to the Union, so long as the Union is true to herself.

If the desperado and fanatic must prevail; if the sycophant of despotism and the sneerer at human right must triumph; if the lover of humanity must weep over the ruins of the temple in which he had worshiped, and the sacred fire which he had guarded there be extinguished forever; if the priests at the altar of liberty must die, and the cabala of their science be forgotten; if a republic more perfect than the philosophical fancies of Plato, or the serious imaginings of Milton, must perish — be dissolved into thin air — and, “like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a rack behind;” we, at least, may lament the genius of our country in sorrow, but not with remorse.

We may well, then, celebrate with joy and gratulation the day which finds us happy in this rich land and beautiful city; the day which, with the rising sun, proclaims us from the cannon's mouth, Americans, one in the sisterhood of thirty-one.

But, Mr. President, this respectable society, these civic and military organizations and authorities, and this earnest auditory of intelligent men and women, are not met simply in thanksgiving for a present well-being, or in memory of a past, for which on the whole they have reason to be grateful. Great events crowd upon them; the impression of a destiny makes itself felt; a crisis in the history of the world is impending; the age is forming under their eyes, and out of materials of which they are a part. The contest and responsibility of the times they must accept. The Prince of the Air and the Prince of Darkness put on their armor; Angel and Archangel, Michael and Lucifer, the slave of the lamp, Efrete and Magian, Christ and anti-Christ, Mohammed and Smith, Apollo and Apollyon, Thor, Jupiter and Vishnu, all powers and princi-

palities, creeds and religions, fancies, opinions and dogmas, array themselves for the great battle of the right and the wrong — the Dragon and the Angel. Science removes mountains by the skillful application of a drop of water, faith converses with the dead, and the capacities of mind and matter are extended beyond the limit of finite gaze or imagining. New theories in science, morals and government are borne upon the impalpable air, or floated over the smooth seas, or inhaled with the unconscious respiration. But the end is not yet; this is the beginning of the end.

In the great conflicts of religious opinion, which have hitherto divided and perplexed mankind, it has been comparatively easy to take a part; there were two parts, and aside from them hardly a choice. When Christ first taught, impulse, interest, or education, made it easy to decide between martyrdom and faith; after the Hegira, it was easy to decide between Mohammad and the sword; at the Reformation, it was easy to decide between Luther and Leo; but amidst this labyrinth of hidden sophistries, of classic sentimentality, of plausible doubt, of selfish materialism, of flattering pantheism, of ancient superstition, of new claimed truth, of philosophical infidelity, and all the forms which vain assumption takes, it is not now easy for unaided reason to decide upon any form, or system, or principle. But, happily, for all things beyond the selfishness of the day, the heart is stronger than the head. No nation has accomplished a high destiny without a belief in something better and higher than itself. Faith is the parent of aspiration. We have a high destiny before us; let us have faith in it; and faith in the Higher Power which beckons us towards its accomplishment.

Years ago, maternal hands led us to the modest church which gently crowns the village green; or by our mother's side we knelt within the dim aisles of the cathedral, which was all lighted up, for us, by the glory of the Madonna and the smile of the infant Jesus. There we heard those sublime words, the crown of the wisdom of Socrates and of the philosophy of Plato, towards which all good men had groped before, and which all good men have followed since: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." We have been taught the life-giving principles, which are the germ of the religion of the church in all ages — of the religion of England, of the religion of our fathers, the religion of good deeds and noble sacrifices; we have our faith; we will abide by it, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

We are now called upon to prepare for the duties of an arduous and resplendent future. Fate has placed us here, at

this nick of time and upon this geographical point, not without a purpose

“ In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the wide bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.”

The soberest reasoning, no less than the most vivid fancy, makes manifest that we are destined to a great influence in the affairs of men and nations. Hidden within the recesses of their mountain retreats, or sheltered among the valleys of peaceful rivers, or stretched along the wide internal prairie, other States may enjoy a happy and honorable existence in the primitive and ennobling pursuits of agriculture, or in the calm contentment of pastoral life, “the world unknowing, and by the world unknown.” But we are placed at the apex of a triangle which is formed by three continents. Even now anxious thoughts rest upon us from all parts of the world. We are a congress of nations, and villages and tribes, with representatives from each and all—a grand focus upon which is concentrated the energy, the despair, the hopes and fears of many peoples. We cannot shrink within ourselves, and act for ourselves alone. We belong to the world—we must act for the world. Having this great task before us, we must prepare for it in humility, but with manliness and loyalty, as the youthful aspirant for nighthood in the feudal days of our warlike ancestors, precluded the gorgeous ceremonies of his investiture by serious thoughts of his grave obligations, and by the silent nightly watching of his arms. It is one of the greatest blessings of the admission of California into the Union, that it has given an impulsive and impetuous people seven years of reflection and trial—seven years in which to meditate, commence, or elaborate her systems of morals, education and government; for in these three consist all that is of worth in glory or influence.

I cannot doubt that the great principles of republicanism are dear to our hearts and sanctioned by our judgments—the principles of Hampden and Sidney—the general principles of the liberal party in England from Charles the First to Victoria, and the general principles of all parties in America from Washington to Buchanan. But no government is perfect in its workings unless the people are perfect; and if the people are perfect, there is no need of government. Canters and hypocrites, like Barere, who live by revolution and rise on the scum of excitement, for whom every change is for the better, advocate now a despotism, now an oligarchy, and now a general license, as their own interest dictates, or as the

wishes of their dupes may seem to demand. In New York, in Birmingham, in San Francisco, or in Louisville the ancient and tried principles of constitutional law and constitutional liberty, upon which rest all security and political happiness, may seem for the moment to be forgotten; but they are not forgotten. The sound, conservative Anglo-Saxon heart beats true to that Constitution, to which was pledged the lives and fortunes of its framers, and to those laws which for centuries have been the safeguard of individual right, and the barrier against oppressive power. Deep within the heart of every Anglo-Saxon, and of every Celt or Scandinavian, who has studied our institutions, and tasted at the sweet fountains of our liberty, is a recollection which has become an instinct of his nature, of Magna Charta and the Petition of Right; of the horrors of the Star Chamber, and the iniquities of the High Commission; of the long struggle between the people and the prerogative; of the contests between Whig and Tory, and Royalist and Revolutionist; and finally of that crowning act—"the boon of God to man," the vindication of humanity, the hope of the world, the joy and life of all the suffering, and oppressed of all the lands. Who dare breathe our air, or put his foot upon our soil, and forget the Declaration of our Independence? It is well that California should thus at heart revere the institutions of our government, for every mail bears to every part of the earth comment and criticism, and our daily occurrences form the public opinion of foreign nations as to the possibility of self-government, and immigration is accelerated or retarded as the stability of society is firm or depressed. It is well, too, because we have in our midst a large and important part of our population who are new to our government, and who are forming themselves to citizenship upon our model. It is well, too, because we are raising a race of youth to take our places, the boldest, freest, healthiest of all the children yet born; large limbed and broad chested, with hawk's eyes, and of perternatural precocity. They bear the same relation to other children that the productions of our fields and gardens bear to the productions of other fields and gardens. Is it the magnetism of the air which makes them grow and expand so, or what is it? The fact is patent, but the explanation is as difficult as the explanation of the other wonders of a wonderful land.

These youth are the future citizens of our State; they will give tone to her character; will carry the standard of her greatness to the loftiest pinacles of ambition; or will trail a degraded flag in the dust of their lawlessness and profligacy. Upon their

high moral training, their honor, courtesy and intelligence; their hatred of the wrong; their obedience to the laws; their chivalry, enterprise and honesty, depend the glory of the State.

What constitutes a State?

“Not high-reared battlements, nor labored mound,
Thick walls nor moated gates;
Not cities proud with spires and turret crowned,
Nor bays, nor proud armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Nor starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness yields perfume to pride;
But men, high-minded men—
Men who their duties know;
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain—
These constitute a State.”

The material out of which it is easy to make just such men, is growing up with the growth of our children; it is for us to mould it by the wise examples and conservative influences of the founders of the Republic.

No Danish Sea King had more force; no Norman Knight, more chivalry; no English Freebooter, more daring; no early disciple of Ignatus Loyola, more astuteness than is possessed by this boyish race, all-powerful for future good or ill.

Each age in the history of the world has received its enlightenment from some central point. Light first shone in the fabled regions of the East, and the birthplace of the race was the starting point of its intellectual illumination; thence through the mysterious schools and priestcrafts of Egypt; through the delicate philosophies of Greece; through the Pantheism, unbelief and brutal force of ancient Rome; through the martyrdoms, councils and hierarchies of modern Rome; through Germany, France and England—this light at last has reached to us. It has crossed four continents; it has traveled six thousand years, and returns now to greet us at the very portals of its starting point. This light is the light of civilization, of progress, of religion, of the arts and sciences, of all useful improvements, of all ameliorations in the conditions of men; it is the light of knowledge, humanity, love and power; it is the sum of all experiences; the epitome of all histories; the grand result of all that the human race has ever said, or thought or done. We look across a narrow sea and behold in the forms of government, moddled upon the patriarchal, and assuming naturally the despotic, in the doctrines of the Brahmins and the moral teachings of Confucius, that state of society, morals and religion, almost without a change, which existed in the first ages, and which has

been constantly modified, enlarged and illuminated in its western progress, until it has reached us such as we find it to-day. The sun does not go backwards. "Westward the course of empire takes its way." We stand at the outer verge of this course, midway between the East and the West — the interpreter between the old and the new, the living and the dead.

From us, and not back again over the weary course which it has traveled for six thousand years — from us must come the inspiration and the light which shall re-vivify and re-glorify the worn-out nations of "the land of the East, and the clime of the sun."

For this great destiny, I fondly hope that we are a peculiar and a chosen people. Our geographical position must make us the entrepot of eastern and western trade, the central point between the China seas, the Pacific and the Atlantic. What Tyre, Carthage, Venice and Genoa were to interior seas and contracted localities, we must be to great oceans and continents. A liberal commerce and unlimited wealth will bring us in easy and grateful intercourse with maritime states and rich islands. The extent of our public marts, the grandeur of our national monuments, our great ships which shall cross and re-cross the oceans, and carry our language, manners and cultivation; the ennobling influence of a great wealth which shall make our merchants princes, and of an acknowledged superiority which shall make them affable and courteous; all the circumstance, pride, and show of a great, rich and commercial state; all the order, beauty and proportion of a free society; all the culture, luxury and refinement of a proud and generous people, will strike with wonder, and bewilder with admiration the imaginations of the nations of the Orient, until they forget in our magnificence the glories of Bagdad, of Ispahan and Damascus.

But when these things shall have come to pass, (if they shall come to pass,) I hope still more fondly, that California will be fitted and prepared to stamp upon her age the impress of an influence no less happy than grand—the impress of a free and imperial race.

The Englishman is a composite of the Aborigine, the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman. Transplanted to our shores, the race has not deteriorated; it has preserved always the qualities which mark the type, while it has changed the outward appearance. It is a curious physiological fact, that in the few generations which separate us from England, and with constant amalgamation with other nationalities, we have gained a distinctive national physiognomical type. We say readily, this man is an

Englishman, or German, or Frenchman, or Irishman, or this man is an American—we bring to California and perpetuate here this type.

As the English qualities predominate in the American amalgamation, because the English is the stronger race, so for the same reason does the American type predominate in the California amalgamation. This interchange of blood, this grafting and transplanting enriches and invigorates, but leaves the race the same.

And this race, the voices of the past, the signs of the times, and the general consent of mankind, mark out as the leader in the changes and conquests of the nineteenth century. No nation in the tide of time has been so fitted for great adventure and successful enterprise; and we Californians are the standard bearers of this great race in the crusades of our century, our training has been commenced and is going on. The wisdom of accumulated ages is laid at our feet; the light of sixty centuries shines brightest and last upon us; we have a simple and pure creed, but we believe no dogmas; we have faith in our race and destiny, but we have no superstitions or prejudices; the Revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, and the Revolution of seventeen hundred and seventy-six have taught us equally the value of liberty, and the value of fixed and established law; conservative for the past, hopeful for the future, cautious in the rashest enterprises, sensible amidst the wildest theories, we judge by the past, we act in the present, we are ready for the future.

Perhaps, Mr. President, all that my fancy has pictured for California may never prove true, or perhaps if it ever prove true, it may not be in our time, but it is none the less certain, that we are possessed of elements which only need time and circumstance for a remarkable development, and it is none the less our present duty to cultivate and elaborate the moral and physical attributes of our prosperity, and trust to the future to furnish the fitting stage for their display. It is gratifying to know the advances which agriculture and the mechanic arts have already made. No Californian can visit the graceful edifice which adorns our city, and which the brave hand, and the honest heart, and the far-seeing mind of California's most cherished sons have dedicated to the honor of California art and improvement, without pride and gratitude.

I think no one can fail to see, that, aside from fabulous fields of gold, or glowing visions of Oriental commerce, the State must attain wealth and respectability through her position, her climate and productions, and the character of her population.

It is admitted by all who are accustomed to the culture of the pomiferous fruits, the garden vegetables, the olive and the grape, that these productions in California are miraculous, and almost beyond belief. The old wonders of the Nile, and of the hundred mouths of the Ganges are renewed here in her cereals. The sea is no less prolific than the land. Under a sky which is as blue as that of Italy, and with a climate more healthful and invigorating; with a vegetation which is almost spontaneous; with a government which, with all its abuses, is the best yet known, and better than anything else, in a country where labor and the laborer are really and practically honored; with inexhaustible fisheries; with the classic, but no less substantial produce of the olive and vine; with all the metals for use or exportation; with ship-loads of preserved fruits, of fish and grain, of oil and wine, with every valued produce for domestic use or luxury, which is found except in the extreme torrid or frigid zones, and with timber for ship-building at our very ports, with a population which has all the industry and invention, and, more than all, the energy which have made England and the United States what they are; who can doubt the future of California?

Education keeps pace with the growth of the country. San Francisco is not relatively behind Boston in her public schools. Colleges and academies of high rank already exist and donations and appropriations have already been made for the University of the Pacific. Earnest men have the matter in hand and at heart. When the hour is ripe an University will arise, which, from all parts of the Pacific, shall attract such crowds to its honored doors as once filled the streets of Padua and Salamanca—and there shall be taught the knowledge of books and the knowledge of the world.

A Pacific Railroad is a fixed fact. The constitutional point was conceded when the first appropriation was made for the National Road. It is no longer a question of principle; it is a question of policy, and no statesman will long hesitate as to the propriety and necessity of that way of nations which shall bind together with "hooks of steel" the empire of the Atlantic and the empire of the Pacific.

I have said, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society of California Pioneers, that it was meet that we should celebrate this day; it is peculiarly appropriate that you, who are the Fathers of the State, should preside at the festivities which mark her natal day.

The grand impulse of the fifteenth century, which discovered a new world, which animated De Gama through the dangers of the Cape, and Cabot and Vespuccius in the unknown regions of the Mexican Gulf and of the Newfoundland;

and the impulse of the sixteenth century, which conquered Mexico, and colonized Virginia and Massachusetts, and the islands and countries of the South, has still actuated the Pioneers of America, until, from State to State, they have pushed their progress and settlement to this the last and extremest point of western discovery. You are the culmination of this grand impulse; in you, the early Pioneers of the State, who touched the soil before its golden wealth was known—in you the old spirit of voyage and adventure has found an answering inspiration and a kindred tone; its romance and enthusiasm finds in your responsive hearts and gallant deeds their fittest exponent and their most glorious consummation.

It would be a grateful task to recall the virtues and accomplishments of those who have passed away from us; their names are written in our annals, and the memories of Folsom and Howard, and their kindred spirits, will be embalmed in the sweet recollections which are the essence and life of this Society, which have drawn us together to-day, and which, so long as California has a name, shall, upon this day of September, draw us and our children and children's children into the same loved intercourse of friendship and reminiscence.

But I see others here who no less demand our cordial meed of praise and honor.

When the emigrant had crossed the mountains, and found himself in the land of promise, but weary and discouraged, there was one who received him at the gates of his Fort with gentle words and deeds, pointed out to him the rich places, and sent him on his way hopeful and relieved.

I have read of an ancient and touching custom. The guest who has been invited to dine at the table of his charitable neighbor—when the wine glass is first filled, rises, touches the glass of his host, and, with one hand extended towards heaven, drinks the toast: "To Hospitality." When I look at the genial face of Sutter, and recollect the charity and kindness he showed the early emigrant, it seems to me, that in some sort, we are all his guests, and that it would be but an appropriate tribute for this whole State to salute his venerable name with gratitude and respect, and bear to him, who is its impersonation, the toast of "Hospitality."

What future Epic shall describe the coming of the first Pioneer? How, over unknown mountains and deserts, with no cloud by day nor pillar of fire by night to guide him, he still pursued his unrelenting march—the march of Fate; how, through labor and battle, through famine, sickness and doubt, the messenger of an unknown regeneration, and the apostle of a civilization and progress as yet but half revealed, he had crossed valley and plain until at length he found himself before

the last barrier which separated him from the accomplishment of his miraculous destiny. Step by step he ascended the slope of the Eastern Sierra; the land was lying before him in darkness; he stood upon the summit; he looked upon the darkness, "and night was passed, and in the lap of day the morning nestled." The work is well commenced—the crepuscule is gone—the noonday will come.

Go on, ye brave and noble men!

"Build a temple high and holy,
Build a temple to the mind,
Broad and permanent, though slowly,
Be its elements combined.
Where the mighty and the lowly
Happiness may seek and find.
Beautiful, then, let us build it,
Vieing Solomon's of old;
Raise its towering roof and gild it
With our hearts' own native gold.
Build it strongly, build it here—
Temple of the Pioneer.
Higher build each towering story,
Till it challenges the world;
O'er it be the 'stars' of glory
And the conquering 'stripes' unfurled;
Till afar the gorgeous banner
Calls a jubilee to birth,
And Creation's free Hosanna
Floats like light around the earth."

ODE TO CALIFORNIA.

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DELIVERED ON THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER ADMISSION INTO THE UNION,
BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Fair California, once again
We come, beloved, to thee,
Child of the grand old western main,
And fairest of the free.
Though young thou art, a gallant band
Of lovers round thee throng;
And foes shall find how rash the hand
That dares to work the wrong;
Ring out—ring out—ring out—
Let brazen bells be rung;
And psalms of martial joy be raised
In our brave native tongue!

Oh brethren, sisters, children, friends,
Who, mingling here this day
At Golden California's fane,
Your heartfelt homage pay:
Have we not nobly stemmed the tide
Of ruin's swift career,
And proudly kept old ocean's child
From danger—since last year?
Then ring the joyous bells,
Let golden bells be rung;
And songs of triumph shake the skies
In our sweet native tongue.

From North, from South, from East, from West—
From many a clime we come;
And all have left, with fond regret,
The heart's first jewel HOME!
But sweet and kind emotions here
Have soothed the wound we bore;
Who once were many now are one,
To be dispersed no more.
Then ring harmonious bells,
Let silver bells be rung;
And sweet fraternal strains arise
In our dear native tongue.

Regrets, regrets we still must feel
 For scenes our childhood knew ;
 The old red school-house, bridge of logs,
 Green fields and mountains blue.
 From North, from South, from East, from West,
 On all such memories throng ;
 Still all say, " Woe to ALL who dare
 Do California wrong !"
 Then ring with fearless hearts,
 Let brazen bells be rung ;
 And psalms of martial joy be heard
 In our brave native tongue.

'Tis false to say our course is run,
 'Tis wrong to doubt success ;
 Kind hearts, strong hands, unstained repute
 And courage, God will bless !
 Have we not homes and hopes and joys,
 Chaste wives and sisters fair ?
 May not the last born boy-baby be
 Our Presidential heir ?
 Then ring, with active hands,
 Let morning bells be rung ;
 And birthday anthems thrill with joy
 Our own chaste native tongue.

Why should we long for clouded skies,
 While ours are all serene ?
 The snows have clothed the lands we left,
 While yet our hills are green !
 Are not the tall strong North-men here—
 Frost-hardened sons of toil ?
 Have not their sinewy hands made good
 Their title to the soil ?
 Then let the sleigh-bells ring—
 Far off such bells be rung ;
 While manly labor's strains rise here
 In our good native tongue.

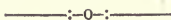
From where the green savannahs wave,
 From where the spice winds blow,
 Are Georgian dames not smiling here—
 Or Southern eyes aglow ?
 And shall we not hear Freedom's voice
 Speak Freedom's edict forth ?—
 " Here on my California's soil
 The South shall wed the North !"
 Oh, ring—ring sweetly low !
 Let soothing chimes be rung ;
 And wafted murmurs thrill the air
 In our sweet native tongue.

Because in this, her chosen land,
 Shall no dissension be ;
 Now in the tower-crowned city proud,
 Who rules the Western Sea ;
 But here, where last on her domain
 Looks back the glorious sun,
 From North, from South, from East, from West,
 Her children shall be one.
 Then ring harmonious peals,
 Let soothing bells be rung ;
 And kindly words in calm accord
 Make sweet our native tongue.

For those who fell on that long path
By which we've reached To-day,
Through want, through woe, by force struck down,
Or wearied on the way—
The Lord, who is the wanderer's God,
Will watch their graves unseen,
And we, in many a tale and song,
Will keep their memories green.
Then, though the slow bells toll,
Though mournful bells be rung,
With cheerful words we'll yet keep light
Our own sweet native tongue.

Thus, let the loud-mouthed cannon roar,
Let music raise her voice,
The streets be bright with pomp and sheen,
The gazing hills rejoice.
No cloud, no gloom, no fear to-day
Our cheerful ritual mars ;
So, to the healthful western winds,
Spread out the Stripes and Stars.
Ring till the glad air laughs,
Fast be the joy-bells rung ;
And heart-felt praises rise to heaven
In our loved native tongue.

P O E M .



DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS
SEPTEMBER THE 9TH, 1856.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

In those old days, when wit and sense combined
By myth and fable to instruct mankind,
Strange tales were told of deeds by magic wrought—
Wealth won by wishing—thrones o'erthrown by thought ;
The powers of air and fire, controlled by skill,
'Twas told were bidden by the sage at will ;
Men wild with wonder chronicled the time
In pictured story and immortal rhyme.
Among those legends, one remains to please
Youth's lazy days and Age's hours of ease ;
To Childhood still the source of smiles and tears,
Though framed at first for wandering Arab's ears ;
'Tis that the Eastern maiden told her King,
Of charmed Aladdin with his lamp and ring—
How by these talismans he rose to state,
Outrivalled princes and surpassed the great ;
In one brief night such magic structures reared,
That monarchs mourned their majesty impaired ;
Won wealth and diamonds from enchanted caves,
And filled his palace with a thousand slaves.

All was not fancy in these old-time tales ;
Fleet sprites yet animate our seaward gales ;
Our white-winged ships, coquetting as they glide,
With aerial throngs dance o'er the laughing tide.
The fair enchantress, Science, now can tame,
To bear our message, the electric flame ;
Her sacred wand detects the secret mine,
And makes the sunlight paint the face divine ;
While the wild demon of the poet's dream
Behold ! he toils, our slave—the monster, Steam !
And were some stranger Arab here to-day,
And told—" These fleets, that cleave yon silver bay—
These marble palaces—those seas of grain,

Whose golden billows overflow the plain—
 But seven short summers since all these were not,
 Not even in fancy—not conceived by thought—
 The wave was vacant and the land was drear,
 Would he not cry—"Aladdin has been here!"

A greater than Aladdin has passed by—
 Freedom has looked, with her creating eye,
 O'er the good land, and brought to bless the place
 Her chosen sons, the Anglo-Saxon race.
 How dim Aladdin's diamond apples shine
 By our sweet peach and ripe grape, flushed with wine!
 How faint the splendor of Aladdin's domes,
 To halls where happiness and peace have homes!
 How pale the Perics of his fairy sphere,
 To the bright forms I see collected here!
 And all the slaves a despot's throne that guard,
 Constrained or bought by terror or reward,
 How dwarfed, how meanly, how subdued they stand,
 Before the fearless freemen of our land!
 Thus we outact what seers but dreamt of old,
 And more than realize the tales they told.

This modern miracle in part is due,
 Our foremost Western Pioneers, to you.
 Yours was the labor to conduct the strife,
 The travail strong, that gave a nation life,
 When from your eastern homes you took your way,
 Impelled to follow the receding day,
 You turned your faces to the setting sun,
 Without one thought of fortunes to be won;
 No golden vision danced your steps before;
 Bleak to the mind was then this barren shore.
 A nobler aim than wealth your thoughts inspired:
 Great deeds, well done, your generous bosoms fired.
 A few—the self-devoted sons of toil,
 Swung the sharp axe or broke the stubborn soil.
 Some marked for venturous Commerce o'er the main
 New paths to knowledge and to honest gain;
 And last—not least—a gallant band who bore
 Columbia's eagles earliest to our shore
 Gave to these gales that flag, whose beams have shone
 Through three long wars, the freeman's hope alone.
 —O, to that banner be devoted still,
 Cleave to its cause in good report or ill;
 See that its folds to shame shall ne'er be brought,
 Nor torn but by a conquered nation's shot.
 Think when you hear the thoughtless lightly speak
 Of our good government, as false or weak;
 Think that those stripes have storm and time withstood,
 Because first traced with holy martyrs' blood;
 Remember that great souls were given to air
 To rise and light the constellation there—
 Strike as your bitterest foe, and brand with shame
 The false American who taints its name.
 And be this firm resolve, this fast decree,
 Your first, your last best, title to be free;
 In home dissensions or in foreign wars,
 Death to the traitors to the Stripes and Stars!

Nor less to those who followed you we owe
 The treasures which our liberal hills bestow;

The wealth for some, the competence for all,
 The peaceful cottage and the stately hall.
 When o'er the nations like a trumpet blast,
 Was sounded, "Ophir has been found at last!"
 And when from every coast the bold and strong
 Rushed to our valleys a tumultuous throng,
 Not all were moved by avarice—a part
 Had holier hopes and purposes at heart;
 And others still, a wild but generous band,
 Who came to ravish, learned to love the land,
 And brought their household goods to sanctify
 The land they only sought to spoil and fly.
 So California, by her native charms,
 Retained her bold invaders in her arms,
 Subjecting, by the magic spells she wove,
 Her conquerors to the vassalage of love.

Not without danger have these deeds been done—
 Even yet our State's career is scarce begun.
 When the strong miner, ragged and unseen,
 Drew a king's ransom from one dark ravine,
 What wonder if to wealth unused his hand,
 Dispersed the treasure reckless o'er the land;
 Or loosed from social ties and law's restraint,
 Rushed to excess we hesitate to paint?
 ——— And when young cities scarcely named as yet,
 Beheld the stream of wealth towards them set
 In golden billows broader than the tide
 That bore old Tyre's supremacy and pride,
 What wonder if their denizens, amazed
 At the strange scenes on which they daily gazed,
 Forgot—with wonder and success elate,
 It is not wealth which constitutes a State;
 But the strong industry and honest worth,
 Which sent at first the hardy wanderers forth
 From their forgotten homes, where he whose name
 Was first in duty, was the first in fame.

Alas! too gloomy, and too long the time
 Since Virtue's sceptre was usurped by crime;
 Even brave and honest men have borne with awe
 The knife, the rifle, and revolver's law;
 Or, lost in gain, behold the rushing years
 Sweep on with reckless shouts, or shivering fears,
 While Justice mutely frowned, and Pity mourn'd in tears.

So stained with blood, our valley's verdure waves;
 So are our mountains marked with nameless graves;
 So urban multitudes, in frantic joy,
 Forgot success but maddens to destroy.
 Luxurious ease, and elegant repose,
 To sin seducing, and to virtue foes;
 Twin Delilahs, intent on slaves and spoils,
 Bound our young Samson in their treacherous toils,
 Till thoughtful sages feared our swift decay
 Might match in speed our glory of a day.
 ——— For States may learn this lesson from the past—
 Excess—delight at first—is woe at last;
 Who has not seen—who has not wept to see
 A maid, in bloom of youth and modesty,
 In her fresh beauty, as an angel shine,
 And held by worshippers a thing divine,

But from the paths of virtue lured aside
By gold, by flattery, vanity, or pride,
Descend o'er steep of ruin to the tomb,
Without one pitying soul to mourn her doom?
— So shines a virtuous people's early rise—
So falls a nation, when her virtue dies.

From coming perils to redeem the land,
To snatch from anarchy the threat'ning brand,
What task so noble would a patriot miss?
Sires of the State, be PIONEERS in this!
Great as your toils have been, severe your pains,
The last Herculean labor yet remains.
The flag you planted on this western wild
Can only float securely undefiled;
The household fires you kindled on this shore
Can burn brightly only when we sin no more.
And, yon, fair maidens, with compelling charms,
Nerve to good deeds and greet your lovers' arms;
Ye wives, inspire with cheering acts and words
To thrift and labor your despairing lords;
So law shall rule—so fall the reign of force,
And gold become a blessing, not a curse;
Despite the clouds that shroud us now in gloom,
The land like Eden shall be blest and bloom;
So shall we smile away our griefs and fears,
And grateful ages bless the PIONEERS!

