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Fact and Need.

A Statement as to Prevailing Repute and
Appropriate Vindication.

ADDRESS

BY

CHARLES A. SUMNER,

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Delivered before the Territorial Pioneers, at Pacific
Hall, San Francisco, on the 27th Anniversary
of the Admission of California into
the Union.

[Published by request of the Pioneers.]

“ RODOLPHO.—I never fancied that they thought
So ill of us abroad, as that?

MARSTON.—Your plan of labors hitherto
Implies a knowledge of the fact—
Howe'er unconscious of its weight.
Or else your reason is at fault
In purposes, and foremost speech
For action and for tabature.

* * * * *

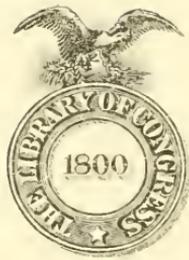
RODOLPHO.—Now I bethink me, Marston, it is true!
And much persuasion for our bounden work
Lies in a state imperfectly declared,
Or by unvaunted honor self-concealed.

MARSTON.—Your vindication, howsoe'er achieved,
Will be most welcomed by those most deceived.

RODOLPHO.—'Tis like to be. Tho' there may be replies
Which say they knew our worth and enterprise,
And held a gratitude in queer disguise!”

TOMAS AND FIDELITER.





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Book .T51



FACT AND NEED.

A Statement as to Prevailing Repute and Appropriate Vindication.

Delivered before the Territorial Pioneers, at Pacific Hall, San Francisco, on the 27th Anniversary of the Admission of California into the Union, by Charles A. Sumner, of San Francisco.

MR. PRESIDENT, TERRITORIAL PIONEERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is a local holiday. Hardly that. It is a day on which there is a partial suspension of business in San Francisco and a few other cities in the State, and public festivities are participated in by a small portion of our people. It is a day which deserves all this attention and respect; and among the days which we hope, under better rules of social order and recreation, will yet be dedicated to a general abstinence from toil, and to commemorative exercises and amusements, it should be with us only second in honor and a prevailing unanimity of observance. Nay, more: if additional days of common, celebrating recognition and tribute are hereafter to be set apart according to the benefits developed and received, and enjoyed, then, in the calendar of the Nation, the 9th of September is entitled to a red letter mark for some thanksgiving and jubilee. Even beyond this, it may be said, with a propriety which will gather warrant upon intelligent and patriotic reflection, that the natal day of the State which, in a little over a quarter of a century, has thrown over one thousand millions of golden dollars directly into the arteries of trade and commerce, and which has within that period developed a capacity to supply one-tenth of the cereal export of the hemisphere—and that of the first excellence—and which was first among the sisterhood of States, of whose resources and citizenship President Lincoln's message to the Pacific Coast, in his last days, spoke a supreme credit for the salvation of the Union—the natal day of such a State is worthy of some regular, emphatic, exultant salutation from the civilized inhabitants of the globe.

Instinctively, irresistibly, on every recurrence of this anniversary we turn to the scenes of the first ships in the offing, and the first trains crossing the desert. We remember the trials of separation in the old homes of the East; for those of us of middle age who "came afterward" had, with rare exceptions, the poignant regrets of parting from well remembered men among the number of our best beloved, when we decided, or when it was decided for us, to remain a little while longer in the parental mansion.

We remember how the first intelligence of the discovery of gold in El Dorado was received in our native or adopted city or village! With what utter incredulity the first stories of the rich findings were heard or read by all classes in the community! How those "absurd fables" were persistently repeated, as it seemed to us for the very purpose of breeding a mad folly of adventure! How singularly enough, the very beginning of the "California fever"—(have we not almost forgotten that once familiar phrase?)—was a lodgment of the nettle and the fire in the blood of the most staid and self-possessed in the lists of our neighbors and acquaintances! The first to believe and to resolve on emigration, and to go, being none other than our very sober-minded city-father, or town moderator, or village justice; creating overwhelming astonishment, not to say consternation, by his self-announcement of a fatal case of the disease: suddenly, irrevocably determined to quit his humdrum but most honorable and respected place as secular, and perchance religious oracle, for the gold fields of the new territory; there oftentimes and characteristically to maintain his reputation for patient industry and upright dealings, and also to develop or display capacities for social communion and enjoyment of which his most intimate friends and associates in the place deserted never dreamed that he was possessed.

We remember the tent and shanty habitations on the sand flats and slopes of Yerba Buena. We remember the first diggings in the valleys and in the foothill gulches. For if we have not these pictures in our original memories, we have long had a clear daguerreotype of them from uncounted, vivid recitations at these ancient localities, given by trustworthy comrades and friends. These pictures have dwelt with us this day; they are before our eyes this night; and an honest and heart-felt pride, and a sense of tender and even romantic affection for our fellow-citizens of daring and fortitude, make up the basis and stimulant for a grateful anthem of joy.

This is an hour for review. This is an appropriate time for practical, unpartisan suggestions, founded upon the indisputable past. We may seek some judicious forecastings of

events. But the time is short. Some of you are wearied with an active engagement in excursions and festivities, and all are more or less anxious for the music and the dance. The general field of retrospect and of contemplation of the future from such a standpoint as we now occupy, has been, I presume, pretty thoroughly sketched by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me on the annual platform of the Pioneers. Certainly, good sense will induce the speaker to confine himself to some one topic, or agree with his hearers for a brief discursive speech on those matters which pertain to your organization, to your privileges, to your responsibilities, to your expectations, to your resolutions and your hopes.

Have you a right and good reasons for your existence? The question is not impertinent. Men within may ask the question, and women without will surely make the inquiry; and it is a just demand and interrogation. The sweep of my preface indicates the nature of my reply;—but I insist that it does not preclude me from acknowledging a duty in the way of a justifying statement and argument. And I say the question is a fair one, and this is a fit hour to consider it. In this age and country no society has a right to call for the time and means assigned to your schedule by the plans and routine adopted, unless abundant warrant can be made known on any opportunity for investigation, or any authorized challenge as to professed and published services. The every-day requirements of life are too serious and exacting in the accepted paths and methods of business and philanthropy, to leave room for frivolous occupation of the hours; and by this people, above all others, there ought not to be a legacy of original association for posterity which will not be of manifest and unquestionable advantage. Let us see.

As a means of bringing together the genuine Pioneers of the State, thoroughly identified, in periodical greeting, your organization has an excellent system of initiation, and a right to be. "And for a more perfect union of the Pioneers of California in the bonds of friendship, and to cultivate social intercourse between them." For this introductory purpose there is a right, and a propriety, and obligation. You have every honorable prompting of friendship for this organization. You have sufficient reason in your commendable attachments to one another, as men born together into a new era, by the fact and date of Pioneer immigration.

So far forth as this Society represents and embodies a desire and covenant on the part of its members to annually meet and hail each other in the bonds of special fellowship, with all the delights of conversation and reminiscences, and feasting and cheer: Pioneers of California, you have a preëminent right for your assemblages. There are no practical requirements, there are no more solemn obligations, which forbid or deprecate the festive convocation.

Nay, the rising judgment of the most sincere and devout among the intelligent communities in the land glows with approbation for such appointed seasons of cordial reunion and decent hilarity. And I confess to you that, during the twenty-two years in which I have lived upon this Coast, I have never passed by the house from the roof or cupola of which the Bear Flag of California has been

displayed—in well-understood token of the dining hospitality of your brethren in the hall beneath its folds—without having felt a glad sentiment, and seen the letters of its exclamation in my brain. It is the table of the fathers of my State that is spread for welcome! May theirs be the happiest of renewed acquaintanceship and revived recollections, this day! May theirs be the keenest of relish for the most bounteous of repasts; for whatsoever there is in the good things of the land for the appetite of rational conviviality belongs to their board this day. And the civic esteem and thankfulness of all who have come after them into these fields of infinite resources and grand enterprise should have a magnetism of benediction over them, and lend a palpable zest and heartiness to all their banqueting enjoyments and congratulations!

But your organization notoriously rises above this simple plane of salutation and celebration; in which you are, perhaps, but an aggregate gathering of men and fellow-citizens, who, with equal propriety, have their special re-unions at date of departures and arrivals in particular ships or companies, in the fleets or the caravans of the pioneer period.

We look into your constitution and by-laws, and into your other authentic publications, to find your further motives and objects, and are not surprised at what you purpose and declare. And although we knew your plan and schemes for work and perpetuity, in a general sense, from the beginning, a re-reading enhances the verdict of favor and applause. The existence is not to be ephemeral. The society is not to expire with its present original members. It is to be perpetuated. The bond of social acquaintanceship and regard is to be transmitted; and because of the need of a higher purpose, and to the end, also, that it may be explicitly founded on a worthy basis, the society is declared to be historical and biographical. "To collect and preserve historical facts and information in connection with the early and subsequent history of the Pacific Coast." * * * "To form a cabinet." * * * "To pursue such literary and scientific objects as shall be deemed expedient by the Board of Directors." * * * "To perpetuate the memory of those whose wisdom, valor and enterprise advanced civilization to the shores of the Pacific." * * * "It shall be the duty of every member of the association to use all laudable efforts to collect and procure such relics, minerals, fossils, and other curiosities, and such incidents and facts connected with the history and settlement of California, as may be useful and interesting to the association." * * * "It shall be the special duty of the Committee on Library and Rooms to make such recommendations to the Board, in view of accumulating proper books, cabinet specimens, relics, curiosities, periodicals and journals, and to collect and arrange such historical facts and incidents in relation to the history and settlement of California, as may be deemed worthy of preservation."

The preface to the first Annual declares that "the Territorial Pioneers of California are endeavoring, among other worthy objects, to supply the place of that much-needed institution, a historical society of the State of California, and to a limited extent, of the Pacific Coast." "If our organization * * * shall be able * * * to preserve, in an authentic shape,

facts pertaining to the important events of the present and recent past, which are fresh in our own knowledge and memories, and which shall be passed into the history of our state, then our determination to publish an annual, and preserve in good shape these historical facts and events, will not have been made in vain; and the expenditure will prove to be an excellent investment for our descendants in the centuries to follow us." And, again, from the concluding paragraph of the same preface: "Our earnest desire is to finally present the autobiographies, biographies, and sketches of many, if not all, the Territorial Pioneers."

I say that such an association, so outlined in its purpose and work, merits thorough popular approval, and the co-operation of all who distinctly recognize and commend the programme—all of us who are without the doors, as well as those who are eligible to be direct participants in the labors and commemorative exercises of the organization.

We glance at some conditions which advise and sustain the plan of "earnest desire" and "special duty."

Left to private interest and industry, there would undoubtedly be (undoubtedly there are, or have been) numerous collections of specimens of the first and of current discoveries in the mining regions; important and notable specimens of the precious metals in the different classes and deposits. Some very respectable gatherings of this sort may be looked for in the rooms of the various libraries and commercial exchange halls of the State. But nothing large, and creditable and permanent; nothing answering to the idea of a historical cabinet; nothing reaching and embracing what each one confesses ought to be, as a valuable and characteristic gathering of such specimens, can be reasonably expected under such auspices. Nor is any such collection to be had from private diligence, for ultimate and enduring popular benefit. Experience has proved the correctness of the natural expectations in this respect. At the best, it may be said that private collections, unless placed within the protection of your shelves, and under the guard of your organization, or that of a society with similar plan, and intention, and bond, will gradually disappear from the State, in the earlier years, and be found in distant repositories in the Eastern States and in Europe, where the management is alive to the importance of obtaining such valuable matter for preservation and exhibition.

It is a fact that, to-day, in several of the smaller cities of New England you can see larger libraries and cabinets—or cabinet and library departments—exclusively composed of books and manuscripts on California history and biography, and the history of various portions of the Pacific Coast, and stones, and chippings and nuggets from the Sierra Nevada, than are as yet embraced under one roof in any building, with a single exception, in these Western communities.

I was recently informed, by the remarks of one of our prominent fellow-citizens, that within a year he has been astonished by the discovery—for such it was to him—in the library building at Salem, Massachusetts, of a more complete set of California newspaper files than is to be seen anywhere in the commonwealth from which the publications were taken. And there is in the British Museum, in London, to-day, a department assigned to California

deposits and productions, scientifically classified, which a distinguished professor, in a recent important mining suit in our United States Circuit Court, declared exceeded in completeness, as well as in definite and artistic arrangement, anything that could be made up for a similar exhibition out of all the aggregated specimens that are to be seen in the public institutions of our State.

The bare statement of these indisputable facts is surely enough to make us feel very regretful (if not ashamed) for the past and present catalogue of our home collections of the character indicated, and anxious that the first part of the programme of this and sister organizations may be speedily developed into results that will redeem, and honor, and excel. And to this end let us hope and trust that the contributions of the wealthier members may be registered within a year at figures that will pay a debt which they owe, and have neglected; recovering and establishing the just reputation of a duly jealous State, and lending to their own names an imperishable lustre of credit.

The propriety and necessity of a large museum, collected and classified and preserved under the management of precisely such an organization as the Territorial Pioneers, must be admitted and commended by all; and while some wonder may be expressed that there has not been a more worthy undertaking and achievement in this direction hitherto, there is no complaint to be justly made on this score against the officers of this society; for their excusing reasons are obviously adequate to any man who makes inquiry upon the subject.

A historical library, strictly Californian, should be within the frames of your edifice—a library that, in its completeness in originals and translations, should be only limited by the possibilities of a catalogue; bringing first publications and manuscripts from every quarter in which fair compensation and liberal reward can avail for the search and the securing.

To this point in your programme of duties and purposes no doubt seems to be suggested on the simple statement.

But beyond this you intend to go. Beyond this, I may say, you have already commenced to labor, and to gather, and to exhibit.

Pioneers of California: You have, in a peculiar and emphatic sense, committed to you a vindication of the general history and the biographies of the earlier days and comrades of your glorious commonwealth; and recreant will you be to a high privilege, as it seems to me, if you fail to write the record of this State up to the end of the first decade, in clear and unmistakable paragraphs. The existence of this privilege and obligation is contested. There are those who, on general principles of "good taste," dispute the propriety, as well as the duty of this work on your part, directly under your authority, and mainly by your own hands.

This is no time or place for absolute controversy. I shall only take your own words and labors thus far as an indication of what YOU YOURSELVES HAVE DECIDED OUGHT TO BE; and glance a second at what others have done without you in the same line; and then, mayhap, or meanwhile, conjecture us to the future pages of history and biography as they would read without your supervision or your rival testimony and text;—indicating finally

and all the time, what those pages are sure to be under your organized study and editing discrimination.

A vindication! I appeal to you, Pioneers, what is your history before the world to-day? Your history? I mean, of course, your reputation—which is the focus of your history—as it is at this moment of time. Did you ever give thoughtful inquiry to it, in the way of comparison with that which you know ought to be the history of California from 1849 to 1860?

Some of you are, perhaps, far more competent than I to write a judgment in these premises; but I shall speak of that which I do know and, for the most part, testify of that which I have seen and heard.

Vindication! Yes; it is needed without the gates. Needed, in general, for the character of the Pioneers—who are abundantly able to take care of themselves; and for that reason it is all the more required on their behalf, and on behalf of their children, that they make their story plain. Needed in detail, for the biographies of some of its most deserving and yet most modest constituents. Needed in defence of statistics of developed resources and extracted wealth. Needed, most originally and earnestly, to show and demonstrate the direction in which the fruits of the discoveries and brave and persistent toil in this land have been sent, or ultimately gathered, and made of most material and practical application, and most civilizing and refining beneficence.

Are you—in this connection let me ask—are you satisfied with the judgment of your fellow-citizens of the East? I mean the general judgment of mankind as to your history and early characteristics; the settled opinion, at this date, of men and women in the Eastern commonwealths, and in circles of enlightenment in Great Britain and Continental Europe, where your local histories and biographies have been, and now are, topics of great interest and consideration? Have you realized what that reputation is which you bear abroad this night? May it not be that the complimentary and enlivening salutations that flash across the wires on Pioneer Day, from side to side of our own land, as old Californians gather here and there for convivial purposes, have served, in a great degree, to obscure or obliterate the popular sense of our own people as to the character they have had established for them as a mighty body of citizens; established among the best inhabitants beyond the Rocky Mountains, who, whether we will or no, whether we understand it with an ever-present knowledge or not, do sit this hour in judgment upon us? Let us see.

Within the eighteen months from July, 1849, 88,000 men were precipitated into these boundaries; coming from every portion of the Republic, with a sprinkling of perhaps one-tenth direct from foreign shores. Are you satisfied with the pictures that have gone abroad, and remain to characterize that floating population? Take the best representations, or those which have the most pleasing features. Are you satisfied, altogether, with the accepted sketches of that period? accepted, mind you, with great literalness of interpretation when they cross the plains, and with almost unqualified simplicity of reading when they reach the Eastern hemisphere; those sketches which sometimes evince most excellent wit and humor? Sketches which

have been sent abroad and received, and, if you please, treasured, as pattern stories of your life, your labors, your struggles, your amusements, your dissipations; and, comprehensively, your characteristic humanity?

Nearly thirty years ago there was a wild rush of daring men to this coast. Have you not ascertained that the judgment of the outside world is, that in the immense majority of instances you should substitute the word "desperate" for "daring"? What are the facts, as we know them?

There was, for that immigration, the seduction and the stimulus of the love of gold. Unquestionably! Palpably! Avowedly! There was, however, at the commencement, the higher love for money; the desire to obtain it quickly, indeed, but without piratical thought; with a disposition and purpose to acquire it for what it would bring in advantages and blessings "at home." "What sought they here?" They came to speedily search, and find, and accumulate; and to return with their treasure to family and friends, at the places from whence they came.

Characteristically, for the first three to five years, this was the mind and intent of the new comers to these shores. So much is confessed. Confessed? Admitted. Rather say, so much is boasted, for the purposes of this section. I know that I do not overstate the fact when I say, that in the pioneer years—up to 1856—these purposes and plans of a large minority of the immigrants, which I have just stated, were carried out; of course, with greatly differing amounts gathered in the aggregate, but probably, according to the expectations and needs, with closely similar content on the part of the delvers. And note the result right in this connection, and flatly upon the question of historical vindication.

The general reputation in the Eastern States of Pioneer California and Californians is one which there provokes commiseration, if not contempt. And by the sweep of judgment, the general reputation of the commonwealth, and its inhabitants, comes down on the same plane unto this day. Nor is there any conflict of testimony on this subject—nothing to contradict this assertion—involving in the fact of a large immigration of the middle and lower classes of society since the construction of the trans-continental railway. This is easy of demonstration, but the time forbids so much of what would be digression on this occasion.

While there are several reasons why this unjust judgment has been maintained against something of direct and able effort to contradict, and to remove, and to substitute, it is based on first, general, all-embracing estimates. And it is there!

In almost every national convention and delegation—secular and religious—up to this date, your people have been put in the back-ground, at the rear, under the stairs, in the gallery; and this serves alone to give a fair, but faint, hint of the average appreciation of the State, and its character and consequence.

Within recent years I have sat at a hospitable board in the Capital of the nation, and heard, from day to day, California, and the average Californian, derided by "Statesmen" and "Ministers of the Gospel," high in the ranks of society; a favorite theme with them for depreciation, for unsparing contumely, for unmitigated contempt.

Within recent years I have been called

upon, in New England towns and villages, to lecture upon the resources of this State, and have had scores of conversations before and after the dry recital of statistics, and the incidental reference to other matters which would naturally be brought into such a discourse, which told the same thought and understanding, and verdict, against the California of today; but most particularly against the Californian of the pioneer season. Still the supposition was, that it might be a good country to sojourn in for a little space, with purely business ends in view; perhaps in some parts healthful and desirable for some classes of chronic patients; perhaps tolerable for this, or that, or the other really missionary scheme. Surely a self-sacrificing spirit was deemed requisite for a prolonged stay in the best portion of the coast! Such was the honest belief of the well-to-do, and otherwise very intelligent men, women and children in such assemblages, in the most intelligent regions round about the Athenian capital.

I am confident that I shall bring up in the minds of many before me this evening the same observation and experience. Large numbers of the wise and truly good men and women of the village, after the conclusion of the lecture—if I may so dignify my speech—have taken occasion to express the most profound astonishment (not to say incredulity) at the educational advantages for the young which I undertook to depict or sketch on a single page of copy. And certainly it would supply much food for merriment, if I were to give an exact transcript of what I heard and endured upon many such occasions, within the past seven years.

In one way and another, in almost every form imaginable, the evidence has come up, plump and dazing, from the sincere talk of the people on the day following the lecture, to the effect that they supposed—and were inclined to adhere to the opinion—that, in order to be seen as a genuine Californian, a man must be described as but little removed in point of humanitarian qualities and disposition from the aboriginal barbarian of New Mexico.

Until quite recently our topography was as commonly misunderstood in New England as in Great Britain; which I hope is an adequate suggestion of most remarkable ignorance, held in the iron, conical shells of a sublime perversity.

A middle-aged gentleman, of very respectable and sane appearance and manner, approached me while I was leaning on the fence that now surrounds the American blarney stone at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in the year 1871, and after introducing himself and ascertaining on his own line of catechism that I was from California, he asked me whether "really now," "in point of fact," there was much more danger from the Indians in San Francisco than from the majority of our white inhabitants, after sunset? And I have been happy to find out afterwards that, in the moment of delirium, I informed my respectful and respected questioner that there was not!

I have gathered such information and knowledge of our reputation and "character" in a New England village, and then have discovered that the edifice in which I have been kindly asked to speak—where I have been cordially welcomed and attentively listened to—the fairest fabric in the whole county—was reared by the expenditure of money

earned by a benevolent and public-spirited man in a trading commerce with the port of San Francisco;—a fact which had been nearly forgotten by the oldest inhabitants. And so it was that I came to take such full and careful notes as justify the assertion that there is scarcely a village in New England or New York—and I believe the same may be said of other States in the Union—not one single village or town of any importance, in which there are not now, and in which there have not been for years past, beautiful homes which owe all their high and superlative degree of comfort and refinement—elegance of structure in the buildings and thoroughfares, and superiority of education on the part of the residents—to the fact that the present, or one of the ancestral proprietors gained opulence, or a liberal competence, while residing in or trading directly with the State of California, during the first ten years of its organized existence. And yet, right there, and there, perchance, and probably, above all other places on the face of the earth, we need—if we care for our Pioneers' just meed of honor and fame in our own day and generation—unmanservable, ineffaceable, everlasting pages of vindictory biographical and political history.

Vindication! Are you satisfied with the "Pioneer Biographies," so-called, that have been prepared by the pens of literary tramps, and published in gaudy volumes, with corpse-like photographs or bilious engravings; published, perhaps, by houses that ought to be, and usually are, engaged in better business? Books that are autobiographic or biographic, with a small per centage of worthy and intelligent men on the list of victims,—Pioneers who, under one false pretense and another, have been seduced into furnishing here an outline for a sketch of their lives. Here they are! sandwiched in between the John Nicodemuses and the Uriah Muddlegoods—portraits of the latter preceding a dozen pages of letter press, in which unstinted adulation transcends the ridiculous and enters into ecstasies which threaten to be immortal. Alas! alas! I have seen these books in many and many New England and New York town libraries, and on the reading-room tables of some of the principal hotels in the Eastern cities. Pioneers of California, whom we so much love and respect, biographically set down in the midst of what we know to be fairy stories—to give the most charitable designation—about money grabbers, and pettifoggers, and penitentiary escapes, whose early history, anywhere, under any ordinary circumstances, would not be of any sort of consequence to any one, unless to a near relation—and then only of interest on the supposition of riches under contest in a Court of Probate.

Are you satisfied with the proposition or the call tantamount to a demand, to yield your announced prerogative and programme in favor of outside collections of materials for a series of Pioneer biographic encyclopædias; when the historic doom of this State and her early white settlers, after such an abdication on your part, has been so mournfully indicated in the volumes to which it is understood we have been referring?

It is to be admitted—if admission is necessary—that these allictive publications cannot be stopped or suppressed. But they deserve thus far to emphasize the duty of energetic business by the officers and members and

friends of this organization, in the collecting, under its auspices, and in the ultimate sending forth under its discriminating and honorable editorship, of volumes of biography which will justly represent the Pioneers of the State of California.

Can I be pardoned a closer illustration of my meaning and prayer? In all these morocco-bound, gilt-edged duodecimos, there has been credit found for every enterprise on this Coast, and particularly for the greatest enterprise of our longitude, if not of our age. But it was reserved for the commencement of the life of your Society to vindicate, and to place upon the immovable pedestal of honor and fame, the real author of the stupendous undertaking for which others, in those noodle publications, have had the exclusive credit. I speak now of the vindication of Theodore D. Judah, by the President of the Territorial Pioneers, Hon. John C. Burch, in a paper in the "Annual," which has been sent forth as the first publication of this Society—a paper giving the simple and indisputable facts in connection with the actual, original theory and mapping of the Central Pacific Railroad.

Consider the immense amount of labor in research and authorship that has been expended in every one of the old commonwealths of the Atlantic seaboard, to find out the biographical truth, and to establish before the world the exact relations of individuals who were important personages in the Colonial days. The decision of the greatest of our historians has been reversed, and he himself compelled, perforce, to alter his construction of events and his ascription of motives, within the past few years, with respect to one of the most distinguished generals of the Revolutionary War. And it is but yesterday that the long-ago mooted question as to the existence or non-existence of the celebrated "Blue Laws of Connecticut," so called, received a new revival—(how often has it been the topic of eager historic interrogation!)—and the controversy has broken out afresh upon the interesting and vexatious theme.

Our eminent Colonial forefathers were more noted for keeping close diaries than are our statesmen of to-day. And, allowing for their well-known prejudices, there can be fully as much reliance placed upon their jottings as upon the newspaper records of 1877. And yet, what a turmoil of dissension and discussion we beheld for years—only now settling down upon a lasting basis—touching nearly all their important plans, and deeds, and inspirations! In an incalculable ratio of importance do I see the necessity for your promised biographic work to-day; to save ten thousand serious misapprehensions, slanderous verdicts, and utterly untrue eulogiums of "history."

In respectful commendation and encouragement of this section of your plan, I notice the value now attached to the diaries of the Pioneers of older States, which have been rescued from the moths and must of the closets, and garrets, and cellars of Colonial buildings. The thirst for accurate information as to the men and things of those days, seems to have been planted as an unquenchable element in the lives of some of the keenest and most brilliant intellects of the country; and without arguing as to the degree of necessity or propriety for their dedication to the business of searching, and comparing, and storing, and methodically reviewing and reproducing from the folios

and letters of our first centuries, we have only opportunity now to say that the vocation which they have adopted, which they have confessed and accepted, has been approved by all who are entitled to criticize or to give a hearty "God speed" in the higher walks and fields of human labor.

Massachusetts, Virginia, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, the Carolinas, Vermont, Delaware and Rhode Island;—how have the old parchments and papers been summoned from their ancient chests and drawers, and chimney corners—these ransacked with zealous industry, within the past few years, for the slightest contributions there believed or suspected to remain, deposited or secreted by the Fathers of the Republic. With what tremendous literary appetite has the publications of such records as are indicated, from such sources authenticated—under the introduction and arrangement of distinguished scholars—been taken by the general public! And how universal and profound the response of satisfaction and the anxious admission of strength-in-knowledge and in patriotic pride on the part of every American reader, capable of receiving any deep impressions through developments and analyses of human actions, and human purposes and hopes!

What waste, indeed, there has been in doubting and disputing about every important transaction in the days of the Colonies; true statements of which transactions we think should have been made clear by numberless, individual, simultaneous recitals of facts,—conspicuously preserved! A waste which we now regard with great sorrow. A species of waste inexcusable for our future. A waste, I repeat, to be guarded against on this coast and for these Pacific commonwealths; if the warning of perversion, and misrepresentation, and misapprehension, is ever to be effectual; if ever the honor of fellow citizenship is to be made known and vindicated by any people of a Pioneer generation.

Vindication of the past means, also, and unavoidably, contemporaneous vindication. Within the past six years I have sat in public halls in Boston and Washington, and heard this people arraigned for offenses of which they have never been guilty, and brought under an Accusation of a closely defined and degrading unanimity of impulse and desire and habit which has as little right to a place in an indictment against the State of California and her people as in a series of impeachment articles against any other sovereignty of the Republic. And among the fanciful portrayals by those who have gained notoriety, if not distinction and fame, as literary representatives of this Coast, there has been much to lend countenance to the ideas about California and Californian life which are, or which have been, boldly and baldly set forth by less gifted persons, who have temporarily sojourned among us; while at the same time individuals fully capable of meeting and combating these slanders and dissipating the mildews of this shower of libel, seemed to have been paralyzed by an admitted fear and horror of the strictures of a licentious daily press.

Take the elements of character that have been most prominently displayed in the day-in and the night-out of California life, during the years of the first immigration: and look at them.

We who have lived here twenty years and over, cannot be mistaken in estimating the

correctness of your Pioneer enumeration and descriptions. Let us see.

Is it that essential quality of true manhood which we have named—the comprehensive title of all vigorous and generous natures—“Valor?” “To perpetuate the memory of those whose * * * valor advanced civilization to the shores of the Pacific.”

Where are there exhibitions in volume or acted drama more splendid, more full of the terrible grandeur of a magnanimous courage, than have been displayed here within our knowledge, with Pioneers for the heroes of the tale of daring or the scene of tragedy! O! their deeds are yet unheralded and unrecorded in enduring prose; and still they wait for embodiment in the verse of epic poetry, and still demand in vain the masters of the immortal minstrelsy of lyric song.

Put the record of such a hero's deeds into simple and unpretending paragraphs in some country newspaper—those paragraphs written at his best by some friend who loved him with a love of brotherly affection; and though it provoke a thousand tears of pitying admiration among the comrades in the “old Tuolumne diggings,” who saw him crushed beneath the rocks which he shouldered and blocked to save his youthful companion, yet, when the recital shall have reached no further than your own metropolis, it will be dressed for the column of miscellaneous items in a manner to despoil it of all its sobriety of force; with the whole picture shaped and colored to provoke the laughter of the editors who shall copy it for Eastern readers, and surround it with still more villainous context of derisive discredit and scorn.

Valor! Was it nothing more than a wild spirit of adventure—is that the very best that can be credited for the majority of the immigration of those eventful days?—that dared the voyage, and through every kind of deprivation and discomfort held men and boys to the prospecting enterprise? Was it a sordid greed for money, for the golden grains of sand, that started them, and that supported the hearts of the 999 of the multitude that rounded “The Horn,” or crossed “The Isthmus,” or traversed “The Desert,” in 1849 and 1850, on their way to the shores of the Pacific?

I have known avarice to come on apace. I have seen the eye grow selfishly fierce, and the hand that once grasped with animation and fervor become cold and fishy to the touch; and I have said that such men had better have gone down into their graves before they thus had a new birth of greed enter within their souls. But few of these have I found among the number of the Pioneers of California. And of these exceptional ones it has been disclosed that they had been breeding towards such a constitutional disease of mind and feeling before the date of their sailing for the lands of the Pacific. And, alas! they have been cunning also to make their own presence known by a self-landation in a congenial press; while the heroes are comparatively unknown; while the heroic majority has not been recognized abroad; while those grand characteristics of the majority of the immigration have been vauntingly ascribed to the purse-proud few. The miser in the gazette of honor! and a bald fiction in names and incidents substituted for the ten thousand waiting facts of history! How long?

More than this: How long will you not only

permit imaginary characterizations and scenes to keep the common view, but also by your silence and inactivity allow that which you know is an unjust record to stand against your valiant companions and friends who have gone before? You have made a vow of reclamation and restitution, and a covenant for the perpetuity of a deserved and honorable fame. “To perpetuate the memory of those whose enterprise, wisdom and valor advanced civilization to the shores of the Pacific.”

The valor of friendship! Where else so nobly displayed! The Addisonian invocation and encomium falling upon these rough places in the new world! How the incidents crowd in upon us!

William Garfield Brown, companion of James Kearney, in a six months' voyage—the men first thrown together in that season of hardship—men born in different lands:—William Garfield Brown saw the rickety flume breaking above the head of his friend, and quick as a flash he remembered—(so he lived to say)—that while he was alone in the world, with no kith or kin, that friend had a family—wife and little ones at home—dependent upon him for their bread—with all their love centered in him; William Garfield Brown rushed in, and at his mortal peril caught the trembling timbers—and tottered and fell—lying there, a crushed and bleeding wreck of humanity—that James Kearney might escape uninjured. Where is the record? Who has seen his name in the annals that ought to have been written and published, to transmit name and deed for the sake of gratitude—for a stimulus to heroism—for the vindication of Pioneers—for the glory of the race?

Though a score of witnesses here and there attest a thousand such and similar scenes, there is no graven prominence for them on the page of your commonwealth's history. But instead, the flabby conceit of the maudlin wag is displayed in straggling narratives; and instead, the deeds of crime and violence on these shores are gathered up and restated with all possible exaggeration of details; and the sweeping slander of Pioneer character goes on and on, in cheap and funny rhymes and dialect doggerel—on and on, unchallenged, over the face of the earth.

I am glad that there is an association now existing which means business when it says, “To collect and preserve historical facts and information in connection with the early and subsequent history of the Pacific Coast,” and “to perpetuate the memory of those whose enterprise, wisdom and valor advanced civilization to the shores of the Pacific.”

The reckless and the criminally wicked type of men and women is now the standard for judgment in the Eastern States and enlightened Europe, as to the character of the vast majority of California Pioneers; and this, too, when the fact is manifest to us that, of the hardened classes in California in Pioneer days, many came here to successfully fulfil a pledge of reformation, and in the great strength of their natures to illustrate the divine hope that ever lives in the bosom of humanity. And this, too, when the history that should be rescued shows that many who came here with their baser elements in mastery of the man, were, by the very emulation of brave deeds, carried up to honorable conduct and a generous and fraternal life.

And here came men of noblest blood and gentlest lineage to obtain, by the charm of

their manners and the delightful candor of their speech, and the cordial sentiments and noble deeds of their daily walk, the unquenchable admiration and affection of their fellow-men in the Pioneer years; and to continue to captivate and refresh their companions a little way down the stream of life; and often to disclose the splendid magnanimity of their souls in their behavior at the times of dangers and encounters which were almost inseparable from public life in the early days of the commonwealth.

I remember, and you remember, when an antagonist of hasty and ungovernable temper plunged a sword into the breast of such an one. The weapon of deadly retaliation was drawn and pointed; the hammer was lifted; the escape of the assassin from the rightful vengeance of the assaulted man was impossible! But in the midst of the awe of certain death was the life of a celestial triumph, proclaimed in these words: "No! I could kill you; but I will spare you for your wife and your children's sake!"

O! Mother of Presidents! Grand old Dominion of Virginia! O! noble house of unsmiled esctheon! Your renown for heroic sons seems full with the revolving years. But never, never was there more of honor wrought for thee in the heart and in the word and deed of man—suffering unto martyrdom—perfectly self controlled in the face of the last great enemy—than was set in our heaven and memory by Charley Fairfax, of Sacramento.

But these scenes are passed by—never recorded of man—while authorities are paraded for a general judgment against the whole people of those early times; and elaborate eulogies are written and published in behalf of "good men for the city," and "good men for the State," who never did an unselfish act, or, so far as we know, prolonged the existence of an unselfish thought into a deed of benevolence; but who have always managed to cultivate a newspaper notoriety for excellent citizenship, while their shrewdness preserved them from merited opprobrium and punishment for a thousand petty tricks of malevolence and fraud.

Is it the Valor of Trustworthiness? Why, you can take away the breath and give a spasm of hysterics to some thousands of our best citizens in the Eastern States, who set themselves up in regular jury upon this people, by pronouncing such a phrase in their presence in favorable connection with the title of the "Pioneers of California"! For they have always believed, and they firmly believe unto this day, that gamblers and their natural consorts and allies, made up the principal portion of the army of 88,000 that came to California in '49 and '50. The trustworthiness of the Pioneers of California! And yet, we who came from New England know that fully one-fourth of the young men who left that section of the country to take up their abode in California for a season, were enabled to make the trip by the contributions of various sums from different investors; from investments of one hundred dollars and upwards;—these sums advanced upon condition of a return of not less than one-half the amount which these young knights of immigration might be able to gather and save in the "diggings" of California, within a specified period of time.

And well we remember—for how many

affecting incidents can we readily recall under such a heading—that if these brave boys survived the perils of the double voyage and the hardships of the mining camp, and did "make their pile"—as most of them did—that within one, two or three years from the date of their contract, they carried back every dollar of their absolute savings, and made an honest distribution of their golden assets. I remember something of a score of such instances—each one worthy of a paragraph in some record that ought to be written—as a vindication of all the people immediately interested, and a theme of common congratulation.

I remember well when Henry Kilbourn came back to a New England town, from a three years' term of labor in the northern mines of California. He was all shattered with small-pox and Panama fever, contracted after he left the port of San Francisco on his faithfully promised return. We watched him as he stepped from the cars at the little depot of his native town, and then we knew that his days were numbered. Scarcely able to walk, he was greeted by his old school-fellows and friends with an inconsiderate earnestness that visibly taxed his powers of endurance.

He was quickly taken to his own old home and laid upon the couch from which he was never to rise a well man. As soon as possible he dispatched a messenger to my father, attorney and counselor at law, in order that the declaration of his earnings, which he had written in the mining camps, might be put into an authentic and legal form, and that the proportion of return and recompense among his neighbors, who sent him to California, might be fixed and distributed.

Henry Kilbourn hastened to do this, though he believed that he should recover his accustomed health after a little rest, under his mother's nursing. He hastened to do this in order, as he said, that, in any possible event, there might be no stain upon his honor. Five other townsmen had gone with him. He, alone, of that number, lived to return. But one other had sent by him twelve hundred dollars, and this amount was given into Kilbourn's hands with the same injunction of faithful return and distribution. Five hundred dollars had been Henry Kilbourn's outfit, and two thousand dollars made up the sum given to his companions. He brought back \$24,000—and \$12,000 was distributed according to contributions and investments within three days after his return. And when the money due was all paid, and the receipts were all in, and he had all the papers and acknowledgments in his hands, he thanked God that his "debt" was canceled; and only then, apparently, was he able to begin to feel and heartily express gratification that so large a sum as \$12,000, or nearly that amount, would, in the possible event of his early death, be left to his aged parents for their future maintenance and support. Shortly afterward we followed him to his grave.

And the \$12,000 was a great sum for his venerable father. The story, moreover, bears yet another evidence and suggestion.

For, in his vigorous old age, Hiram Kilbourn, the father, took the legacy of his dead son, and made of the old Kilbourn acres one of the finest farms in that section of New England. And to-day it may be said in all literalness of truth, that there are twelve thousand golden dollars from the California of '49 and '50, and '51 and '52, transmuted

into solid material prosperity and wealth on the old Kilbourn farm.

Henry Kilbourn was one of ten thousand sons of New England who went and came, who toiled and won—returning with such a recompense of reward, of riches, and of honor. Would it not be interesting and pertinent to your scheme, and on many accounts appropriate and useful, if the statistics of such out-go and such applications of Pioneer gatherings of gold should be traced in some authentic publication under the auspices of the Territorial Pioneers of California? I happen to be able to present an authentic and verified illustration.

And yet, and yet, I dare to say that if you will go into that town to-morrow—where, I firmly believe, there are as many good people as you will find in any other place of similar population on this planet of ours—you will gather, if you seek, a general judgment which will set down the 999 of the Pioneer immigration of California as composed of unmitigated vagabonds and thieves. And if you were to utter the truth in the presence of that people in this wise: "At least one of the most delightful farms in this valley, this 'garden of the Lord,' was raised from the look of poverty and sterility to excellent thrift and unsurpassed beauty and fruitfulness, by the direct importation and expenditure of California gold in 1852 or '53," you would certainly be met with all the pitying, if not scornful, responses that are compatible, under any circumstances, with gentlemanly breeding. They have forgotten the facts! Is there not need of systematic vindication?

There is at all times an infatuation in the intense realization which we have of the present, which makes us ready to believe (and unwilling to harbor a different thought) that history will vindicate itself, by some specific gravity of truth! We who profess a keen interest in, and a large knowledge of, contemporaneous events, are perhaps equally liable with the most ignorant, or unobservant, or complacent, to be thoroughly under this delusion.

But if you do observe the shadows that have covered the names of men whose record belongs within our nation's history—shadows that have been removed by the most diligent labor, and by the most vigorous and vexatious of discussions, if removed at all—and if you recall the many instances where credit for great and glorious deeds has been misplaced for centuries, until the conscientious and persistent industry of the accomplished historian, or the providential event of historical discovery, has brought the truth of character and of action to light—dethroning a fraud and raising up a new hero—you will be again and again mindful of the duty which devolves upon this organization,—this night and henceforth. Have I not already alluded to one instance of redemption from possible oblivion? A chapter of vindication set in popular and permanent volume by the Pioneer who presides over this assemblage to-night, and who wrote the sketch of Theodore D. Judah. "To collect and preserve historical facts and information." "To perpetuate the memory of those whose wisdom, valor and enterprise advanced civilization to the shores of the Pacific."

I know of men who, in your halls of legislation, have accomplished a great and brave work for this people—who wrote, and

urged, and successfully advocated measures for the public good—who have not one syllable of permanent credit in all the State; while their efforts, and faithful labors of patriotism, have been ascribed to other pens and other advocates, and other legislators, and are so credited unto this day.

Pioneers: If the story of this little human life is worth anything, you have all the debt and duty that has been outlined. Your bonds of fellowship, all that is common to friendship, and innumerable and peculiar ties and ligaments of association, and affection, and ambition, render your programme of history and biography pre-eminently just, and worthy of the most scrupulous and exact fulfillment.

Standing without your portals, witnessing, during these twenty years, with a profound and ill-concealed sorrow, the many false assumptions of honors of Pioneer adventure, and welcoming with undisguised gratification the occasional, and all-too-few, rectifying struggles and achievements of some intrepid members of Pioneer societies, I believe that I can give utterance to an almost universal sentiment when I say, that the time has come for a thorough work of procuring authentic memoirs, and transcribing them for an approximately thorough encyclopædia of California biography; the commencement of which grand work may be hailed as of the date of the existence of the Territorial Pioneers?

There is an infatuation, to the effect that book jobbers will do this work without such organized action and oversight and supervision. No, it is not exactly an infatuation; it is something more than that, as well as something different. The book jobbers will do this work—that is, they will do a work that will be called by this name. But they will do it without your direction, or in the absence of your text, in a way to continue the errors and wrongs complained of, and to increase and magnify the misrepresentations that already abound and grievously afflict many of the children of men.

There is an infatuation enforced, if not originated, by many proverbs, precepts, and essays, to the effect that all labor of romancing and song-writing for the people of a nation, and more particularly all labor in departments of history, will come without invitation, or special encouragement; that any avowed craving for the products of such labor, on the part of the people of a nation, is useless, unseemly, perhaps vulgar, and to be deprecated, at all events, as of no practical value—if not almost sacrilegious! "Useless," at least; as never bringing, or contributing to draw forth, fruits of positive merit; as calculated to engender only an unwise ambition in the minds of immature and inferior writers; only operating to excite a rush of fools into the literary treatment of themes which the wisest men and scholars alone should be allowed to touch, and so to illuminate and adorn. There is a truth to be confessed in this direction. There is machinery for passing words around and under a topic, which is set violently in motion in the midst of some popular desire or demand. One grand success in any department of literature is apt to beget a host of imitators, whose works do condemn them, and whose works do torment the intelligent but beguiled and betrayed purchasers of current literature.

But still I call the idea of absolutely voluntary originality—if that is a permissible phrase—(it sets down what I mean)—I call such an idea an infatuation. Good books of every kind are the product of diligent study and hard labor. There is an argument, there is a logic, and, most necessarily, there is a careful and sometimes elaborate statement in all compositions that will abide the test of time, and meet the requirements of an enlightened public. And the one simple recitation of facts against the other, with respect to this infatuation, shows the middle truth.

How oft repeated is the urgent wish for superior historical writers in every department, with the added admission that their appearance will be spontaneous, and can have no possible relation to an earnest, general call for such a class of devoted authors. The suggestion that there is any connection between the production of excellent romance and ennobling and inspiring epic rhyme, and the universal wish, distinctly made known in a thousand ways, for the forthcoming of such works, is held to be abhorrent to every sense of literary propriety, and every alleged experience of civilized and refined communities.

I have not time to debate here; I can only state a conviction which seems to me to be unavoidable.

From the minds and souls of the inglorious Miltons there might have come songs of infinite beauty, if it had seemed to them that there was an appeal from the public to the unsealed bosom of the poet.

Has the music of our own acknowledged and beloved poet laureates been less enchanting, or have they appeared to be cramped in theme or pinion, because the day is one of quick recognition of genius? Or have they fallen from their former grace since inspiration has had a market value assigned to it, as it was translated and drawn out upon the gleaming page of "copy"? Have the histories of Bancroft, and Prescott, and Motley, and Macauley, been less and less excellent, according as the demand arose for their continuation, and a general homage came to their doors like a flood? Did Dickens and Thackeray lose their fancy or slight their work in the glory of fame, or under the pressure of a tremendous popular hunger for their contributions? No! There is not anywhere a more appropriate connection between demand and supply than in the fields of literature.

Of course, of course, the magician must be born. But having an existence on the planet, and being educated to a facility of utterance, and hearing the cry of wish and longing, and passing into the solemn temple of a great expectation, his labor, his industry, his persistent application, is helped, not harmed, by appeals of general patronage and celebrity; is focalized on the best objects, not scattered on diffusive sketches,—so focalized day by day, unto the end of his ambition, the fruition of his earthly hopes, the highest happiness of his world of fellow-men.

There is a drudgery of literary toil which the hermits bear, with the aid of heavenly visitations. This element in the grandest of all work among men is now lightened in the life of great thinkers by the expectant hush of a nation, ever pausing for the good word and work of a genius; it has no place in the toil of the master writer whose fame is fixed, and whose theme seems to be living with the people in

the very hope of his contemplation and his judgment.

There has been a vast mistake in waiting for moods of literary labor; there has been the testimony of the great body of competent authors to the virtue and valor of uncompromising hard work,—after it shall have seemed to them that the voice of the people is as the voice of God!

Let us not hesitate to quietly, decently, but audibly or legibly, state our eagerness to hail the men of capable understanding, and facility, who will write for you, and for us, and for our children, the story of the Pioneer, in all its varied and splendid phases of adventure, of intrepidity, of tragedy, and of mirth. Let the young men of admitted strength of mind, who purpose such labors, be not discouraged in the first commencement of devotion to this department with the cry of "gush," from pedantic pessimists and black-mail critics in the employ of the mercenary managers of a venal press.

It is not to the credit of California that the few among her adopted sons who have rightly obtained renown as distinctively Californian writers of history and rhyme, have sometimes turned from their exalted place to do the bad business of belittling every other writer who sought the field which we would have so assiduously cultivated. Nor can I refrain from adding, that I do not doubt that it is to this, as one of the chief of causes, that is to be ascribed the deficiency in this department of literary labor, wherein I have this night urged a culture and devotion, as pre-eminently worthy of the sons of California.

What more delightful season of fascination for the Californian whose immigration was of the latter half of the first decade, than to sit down and listen to the tales of some of the older Pioneers of the Coast, recounting the scenes of the first few years of American occupation? Rare and luscious records and traditions! only qualified in their enjoyment by the very thought and wish and hope for a collection of the many veracious recitals, under a judicious method of supervision and arrangement. Suggesting, how often! a far better foundation and thread for narrative poems, for stringlets of bewitching rhyme, than has ever yet been put into the immortal verse of Longfellow! Bequeathing or suggesting a body of wit, and a flavor of exquisite humor in stories and song, transcending the very best of the very excellent, but scanty, discursive prose and poetry that has been vouchsafed for the margin of the California histories that ought to be, and to which we have already had your indulgence to anticipatively refer.

And to think—to think, that instead of the systematic transcribing, under good auspices, of the memories now fading into ashes—without mercenary motive to alter or pervert—and where there could be quick correction for error of statement—we have only travesties and caricatures, which omit or ignore the moral and the beauty of all this vast treasury of anecdote, incident and song! May we not hope that it is kept a little while longer for the pen of truth and skill, whose words shall appear under the Pioneers' signet of authentic publication?

What comedy! what tragedy is here! What romance! Where is there such a field for record and embalment? Golden sands

in every gulch, and jewels of wondrous lustre on every mountain side!

For seventy years the uplifting of the American people in material prosperity and advantages had been wonderful. But, after all, there was a comparatively fixed line and journeying of incidents in this Republic of ours. Then, suddenly, burst upon the world the discovery by Marshall, at Sutter's Mill! Within the eighteen months that followed, ninety thousand people were precipitated into the State: and there was a new era in history! From all parts of the country, and all parts of the world, they came; and here they intermingled with perfect freedom. The one object all confessed. But what a diversity of motives lay behind the resolution of the multitude; contributing to make up an aggregate life full of novelty and electric cheer! Ah! what scenes; what incidents; what combinations of circumstances! The working out of fresh dramas every day; leaving memories of another world!

Are you satisfied with what has been pronounced from these vast opportunities for literary record, romance and poem?

The most determined people, the most valorous, the most polite, the most trustworthy: how have their names and biographies been written or outlined before the people who have never seen them, and yet who have reaped, and who are still reaping, the greater harvest of good from their cheerful toil.

We are seeking for motives upon which to lay foundations of good citizenship. Without detracting from that which is said to be the highest spiritual stimulant and confirmation into good conduct and the steady industry of a just life, we have a right, and desire, and duty, under the latitude of our text, to inquire as to subordinate, secular grounds for impulse and an education for truth and magnanimity. Patriotism is now held to be a distinct element and virtue,—so determined beyond the bounds of disputing and contention. A patriotism of State pride is to be commended here for us and for our children. They shall be the best of historians and biographers; but only so with your plain and specific encouragement now, and your record and example to-morrow. Only so. As historians,

as poets, as novelists, as painters, and as sculptors, they shall take from your veracious recitals the suggestion and the strength of their labor. With you the story may be one of simple details of facts; but in one form or another, from this generation, the record should go forth true, and as the truth enshrined. Then history, and romance, and song, and painting and sculpture, shall rise under the ministry of your children, and your children's children, in the golden commonwealth of California.

"Oh! fair young land; the youngest, fairest far.
Of which our world can boast;
Whose guardian planet—evening's silver star—
Illumes thy golden coast;

"How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still;
How brought, oh! panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will.

"No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills,
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand fells
Down from thy house of snows.

"But where the wild oats wrapped thy knees in
gold
The plowman drives his share;
And where through canyons deep thy streams are
rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

"But in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be;
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity.

"Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines;
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

"And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

"The marble sleeping in thy mountains now
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

"Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons of toil.

"Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see;
And earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee."



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