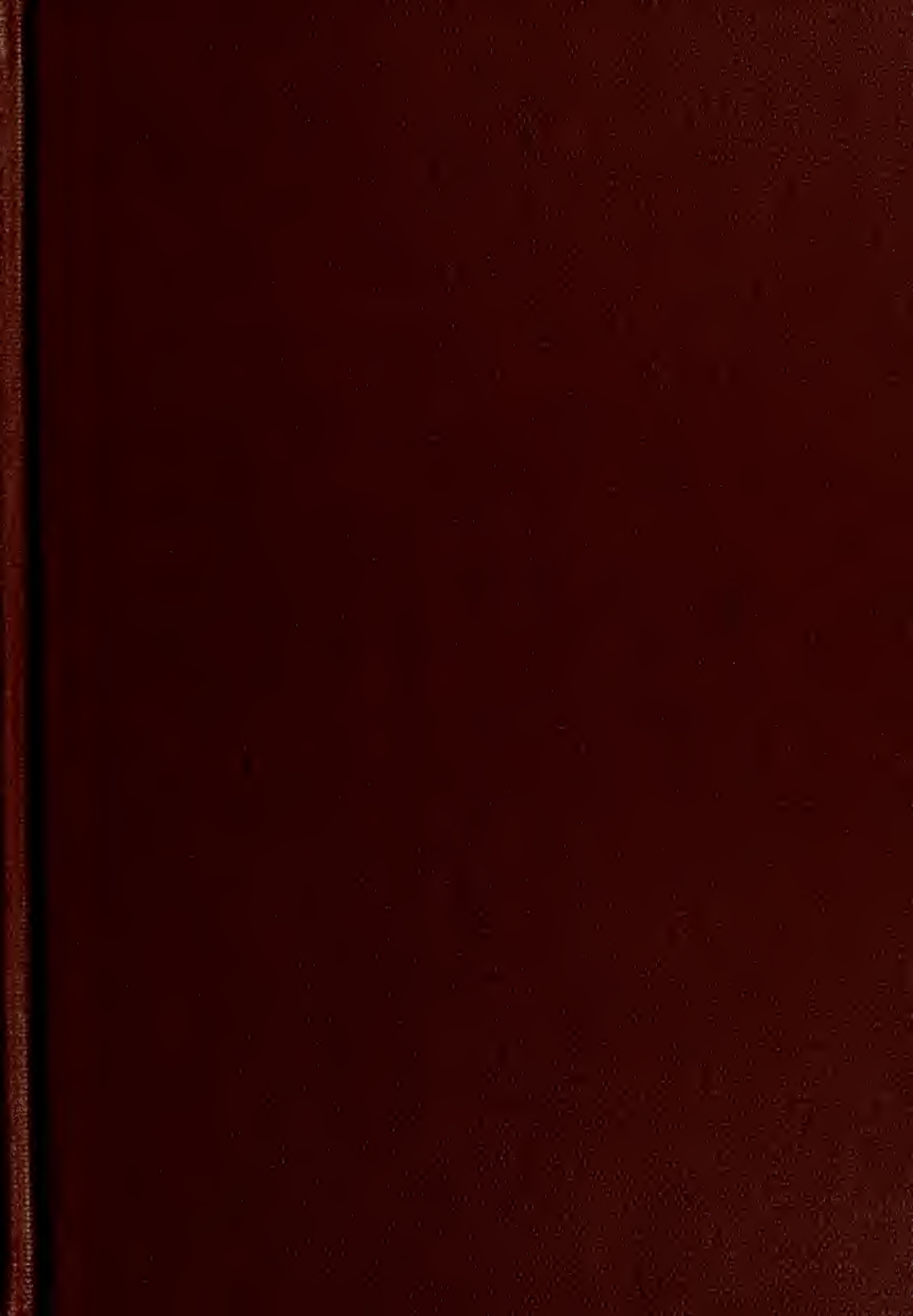


THE PIONEERS OF '49.

At last! at last! O steed new-born,
  Born strong of the will of the strong New World,
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,
  Of the Mount of Thunder, where clouds are curled.
Below, in a splendor of sun-clad seas,
A kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze
  Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,
And a faint, sweet fragrance from far-off seas
  Comes in through the gates of the great south pass,
And thrills the soul like a flow of wine.
  The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,
The brown deer hies to the tamarack;
And afar to the south with a sound of the main
Roll buffalo herds to the limitless plain.

On, on o'er the summit; and onward again,
  And down like a sea-bird the billow enshrouds,
And down like the swallow that dips in the sea,
We dart and we dash and we quiver, and we
  Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

The Humboldt desert and the alkaline land,
And the seas of sage and of arid sand,
  That stretch away till the strained eye carries
The soul where the infinite spaces fill,
  Are far in the rear, and the fair sierras
  Are under our feet, and the heart beats high
And the blood comes quick; but the lips are still
With awe and wonder, and all the will
  Is bowed with a grandeur that frets the sky.

A flash of lakes through the fragrant trees,
A song of birds and a sound of bees
Above in the boughs of the sugar pine;
The pickaxe stroke in the placer mine,
The boom of blasts in the gold-ribbed hills,
  The grizzly's growl in the gorge below,
Are dying away, and the sound of rills
  From the far-off shimmering crest of snow;
The laurel green and the ivied oak,
A yellow stream and a cabin's smoke,
The brown bent hills and the shepherd's call,
The hills of vine and of fruits, and all
The sweets of Eden are here, and we
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

—Joaquin Miller.

Nicholas Ball

THE PIONEERS OF '49

A HISTORY OF THE EXCURSION

OF THE SOCIETY OF

California Pioneers of New England

FROM BOSTON

TO THE

LEADING CITIES OF THE GOLDEN STATE

APRIL 10—MAY 17, 1890

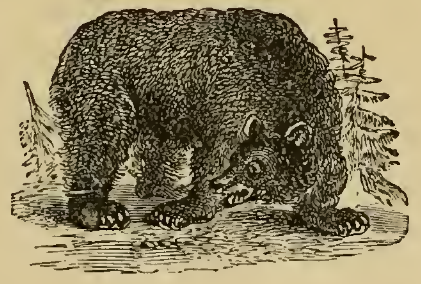
WITH REMINISCENCES AND DESCRIPTIONS

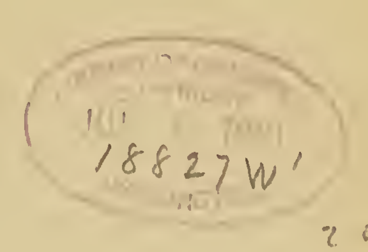
BY

NICHOLAS BALL

A Director of the Society

Illustrated with over one hundred Fine Engravings

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"I hear the tread of Pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
10 Milk Street, next "The Old South Meeting House"
MDCCCXCI

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THE PIONEERS OF '49

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.B18

PRESS OF
American Printing and Engraving Co.
50 Arch Street, Boston

TO THE SURVIVING FEW OF THE NOBLE BAND OF

California Pioneers,

AND IN MEMORY OF THE MANY WHO HAVE ALREADY CROSSED THE

"GREAT DIVIDE,"

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE FRATERNALLY INSCRIBED.

SCENE ON THE "EIGHTEEN-MILE DRIVE," MONTEREY. (See page 165.)

PREFACE.

Throughout the journey to which the following pages relate, it was frequently stated that a full history of the excursion would be published. Supposing that some of the literary men of the party had the matter in charge, the author contented himself with taking notes, and collecting newspaper articles for a scrap-book. But time passed, and nothing further was heard of the history; and in October, 1890, careful inquiry revealed the fact that no one was engaged in writing such a book.

Wishing to preserve a record of the most delightful excursion he ever enjoyed, the author then determined to prepare a type-written sketch for his own library. Others of the party, learning that he was at work upon such a sketch, urged him to give a fuller account, and publish it in pamphlet form. The pamphlet was accordingly begun, with the aid of Mr. Arthur W. Brown, of West Kingston, R. I.; but when the necessary data were collected, it was found that if but a small part of the available material were used, it would make a large book.

In view of the utter impossibility of treating the subject exhaustively, it was decided to give a full account of all receptions; adding thereto descriptions of points of especial interest along our route, and of a few men, places, buildings and institutions distinctively Californian, and illustrating prominent topics as far as possible. No attempt has been made to include everything cf importance, the intention being to give distinct pictures of a few things, rather than a closely crowded, and hence confusing, panorama; no apology is made, therefore, for an apparent want of connection in certain places. To avoid repetition, topics treated in some of the speeches given, are not taken up separately. Stories of Indians and wild beasts are omitted, as they are so abundant in every library; and a few things apparently somewhat irrelevant are included at the wish of brother Pioneers, or because they serve as light or shadow for certain pictures otherwise incomplete.

The opinions of other writers have been freely quoted, and liberal use made of articles in the newspapers of California, Chicago, Boston, Whitman, Mass., Plymouth, and Salem. Credit has been given, as a rule, except in Chapter XIII, which was

drawn largely from articles in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Among the works consulted are, the "Popular Tribunals" of H. H. Bancroft; "California as It Is and Was," by Captain William H. Thomes; "Occidental Sketches," and "The Field of Honor," by Major Ben. C. Truman; the "Marvels of the New West," by William M. Thayer; and "The History of the Donner Party," by C. F. McGlashan, the last, I am told, no longer published. Statistics are taken from our itinerary and one or two guide-books in several instances. Acknowledgment is also made of the kind coöperation of various members of our party.

No claim is made for the book as a literary production; as, amid the press of other business and only because others better fitted for the work would not undertake it, it is written somewhat hurriedly, and simply to commemorate an event which could not have happened in the past, and will seldom be paralleled in the future. Great pains have been taken to secure accuracy on every point of importance, but it is still probable that mistakes will be found. For these the author can only say, by way of partial palliation, "To err is human," and hope that the idea embodied in the remainder of the familiar quotation may soften somewhat the asperity of his critics.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I., April 21, 1891.

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Note.— On page 85, line 26, for "by the latter," read *by a friend of the latter;* also, on page 92, line 40, for "N. T. Dixon," read *N. F. Dixon.*

THE American River — especially that part of it known as the North Fork,— which may be seen from many points in the Sierra Nevada Mountains along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, has few superiors in romantic scenery. There is no river prospect, or combined river and mountain view from a railway car that equals it in the Atlantic States. The above illustration represents the GIANT'S GAP, on the North Fork of the American River. Trout abound in the upper waters of this stream, and if any tourist has lost a grizzly, said bruin may in all probability be found somewhere along its banks.

[SEE PAGE 93.]

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SEAL OF CALIFORNIA.

A PIONEER.

PIONEERS OF '49.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION AND DEPARTURE.

"Up, men!" he cried, "yon rocky cone,
To-day, please God, we 'll pass,
And look from winter's frozen throne
On summer's flowers and grass!"
—WHITTIER.

THE first meeting and organization of the Society of California Pioneers of New England was held and effected June 29, 1888, at the Point of Pines, where a full board of officers was chosen, and seventy-four applications for membership favorably acted upon. Since that time, meetings have been held nearly every month, at the Crawford House, Boston, where the business of the society has been carefully and thoroughly legislated upon.

The first annual reunion and banquet was given at the Revere House, Boston, Sept. 9, 1888, where 150 members, with distinguished invited guests, participated in good cheer and social festivities. The entire membership at that time was 223.

The second year was one of gratifying growth, as eighty names were added to the roll of membership.

The second annual reunion and banquet was given at Odd Fellows Hall, Boston, Sept. 9, 1889. After an interesting and spirited meeting, at which all the necessary and unfinished business of the year was transacted, an election of officers for the ensuing year was held.

At 3.45 P. M. the members, with the invited guests to the number of 200, were escorted to the dining-room, cheered by the enlivening music of Thomas' Orchestra, where for five hours a most excellent dinner and post-prandial exercises were enjoyed.

President Wm. H. Thomes, always abounding in historic and graphic incidents, as well as personal experiences and generous impulses, opened the intellectual feast, and proved himself an able as well as entertaining presiding officer.

In reply to a letter from the noble old hero, General William Tecumseh Sherman, which called forth great enthusiasm, General Samuel A. Chapin eloquently pictured many of the scenes of the march from Atlanta to the Sea, and rose to his most exalted and patriotic periods until the Pioneers were stirred with the ardor of his nature, which culminated in the wildest hurrahs.

Telegrams from the San Francisco Pioneers, full of friendly greetings and fraternal professions, elicited from Judge Henry J. Wells one of the most humorous yet impressive efforts, full of wit, pathos, incident, history, and anecdote, which no one knows so well as he how to weave into webs of ornate thought and utterance.

Letters from the officers of the New York society, conveying regrets at their inability to be present, with renewed expressions of good will, were read by the secretary. Ex-Senator John Conness, one of our most valuable members, was called upon to respond to the sentiments of our New York comrades; and for a full hour we were charmed with an address unexcelled in the beauty of its diction, the forcibleness of its propositions, the fire of its inspiration, and the captivating qualities of its perorations: so replete was it with what the old Pioneers remembered, so full of the recital of many of their own experiences, that their enthusiasm reached its highest point, and, as the senator seated himself, forgetting the scores of years etched upon the calendar of their lives, they rose to their feet and cheered with the strength and lustiness of youth.

A communication from the president of the Sacramento Pioneer Society was read and fittingly replied to by Secretary Whittemore.

The press, always liberal in its notices of our meetings, purposes, and growth, and to whose representatives we had extended a liberal invitation to our banquet, through Henry O'Meara, of the *Journal*, spoke in the most encouraging and flattering manner of our organization.

Rhode Island, at this juncture, asserted her right to be heard through comrade James Burdick, who gave us one of the most racy, side-splitting speeches for which he is an adept, illustrating the life and genius of the typical Yankee, ready for any adventure, rich in expedients, a jack-of-all-trades and professions, as miner, merchant, justice, writing and dancing master, hydraulic engineer, photographer,—anything to turn an "honest penny or nimble sixpence."

Editor Walton, of the Salem *Register* — than whom no man is more in sympathy with the men of '49 — was invited to address the Pioneers. After a few well-timed and felicitous remarks indicative of his earnest interest for and in the society, he read a letter from James C. Kemp, a resident of San Francisco and formerly of Salem, denying certain published slanderous statements relative to the character of those who were among the first of the Pioneers to California.

Comrade McIntire, of Boston, closed the intellectual repast with congratulatory sentiments, after which the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" ended the second annual banquet of the society,— a success in the fullest sense, a delight to all who were present, and an occasion long to be remembered.

The above, slightly abridged from the record, gives a fair idea of the enthusiasm manifested from the start. At a meeting in the summer of 1889 it was resolved, "That it is expedient to recommend to the members of the society, at its annual meeting, September 9, the proposed excursion to California, a trip of from thirty-five to forty days, beginning Thursday, April 10, 1890, and that the president be authorized to consult with Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, and obtain their statement of the expense of the trip, and prepare a circular for distribution to members; and, if a sufficient number desire to go, to make all necessary arrangements."

The writer joined the society Feb. 1, 1890, and was made a director.

After the subject and prospect of an excursion to California in the early spring of 1890 had been presented to, considered and approved by, the members, President Thomes, with his usual earnestness and determined energy, began at once initial efforts towards interesting and securing subscribers for the trip across the continent, and a visit to the old mining-camps of '49. He wrote nearly 400 letters, sent many telegrams, wrote interesting items to papers in Boston, New York, Chicago, and various cities of California, and on each secular day for six weeks was at Raymond & Whitcomb's office, to answer questions and do other necessary

work. Many were the obstacles to overcome and hindrances in the way of the success of the enterprise; but, in spite of every discouraging feature of the work, it is but justice to say that to the constant, unremitting toil and untiring exertions of President Thomes is due the fact that, on the 10th of April, 1890, a vestibule train, the heaviest and longest that ever crossed the continent, under the skilled management of Raymond & Whitcomb's agents, was loading at the Fitchburg Railroad station with the Pioneers, their wives, sons, and daughters, to the number of eighty-four, with sixty-five additional friends, aggregating a party of 149, sixty-nine of whom were ladies.

Others joined us at stations on the route. The names of those who, with but one or two exceptions, made the round trip from their homes, are D. C. Allen, Leominster, Mass.; Daniel B. Allen, Mrs. Daniel B. Allen, Miss Jennie B. Allen, New Bedford, Mass.; Alfred Bailey, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Nicholas Ball, Mrs. Nicholas Ball, Block Island, R. I.; William Cyrus Barker, Mrs. William Cyrus Barker, Providence; Earl S. Binford, Pawtucket, R. I.; D. S. Boynton, Mrs. D. S. Boynton, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Mary E. Brannan, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Calvin Bridgman, Belchertown, Mass.; William H. Browne, Boston; Miss Hannah E. Burke, Beverly, Mass.; E. O. Carpenter, Miss Fannie Carpenter, New York; Gen. Samuel A. Chapin, Norton, Mass; Samuel A. Chapin, Jr., New York; Miss Alice R. Clark, Daniel A. Clark, Mrs. Daniel A. Clarke, Pawtucket, R. I.; E. W. Colcord, Mrs. E. W. Colcord, Lawrence, Mass.; Dr. Preston Day, Warren, R. I.; W. S. Dickson, Salem, Mass.; Charles A. Dole, Mrs. Charles A. Dole, East Somerville, Mass.; Charles H. Fifield, Mrs. Charles H. Fifield, Salem; S. W. Foster, Mrs. S. W. Foster, Boston; E. B. Gardner, Mrs. E. B. Gardner, Miss Mary A. Gardner, Fall River; William H. Garfield, Mrs. William H. Garfield, Boston; Miss Flora M. Gleason, L. W. Gleason, Mrs. L. W. Gleason, Everett, Mass.; Isaiah Graves, Lynn; Capt. David H. Hall, Mrs. David H. Hall, Boston; S. A. Hall, Revere, Mass.; Frederic C. Hanson, Charlestown, Mass.; R. Harrington, Salem, Mass.; Rev. L. B. Hatch, Mrs. L. B. Hatch, Whitman, Mass.; M. Houghton, Concord, Mass.; Charles A. Jordan, Newton, Mass.; Mrs. W. E. Keith, San Jose, Cal.; Charles M. Laighton, Paul Laighton, Portsmouth, N. H.; George W. Lewis, Lynn; J. B. Luther, San Francisco; Caleb W. Marsh, Mrs. Caleb W. Marsh, Lynn; James D. McAvoy, Mrs. James D. McAvoy, Miss Nellie L. McAvoy, Readville, Mass.; R. H. McLauthlin, East Boston; F. B. Mower, S. P. Newhall, Lynn; Dr. V. L. Owen, Springfield; Hon. Frederick Pease, East Boston; W. H. Pierce, Lynn; Mrs. J. R. Poore, East Somerville; A. H. Richardson, Mrs. A. H. Richardson, Hyde Park, Mass.; E. B. Stetson, Miss G. M. Stetson, Charlestown, Mass.; Charles T. Stumcke, Boston; Benj. Sprague, Mrs. Benj. Sprague, Lynn; Mrs. R. R. Taylor, Greenfield, Mass.; Capt. William H. Thomes, Mrs. William H. Thomes, Boston; J. Thompson, Mrs. J. Thompson, North Woburn, Mass.; T. C. Upton, Fitchburg, Mass.; Miss A. M. Wadsworth, Capt. E. D. Wadsworth, Mrs. E. D. Wadsworth, Milton, Mass.; Mrs. E. B. Wadsworth, Boston; Mrs. Clara M. Waite, Charlestown, Mass.; John E. Whitcomb, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. William Whittaker, Providence; Hon. B. F. Whittemore, Boston; Capt. Francis Willis, Mrs. Francis Willis, Block Island, R. I.; Benjamin Wilson, Mrs. Benjamin Wilson, Rumford, R. I.

GUESTS.

Hon. William Barnsdall, Titusville, Pa.; Mrs. Abbie M. Chaffee, East Providence; Miss Abbie S. Dexter, Providence; Miss Alice S. Dexter, Miss E. W. Dexter, Mrs. Sarah E. Dexter, East Providence; W. B. Fisher, New Bedford; John Fox, Boston; D. B. Gurney, Whitman, Mass.; Frank M. Hammond, Clinton, Mass.; Mrs. S. H. Higbee, Salem, Mass.; F. E. Kimball, Mrs. F. E. Kimball, Worcester; Mrs. Mary Langmaid, Somerville, Mass.; J. E. Leach,

Boston; Rev. P. M. Macdonald, Boston; Miss E. G. Marble, Arlington, Mass.; Albert Metcalf, Mrs. Albert Metcalf, Miss M. P. Metcalf, West Newton, Mass.; Hon. Henry B. Metcalf, Mrs. Henry B. Metcalf, Pawtucket, R. I.; Prof. Thomas Metcalf, Mrs. Thomas Metcalf, Normal, Ill.; S. Mitchell, Campello, Mass.; J. F. Nickerson, Mrs. J. F. Nickerson, Somerville, Mass.; James Parker, Cleveland; Manson Perkins, Mrs. Manson Perkins, La Moille, Ill.; Mrs. Avery Plumer, Boston; Henry Reed, Mrs. Washington Reed, Rockland, Mass.; Peter B. Reid, Mrs. Peter B. Reid, Friendship, N. Y.; John B. Richardson, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. H. N. Rowell, Mrs. F. A. Ressegue, Boston; Mrs. Mary Ressegue, Franklin, Mass.; John Russell, Boston; Edward Seaver, Roxbury, Mass.; Harry Shapleigh, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Achsah Shaw, Miss Cordelia Shaw, Rockland, Mass.; L. W. Sherman, Mrs. L. W. Sherman, Boston; N. Shoemaker, Philadelphia; O. Simonds, Mrs. O. Simonds, Belmont, Mass.; Mrs. John P. Squire, Arlington, Mass.; S. E. Vaughan, Mrs. S. E. Vaughan, Malden, Mass.; Miss R. L. Videtto, Boston; J. H. Watson, Mrs. J. H. Watson, Miss M. E. Watson, Brooklyn; Miss Amy A. Whipple, Central Falls, R. I.; Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Chicago.

The list of officers is appended: Wm. H. Thomes, Boston, president; Charles A. Dole, East Somerville, Mass., first vice-president and corresponding secretary; Richard Harrington, Salem, second vice-president; Josiah Hayward, Boston, treasurer; Benj. F. Whittemore, Boston, secretary. The directors were Henry J. Wells, Cambridge, Mass.; Chas. T. Stumcke, Boston; Nicholas Ball, Block Island, R. I.; Chas. H. Fifield, Salem; John Conness, Mattapan, Mass.; F. B. Mower, Lynn; Edwin D. Wadsworth, Milton, Mass.; Elias J. Hale, Foxcroft, Me.; Fred'k Pease, East Boston; Roscoe G. Smith, Cornish, Me.; John C. Gleason, East Warren, Vt.

Mrs. Ball and myself had followed implicitly the suggestions of Raymond & Whitcomb as to clothing and other preparations, so we were free from anxiety, and had ample time to look about us. Our solid vestibuled train of Pullman palace cars consisted of a baggage car, in charge of Charles O. Perkins, of Ashland, N. H.; the combination coach "Capitano," in charge of J. E. Norton; the dining-car "Iturbide," under the direction of W. G. Tucker; the dining-car "Alhambra," under J. H. Neuce; and the sleeping-cars "Allende," "Etruria," "Eurasia," "Monroeville," "Servia," and "Thracia," managed by F. R. Barker. F. E. Ayer, of Boston, was in charge of the party, assisted by Charles L. Robinson, of Ashland, N. H., and by H. P. Kent as far as Chicago. The composite car contained a library, barber's chair, bathroom, and smoking-compartment. The Boston papers called it the most thoroughly equipped train that ever left that city, and longer and heavier than any that had crossed the continent at that time.

Fully 2,000 friends were there to examine the rolling palaces which were to be our homes so long, to decorate our rooms with flowers, and say the sweet good-by.

One of the most amusing farewells we witnessed was that given by a delegation of twenty-five members of the "Tortoise Shell Club" of Boston to their president, John Russell, whom they joked, congratulated, and made speeches to, to their hearts' content; and then, bearing him aloft upon their shoulders, they marched triumphantly into the "Monroeville," and commended him to the kind care of those on board.

Just at four o'clock the final signal was given, the hand-shake and the kiss; then, as the magnificent train rolled away, bearing our pilgrim Argonauts towards the golden shores of the Pacific, there rose from the crowd of comrades, sorry to be left behind, and from the well-wishers, who covered not only the platforms but the bridge as well, a ringing send-off, which made even the iron horse, coughing and tugging with his heavy load, more vigorous and determined. The sky had been overcast, giving to our departure a tinge of gloom; but we

had hardly lost sight of the State House dome and old Bunker Hill, when the clouds lifted and parted, and the sun poured his glorious light upon many a snug farm, many a historic hill and plain, and on village after village that gave evidence in a thousand ways of New England piety, culture and thrift. Every feeling of sadness vanished, and as the day died among the beautiful hills of central and western Massachusetts, our thoughts and conversation turned to the glorious sunset land towards which we were hastening, surrounded by all the luxuries of modern travel, in such strange contrast with the slow, toilsome, and perilous voyages or marches of but a little more than two score years ago.

Our forefathers had settled the land we were leaving, as Pilgrims and Puritans, but neither they nor their immediate descendants had been permitted to see the wonderful results of their labors and privations; while to many of our party, who had been members of the Pioneer band that settled the golden slopes of California, our journey promised an extended view of the scenes of our early struggles and adventures, but transformed almost into fairy land by the magical touch of civilization. The majority of the men of '49 left their bones on those far western hills, and of those who returned, many have long since been gathered to their fathers. But here were we, some of us nearly a score of years on this side of the allotted limit of life, bound for the El Dorado of our youth, the land that has disbursed from her strong vaults more than a thousand millions of dollars, and still holds deposits whose value never has been and probably never will be correctly estimated; while her fields, her groves, her orchards, and her vineyards make her far more worthy than Sicily of old of the proud title of "the garden and granary of the world." "A thousand years scarce serve to form a State" was true enough, perhaps, in the old world, before Byron's day; but American political life is far more intense, political growth more rapid. Even the word "growth" seems too slow for California; for she sprang, Minerva-like, from the head of self-governing power, fully armed and apparently mature in years and wisdom. How the memories came trooping through our minds, and how we looked forward to one more glimpse of the old localities! We were Pioneers again, and how we all joined in the chorus as a lady of our party sang:—

THE SONG OF THE FORTY-NINERS.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA! (*Boatmen Dance.*)

We have formed our band, and are all well man'd,
To journey afar to a promised land,
Where the golden ore is rich in store,
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

CHORUS.

Then ho! boys, ho! to California go,
For the mountains bold are covered with gold,
'Long the banks of the Sacramento;
Heigh-ho! away we go,
Digging up gold in the Francisco.
Heigh-ho! away we go,
Digging up gold in Francisco.

O, the gold is thar' most anywhar',
And they dig it out rich with an iron bar;
And where 't is thick, with a spade or pick,
They've taken out lumps as heavy as brick.
Then ho! etc.

O, don't you cry, nor heave a sigh,
  For we 'll all come back again bye and bye;
Don't breathe one fear, nor shed one tear,
  But patiently wait for about two year.
    Then ho! etc.

We expect our share of the coarsest fare,
  And sometimes sleep in the open air;
Upon the cold ground we shall all sleep sound,
  Except when the wolves come howling round.
    Then ho! etc.

As off we roam o'er the dark sea foam,
  We 'll ne'er forget dear friends at home;
But memory kind will bring to mind
  The thoughts of those we 've left behind.
    Then ho! etc.

In the days of old, the prophets told
  Of the city to come, all paved with gold;
Peradventure they foresaw the day
  Now dawning upon California.
    Then ho! etc.

Our wandering thoughts were instantly recalled to things about us at about half-past nine, when we entered the Hoosac Tunnel, brilliantly lighted by electricity throughout its entire length of five miles; and when, a quarter of an hour later, we halted in beautiful North Adams, by general consent we retired, those unused to travel watching to see how the others manœuvred.

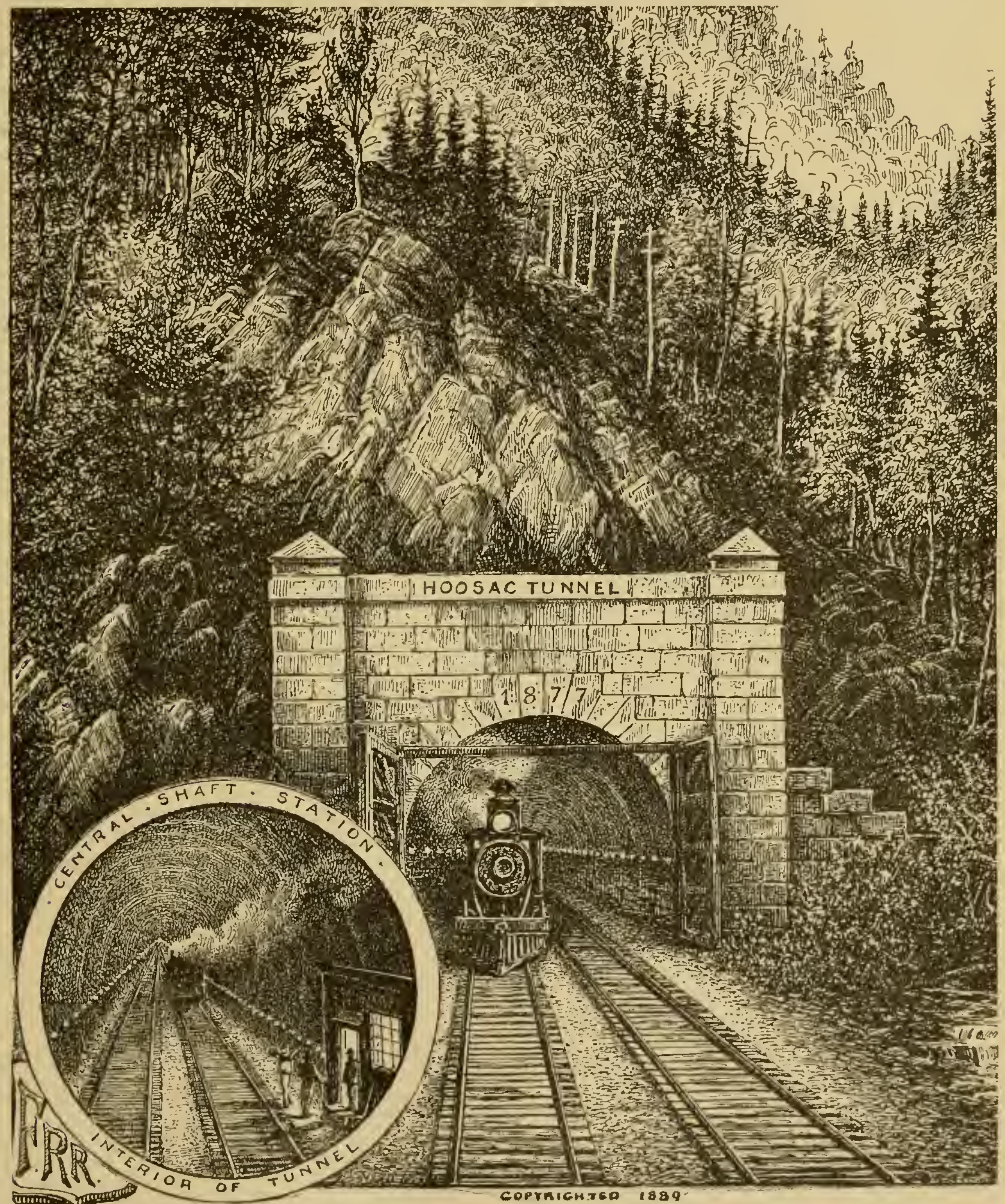
At seven o'clock next morning came the first call for breakfast. E. O. Carpenter started "The Morning Light is Breaking," which was caught up and rolled through the train. All must and did get up, when conversation grew animated about plans for the day. There was no lack of fun, in which all joined — the young and the old. Old? There were no old ones in the party. One corner of the "Etruria" was especially jolly, as, indeed, it was throughout the trip when Richard Harrington was in. "Harrington's Corner" became famous with our party.

Snow covered the ground, to our surprise, but the sun was shining brightly as we rolled into Syracuse, where we halted half an hour. Workmen were sliding back hundreds of protecting roofs from huge pans of brine exposed for evaporation. We were told that some of the best brine is obtained by sinking pipes down through the fresh water of Onondaga Lake, and through the bottom for many feet into a subterranean salt lake, which is perhaps a remnant of the ocean which formerly covered the country. The men gathered in the smoking-room, where we got acquainted and indulged in social chat concerning the days of '49, when we went hunting for the glittering gold which proved only a glittering generality to so many. The forenoon was passed in learning where each one was located, and in telling reminiscences of mining life, of adventures, and of the fun that lightened toil and hardship.

In a newspaper letter Captain Thomes gives a pretty fair idea of what the older members of the party thought and felt: —

"A few old travelers like myself overlooked the passengers, mentally pronounced them all nice people, and then retired to the smoking-room, and thought of the first time I visited

California, in 1843, as a sailor boy on board of the ship Admittance, of Boston. I never expected to cross the continent in special trains and sleeping-cars in those days; but it is



such luxurious traveling that I prefer car riding to being driven around the deck, off Cape Horn, in a stiff gale of wind, a foot of ice and snow on the planks, and the sails frozen as hard as boards, and the captain and officers yelling themselves hoarse endeavoring to make us

poor boys understand that we had not gone to sea for fun. In the cars I make the porters work, while I sit still, and look out of the windows, and read when I feel like it or answer questions from fellow-passengers about California; for this is my sixth visit to the Golden State—twice around the cape, and four times overland."

New scenes momentarily greet the watchful eye; long stretches of the country as God made it, interspersed by the towns and cities made by man. About noon we halted fifteen minutes at Buffalo, and a little later crossed the Niagara River just above the Whirlpool Rapids, even more wonderful than the falls of which we just catch glimpses, as we steam slowly over the wide Suspension Bridge, some two miles below. Thus far we had traveled only on United States railroads,—the Fitchburg to Rotterdam Junction and the West Shore thence to the Suspension Bridge,—and people, houses, and things generally are very similar to what we are accustomed to see at home. But no sooner do we enter Canada than we notice an absence of New England thrift, energy, and culture. Even when we meet a New England settler, we see at once that he does not live as at home; something indefinable in his environment seems to keep him from developing all his powers. We start at 3.20 P. M. on the Grand Trunk line, through a fertile land, with large orchards of pears, peaches, and apples neatly laid out. We reach Port Huron at eight o'clock; but our train has to be ferried across the St. Clair River, and an unusual rush of business keeps the boat busy until 11.00. We improved the time, however, in looking about us, in setting our watches back one hour, and in discussions of the reasons for changing from Eastern standard or 75th meridian time to Central standard or 90th meridian. As I understand it, a person going round the earth, to the east or west, would seem to gain or lose, respectively, one day, or twenty-four hours. In passing over one twenty-fourth of this distance, which by sailors is reckoned as 360 degrees, he would seem to gain or lose one hour; that is, one hour for every 15 degrees. When no account was taken of this by navigators, some very odd mistakes arose, as in one of Poe's tales, wherein a certain obstinate man promised his daughter of fifteen to her lover, when *three Sundays should come together in a week*, and not *till* then. The very next Sunday a visitor, Captain Pratt, who had just returned from a voyage around the world by way of Cape Horn, objected to accepting an invitation to a whist party for the morrow on the ground that it would be Sunday. Kate interposed, "*To-day's* Sunday." Whereupon another visitor, Captain Smitherton, who had just got home from circumnavigating the globe by way of the Cape of Good Hope, exclaimed: "What *are* you all thinking about? Was n't *yesterday* Sunday, I should like to know?" Explanations followed, but Kate made her father see the point of three Sundays in a row, and the wedding was attended by all present.

As sailors were the only ones who experienced much annoyance from this difference, and they only on long voyages, they informally agreed upon a somewhat irregular "date-line," in crossing which a day was to be added or subtracted, according to direction, and located this line in the Pacific Ocean east of Asia, as much out of the way as possible, so as to occasion no trouble to the great majority of sailors. With the building of railroads, which extend east and west in this country, as a rule, this difference in time, which of course for small distances was reduced to minutes and seconds, caused serious annoyance in arranging train schedules, and was a constant menace of collisions. So the present system was adopted, and at every fifteenth meridian an hour is subtracted, moving west, and added in the opposite direction. If this is not done, watches will disagree by hours instead of by minutes, as formerly.

After waiting three weary hours, we were all in a frame of mind to have duly appreciated the tunnel, then nearly completed, through which trains now move without any of the vexatious delays which formerly made Port Huron notorious rather than famous.

Our ferry-boat was a propeller with two large engines, fifty-foot beam, and took half our train at a time, with a load of cattle back each time. However, we are in our own country once more, and sleep contentedly.

Morning dawns warm and clear as we rattle along the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, where all the milestones give the distance to Chicago. All the trains we meet or see are from that city, or bound thither; and, as all roads once led to Rome, so here, for hundreds of miles, the iron ways all tend to Chicago. Out on the broad prairies we pass through enterprising towns and cities, and, when we ask where we are, are invariably told the distance from Chicago. Great, indeed, is this Queen City of the Plains!

CHAPTER II.

CHICAGO — KANSAS CITY.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings.

—Charles Sprague.

FROM a long article in the Sunday *Inter-ocean* of April 13, I select the following: "A delegation had been appointed to ride forth into the East at break of day to meet the incoming train somewhere, give their brothers the grip, and escort them into camp with colors flying."

The first clause was carried out to the letter. The gray tint of dawn still hung over the earth when an even dozen of delegates and twelve pumpkin-colored badges the size of an office towel appeared at the Dearborn street station.

Some of the delegates had arisen from slumber at two o'clock in the morning, and rode in on night cars to join the welcoming throng. With a bosom swelling with fraternal solicitude, Mr. Davis W. Miller had jumped out of bed and wrapped a wet towel around an alarm clock that was ripping the woodwork off his mantel at 2.34 o'clock. He then put on his best clothes with unseemly haste, and rode breathlessly up town in a fleet State street horse car. Secretary Charles P. Jackson had neglected to go to bed at all. Mr. William N. Belt had done up his hair in papers the night before, and would not lie down for fear he would muss the curls. Mr. Camden Knight slept peacefully in a chartered cab in front of the depot, having paid the driver a dollar to awake him an hour before daylight.

So that when Conductor Bowen stalked into the waiting special car, wondering why no California Pioneers of the vintage of '49 and spring of '50 had appeared, he found seven spectres with yellow labels bunched in the ghostly light, and listening to the impassioned utterance of J. M. Hutchings, of the Yosemite valley.

"And the same Jim Layman was working in his strawberry patch one day when he found the dainty print of a woman's foot in the dirt. Well, sir, he took a shingle and covered it all up nicely, and he used to go out there — that was in '50 — and take a squint at it every day. It seemed to do him good, he said. Three years later he —"

Just then there were some new arrivals, after which Conductor Bowen swung his lantern and yelled "aw-la-bode." The new arrivals were ladies, wives and daughters of the Argonauts. When the train stopped at Twenty-second street, the door opened and a yellow badge about the size of a shingle blew in. Just behind it was a tall man with a gray beard. It was Mr. Addison Ballard.

"Thirteen, by ginger!" exclaimed Mr. George B. Custer, who will not walk under a ladder or even open his umbrella in church.

The pall of gloom produced by Mr. Custer's observation soon faded under Mr. Hutchings' magic spell. He plunged into the sea of the past, and dragged out pearls of recollection. He

was the first man who ever wrote anything describing the Yosemite; he was the first man to locate in the valley; he had lived there twenty-five years or more, the acknowledged Columbus of the Yosemite.

"I did n't really discover it," said Mr. Hutchings. "Captain Bolin or Major Savage did that before me, but they paid no attention to it."

And then the hum grew fiercer; it was a knot of men talking about a subject that never grows old, that is always alive with interest — one of the themes of early days invested with a genuine sentiment. The old stories of Placerville — one time Hangtown, where five of the party were neighbors — took on a livelier color than ever before. Some one told an episode of Hangtown that never could have happened outside of California. The Hangtown cemetery was high on a foothill. Once there was a sturdy miner who was told that he would die before morning. He believed it. His partner went to his bedside and said, "Jim, we 're pretty poor, ye know, and can't afford a hearse and such fixings. What do you say to walking as far as you can to-night up the slope? I 'll tote ye the rest of the way after ye 're dead." The man got mad and refused to die.

Thus ran dozens of stories of the land where James W. Marshall one day, without any previous academic training, kicked a nugget of gold out of the red soil with his cowhide boot. At last a vision of a stretch of grass in soak, a rim of houses on the horizon, a tall car-shop chimney — Elsdon. The party hurried eagerly up the platform, as the locomotive, especially engaged, steamed into the distance. Mr. Charles P. Jackson, secretary of the Western Association of California Pioneers, disappeared in the station. The next moment he returned with the expression of a man who has inadvertently swallowed a paper of tacks.

"Boys," he said, "that train is four hours late."

"Boys, what 'll we do?" inquired Mr. Hutchings.

"Play ball," suggested C. E. Gifford, who was rounding Cape Horn before you, gentle reader, were born.

"Or three-card monte," said Camden Knight. "Was n't that the California game?"

"It is more to the point," observed Mr. Gifford, "to ask what was not the California game."

But the four hours passed somehow, and then the train of people bound from ocean to ocean whirled in, the welcomers were whisked aboard, and the procession moved on. There was a mingling of purple and red and yellow badges, and a great rustling as of some one shaking a California chestnut tree. Then a portly man, with a white moustache and goatee, was standing in a flutter of yellow. It was Captain William H. Thomes, President of the New England Association. The situation was explained to him. The programme could not be carried out as arranged. It would have to be a sort of touch and go. But the New Englanders would, nevertheless, have a chance to see the Auditorium, and have a little gathering of the clans at the Grand Pacific. "We arranged it there," explained Secretary Jackson, "so your sluice would n't be far from your diggings."

"What are in those sluices?" inquired President Thomes, with a deep significance.

"Water," replied the Secretary,—"from Kentucky."

"Let the procession move on," cried those men from Massachusetts.

It was a gay crowd, those 150 people who were four hours late. They had seen enough hardship at one time in their lives to know a good thing when they saw it. There was any number of pretty women and handsome men, and among all the latter there were not a dozen who were not gray-bearded. The California Pioneers and gray whiskers walk hand in hand. Mr. William H. Browne, the patriarch of the crowd, had enough whiskers for three or four. Every one called him "Grandpa."

No time was to be lost when the train pulled in. There were just two hours to spend in a place that demands a month to realize its perfection. There was but one choice in such circumstances — the Auditorium. To that streamed the visitors, headed by the Chicagoans. The Easterners were taken into the Auditorium proper and the lights flashed on. Then they sat down and admired. They were still glued to their seats when President Ellis rushed in ten minutes later and cried that there was no time to lose. Then some of the visitors examined the hotel, and some shot up the elevators to the top of the tower. By two o'clock the procession with the parti-colored labels was headed for the Grand Pacific. The ladies rested in the parlor, and the men moved to Room 4. There was a circular table, with a neat design in wine glasses around the edge, and decorated in a highly appropriate manner in the centre.

Then Secretary Jackson made a neat little speech of welcome, and Captain Thomes made a happy rejoinder.

"We have seen the Auditorium," he said, "and you can have our money. Meet us with the World's Fair subscription books at Blue Island on our return." It was good, he said, for the old timers to get together; it warmed the cockles of the heart.

Then the Hon. B. F. Whittemore, the secretary of the Boston party, said a few words, and Mr. George S. Custer said a few words, and pretty nearly everybody else said a few words. President J. Ward Ellis made one of those speeches that are little, but big for its size, and everybody cheered. Thanks were tendered to the hotel, the Auditorium management, and the Grand Trunk Railroad.

There was but one drawback — that was a lack of time to shake the California story tree. It was biff-slam-bang, a word and a hand-shake and a laugh, and the depot platform was again crowded with gray beards and bald heads. You could see that the heads were bald when the owners took their hats off to cheer. And before three o'clock the party was again rushing toward the Pacific.

The cordiality of this our first welcome was a genuine surprise; we had expected to shake hands with a few Pioneers and exchange courtesies, but not to be made such lions of. If time had permitted, they would have loaded us, apparently, with kind attentions. It was a genuine Chicago greeting, and worthy of that wonderful city, the great slaughter pen of the great West; the business emporium of the rivers, railroads, farms, towns, and cities of, perhaps, the largest tributary commercial empire on earth. As we rolled in past enormous storehouses for grain and freight of every kind, viewing innumerable rails of steel which stretch outward to all the cities of our continent, we were deeply impressed with the present and still greater prospective grandeur of this young but wonderfully developed metropolis, which some of our party could remember as a small collection of huts on the shore of Lake Michigan. It is 24½ miles long, 14½ miles wide, covers an area of 175 square miles, and is a most extravagant city, where expenditures are little counted, where the people build just what they want, decorate without regard to cost, and knock and the world's great exhibition comes to them.

Nor was the welcome simply that of the heartfelt outpouring of our Pioneer brethren. Friends anticipating friends were there, with elegant turn-outs for elaborate drives; and even genial William H. Jones, for many years at the head of the Ocean View Hotel livery, waited for us from 6.00 A. M. until noon with a fine barouche, but left for dinner and so missed us.

The Auditorium is the most massive hotel structure in the world, built entirely of stone and iron, ten stories high, and having frontages east, south, and west, aggregating 710 feet, on three streets. This building is absolutely fireproof, affording perfect safety to its occupants under all circumstances. The dining-room is located on the tenth floor, and is the most magnificent apartment ever devoted to this purpose. In all its features, including the furnishings

and fittings in every department, the Auditorium Hotel is without a superior anywhere in the world. The location, on Michigan avenue, Congress street, and Wabash avenue, at the beginning of the finest drive in this country, overlooking Lake Michigan and park, is excellent. It covers an acre and a half of ground, weighs 110,000 tons, contains 17,000,000 bricks, and cost $3,200,000. The sides of the reception room are finished in blocked Mexican onyx, which, even at the quarries, costs more than a dollar for a piece no larger than a man's hand. Its theatre, or auditorium proper, seats 8,000, with standing room for 2,000 more. Some of the party

THE AUDITORIUM.

waited here half an hour for the gas to be turned on, so that we could see its arrangements, of a beauty so different from anything we had ever seen before. At the summit of its tower, 260 feet from the street, is located the United States Signal office, whence a wide view is obtained.

At the Grand Pacific, only less than the Auditorium in beauty and interest, solids were provided for the ladies, liquids and cigars for the men. At the close of the post-prandial exercises, Captain Thomes said: "If we are permitted to visit Chicago on our return, we hope to be able to each give $100 to help pay the great expense of the World's Fair, which this unfortunate city will now have to bear." Great laughter and applause greeted this sally. The parting words were said, and out over the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway we crossed the State of Illinois, following closely the line of march of General Winfield Scott in the Black

Hawk war, as pointed out to us by General Samuel A. Chapin, of our party, one of the few survivors of that struggle.

The sun is low, but its light gives us a fine view of the limitless prairie which stretches in every direction like a vast ocean of waving grain, "till the sense aches with gazing." Enormous herds are seen here and there, held to their ranches by the omnipresent wire fences. We made no stop until we reached Black Hawk's village, now Rock Island, just as the sun disappeared. How vividly the scene recalled the last great speech of the old chief, especially the following: —

"We went to our father at Washington. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we obtained no satisfaction. There were no deer in the forest; the springs were drying up, and our people were without victuals to keep them from starving. . . . Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He spilt the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more! He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!"

We soon cross the Mississippi by the splendid bridge of this line to Davenport, Ia., where, on the site of the present Kimball House, the treaty was signed with the Indians, opening up to white settlement western Illinois, eastern Iowa, and southern Wisconsin.

Traversing southeastern Iowa and northwestern Missouri, we cross the Missouri River on a high and substantial bridge, and enter Kansas City, one of the most important railway centres of the country, at 10.00 A. M. April 13. We stopped in a valley where there are a few manufac-

tories, while beautiful residences dot the towering hills all around. On each of three railroads stood a very long train, the engines taking water. Learning that we should stay two hours and a half, Mrs. Ball and I went on a cable car to the Centrepolitan Hotel, managed by James T. Clyde, an old acquaintance. At the close of our pleasant call he insisted upon our taking with us two bottles of California claret, that we might try it before reaching the place where it abounds. On comparing notes with others who had gone in different directions on cable cars, we agreed that this is a very pleasant city, but rough and hilly, although we could not credit the story of the cow who is said to have fallen out of her pasture and broken her neck. Stores were closed, and services were held in various churches; but restaurants and cigar shops were open, and in the bearing of people on the street we could see little to indicate that it was Sunday. The eventual prosperity of this place must be great and permanent, on account of its location; but for several years it has had a somewhat feverish boom — an intoxicating glass whose bitter dregs are now at its lips. Said a good judge of the situation: "The collapse has been nearly equal to the boom."

CHAPTER III.

KANSAS — COLORADO.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

— TENNYSON.

CHANGING to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, we leave Kansas City, which, oddly enough, is in the State of Missouri, and cross the border into beautiful Kansas. Formerly, trains of California Pioneers traversed these wide plains in imminent peril from roving Indians, who watched with stealthy cunning to kill the emigrant and his helpless family for the treasures of their wagon. Near Lawrence, the train was divided into two sections, running a few miles apart. This place is memorable for the terrible carnage when whole families were murdered in cold blood, and others were driven from their homes, giving the State the name of "Bleeding Kansas." This act was the sudden culmination of a long drama.

Our next stop at Topeka recalls the stormy days of Buchanan's administration, when Congress was considering the Lecompton and Topeka constitutions. The pro-slavery constitution was to be forced upon the people by the missionary slaveholders from Missouri going into Kansas and carrying it through, and it was part of the policy of Buchanan's party to allow and defend this course of action. Both sides colonized voters with all their might. Towns like Quindaro sprang up as by magic, and were peopled by thousands, where now there is hardly a building. "Squatter sovereignty" was to be omnipotent. But Douglas and Richardson of Illinois, with Haskell and a few others, left the Democrats at this juncture, worked with the Republicans, and sent a committee of congressmen into the territory. The Topeka constitution was adopted, preventing slaveholders from the States from bringing in their slaves as such.

But it was a fierce conflict. Topeka had been founded Dec., 1854. The border ruffians burned Lawrence May 21, 1856; next day Charles Sumner was beaten by Brooks; the next, John Brown and his men killed the Doyles, and on June 2 fought the affray of Black Jack. Jan. 29, 1861, Buchanan signed the bill making Kansas a free State, with a population of 100,000, now more than a million. Fifty thousand dollars, voted for a capitol at Lecompton, was stolen, and Lane University, named for Jim Lane, made from the plunder.

The conflict of ideas involved in this long struggle in Kansas shook political California to its deepest foundations, and, but for the wholesome restraining influence of the powerful, non-partisan Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, a struggle no less desperate would surely have been waged upon the shores of the Pacific. Among my most treasured books is that containing the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

"Six routes of railroad parallel each other through the great width of Kansas — more than through the State of New York, with four times the population; and the railroad systems extending westward from the Missouri River are the longest in the world. While the entire

Pennsylvania Railroad system east of the Ohio to the seaboard is only 2,300 miles, the Missouri Pacific system is 5,000 miles, the Rock Island system is 3,400 miles, the Burlington systems, 5,200 miles, the Union Pacific over 11,000, with about 2,000 miles of this in Kansas and Nebraska, and not a mile east of these States. Close to Kansas is the Northwestern system of 4,400 miles, and 1,400 in the accessory Omaha system; and the separate Elkhorn Railway is 1,400 miles long, with 770 miles of it due west into Wyoming. Then 1,600 miles are in only one of the rival lines between St. Paul and Kansas, and nearly 2,000 in the Texas Pacific, 1,800 in the M., K. & T., 1,150 in the Kansas & Memphis line, and the Santa Fe line leaps 2,400 miles from Atchison west in one impulse, with long branches, near 10,000 miles in all, every way. These systems are the Pacific Central spans, held up by such vast cantilevers to the West as the Southern Pacific, with 13,400 miles; the Denver & Rio Grande, 1,500; the Northern Pacific, 2,500 in the main jump, and hundreds of miles of switches, lying around like pawnbroker's junk; the Jim Hill system of 3,300 miles, etc. Kansas contains enough railroad to reach above a third of the way around the globe, or due eastward, probably to Asia.

But how young is she to have such a sudden power? Coronado, a Spaniard, visited Kansas in 1541, and called it Quivira, its plains full of crooked-backed oxen; he designed to conquer it. The next year after, De Soto died. Nothing of note happened for 171 years, or till Crozat received the French grant of Louisiana, when a French explorer visited Kansas in 1719. In 1799–1800 French trading posts were established at St. Joseph and Kansas City. From 1718 to 1804 the region was nominally Spanish. Before the latter date John Brown was born, in 1800. Louisiana cost the United States $27,000,000 up to date, and was to the old 13 colonies as 11 to 8 in size. "The less said about the constitutionality of it, the better," wrote Jefferson; "I find but one opinion about the necessity of shutting up the constitution for some time." In 1821–30 some trading fur posts were established. As early as 1820 the grasshoppers struck Kansas; in 1824 a government road was commenced to Santa Fe. In 1832 Leavenworth became a post; Daniel Boone, son of old Daniel, produced the first white child in Kansas, Napoleon Boone, 1828.

At Topeka we found a most obliging horse-car conductor. The train was behind time, so we could stop but fifteen minutes; but some wanted to see the town, which is a short distance from the station. The conductor said he would have them back on time, so his car was filled, and off they started at full speed. When he thought he had gone as far as time would permit, he stopped, called a policeman, turned the bob-tailed car around, and galloped back to the train just in time. This is a town of magnificent streets, with electrical railways, good hotels, and a self-reliant race. Courage is the cheapest thing to be found west of the Mississippi River.

A few years ago thousands of buffalo inhabited the plains over which we pass for several hundred miles, but now not one is to be seen, and only at rare intervals can deer be observed from the cars, although a sneaking coyote is often noticed feasting on the remains of a dead bullock.

Over these vast prairies, only needing water and irrigation to produce abundant crops of grain and grass, the fierce and cowardly Apache formerly roamed in pursuit of game and the trading expedition that left the Missouri River for Santa Fe. A vast amount of business was at one time transacted between St. Louis, Mo., and the old city when it was under Spanish and Mexican rule. As early as 1821 goods were shipped to the banks of the Missouri from St. Louis, and then dispatched on their long and dangerous journey to Santa Fe, loaded on wagons drawn by eight or twelve oxen. These vehicles were called "prairie schooners,"

being covered with white canvas to protect the cargoes and shelter the women and children during the trip, which consumed three months and sometimes six, just according to luck and freedom from molestation by the Indians, who were ever on the watch to stampede the cattle and murder the travelers; and only eternal vigilance saved animals and scalps. Every foot of land over which we ride so comfortably in our Pullman car is historical, and every acre has been enriched by human blood. It was over a portion of this route that George Wilkens Kendall, of the New Orleans *Picayune*, suffered and starved on his celebrated Santa Fe expedition in 1841. Kendall started from Austin, Tex., with a lot of traders and 300 volunteers for Santa Fe, on a sort of filibustering expedition, Texas claiming Santa Fe and the territory all along the banks of the Rio Grande and miles beyond. The Texans were never noted for timidity and retiring modesty. Kendall went as a looker-on and a passenger, and a nice time he had of it. The expedition got lost in the mountains, starved and panted for water on the plains, was attacked by Indians night and day. Many men were killed, some became insane; and at last, before Santa Fe was reached, the whole force surrendered to the Mexican Greaser soldiers, were promptly put in irons, after their firearms were delivered up, were fastened together with ropes, and then marched to the City of Mexico, 1,200 miles distant. The treatment of the prisoners was brutal in the extreme. Some were shot down in mere wantonness, others were flogged and starved, and suffered many indignities; and those who survived were imprisoned, and compelled to work on the streets and in the horrible, dirty sewers with the chain gangs. Kendall fared no better than the others who escaped with their lives. He was kept a prisoner for six months, and then released by Santa Ana, after an immense amount of diplomatic correspondence on the part of the United States, and when all the press of the country had denounced the outrages inflicted on the editor. He was caught in suspicious company, and the Mexicans made him pay for it; for there was no love between the Texans and the Mexicans in those days and not much at the present time.

Emporia, where we made a short halt, is a type of many towns in this section, with wide avenues, handsome buildings, horse cars, and similar evidences of thrift. All along the road here the formation of the rock resembles the work of man. At the base, in places, is clay for several feet, then stones, looking like blocks cut from a quarry and laid in courses, then a repetition of the above. "Dug-outs," or cyclone shields, were seen here and there. New England names are common, as Newton, where we stop an hour in the evening for water and fuel. Dodge City, which we pass in the night, is on the 105th meridian, and watches are set back one hour to mountain standard time.

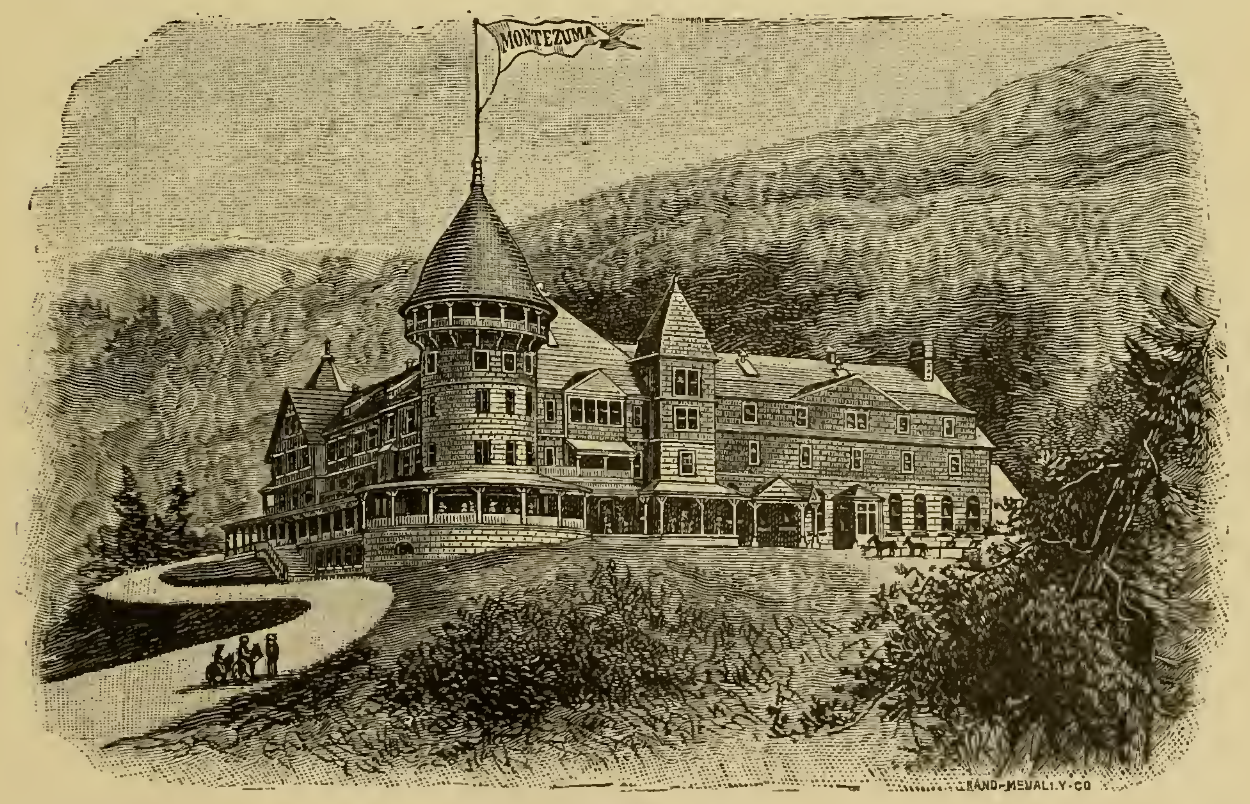
Just beyond Coolidge we enter Colorado, Monday morning. The plains look dry and barren, yet they furnish good grazing; not from the sage brush, as many suppose, but from the short, sweet grass which retains its life and flavor long after it seems dead from its dun color and absence of springing shoots. Far to the west we can see the dim outline of the rocky shore of this vast prairie ocean. Slowly it rises as we advance, a range of mountains with peaks among the clouds, many of them snow-clad, through which our engines seek the lowest path, but climb steadily. At Trinidad our locomotives take a short rest 6,000 feet above the sea, then bear us through a tunnel 2,200 feet long, and thence — two engines to each section — on to the summit, 7,622 feet high, where we meet one of Raymond & Whitcomb's excursion parties returning from Mexico. Pike's Peak towers in the distance, 14,147 feet high, and at short range we see the graceful Spanish Peaks, 13,620 feet in height. The railroad follows the general direction of the old "Santa Fe Trail;" and Dick Wootton's famous old toll-house is seen on the right, just north of the summit.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW MEXICO — ARIZONA.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
— Byron.

WE reach Las Vegas Hot Springs, 786 miles from Kansas City, at 6.00 P. M., and visit the medicinal springs, some forty in number, varying in temperature from very warm to that of ice water. The air here is light on account of the elevation, nearly 7,000 feet, and many complained of a disagreeable sensation, feeling light headed and treacherous footed. Although susceptible to atmospheric changes, I did not experience anything of this, and think it was somewhat exaggerated by the imaginations of the sufferers. My impression was further



THE MONTEZUMA HOTEL.

confirmed by the statement of a gentleman at the hotel that he could not live below an altitude of 3,000 feet on account of the weakness of his lungs. This hotel, the Montezuma, was built by the Santa Fe Railroad Company, at a cost of $400,000. Its predecessor, the Phœnix, was burned but a few years ago. The house is all that is claimed for it, and had twenty-five guests, paying $18 per week and upward, among whom we found friends who greeted us

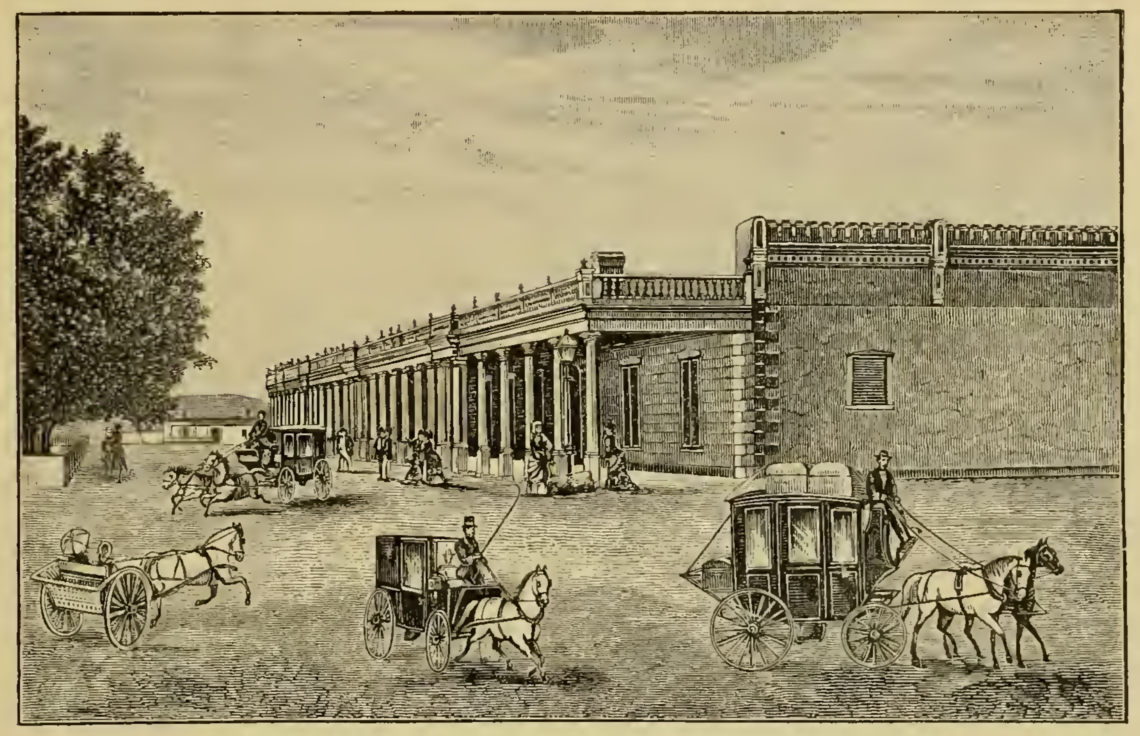
warmly and gave us much valuable information. We walked along the banks of the Rio Gallinas, which flows through a picturesque cañon from the Spanish range of the Rocky Mountains.

From Las Vegas we ride through an undulating plateau. In the gathering darkness we strain our eyes to get a faint view of "Starvation Mountain," where a band of Indians surrounded and vanquished by hunger 140 Mexicans; of "Glorieta Pass," where a sharp fight occurred early in the Rebellion, between United States troops and a band of Texans, bent upon seizing New Mexico; and then we retire, rising with the sun Tuesday, April 15, as we enter Santa Fe, more than 300 years old, and strangely antique in appearance. At six o'clock teams come to take us around the capital. There are some very good carriages here, although burros are made to do the heavy work, and move around just about fast enough for the average Mexican. One was never known to run away with or from any one. The people are beginning to appear, and soon the sandy streets are alive with human beings and dumb animals. As we are taken around in old-fashioned hacks with Spanish drivers, we meet little carts drawn by donkeys, and a steady procession of Tesuque Indians, each driving two burros with loads of wood carefully packed upon their backs. The Indian cuts this wood ten or fifteen miles out of the city, and, if he can muster enough resolution to get by the saloon, he pockets fifty cents for a day's work of himself and two burros. The "adobe," of clay,—one story high, as a rule, and with a flat roof,—is the abode for rich and poor. Governor L. Bradford Prince—and a princely fellow he was—invited us to visit his palace, whose fame antedates that of Plymouth Rock by a century. He told us that he came from Brooklyn, has been here eleven years, and prefers Santa Fe to any other place in the Union. He has named New Mexico the "Sunshine State," as they have almost perpetual sunshine, except when excursionists come along, when, as on that day, the sky is apt to be cloudy. He exalted New Mexico as equal in progress and promise to any State in the Union, giving a summary of her inexhaustible resources, showing that she is rich in extensive forests of pine, in fertile wheat lands, in soils well adapted for market gardens, orchards, and vineyards, in a climate extremely favorable to agriculture, and in large deposits of gold and silver, copper and lead, coal and iron, mica and marble, aside from the vast herds of cattle that cover the plains, and the flocks of sheep which roam on the hillsides. With all these facilities for production, the people are now buying abroad nearly all their manufactured goods; and in 1889 they imported 818,000 pounds of unground wheat, 18,552,000 pounds of flour, 16,000,000 pounds of corn and meal, 8,000 tons of hay, over 1,000 tons of fruit, 80 tons of beans, 140 tons of butter, 20 tons of cheese, 27 tons of poultry, 240,000 dozens of eggs, 250,000 bushels of potatoes, and other things in proportion. "Here," said he, "are abundant resources, with a large home market waiting to be supplied with home products."

BURRO LOADED WITH WOOD.

His facts and figures go far to substantiate the claim of abundant opportunity and resource, although the "progress" was not so noticeable by any means. To our unprejudiced minds it seemed clear that nothing less than a thorough liberalizing of their ideas and an abandonment of their present lethargy will prevent the people from experiencing another century of

ignorance, superstition, indolence, and poverty. Hon. Samuel B. Axtell, who was elected by California to the 40th and 41st Congresses, and who, since 1882, has been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, also made an excellent speech. President Thomes and Secretary Whittemore "did the honors" for us nobly; whereupon we visited the palace which, for nearly 300 years, has been the abode of Spanish, Mexican, and American governors. It is adobe all through, with but one floor, and the rooms so arranged that each can be entered



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT SANTA FE, ERECTED 1600.

from the sidewalk through hallways crossing the building, or one can pass from one end to the other through these rooms and halls. The rooms are well kept, and contain many curious relics, some of an age preceding the Spanish occupation. Wood fires in the open fireplaces looked very cheerful that cool morning. Just opposite the palace are the barracks of the 10th U. S. infantry, whose band gives a concert every afternoon. To honor the occasion, the governor had this concert, which was excellent, given in the forenoon. The people are very courteous; Mexicans, Indians, and various other nationalities all seeming anxious to show us attention, leaving their business to guide us to points of interest or to give information.

In an adobe on the *plaza*, built in 1851, "Ben Hur" was penned. All General Lew Wallace, then governor, had to do was to give a faithful description of the scenery around the city, and the characteristics of the people, and the book could be adapted to Jerusalem so nicely as to disarm all criticism by simply changing Spanish names into those peculiar to the "Sacred City."

We were much interested by their stories of "Kit Carson," whose monument stands in front of the Federal Building. We visited the San Miguel Church, supposed to be the oldest place of worship in America, having a recorded history as far back as 1580. Our entrance did not seem to attract the attention of a Spanish lady, so absorbed was she in her morning devotions. The church is small but well lighted, and we examined it inside and out in a very few minutes. An attendant asked us to register our names and, when we had complied, told us that 25 cents was expected from each visitor. We lost no time in paying the levy, and

then our teams whirled us around the old city, which was doubtless populous and powerful long ages before Cortez invaded Mexico. At the "Ramona School" for Indians some of our party were deeply interested in the recitations and songs. Here we met Hon. Daniel Dorchester, of Massachusetts, the U. S. superintending teacher of Indian schools, with whom many of us were well acquainted. These schools are doing good work for the young Indians, who already give evidence of the beginning of a civilization which will put to shame this sleepy Spanish community, hemmed in by ignorance and fettered by prejudice.

A TYPICAL MEXICAN.

Captain Thomes relates an experience with a Santa Fe woman who was so delighted that he could talk to her in Spanish that she insisted on supplying him with refreshments. A woman is a comfort and happiness in the house as a companion and helpmeet, but to preserve our love and respect it is desirable that she should wash her hands with soap and water at least once a week. The captain did not taste her frijoles and tortillas, saying that he had registered a vow to the good St. Antonio for some trifling sin not to eat for a week, but he gave her a two-real piece for her trouble.

Long before Cortez landed in Mexico, Santa Fe was an Indian town of importance. In 1540 an expedition, composed of Spaniards, marched against it, and was defeated. Soon after Jesuits put in an appearance, then a few hundred soldiers, and the natives yielded, and tasted the bitter fruits of Castilian rule. They were made peons, no better than slaves, and forced to become church worshipers and good Christians at the point of the bayonet.

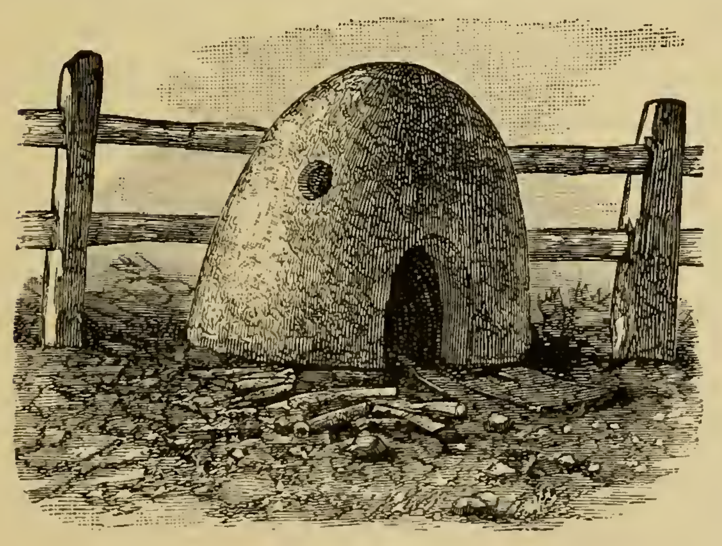
There is hardly a foot of soil here that has not been wet with the blood of Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, or Americans. Revolutions, murders, shooting, and stabbing followed each other rapidly until the city came under American rule in 1846, when General Kearney captured the place with United States dragoons, and then marched towards California, to be defeated by Mexicans under Andras Pico at San Pasqual, and saved from capture by a force from the navy under Commodore Stockton at San Diego.

Just as we were starting for our train, L. W. Gleason, seeing his daughter, Flora M., riding a burro, said: "Go back to the Plaza, and have your picture taken." By the time he had found a photographer, others had collected, and the picture included a characteristic group, which I should like to insert among the illustrations of this book; but, owing to a cloudy sky, many of the lines are too faint for a good electrotype.

PUEBLO INDIANS.

But our iron horse neighed at 1.00 P. M., and we rode southward through a desert whose broad expanse is relieved only by glimpses of the dim, distant hills. We reach the main line at Lamy Junction, and are soon on the banks of the Rio Grande del Norte, which we follow for fifty miles through numerous Indian settlements, whose little huts just rise above the plain; while scores of tawny heads are stretched out to get a good look at our long train. Some of the braves are actually working in the fields. At Wallace, as, indeed, at all their settlements where we stopped, young and old rushed to the cars with blankets, beads, and trinkets, and such stores as topaz, turquoise, and agate for sale. One squaw, about thirteen years old, whose pappoose's eyes just peeped over her shoulder, was offered a round price for the child, to tempt her; but she said, "No much money buy it." They know little English, but understand 5 cents, 10 cents, bit, etc. When our hour's stay was drawing to a close, prices suddenly tumbled 50 per cent. or more.

Deacon Daniel A. Clark, an amateur photographer of our party, tried to catch the picture of a handsome squaw with her baby, but every attempt was signaled to her by Indians around, and at once her face was buried in her arms, and her bright drapery was pulled up over her own face and that of the little one. But curiosity led her to raise her head for a moment, when he succeeded in getting an instantaneous picture.


AN ADOBE OVEN.

We left at three o'clock, and reached Albuquerque at 6.30 P. M., where, after a short stop, two engines were attached to our train. We were forcibly impressed with the contrast presented by the two parts of this town. The old portion, Mexican long ago, and under Spanish rule for centuries since, drones away a sleepy existence; while the new town, settled and controlled by Americans, possesses American life and promise, Yankee industry and thrift.

Westward, ho! 130 miles, and we cross the continental divide or backbone, 7,297 feet above the sea, where we are encompassed by mountains in long ranges, or clustered peaks, resemb-

ling waves of such magnitude and commotion as never man saw, suddenly changed into solid earth. At 9.30 Wednesday morning we are at Winslow, where we stop three quarters of an hour for water, which is brought from an artesian well, twelve miles away. Winslow is a type of all these little towns, being well supplied with the inevitable saloon, with cowboys and Spanish loafers. The walls of the station bore the following

NOTICE!

Whereas, certain individuals have ridden into this town, and discharged their revolvers to see how high a man could hop, we now warn all cowboys to leave their firearms outside of the place when they come here, or the worse for the boys. A word of warning is enough. We are in earnest.

By Order of a Committee.

This notice is little needed now, although it is not more than five years since it was in full force and effect, as the following quotations from the "Field of Honor" of Major Ben. C. Truman and leading papers will show: —

"Ostensibly a herder of stock on unpurchased or unpaid-for ranges, but in reality a stealer of horses and cattle, a guzzler of adulterated spirits, and a shooter of men, he fears neither God, man, nor devil. An Apollo Belvedere in physical shape and beauty, he dresses in a blue flannel shirt and flaming red necktie, dark pants stuck into high-legged boots, and sombrero. He is at once generous, reckless, lawless, dissipated, desperate, and dangerous, and dashes furiously through the hell upon earth of his own creating like a picturesque devil to his grave. There is the 'Howler of the Prairies,' the 'Terror from the Upper Trail,' and the 'Blizzard of the States.' Many have had superior advantages of education and home influences, while others were rocked in the cradle of infamy from the start. Few live to be thirty, and ninety-nine out of every hundred fill dishonored graves through the medium of a bullet or the hangman's noose. 'Billy the Kid,' at nineteen, told how he had killed his eleven men with marvelous *nonchalance*. 'Curly Bill' would shoot off a man's winkers without harming the sight, and pick the stoppers from decanters at twenty paces. I have heard this renowned devil boast of his own private cemetery, which, he said, lacked but one of a score of graves; and have then observed him draw his six-shooter quietly and take off a button from a companion's coat."

The New York *Times*, January, 1883, published the following: —

"''T is funny how whiskey scrapes a man's throat when he is not used to it,' said Curly Bill once, as he gulped down 'the pizen,' and then, for amusement, drew his revolver and shot a hole through the top of a man's hat. Then, bantering about their skill, they walked out and went to shooting silver half-dollars out of each other's fingers at twenty paces. Soon tiring of this monotonous excitement, Bill asked a soldier to hold up a silver piece. Twice the bullet struck the coin; but the third time, for pure devilment, Bill shot the fellow's front finger off, saying, in explanation, 'Oh, I thought you had been a soldier long enough,' whereupon they returned to the saloon. Soon afterwards a cry of fire was raised, and the saloon burned to the ground. Before it fell, the clatter of horses' feet was heard, and Bill and his companions came rattling up the street, the landlord with them. At the next bar-room, the landlord who had been burned out explained, 'That Curly Bill got to shooting at the lamp and hit her a little too low, and it exploded. He will pay the damage, though.' Drinks for the crowd were followed by Spanish Monte. There is a price upon this man's head in almost every territory, and he has been reported dead half a dozen times; but he turns up in unexpected places to vex every community he strikes, for he is a genuine desperado.

"'Oh, hush!' shouted a long, lank fellow, as he jumped upon a table filled with rough men. The cause of his joy was the words of the dealer of the keno-bank, calling the number that made him winner of the pot. 'I am a hard man from Bitter Creek, I eats b'ar-meat, weigh 4,000 pounds, smells like a wolf, and the whiz of bullets is music in my year,' yelled the fellow, as he threw his sombrero off from his villainous-looking countenance. One of the men who had been less fortunate at the game hit him a blow under the ear just as he finished speaking, and he fell like an ox. He picked himself up, looked quietly around the place, and then said, 'Well, this is the most sociable community I ever struck. Come on, boys, let 's liquor.' It cost him $5 to treat, but the experience he got was worth it. This was a braggart, in strong contrast with Curly Bill."

Another paper had this: —

"His clear-cut features, long, drooping moustache, and curly blonde hair, which fell in curls on his shoulders, made Russian Bill an object of special interest to strangers. Although known as a 'rustler,' he spoke five or six languages fluently, and delighted in discussing literature, science, or art. Curly Bill and his companions never gave him credit for any exploits except with his tongue; but he bragged so much of his desperate deeds, that a New Mexico vigilance committee took him at his word, and exported him by the 'grape-vine route,' accompanied by Sandy King. Russian Bill died like a coward, but King said: 'Boys, give me a drink; it will help me on the road to hell. I reckon this game you are playing is all right. I have got even with many of your kind while I 've lived, and I don't know why I ought to squeal when you 've nipped me.' This *nonchalance* nearly captured the crowd, but they finally concluded to send him aloft. They gave him the drink, when he straightened himself up, and said, 'Now, boys, I 'm ready for the devil to get his own.' The next morning the coroner's jury brought in a verdict that the two men committed suicide by hanging. Some time later the county sheriff received a letter from the American consul at St. Petersburg, saying that the Countess Telfuin was very anxious to learn the whereabouts of her son, who had been banished for political reasons, but who possessed large estates, *enclosing a photograph of Russian Bill.* Word was sent that he had committed suicide two years before."

The New York *Tribune*, Sept. 9, 1883, had the following: —

"'Poker Bill' had achieved a reputation that won respectful attention throughout Arizona for anything he chose to say, until, one day, he quarreled with a new station agent about the charges on an express bundle, and prepared to enforce his argument with a revolver, when such a sight was seen as mortal eye had never witnessed since Antelope Spring was known to white men. Out from the door of the station agent's car, plunging headlong to the ground, came Poker Bill, propelled by a terrific kick. He was without his pistol, his waistcoat had been torn off, and his remaining clothing had collected most of the dust from the car floor. He fled ingloriously, devoted one day to solid profanity, and then 'vamosed the ranch,' for his sun had set."

Major Truman says that a "cowboy who had murdered a man in a New Mexican town, and was pursued for a day by the sheriff, returned to the scene of his crime, compelled the sheriff to go in his company to all the saloons in town and treat him; and then, mounting his horse, he rode off in safety."

An article in the Laramie *Boomerang* states: —

"One night a saloon-keeper near Laramie found he had no lights fit to do duty — the boys had shot them to pieces. Every time a lamp would fall, the marksman who assisted at the post-mortem of said lamp would cheerfully waltz to the bar and pay for it, and then try again. Ben Carter had not shot, but had made it a point to drink with

the successful marksmen; so that, strictly speaking, he was n't sober. Finally he awoke to action. Seizing a revolver from a companion, and drawing his own, he sprang to the centre of the room, and told the boys they ought to be ashamed of themselves. He was a perfect lady himself, and it shocked him to witness such disgraceful proceedings. He had been appointed deputy sheriff, and had decided to arrest every mother's son of them. They protested, but Ben flourished his weapons, told them he had the whole United States at his back, and ordered them into an empty warehouse near. The novelty of the thing muddling the boys somewhat, they obeyed; when Ben fastened them in, stood guard outside with drunken dignity, and released them in the morning after exacting a solemn promise to behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies thereafter. This would have ended all right had not the sly laughter of all they met opened their eyes. At last, unutterably mad, they marched to the saloon, where they found Ben Carter. The spokesman, Broncho Bill, then and there told Ben that he was no gentleman and no deputy sheriff; that he had insulted them by putting them in the 'jug,' and they could wipe out that insult only by creating a vacancy in the atmosphere thereabouts about the size of his body. He must go, and go quick. Ben is brave enough, but after he had looked over the crowd, and saw that each man had his hand on his persuader, he concluded that perhaps Broncho Bill was right. He got; and when he had put several hundred yards of sage brush between himself and the station, the boys, having no further use for 'forty-fours,' emptied their revolvers. From the agile manner in which Ben was dancing around as he passed swiftly over the brow of the hill toward Laramie, and the amount of dust rising in little clouds all around him, it is believed the boys carelessly pointed their weapons his way while taking the loads out."

INDIAN ON LOOKOUT.

Five hundred graves of Pioneers, scattered throughout Arizona, mark the deadly work of Apaches; but, thanks to McCormick in Congress, Safford as governor, and General Crook in the field, no hostile Indian roams these plains, and no more is heard the flight of the poisoned arrow or the whiz of the treacherous bullet. McCormick once said in Congress: "I went from the city of New York to Arizona with my prejudices largely in favor of the Indian, but when I came to deal with him I could clearly understand the terrible wrongs against which the people had to contend. There are Indians whose tendency is towards civilization,

who live in villages, and who, while they are naturally inclined to steal and commit occasional depredations, are for the most part friendly and peaceable. Then there are the Apaches, who are wild and of the very lowest order of human beings."

Still, the Eastern press and the Eastern pulpits continued to make war upon the white settlers of Arizona, and to send greeting to the redskins; and at last forced the Government to send out Vincent Colyer, who traveled through the Territory under a large cavalry escort, with prayer books in one hand and presents in the other. Four weeks later the Apaches attacked the La Paz stage, Nov. 4, 1871, and killed Fred. W. Loring, a noted Boston writer, Fred. Shoholm, W. G. Solomon, P. W. Hamel, C. S. Adams, and the driver, John Lance. Wm. Kruger and Mollie Sheppard escaped. The Indians did not touch the mail bag or the valuable express box of Wells, Fargo & Co., but seemed bent on murder in a time of peace. It was generally believed the deed was done by Apaches of the Camp Date Creek reservation, then supported by the Government. Vincent Colyerism immediately became extinct, and the New York and New England press recommended less Bible and more sword for Apaches. The remedy was tried at the first opportunity, General Crook administering the dose, which proved effective in preserving peace, white men, and Indians at one and the same time.

Dividing our train into two sections, we pull out from Winslow and cross the Devil's Cañon, by a $250,000 iron bridge, on which our train halts and trembles, as we look down 223 feet into the abyss, and throw a stone whose concussion with the rocks below is never heard. Nothing indicates our great altitude except the cool nights, although it is very comfortable until the sun goes down. Our colds and other troubles receive the attention of Dr. V. L. Owen of our party, who will not take pay for his services.

We take water at Williams, and then enter a formation of awful grandeur, crossing Johnson's Gulch, a deep, wild ravine. Volcanic rocks and ashes lie along the side of the road; while overhead hang huge boulders that seem ready to fall upon us, of such queer forms that they appear to have been placed there by the hands of giant men. There are "dug-outs" in great numbers in the sides of the hills, for this is the neighborhood of the cliff dwellers, a race of hoary antiquity, and not impossibly the oldest on earth, according to some ethnologists.

From childhood up I have frequently read or heard that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and that "the amount of soap used by any people is the measure of its civilization." Taking either of these propositions as a premise, and using for a middle term any statement one can truthfully make of a Yuma Indian, the conclusion is irresistible that he has reached the lowest depths of savage filth and degradation. There is considerable water in the Colorado River, but he never uses it; indeed, he does not even take the trouble to get up a "dry polish," as Dickens expresses it, by rubbing off some of the loose dirt. He is a genuine child of the earth, as an Apache of darkness; and were not the topic done to death long ago, I would give experiences of some of our party with Indians of both tribes.

CHAPTER V.

SAN BERNARDINO.

As, o'er the glacier's frozen sheet,
Breathes soft the Alpine rose;
So, through Life's desert, springing sweet,
The Flower of Friendship grows.

— HOLMES.

THE crossing of the Colorado River sends even the most wakeful to their couches, and we miss in slumber the "Needles" and other objects of interest. Thursday, April 17, day dawns upon the vast solitudes of the Mojave Desert, without a sign of vegetation other than sage brush and a few yucca palms, and without a living creature except a few Indians and an occasional emigrant party. For 600 miles through this barren waste almost the only life to be seen is on board our cars; and, although we have every luxury of the finest trans-continental train on record, we look ominously at each other, and even the colored waiters turn pale when the dining-car "Iturbide" breaks a truck, delaying us six hours. Finding we must wait some time, we took short walks around to see what the place was like. Conductor C. O. Perkins was standing by his train, when he was startled by a cry from Flora M. Gleason, who ran hurriedly toward him, exclaiming, "Oh! Mr. Perkins! Come out here! There is a snake out here, and he is making an awfully funny noise." The conductor hastened to the spot, and found a rattlesnake, which he immediately killed. Pulling off the rattles, seven in number, he presented them to Mrs. L. W. Gleason, who had found the snake in a bunch of sage brush. The "funny noise" was a by-word for some time.

This was near Bagdad, and for the first time on our trip we had ample leisure for inspecting the country and for social chat; but somehow we did n't enjoy it, and each breathed a sigh of relief when we steamed slowly into Barstow, where for the third and last time we put our watches back an hour, or else made the proper allowance thereafter, to conform to Pacific or 120th meridian time.

From the sandy waste and desolation of the Mojave Desert we are emerging into a region where the flowers and fruits of the semi-tropics grow in profusion. The transition is welcome. Although snow-clad peaks rise behind us, the air is fragrant with the sweet breath of orange-blossoms, for in front spreads the broad and fruitful valley in which San Bernardino, Coiton, Riverside, and dozens of other towns are situated.

We were met not far from Barstow by John Brown, Jr., S. P. Waite, W. F. Holcomb, B. B. Harris, and J. L. Fitzpatrick, members of the Society of California Pioneers of San Bernardino; and by H. Jackson, Earl Ducoc, H. L. Nash, and Hamp Tuttle, Native Sons of the Golden West of the same place. They had come as a committee to greet us, in a special train laden with sample products of their fair lands — flowers, oranges, lemons, wines, and other delicacies of their own production, which they distributed lavishly. They also gave us copies of the *Times-Index* containing the programme of the reception which had been planned.

After a consultation, in which the Californians strongly urged us to stay all night with them, a vote was taken, and decided in the affirmative without a dissenting voice; many remarking that, when the people of a city like San Bernardino would send a committee a hundred miles

A VISION OF THE GOLDEN COUNTRY.

to meet visitors, armed with so much hospitality, we ought to take time enough to meet them all and shake hands with them.

Major B. B. Harris, a San Bernardino Pioneer, stood talking with one of our number, when Deacon Daniel A. Clark, a Pioneer of Pawtucket, R. I., attempted to pass. Mr. Harris grasped his hand cordially, exclaiming: "Why! I have seen you before, but cannot call you by name." Names were given, and the recognition was complete, for they had been "Old Timers" in Mariposa. There were other recognitions. Major Harris introduced Pioneer W. F. Holcomb, and as we partook of their fruits and wines, we talked with them of the old days, of mining scenes, hunting adventures, and amusing episodes. Pioneer Holcomb was particularly happy in describing some of his bear-hunting experiences.

They told us that all San Bernardino was out, waiting anxiously for our arrival, and that we were to be entertained in genuine California style. We were much surprised at this, as we had expected to stay only two or three hours with them, if on time, and were now six hours late. They had written us before we left Boston to make them a long visit, but our president had reluctantly sent the following replies:—

BOSTON, April 1, 1890.

Marcus Katz, Esq., Secretary San Bernardino Pioneers, Cal.—

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 24th ult. deserves a prompt reply. We thank you for your kind words and kind invitation to remain longer than two hours at San Bernardino. You know that our time does not belong to us, but to Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb; and the latter gentleman says that he will give us another hour, making three in all, which will enable us to clasp hands with you and your people. We shall have about sixty members, and about fifty of their wives and daughters, and consequently the rest of the company will be composed of friends and relatives of the members, who are anxious to go with us to see the most beautiful State in the Union at this time of the year.

It would be an agreeable compliment to include in the reception all who are with us; but do not spend money on our account. A word of welcome will suffice. Will telegraph from Albuquerque or some other point of our movements.

With much respect, WM. H. THOMES, *President.*

BOSTON, April 3, 1890.

B. B. Harris, Esq.—

DEAR SIR: In reply to your kind letter of the 27th ult. I would state that if we had the time we would gladly accept your hospitalities. I wrote to Mr. Katz the other day that Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb have extended our time at San Bernardino three hours instead of two, but no more will be allowed us.

Let us shake hands with your people and take a hasty look at your beautiful city, and then we must depart with good wishes on our part for your great kindness.

Please do not prepare any refreshments for us, but give the ladies of our party a few flowers, and let us go with a blessing. We appreciate all that you would do for us, but we can't break our contract with Messrs. R. & W.

Yours truly, WM. H. THOMES.

Loth to give up, they had telegraphed to us at Santa Fe urging us to give them the fullest opportunity to extend their hospitality; but we had been forced to reply much as above. While our party are telling stories and sampling California products for nearly eighty miles on

the road to San Bernardino, let us see what the people there are doing, as reported in their newspapers, and meet the trains as they come in. I select from a long article in the *Daily Times-Index* of April 16: —

"On to-morrow afternoon the California Pioneers of New England will arrive in this city, and will remain here for three hours. No longer time could be spared, as their programme had been made up for several months.

"Many of these old residents of California have not visited the scene of their early home for a number of years; but so much have they thought of it that they have kept up the Society of California Pioneers in Boston to keep fresh in their minds the scenes and incidents of pioneer life in this great and growing State, to which people from all parts of the world are looking with the same anxious and eager anticipation of at some time making us a visit, as they did in the days of gold and the days of '49.

"Flowers of the tropics grow to perfection and in abundance. What could be more fitting than for the old Pioneers who crossed the plains forty years ago, and came off the desert into the beautiful San Bernardino valley, to revisit the place where they rested their weary horses and cattle several months before setting out for Sutter's Fort, from which place they expected to fit themselves out with supplies, and delve for the bright, bright gold, which was then to be found in every stream, but which is now growing on trees here in San Bernardino county.

"It is earnestly hoped that the citizens of San Bernardino will lay all business aside to-morrow afternoon during the three hours that the Pioneers will remain in this city, and repair to the City Park with their wives and families, and assist in giving the California Pioneers of New England such a reception as will cause San Bernardino always to be a pleasant topic of conversation among them when they return to their homes in the East.

"The committees from the Pioneers and from the Native Sons and Native Daughters have arranged the following programme: —

"The three societies will form at the depot at the corner of E and First streets, and receive the Pioneers. The procession will then be formed as follows, and march up E street to the City Park.

1. Band.
2. Children of the Public Schools.
3. Native Sons of the Golden West.
4. Native Daughters of the Golden West.
5. New England Pioneers.
6. San Bernardino Pioneers.
7. Citizens of San Bernardino.

Open order at entrance to the park.

PROGRAMME AT THE PARK.

1. Music...Band
2. Prayer...Rev. John Morrison
3. Music...Band
4. Welcome Address...George Lord, President Pioneers
5. Response...New England Pioneers
6. Address...William Heap
7. Address...Native Sons of the Golden West
8. Address...Native Daughters of the Golden West
9. Speeches...New England Pioneers
10. Address...N. P. Earp
11. Poem...Mrs. Hopkins

"At the close of the programme the procession will re-form and march back to the train as an escort to the visiting Pioneers.

"A committee of twelve will leave this evening for Barstow to receive the Pioneers."

The *Times-Index* of Thursday, April 17, contained the following: —

"The programme arranged for the reception of the New England Pioneers has been knocked out by the delay in the arrival of the train; consequently our citizens generally are invited to be at the depot this afternoon at five o'clock to receive the visitors.

"Let all who can go and receive them."

Flags floated from every building, and all day the streets were crowded with patriotic Californians eager to welcome the New England '49ers. Every house in town was decorated gayly with festoons of flowers, and the day was made a gala one long to be remembered.

The *Daily Courier* of April 18 stated, among many other things: —

"The excursion of the New England Society of California Pioneers arrived in the city last night at six o'clock, six hours late; but it was not an impatient crowd assembled to greet them on their arrival, but an intensely enthusiastic one.

"At noon yesterday it was announced that the train would be here at five o'clock sharp, and the different societies met at the City Hall at four o'clock. At 4.30 the band arrived, and the procession formed. The ladies were all escorted to the street cars on Third street, four having been provided for their use, besides a large number of carriages.

"The Pioneers and Native Sons then formed in line, and, headed by the Ninth Regiment Band, with banners, began the march to the depot. At the depot the children of the public schools were in line, under charge of Professor N. A. Richardson and his corps of teachers, about 500 of the little ones being present, and every one carrying a large hand bouquet to present to the excursionists.

"The Native Daughters and the wives of the Pioneers had been detailed to gather flowers, and such a mass was on hand that the question arose as to how to dispose of them. Large baskets were filled with beautiful roses of every hue, thickly interspersed with orange blossoms.

"The train arrived at 6.10 P. M., and, as it slowly steamed into the depot, the air rang with the shouts of the crowd, answered by waving handkerchiefs and warm smiles from the car windows."

The *Times-Index* of April 18 reported: —

"The delay in the arrival of the train bringing the Pioneers caused yesterday afternoon's programme to be abandoned, and all were invited to be at the depot, where it was thought but a few minutes would be allowed our people to receive and welcome the old Argonauts from New England.

"As the train rounded the curve, coming up in front of the depot, a deafening shout of welcome went up from about 1,500 throats, and it was answered from the train by shouts from the Pioneers, and by the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies; and as the visitors descended from the train they were showered with roses and flowers from the hands of the school children, and they literally walked on roses from the cars to the platform, where they were presented hand bouquets by the Native Daughters, and by the wives of the San Bernardino Pioneers.

"As soon as a little order could be obtained, the New England Pioneers formed a line and marched down the track to a truck, upon which was seated George Lord, president of the San Bernardino Pioneers, surrounded by the products of our valley — oranges, lemons, wine, and flowers.

HON. GEORGE LORD, SR.

"Mr. Lord was introduced by Dave Wixom, and in a few words extended a hearty welcome to the visitors, which was responded to briefly by Captain Thomes, president of the New England Pioneers.

"It was then announced that the Pioneers would remain in San Bernardino over night, and that a reception would be tendered them at the Opera House at 7.30 o'clock. This announcement was received with cheers, and the large assembly dispersed to their homes to prepare for the reception.

"At 7.30 o'clock the Opera House was filled with our citizens to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were unable to obtain admittance. The stage was set with chairs, upon which were seated the president, secretary, and directors of the N. E. Association, the officers of the S. B. Pioneers, the Rev. John Morrison, and others; back of these, who were all seated, stood the N. S. G. W., decked in their brilliant regalias, forming a very pretty stage grouping."

The elegant banners of the Pioneers, and of the N. S. G. W. were placed at each side of the stage, while beneath them rested a handsome basket of flowers.

At eight o'clock President Lord called the meeting to order, and requested the audience to stand and sing "America," which they did; and we venture to say that never before was the grand old song rendered with such vim and heartfelt earnestness, there being no feelings of restraint, and all singing as though they were members of one family.

After the singing, Rev. John Morrison delivered a short but impressive prayer, in which he invoked a blessing upon the old Pioneers who, after a period of forty years, returned to the scenes of their early manhood.

John Brown, Jr., then introduced George Lord, Sr., the president of the society, who addressed the audience as follows: — "Mr. President of the N. E. Pioneers, ladies and gentlemen: It is with more than common pleasure that I meet you here this evening, and I have never responded with more pleasure to a call to speak than I do at this moment. Forty years ago, when you were crossing the ocean, coming to this fair land to delve for gold, you did not meet with such a welcome as is offered you here to-night; after trials and struggles you secured what you came for, and returned to your New England homes to live the balance of your lives in plenty with your families. We who remained here thought that if the Lord was generous enough to fill our mountains with gold that he was generous enough to furnish soil in our valleys that would yield the golden fruit; and we remained here, and have tilled the soil, and now, at the end of forty years, we have a land filled with fruits and flowers, and thousands of happy homes, and thousands of bright and happy school children, many of whom were at the depot to welcome you this afternoon. Here, now, you see fair woman in all her regal splendor; then you would walk miles to see a woman's bonnet hung upon a pole. You and I remember when we paid fifty cents for just such a sight. I can't express in language the welcome that I, on behalf of the Pioneers and the people of San Bernardino, desire to extend to you. This land, when last you saw it, was a desert; now it is teeming with fruits and flowers, and with a warm welcome from the hearts of its people that is far more precious than gold. Again I welcome you to San Bernardino."

President Thomes replied: — "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: Forty years ago cloudy wings expanded about us, and for forty years have we waited for such an event as this; for forty years have we anticipated this visit to the scenes where we spent so much time in hardship and toil, and now we find that you who have remained, and those who came after us, have made California the foremost State in the Union. I am truly happy to be with you to-night, and feel that here I am standing upon historic ground. It was here that the Franciscan monks established their missions for the conversion of the Indians. I thank God that there

is such a place as California, and such a place as San Bernardino county, which is furnishing the rich and the poor alike in the great East with cheap oranges and other fruits and wines. And the poor, the rich, and the sick of all this large country thank God for all the blessings which come from the glorious State of California. As I came through your county to-day, I felt ashamed to think that San Bernardino county is larger than my whole State. We did not come here to talk, but to listen to you. We know what you want, but we don't want you to have your wish; you want our people to come here and live with you, but we can't spare them. A few years ago our eastern farms were worth $200 and $300 per acre; now they are deserted, and their former owners are residents of California. We don't want you to get our people, but, confound you, you are taking them from us by thousands every year; but take us if you will, but we suffer. We are proud of you, however, for we helped to make you. I came here in 1843, and left here in 1845. Time has dealt lightly with us, not a hair has fallen from our heads, nor has a gray hair crept in among our dark locks. We prize the reception that has been given us here to-night, and shall recount it to our children when we get home, and have them tell the story to our grandchildren, if we are ever fortunate enough to have any."

Miss Lizzie Felter, of La Paloma Parlor, N. D. G. W., then read the following address to the visiting Pioneers in behalf of the N. D. G. W.:—"Visiting Pioneers of California: On behalf of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, I welcome you to the land of sunshine and flowers, of which you are the honored forefathers, and particularly to San Bernardino city. Be assured, dear Pioneers, we take great pleasure in meeting you, and perpetuating the friendship we ever hold for the sires of California.

"You laid the foundation for the grandest State in the Union, and the Native Daughters will ever cherish the priceless gift. You produced the golden colors, now we raise golden fruit; once you rocked the cradle, now the Native Daughters mind the rocker too. We hold you in grateful memory for the hardships you endured, the results you achieved, and for the California of to-day. Again we bid you a hearty welcome, and sincerely regret that your limited time prevents us from extending to you that hospitality proverbial to Californians."

"Auld Lang Syne" was then sung by the audience, after which W. A. Nash made a speech of welcome in behalf of the Native Sons, warmly extending the hospitality of the city to the honored guests.

Hon. B. F. Whittemore, secretary of the New England Pioneers, next addressed the audience as follows: "I assure you that words are inadequate to express my feelings upon such an occasion as this, and ever since meeting your delegates on the desert I have felt that inspiration of the warm welcome that was in store for our party upon their arrival in San Bernardino. It was a pleasure, after an absence of forty years, to return here and find the land covered with fruits and flowers, and such a prosperous, happy, and generous-hearted people. I visited California three years ago with the G. A. R. boys, and was prepared for the warm reception that I knew was in store for the New England Pioneers; and when I think of the day we started, I see vividly one member of our society whom you will all remember when I mention his name, John Conness, as he stood upon the platform, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: 'Tell the people of California that I could not go out and see them, but I send them and dear old California my blessing.' We have in Boston a society of Caliionia Pioneers numbering 380 members, and we meet on the last Wednesday of each month and transact our business, and then have a grand banquet, where we talk over old times and of the future of this great State. On the 9th of September, Admission Day, we have a grand celebration, and then our hearts long for California. When we return in July, we are going to have the largest hall in Boston, where we will meet to tell thousands of people of our

trip to California and what we have seen here; for we promised them that we would, and every one of the party will be particular to tell of San Bernardino and the warm reception given us by its most hospitable of people, of its beautiful orange groves, and of its lovely flowers. Again, on behalf of the New England Society of California Pioneers, I thank you for this warm and heartfelt reception; and when I get home I shall advise all our young men and young women to come to California and live forever in Paradise. I cannot stay here, for if I did I know that I should renew my youth."

John Brown, Jr., secretary of the San Bernardino Pioneers, was next introduced, and made a brief speech, in which he extolled the virtue of California as a State, and of San Bernardino as a jewel in the crown of her counties. He stated that this meeting was a union of New England and California; and it was meet that such a union should take place, for New England was the birthplace of American liberty, and were it not for New England California would not now exist. He then extended to the visiting Pioneers a hearty welcome to this land of sunshine and plenty, and hoped that many of them would again return to San Bernardino county.

This was a momentous occasion, — it might be said an inspiring occasion, — and, while we have a grand State, yet we cling to the doctrine implanted at Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrims. Coming down the mountain with the snow-clad peaks in plain sight, and the beauties of the valley spread out as in a panorama, Mr. Whittemore, he said, had penned a song, and he called upon that gentleman to sing it for the audience. Mr. Whittemore responded, and, with the assistance of the ladies of the party, sang the following, to the tune of "Beulah Land": —

We 've entered now the Golden State,
Where warmest welcomes for us wait —
The land where corn and oil and wine
Are free and plenty as sunshine.

CHORUS.

Oh! golden land, proud golden land!
We hail our welcomes, and our hand
Is given now with right good will
To those who greet us, for we still
Remember that in '49
We had no oil, nor corn, nor wine.

San Bernardino leads the van
With fruits delicious, and we can
But tell them what our hearts now feel,
And wish them joy, long life, and weal.

The ladies and the children sweet,
Who gladden us with smiles, and greet
The veterans of '49,
For them we ask for bliss divine.

God bless the ties that henceforth bind
Old Argonauts, and may we find
This happy hour, in all our years
The pleasantest for Pioneers.

We had some splendid singing that evening. Songs were distributed, on slips headed: —

1849. WELCOME TO OUR 1890.

NEW ENGLAND PIONEERS,

BY THE

SAN BERNARDINO PIONEERS.

PIONEER SONGS.

Among the songs were "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Old Folks at Home," "Auld Lang Syne," and the two following, which I copy, as being less widely known: —

THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE.

Here you see old Tom Moore,
  A relic of by-gone days;
A bummer, too, they call me now,
  But what care I for praise?
For my heart is filled with woe,
  And I often grieve and pine
For the days of old, the days of gold,
  The days of '49.
For the days of gold, the days of old,
  The days of '49.

I had comrades then — a saucy set;
  They were rough, I must confess,
But staunch and brave, as true as steel,
  Like hunters from the west;
But they, like many another fish,
  Have now run out their line;
But like good old bricks, they stood the kicks
  Of the days of '49.
Of the good old bricks they stood the kicks
  Of the days of '49.

There was Monte Pete; I 'll ne'er forget
  The luck that he always had.
He 'd deal for you both night and day,
  Or as long as you had a scad.
One night a pistol laid him out;
  'T was his last lay-out, in fine;
It caught Pete sure, right bang in the door,
  In the days of '49.

There was another chap from New Orleans,
  Big Reuben was his name.
On the plaza there, with a sardine box,
  He opened a faro game.

He dealt so fair that a millionaire
  He became in course of time,
Till death stepped in and called the turn
  In the days of '49.

There was Kentuck Bill, one of the boys
  Who was always in for a game.
No matter whether he lost or won,
  To him 't was all the same.
He 'd ante a slug ; he 'd pass the buck ;
  He 'd go a hatful blind.
In a game of death Bill lost his breath
  In the days of '49.

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy,
  So fond of getting tight.
Whenever Jake got full of gin
  He was looking for a fight.
One night he ran against a knife
  In the hands of old Bob Kline,
And over Jake we had a wake
  In the days of '49.

There was North Carolina Jess, a hard old case,
  Who never would repent.
Jess was never known to miss a meal,
  Or ever pay a cent.
But poor old Jess, like all the rest,
  To death did at last resign,
And in his bloom he went up the flume
  In the days of '49.

There was Rackensack Jim, who could out-roar
  A buffalo bull, you bet.
He roared all night ; he roared all day ;
  He may be roaring yet.
One night he fell in a prospect hole,—
  'T was a roaring bad design,—
And in that hole Jim roared out his soul
  In the days of '49.

Of all the comrades I had then
  There 's none left now but me,
And the only thing I 'm fitting for
  Is a senator to be.
The people cry, as I pass by,
  "There goes a traveling sign ;
That 's old Tom Moore, a bummer sure,
  Of the days of '49."

Since that time how things have changed
In this land of liberty!
Darkies didn't vote nor plead in court,
Nor rule this country;
But the Chinese question, the worst of all,
In those days did not shine,
For the country was right and the boys all white
In the days of '49.

JOE BOWERS.

My name it is Joe Bowers; I've got a brother Ike;
I came from old Missouri, all the way from Pike;
I'll tell you why I left thar, and why I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy so far away from home.

I used to court a gal there; her name was Sally Black;
I asked her if she'd marry me, she said it was a whack;
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life,
You ought to get a little home to keep your little wife."

"Oh, Sally! dearest Sally! oh, Sally! for your sake
I'll go to California and try to raise a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, you are the man to win;
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," and she hove a dozen in.

When I got into that country I hadn't "nary red,"
I had such wolfish feelings, I wished myself 'most dead;
But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made them feelings git
And whispered hopes to Bowers; I wish I had 'em yit.

At length I went to mining, put in my biggest licks,
Went down upon the boulders just like a thousand bricks.
I worked both late and early, in rain, in sun, in snow;
I was working for my Sally; 't was all the same to Joe.

Mr. Whittemore then stated that there was among the visitors an old Pioneer who had won his spurs during the Black Hawk war, and introduced General Samuel A. Chapin, who was received with an outburst of applause that was continued for several minutes.

The general then made one of the grandest and most feeling addresses that was ever listened to by any audience, and it was, though short, as follows: — "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: It is really out of order to ask me to speak, as it was not on the programme. Our president and secretary were elected to do all the talking and to keep the fires burning, and they have almost caused a conflagration with their speeches and singing; and I did not anticipate speaking. I am trying to harness together forty years ago and to-day, to-night. I remember vividly the day I landed in San Francisco Bay; it was on Sunday, and I heard that there was to be preaching there somewhere in the hall devoted to justice — the court house, I think. I found it and went in, and there were two ladies there, and I crowded my way up to them until I was within two feet of them, and that was as close as I dared to go; and, oh! what joy it was when one of them asked me to share her hymn-

book with her, and, oh! how we did sing; oh! such grand hymns. Many old Californians will remember the dear lady, who was the wife of Judge Walla; I always kept up an intimate acquaintance with her there until she went back to her old home in Vermont and died. Ladies were scarce in California then, and you would have to run around two blocks to get a sight of one. This greeting is superior to anything I have ever known; and I was never so affected in all my life as I was when we arrived in your city this evening, and were met by 500 children who showered flowers upon us, and the girls who loaded us down with bouquets. My son and I have innumerable bouquets in our drawing-room in the car, which we will nurse up so carefully until we get to San Francisco. Oh! your oranges, flowers, and fruits are so fine and beautiful! but the sentiment, the friendship of the children, affected me so much! No party of excursionists could ever receive such a welcome as we have had, and it shows the careful training of the children of San Bernardino, by their mothers and fathers, when such thoughts of friendship and love and hospitality are being inculcated into their young minds. I love little girls dearly, and the larger ones in proportion. I endorse every word that has been said by our speakers about California, and our welcome from the people of San Bernardino. We Pioneers of 1849 never realized the possibilities and grand future of this State, and you who are living here now cannot comprehend the glorious future that is in store for your State. I want to thank you,— yes, as I am a director of the association, I have a right to thank you on behalf of the society for this welcome; and when we return, forty years from now, I want to see these same little girls grown up. This welcome will always be cherished by me as a happy memory, and may God bless you all!"

His speech was listened to with rapt attention, and at its close the house fairly rang with applause, and a bouquet was thrown him from the audience, which he inhaled as he took his seat.

Secretary Whittemore then stepped forward and said that the general might have added that his children were born in California, and that he was now anxiously awaiting his arrival in San Francisco, where he expected to see for the first time his grandchildren. At this juncture it was noticed that the general's head had fallen upon his breast, and at first it was thought that he had fainted; but Drs. Fleming, McDonald, and Owens, who were at his side immediately, at once pronounced him dead. He died with a smile on his lips, and, if ever a man died happy, it was he.

The programme, which was only about half finished, and which promised to be a feast of reason and a flow of wit, was suddenly terminated in sorrow.

The audience was then dismissed, and filed out of the house in a very orderly manner, all stricken with sadness and awe at this termination of the reception. Just as the crowd began to move, a young lady fainted, and the only way to get her quickly into the fresh air was through a window, about six feet from the ground. John Russell, of Boston, let her drop, and she was caught in a very graceful manner by a gentleman below, as was also a lady friend, one of the guests. Revival was rapid in the open air.

General Chapin's son, who had remained in the cars, was sent for and arrived in a few minutes after the death of his father, when his sorrow was pitiful to behold.

The remains were removed to the Grand Rapids undertaking establishment to be embalmed, and sent East with the beautiful flowers the veteran prized so highly.

The above gives the reception from the San Bernardino point of view, and I will add a few thoughts suggested by our experience. As we stepped upon the platform the resident ladies handed large bouquets to ours, and pinned smaller ones on the lapels of our coats. After the first reception at the truck, we were driven through the city, headed by bands of music, the

scene looking much like a triumphal procession of ancient days. The ladies of our party were particularly pleased, and opened their eyes in wonder and admiration as we passed through the beautiful streets and avenues, every house on which was fronted by its green lawn, embowered in trees. Every resident seemed to have taken a particular interest in our party. During the evening several scenes were created by the meeting of old friends long separated. A basket of large oranges was handed up to the platform at the Opera House, to be presented to the oldest man among the visiting Pioneers; but Captain Thomes told them there were no old men in our party. True, there was one gentleman from Boston in his eighty-first year, but in *actions* he was still a boy. A magnificent bouquet was offered for the oldest lady, but all declared there were no old ladies. Words cannot fully describe the glorious outpouring of friendship and love by our hosts. When hand touched hand, hearts touched also, and the flashing eye revealed the chasm of forty years spanned in a moment. I sat close by General Chapin when he retired amid a storm of applause, in the midst of which a handsome bouquet was thrown him. He stooped down and picked it up, and, with a beautiful smile, placed it to his nostrils, inhaling its sweet perfume, and, with the smile still on his lips, half sank into his chair, falling then to the floor, dead.

Coming as it did, his death was most impressive. It calls the attention of California, in a most forcible way, to the fact that the men who saw the great rush of gold-seekers and helped to make the early history of the State, are fast passing away; and that before many years there will be few who can speak of those wonderful scenes as eye-witnesses. There is a bright side to death, even, when, as in this case, the summons comes to not only a Pioneer of a State, but one who was also a Pioneer in all the good works that reflect credit upon mankind. He possessed, in a high degree, the characteristics of the men who opened the Golden Gate to the world; and his former friends in the State, and those nearer and dearer to him in the East, can but find satisfaction in the thought that, while a friend has fallen by the wayside, he lingers in their memories as a type of true manhood,—a Christian gentleman.

San Bernardino, where we were so royally entertained, is the oldest purely American town in Southern California. Originally founded by Jesuits, but occupied permanently by Mormons in 1851 as a branch of the Salt Lake colony, it was laid out as a town in 1853, on the creation of the county of San Bernardino, the largest in the United States, half as large as New York, and eighteen times as large as Rhode Island.

In 1876 the railroad was completed to Colton, and a little more than ten years later the Atchison road made its entry into San Bernardino, making that place its headquarters.

Under the influence of the traffic thus created, together with the stimulus given by the rapid development of the surrounding country, San Bernardino grew rapidly, and to-day is a city of very nearly 10,000 inhabitants, and boasts of public improvements which put it in the front rank of progressive communities. It is the railroad centre of the county.

A marked feature of the city is the abundance of artesian water which is found everywhere in this part of the valley. Several hundred wells have been sunk, varying in depth from 100 to 400 feet, and in nearly every case an abundant supply of water of the purest kind has been found. Many gardens and small farms are thus supplied for irrigation, and living streams from these sources run in every direction.

In visiting San Bernardino one cannot but be struck with the number of handsome private residences, as well as the churches and schools seen on every hand. The city has recently completed a pavilion, the largest of the kind in this part of the State. It is located in the centre of the public park, and is as ornamental as it is useful. Indeed, in nearly every structure erected of late years, pleasing effects have been sought.

Not only is the county out of debt, but it has a cash balance to its credit of nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

San Bernardino supports two flour mills, two planing mills, gas and electric-light works, a large foundry, a public library, a fine opera house, four public schools, and a great variety of religious and benevolent organizations. During the season the shipments of dried and fresh fruit from the section immediately tributary to the town are very large, the income thus derived being no small addition to the prosperity of the place.

One incident of many will illustrate the pleasure with which the reception is recalled by the people there and by our party.

To a bouquet handed C. T. Stumcke by a school girl of some twelve summers was attached by a silk ribbon a card on which was written " N. D. G. W. Alice E. Bean, San Bernardino"; and on the opposite side "Welcome! The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49." When Christmas drew near, Mr. Stumcke mailed a beautiful book, a pamphlet of our society, and a letter to the above address. At our December meeting, which was held at the Crawford House, Boston, on the last day of 1890, Mr. Stumcke read the following:—

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., Dec. 22, 1890.

Mr. Charles T. Stumcke, Boston, Mass.—

DEAR SIR: On Wednesday last my father brought home a package, when, on opening it, I found it to be a book with a card lying on it, which bore your name; but as I did not know you I was more puzzled than before; but you cannot imagine my surprise and delight when I read what you had written in the book.

Little did I think that bouquet of flowers and the card with what was written on it would be the means of bringing me such a nice present. You have my thanks many times over. It will always be kept and cherished with the memories of the Pioneers of this beautiful State.

The day after I received the book I received your letter with the pamphlet. Thank you very much for the pamphlet. I read it with great interest. I can see the Pioneers now coming in at the depot, and what a pleasure it was to give them the flowers.

I showed everybody the book, and, as one lady said, was too proud to keep it at home. I shall take the first opportunity to read it. I am very fond of reading, and take pleasure in books.

I should like one of your photographs, if it be not asking too much, and I will send you one of mine when I have them taken.

I will close now, thanking you again.

Very respectfully yours,

ALICE E. BEAN.

189 Seventh street, San Bernardino, Cal.

It would have done our western friends good to see the eager attention with which the reading of this letter was received by the men of '49.

On one of the bouquets received by Mrs. Ball and myself was a card on which was written "Bertha Allen, San Bernardino, Cal." To that address will be mailed the first copy of this book, as soon as it leaves the hands of the binders.

CHAPTER VI.

RIVERSIDE, REDLANDS, AND THE RAYMOND.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

— WHITTIER.

NEXT morning, Friday, April 18, we left the San Bernardino garden of flowers and fruits, for a trip on the Santa Fe road to Redlands. A number of San Bernardino Pioneers accompanied us, and joined with us in resolutions on the death of General Chapin, which are given in connection with the memorial services at Pasadena. Behind us are the snowy peaks of the Rockies, and before us and around us a land of summer sunshine and flowers in bloom, and fruitage throughout the year. We were met by Pioneers and citizens in fine turn-outs to carry us to the "Terrace Villa," where Landlord Sloan had prepared an appetizing breakfast, which we enjoyed to the utmost.

The hotel had been most beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. There were garlands and wreaths, and bouquets and streamers, and great ropes of flowers and boutonnieres, and loose flowers by the wagon load everywhere. The whole place seemed to be turned into a regular flower palace in order to do honor to the occasion.

After breakfast we were ushered into sixty-five carriages in waiting, and taken for a drive over the beautiful and romantic valley. There was an attempt to follow a certain route, but continual side excursions were made to suit us, the guests of the day. They drove east and south and west and north, until we had seen it all. And it is needless to say that the enchantment of the scene called forth many expressions of delight, and that the memory of that drive will linger for years.

There were flowers everywhere, and especially no end of roses. There were orange trees loaded so they had to be propped, here and there, grove after grove, about thirty acres or more in each. It was a long drive, but we did not tire of looking at one long succession of laden groves and blooming parterres. Who could grow tired of

"Orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze,
Were wantoning together free,
Like age at play with infancy?"

Redlands is a recently incorporated town, with nearly 3,000 inhabitants, whose lands are irrigated with water from the mountains. Four years ago the town was hardly known, while now it is one of the most desirable fruit-growing sections in Southern California, possessing some of the most luxuriant orange groves in the State. Everything here is neat and attractive,

and besides the luxuriant basin of the town proper there are high surrounding hills which are being transformed into gardens and slopes of perpetual bloom. The twin Smiley Brothers, of Lake Mohonk, N. Y., proprietors of the Mohonk and the Minnewaska Hotels in that State, have bought an extensive tract here which they have named Smiley Heights, upon which they are producing beautiful effects in landscape gardening. One of them had a party of five driving our company around; and when we got upon the hill where there were some 250 Chinamen building roads and a fountain, we met Mr. Smiley, whom I knew when the brothers kept the Friends' School at Providence, R. I., where my son Eugene was killed by an accidental fall while at play. We had a long talk, in which their plans were explained. The work they are doing is simply marvelous, and there seems to be no counting of cost. We were fortunate in being driven over these beautiful hills and through this charming valley by a citizen who knew everybody and everything there. Everywhere, he said, the houses, like those we saw, were set in from the street, surrounded by flower gardens, many of them partially covered with roses, and nearly all having trees along the street in place of fences. Here we had a light sprinkling of rain, but were told there would be no more until October or November. The streets were watered. The reddish hue of the earth gives the place its name.

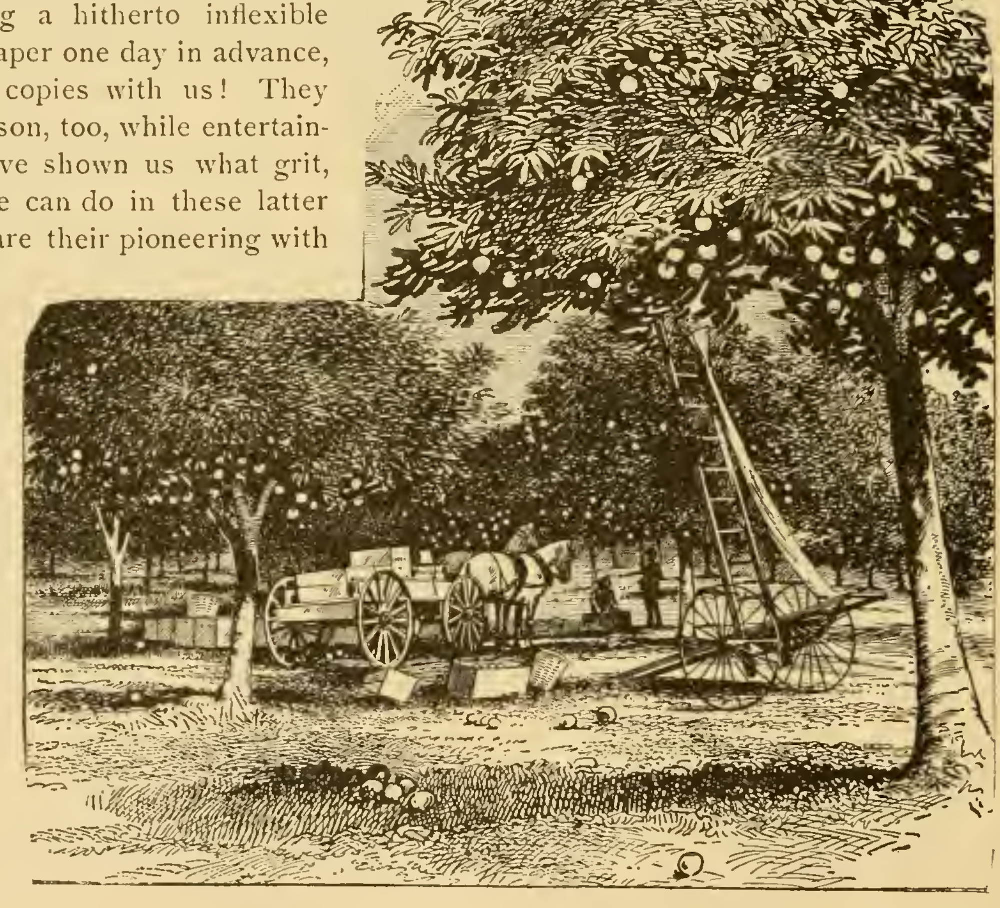
VINEYARD IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The business portion of the town is built entirely of brick, two and three story structures being the rule; and the effect, as can be readily imagined, is of the finest. There are three first-class hotels, an opera house, and large business establishments of every kind, including two banks, many general merchandise stores, etc.

An enterprise which has made the name of Redlands familiar, and one, indeed, upon which the very existence of the place itself is largely dependent, is the Bear valley reservoir. In the incipiency of the task undertaken for the reclamation of this section, it became apparent that some method of impounding the water that ran to waste in the winter must be devised; and a search in the mountains to the north discovered a valley that had every appearance of having once been the site of a lake, which had been drained by some great convulsion of nature. It was found that by the construction of a dam across the chasm through which the water had escaped, the lake could be restored; and, in the face of the greatest difficulty, this task was undertaken. A curved stone wall, sixty feet in height and about 400 in length, with

a maximum thickness of twenty feet and a minimum of four, was accordingly built across the cañon, the water being allowed to accumulate behind it as the wall was built. By this means a lake or reservoir between five and six miles in length, and from 400 feet to a mile and a half in width, was created, the average depth being twelve feet. The water thus impounded is discharged, as occasion requires, into Bear Creek, and thence into the Santa Ana River. At the mouth of the cañon, eighteen miles below the reservoir, stone-lined ditches take the water to the borders of the Redlands settlement, where it is diverted into pipes, and thus carried wherever desired. Although the dam, in its exceedingly slender proportions, has been pronounced impracticable by many engineers, it has stood for years, and promises to stand for all time. From the commencement it has been a success; and, by the aid of the water thus furnished, thousands of acres of land, once valueless, have been made highly productive.

How the people vied with each other in courtesy! Mr. Scipio Craig, editor of the *Citrograph*, breaking a hitherto inflexible rule by issuing his paper one day in advance, that we might take copies with us! They have taught us a lesson, too, while entertaining us; for they have shown us what grit, pluck, and enterprise can do in these latter days. As we compare their pioneering with that of the '40's, we see that their achievements are as worthy of recognition as ours, albeit in an entirely different direction. We leave with almost irresistible longings to return and live out our allotted span amid the scenes of beauty around us.



ORANGE GROVE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

At 11.30 all were assembled at the Terrace Villa for dinner, and then the cry was "all aboard," and the train started for Riverside, where we spent the afternoon. On the cars, as we were returning, John Brown, Jr., introduced his father, a grand, old-fashioned man, over eighty years of age, active and well preserved. He was a trapper, and well acquainted with all the Rocky Mountain region long before Fremont's expeditions. His reminiscences were very interesting, and his parting words were like a benediction.

Riverside is older than Redlands and most of the other valley towns, and of course has therein some advantage in development. It is an earthly paradise of orange orchards, vineyards, and gardens; and one of our number said that he would be satisfied to take it as his

heaven. Rev. T. K. Beecher calls it "a garden-plat, ten miles long." There are over 100 miles of irrigating ditches within the town, and, in addition to the fruit and vegetable industries, a few beautiful farms devoted to mixed crops. One of these belonged to a wealthy Friend, who took several of the party in his private carriage. I was fortunate in having for a driver a real-estate agent named Russell, who took us on Magnolia avenue, twelve miles long and 132 feet wide, ornamented on either side with magnolia trees, and divided into two broad pathways by a row of pepper trees in the centre. Our carriages are filled with flowers by kind friends, for us to enjoy as we ride. To the right, seemingly near, we clearly see the San Bernardino Mountains, their towering peaks glistening with snow; but, like many other beautiful things, they are deceptive and distant. Such orange orchards and such shade trees as we saw on that drive! One rose bush, several feet high and four inches through, was a beautiful sight, with its wealth of fragrant blossoms. We were told of the activity of the real-estate market, and do not wonder thereat. We visit an orange packing-house, where we see some rapid work, and are invited to eat all we want.

Nowhere in all California can a better idea be formed of the possibilities that inhere in the application of water to an apparent desert. Twenty years ago the site of Riverside was an utterly barren plain. It was used as a sheep range, but was so ill adapted for even that purpose that the land was considered practically valueless. On all these thousands of acres not a single family found a sustenance.

To-day there is gathered here a population of over 6,000 persons. Upward of 9,000 acres are planted with oranges and other fruits. The present orange crop will reach some 1,800 car loads, valued at $1,500,000, while another million was paid for the other fruits produced last year. As a community the people of Riverside are more wealthy than any like number anywhere else in the world. Incomes of $500 to $1,000 an acre annually are frequent, and a more attractive aggregation of handsome homes cannot be found. Yet it is only a few years since the owner of the land where all this has been accomplished refused to pay taxes upon it, so utterly unproductive and worthless was it. To-day, what is still unimproved of the vast tract, covering some 18,000 acres, cannot be purchased for less than $350 to $400 an acre, while improved places readily bring $2,000, and even more for each acre.

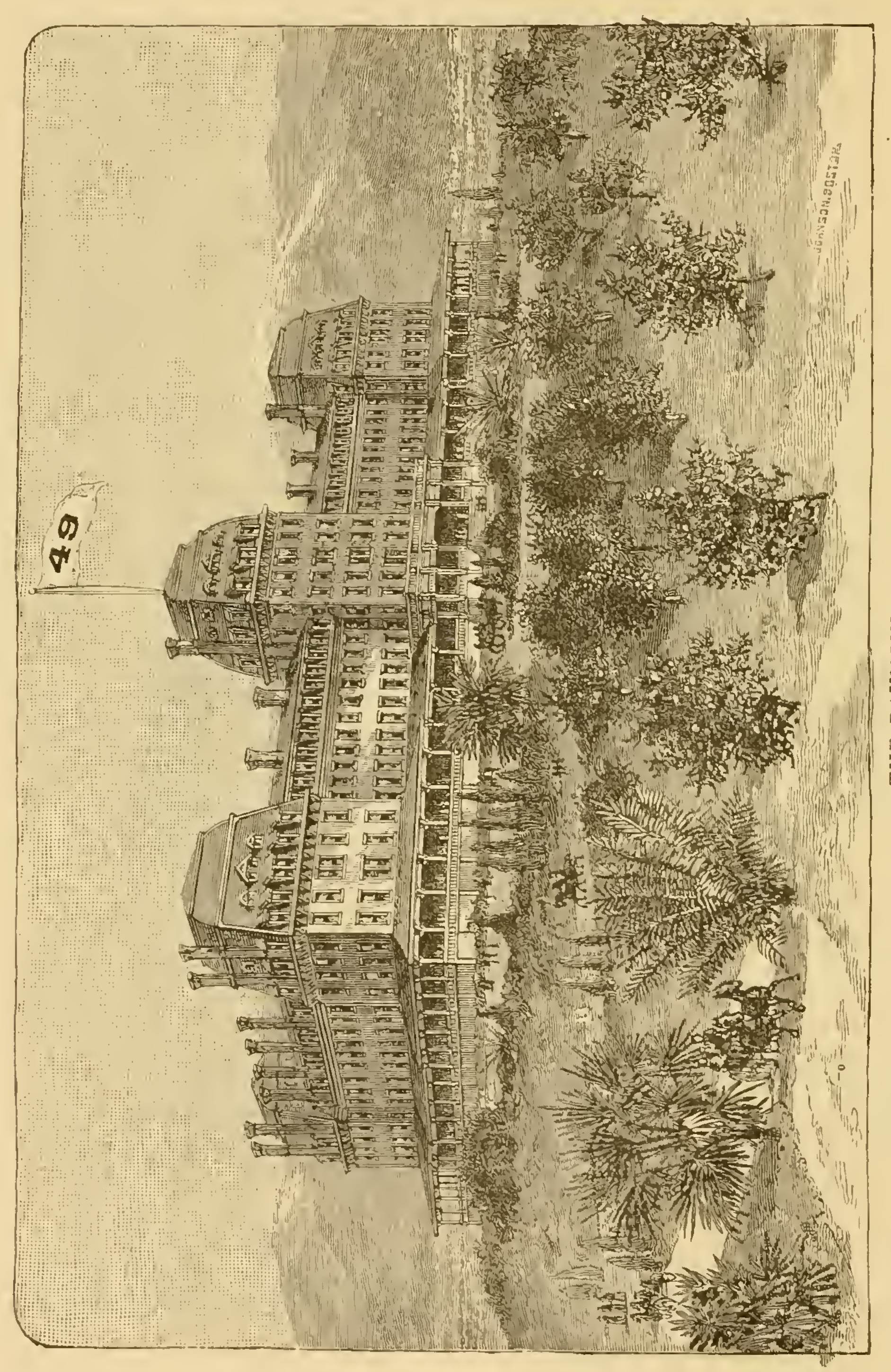
During the year 1890 Riverside shipped 1,491 car loads of oranges, 222,994 boxes of raisins, and an immense quantity of dried and fresh fruits of various kinds. As already said, the income from the orchards and vineyards of this section for the year amounted to $2,500,000.

The transformation that has been effected here since the days when the poor, half-starved sheep and their forlorn herders wandered over this plain,—less than twenty years ago,—is entirely due to two elements—brains and water. From the Santa Ana River, close at hand, canals were constructed, and the water diverted.

Some sixty acres of artesian land are owned by the district, costing an average of $500 an acre. The water from that sixty acres will, however, make between 3,000 and 4,000 acres of land that is now practically valueless worth from $300 to $500 an acre. The cost of development and delivering the water on this land will be about $60 an acre.

The incorporated limits cover fifty-six square miles; there is no city debt; the assessed valuation is $4,588,890; the rate of city tax is 55 cents on the $100; there are eight school buildings, valued at $100,000, and attended by 1,200 pupils, with twenty-two teachers; there are twelve churches, valued at $150,000; the Young Men's Christian Association has its own building, worth $20,000; there is a free public library, with 3,500 volumes; there are

fifteen miles of street-car lines, five miles of cement sidewalks, 175 miles of streets, 175 miles of irrigating canals, and forty miles of pipe-lines ; and all this where twenty years ago was a miserably poor sheep range !



THE RAYMOND.

Our train has advanced, meanwhile, to a more convenient station, and we reach it at 6.00 P. M. Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Higbee and I wish to pay our kind driver, but Mr. Russell will not take a cent. "No," said he, "I have been here about nine years, and have driven thousands of

people through these streets, and never charged a cent; and I am not going to take pay now from a '49er." The whistle blows, and, with regret, we bid adieu to another Eden.

After a run of some fifty miles through the beautiful San Gabriel valley, teeming with tropical fruits and flowers, with a light breeze wafting their perfume into our car windows until it seemed as if we were breathing naught but orange blossoms and roses, we reached Pasadena about half-past seven. I was much impressed by the earnestness of one of our party, who told how he and others had hunted jack-rabbits here in 1849, to eke out their scanty supply of provisions. "And only to think," he said, "how we hurried through this section and left it without once imagining its possibilities! We were literally as bad as Yankee Doodle, who 'could not see the town, there were so many houses.' Had I known how this land could be developed, you would never have seen me digging for gold on the American River, and I feel like kicking myself to think that I was not observant enough to notice the unmistakable indications of its fertility which now every one can plainly see. However, there is one comfort,— other people were just as stupid, and as late as 1873 no one seemed to think the land good enough for anything but a passably good sheep range. See how it has been developed! And mark that all through this valley it is not the wealthy alone who enjoy beautiful homes.

"The workingman, perhaps driven from the East by severe winters, where the cold is a menace, as winter comes on finds here a great contrast. If he cannot afford a fire, his children feel chilly on winter nights instead of freezing, and summer comes every winter day from 9.00 A. M. to 4.00 P. M. The farmer or agriculturist finds an open season the year round. While in January, in Ohio, he was snowed up, Christmas here finds barley either up or ploughing going on. There is something growing all the time; six crops of fodder (alfalfa) for the cattle, and other things in proportion. In Florida, grass, milk, apples, pears, nuts, butter, peaches, etc., are scarce or unknown; here they are abundant."

Carriages were in waiting to take us to the stately Hotel Raymond, where everything was in readiness to receive us. A large flag, bearing the figures '49, was floating at half-mast, above the cupola, in memory of General Chapin. We alighted upon paths carpeted with roses, over which we walked to the luxuriantly furnished rotunda, which, like the corridors, was ablaze with incandescent electric lights. Flowers and ferns were arranged in many tasteful designs. Chandeliers were garlanded, mantels banked with tea roses, and stairways decked with pyramids of calla lilies. Vases of flowers stood on every table in all the reception rooms. Above the elevator was a device in immortelles, symbolizing the labors of '49. It was a crossed miner's pick and shovel, over which the words "WELCOME, PIONEERS," breathed the combined fragrance of white roses and kind hearts. Below were the figures '49–'90. Pillows of nasturtiums were displayed on either side of the grand stairway, and the strains of soft music floated through the corridors.

We are met by the genial, painstaking, and accommodating manager, C. H. Merrill, whom I have known for years at the Crawford House in the White Mountains. Under his careful supervision the big hotel absorbs the 148 guests rapidly and quietly. There was no crowding around the clerk's desk for rooms, no clanging of bells, no wild rush of bell-boys. Each guest had a ticket, which he had received on the train, giving the number of his room. Toilets received the necessary attention, and then we repaired to the spacious dining-room, which, like the rest of the house, was blooming with flowers. Besides the special floral pieces, which were many, there were large bouquets on every table, the whole giving evidence of the exquisite taste and tireless industry of Jennie Audinwood, the housekeeper, and Mr. G. T. C. Holden. Of the dinner it is sufficient to say it was well worthy of the following unique bill of fare: —

"Go, sirrah! And take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords."

OYSTERS ON THE SHELL

"The dinner attends you, sir."

Chicken Broth — Consommé à la Royale

FRENCH SOUP STICKS

Pickled Walnuts — *Queen Olives* — *Celery*

"Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast."

Boiled Salmon, Cream Sauce

POTATOES PARISIENNE

"Ay, but hearken, sir; though the Chameleon Love can feed on air,
I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat."

Boiled Mutton, Caper Sauce — Boiled Ham

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?"

Roast Beef, Dish Gravy — Young Lamb, Mint Sauce — Ribs of Pork, Apple Sauce

Boiled and Mashed White Potatoes — Green Peas — Turnip — Spinach
New Beets — Fresh Asparagus — Lima Beans — Cauliflower

"I smell it; upon my life it will do well."

Tenderloin of Beef, Larded, Bordelaise Sauce — Fricandeau of Veal, Sauce Tomato
Macaroni au Gratin — Apricot Fritters, Wine Sauce

"Faith, as cold as can be."

PIONEER PUNCH

"A dish that I do love to feed upon."

Roast Teal Duck, with Currant Jelly

"A savor that may strike the dullest nostril."

Lobster Salad — Dressed Celery

"Live like yourself, was soon my lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board."

English Plum Pudding, Hard and Brandy Sauce — Princess Pudding, Wine Sauce
Apple Pie — Squash Pie — Jelly Cake Pie — Gold Cake — Cocoanut Layer Cake
White Swiss Cake — Fruit Cake — Orange Jelly — Sherry Wine Jelly

"Will't please your Honor taste of these conserves?"

Russian Cream — Baked Cup Custard — Fruit Jumbles — Strawberries with Whipped Cream
Cream Bon Bons — Macaroons — Charlotte Russe

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

"Sweetmeats, messengers of strong prevailment of unhardened youth."

Navel Oranges — Bananas — Mixed Nuts — Figs — Layer Raisins
American, Pineapple, and Edam Cheese — Water Wafers — Soda Crackers

"For now we sit to chat as well as eat."

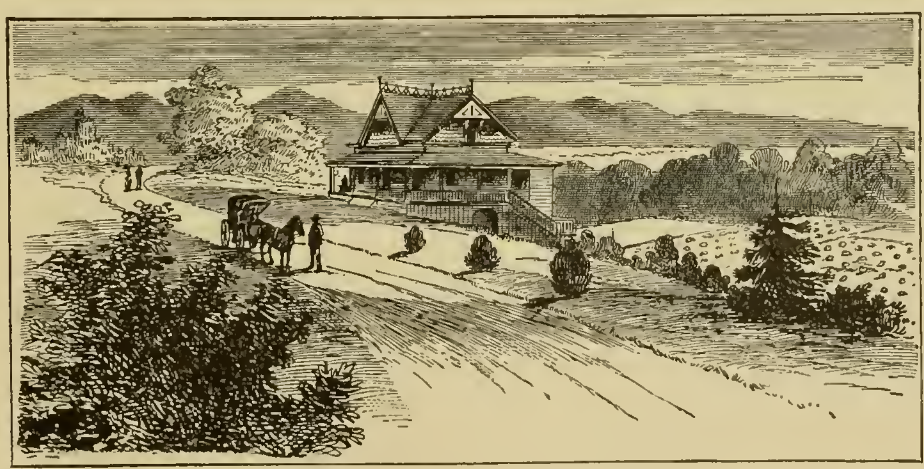
TEA — COFFEE

Steward Simpson was in his glory, and every detail received the most careful attention.

It was a dinner that no one who was present can ever forget. We ate leisurely, but with appetites sharpened for the tempting viands by our afternoon's exercise; and as the nimble waiters supplied our every want, it was a charming sight to watch their forms apparently floating in the mazes of some labyrinthine waltz as they moved in and out among the flower-decked tables and garlanded colonnades, doubly beautiful in the soft glow of the shaded electric lights. Conversation was animated, and many an interesting reminiscence was told of the days when this beautiful hill was shunned as not worth the trouble of climbing unless it was desired to ascertain if any hostile Indians were abroad in the valley. Only one regret was expressed, that distant friends could not be there to share in our enjoyment.

After dinner there was a rush to obtain copies of the bill of fare to send home, and Mr. Merrill handed one as a souvenir to each member of the party. In visiting my Pioneer friends I have not found one who does not still retain this memento of our Pasadena dinner, and who does not show it with pride.

Fatigued with the hospitalities that had been showered upon us at San Bernardino, Redlands, Riverside, and Pasadena, and surfeited with the dazzling beauties of this semi-tropical region with its perfume-laden air, golden orchards, and flower-crowned slopes, we found sleep most welcome; but in dreams we saw again the rugged cañons, the barren hills, the weird Sierras, and the wilderness of '49.



DRIVE ALONG THE ARROYA SECO.

CHAPTER VII.

BIOGRAPHIES OF OUR LEADING MEN.

O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us!

— Burns.

WHAT was our surprise at breakfast next morning, to find on our tables copies of an illustrated edition of the Los Angeles *Tribune*, with long editorials, and pictures and sketches of the lives of our leaders. Before we left Boston Captain Thomes had received a letter from the editor, Edward S. Gill, asking for photographs and biographical sketches, which were sent: but we had almost forgotten this, and had not looked for anything more than very brief mention of individuals. Instead, Mr. Gill used all the material sent, and added comments of his own. I reproduce abridgments of the sketches, which are reliable, so far as their historical part is concerned, although some of his conclusions are, perhaps, rather too flattering; giving first the names of our two most active workers, and then the others in the alphabetical order of their names.

Captain William H. Thomes, the president of the New England Society of California Pioneers, was born in Portland, Me., but at an early age his family moved to Boston, where he was educated in the public schools; but, like other boys of those days, he longed to see foreign lands. His friends secured him a position on the ship Admittance, Captain Peter Peterson, for a voyage to California, a portion of the world that was almost unknown at that period. The ship was owned by Messrs. Appleton & Hooper, and sailed from Boston on the 26th of October, 1842, and, after a quick voyage of 126 days, dropped anchor in the harbor of Monterey on the 7th day of March, 1843. For three years he was on the coast collecting hides and trading goods with the Mexicans for guavas and tallow, all that the natives had to dispose of for such articles as Boston vessels carried to the coast. The supercargo was Mr. Henry Mellus, and the assistant was Mr. Henry Thuchemaker, both well known to the old residents of the State. During Mr. Thomes' cruising up and down the coast, he and three other boys were employed in boating, carrying traders from the shore to the ship, etc., and in that way made the acquaintance of all the prominent people in the country, from San Diego to San Francisco, among them Messrs. Stearns, Temple, Bandini, Wolfskill, the priests of the mission; and one of his proudest boasts is that he has often carried Mrs. Stearns (now Mrs. Baker) and her sister from the rocky shores of San Pedro Bay, opposite the adobe house of Don Juan Foster, to his boat, when they were on a shopping expedition, all of which he has related at length in his recently published book, called "On Land and Sea; or, California in 1843, '44, and '45"; and a still later work entitled, "Lewey and I; or, Sailor Boys' Wanderings." The latter book carries the reader through the Mexican war, and is filled with exciting adventures; some real and many imaginary. These books have been the means of sending many hundred people to California, to see the country, which the author so well describes in its early days. He left the Admittance with his friend Lewey, at San Diego, and, after seeing

CAPT. WM. H. THOMES.

life among the Mexicans, sailed for Maitland in the old Mexican schooner California, Captain Cooper, the half-brother of Mr. Thomas O. Larkin, the first and only American consul in this State, with residence and store at Monterey.

After Mr. Thomes returned to Boston, he learned the trade of a printer, and then embraced a literary career until 1849, when he and 149 others purchased the ship Edward Everett, stocked the vessel with provisions for two years, and, in January, 1849, once more sailed for California, arriving in San Francisco July 7, 1849. The ship was then headed for Benicia, moored alongside the mud banks, and all the owners started in a fleet of boats and one steamer built by the Edward Everett people, and the first vessel that was run by steam that navigated the Sacramento River. She was commanded by the late William V. Wells, the author, sailor, politician, and at one time a mayor-elect at San Francisco. The eager gold hunters encamped at Mokelumne Hill; but differences arose, and the Edward Everett Company disbanded, and each one was told to look after his own welfare. The ship and cargo were sold for $30,000, just as she lay at Benicia, and then was put on the route for passengers from San Francisco to Panama.

Mr. Thomes and a party of six started for Bidwell's Bar, on the Rio de la Pluma, where they found gold in abundance, but provisions scarce and dear, flour being $1 per pound, pork the same, and beans 50 cents a quart. The Indians were a little troublesome, and the coyotes noisy at night; and once in a while the company showed what they could do in the way of running in the presence of a hungry grizzly, whose acquaintance was not desirable. The Indians burned their tent, stole their provisions, and the snows of winter drove them from the mines in a hurry; and they traveled in different directions. At San Francisco Captain Thomes was placed in charge of the Bremen ship, Alexander Von Humboldt, owned by Messrs. Simmons, Hutchins & Co., and remained in full control, all alone on the vessel, until she was sold to a party of Spaniards. Then, owing to failing health, he took passage in the same ship for the Sandwich Islands, where he remained for some time, went to the Ladrone Islands, and from the latter to Manila, China, and Australia, and then back to Boston. For many years he was on the staff of the Boston *Herald*, and finally engaged in the publishing business; was burned out at the big fire, and lost $10,000 on that unfortunate night. His career as an author has been a successful one, all of his books having a large sale, the most renowned being "The Gold-Hunters of Australia," "The Belle of Australia," and "On Land and Sea."

He is a past master of St. John's Lodge of Boston; past president of the Martin Association of Boston, composed entirely of past and present masters of Masonic lodges, numbering 100 members, the cream of Masonry at the Hub; a member of St. Paul's Royal Arch Chapter and Boston Commandery of Knights Templars. He has held his position as president of the Society of California Pioneers from its origin, and this association now numbers over 400 members, and is growing rapidly. He has paid several visits to California since 1851, and the more he sees of the State the better he likes it: so much so that he originated the present pilgrimage of the Pioneers, hoping that all could once more see the land where they toiled and suffered in the early days of gold-mining, and witness, as he has, the great strides the State has made since 1849 in refinement, enterprise, and wealth; and he will not rest content until every member of his society has paid a visit to the land of fruits and flowers. Mrs. Thomes accompanies her husband on this excursion,— her third visit here since 1885,— and she is more enthusiastic than her partner in love for California and its people. In fact, she would like to make her home here but for business reasons on the part of her husband.

Hon. B. F. Whittemore, secretary of the New England Society of California Pioneers, is a New Englander by birth, and now sixty-six years of age. He comes from old revolutionary

stock, his great-grandfather, Captain Samuel Whittemore, having won great celebrity, when the British troops marched from Boston to Lexington, April 19, 1775, by being, although then eighty-seven years of age, the first on parade, and to exhort the assembling militia to bravery and courage. In an encounter between him and a squad of the redcoats, two of whom he killed, he was overpowered and left for dead, with thirteen bayonet and gunshot wounds upon him; but reviving, he lived twelve years thereafter, and died ninety-nine years old. On his mother's side, he descended from William Floyd, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and also from Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of the lakes.

Having received an academic education, he prepared himself for the active struggle of life, visited and traveled extensively in Europe, and in 1849, when the "gold fever" spread all over the country, he, with a party of earnest and vigorous young men, sailed from Boston, January 24, for California, around the Horn, arriving in the Bay of San Francisco July 19, after a passage of 178 days.

Like all other Pioneers to the El Dorado of the West, he, with his companions, started for the mines — that is, a portion of them; for they did not all keep together. Although of one mind as to the object of their expedition, viz. to get gold, they were of many minds as to the best place to get it. He and his party went up the San Joaquin to Stockton, and thence to Mokelumne Hill and Bar, where they entered into every phase of a miner's life, being eminently successful in the getting of gold.

Health failing him, he left the mines and took passage for the Polynesian Islands, and after a short stay in Honolulu went to South America, stopping awhile in Brazil, finally arriving in New York in 1851.

From this date he was in active life, following mercantile and professional pursuits until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he entered the army, serving in two different regiments three years and nine months, till the close of the war. He then settled in South Carolina, remaining there about twelve years, during which time he was a member of the State Senate seven years, and a Representative in Congress two terms.

In 1877 he removed to Massachusetts, and entered into business relations with the well-known publishing firm of W. H. Thompson & Co., Boston, with which he is still connected.

William H. Browne is the most patriarchal of all the '49ers of the New England Society of California Pioneers. He was born in Vassalborough, Me., in 1822, moved to Bangor, and resided there until 1840, when he went to Boston, and entered the office of Mr. Peter Degrand, on State street, the most prominent stockbroker in the city. From Boston he went to Wisconsin, where he married. He remained three years in the State, then moved to Chicago, and from that city passed on to New Orleans, where he took passage for himself and wife in the bark Laura Snow, for San Francisco, *via* Cape Horn, in the year 1849. After a long passage he landed safely, and immediately left for the mines, with others, and settled on the banks of the Mokelumne River, and turned the stream at Big Bar. Thinking that there was more money in tilling a farm than digging for gold, he bought a piece of land near the Calaveras River, and raised vegetables and fruit for a ready market and high prices. Here two of his children were born; but the day after the last one arrived the high water of 1856 surrounded his home, cut off all communication with the outside world, supplies and help, and to keep his newborn alive he was compelled to feed it on meat, whiskey, and water, with bread crumbs soaked in the mixture to give it vitality. The exposure and want of suitable nourishment were fatal to his wife, and she died. No nurse or help could be obtained, and very reluctantly he sold his property, and with his two little ones left California for Boston, *via* Panama. During all the passage he cared for the children, receiving kind assistance from the lady passengers,

HON. B. F. WHITTEMORE.

and brought the infants safe to Boston, where they were cared for by relatives. Mr. Browne then commenced business as a wholesale and retail furniture manufacturer, and now has enough money to live as he pleases, and travel where he feels inclined. He has been all over Europe several times, and is restless unless on the move. Mr. Browne is a member of St. John's Lodge, F. A. M., the oldest lodge in the country, and of which Captain William H. Thomes is past master. He is passionately fond of pictures and music, and at his elegant home on Beacon street, Boston, has select musicales twice a month during the winter season. One of his daughters is a celebrated artist, studying in Paris; but the little one, who was so miraculously saved on the banks of the Colcrasas, is dead.

A few years since Mr. Browne was in Germany, and at a certain town his name and age were demanded by the police. Out of all patience with the formalities, he said, in a petulant manner, "Oh, put me down as being 103 years old." The police gravely entered his age at those figures, and from that moment there was no peace for Mr. Browne in house or thoroughfare. Crowds followed him and stared at him, and made remarks, and one excited individual one day seized his hand, shook it vigorously, and said: "Is it possible that you are 103 years old?"

"Don't the police books say so?" Mr. Browne asked with unmoved face.

"Well, well," replied the stranger, "I should never take you to be more than ninety."

One of the remarkable men of the New England Society of California Pioneers is E. O. Carpenter, Esq., of New York City, a stock broker, and connected with the great and rich firm of James B. Colgate & Co., No. 36 Wall street. Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in that great Babylon of business interests — the Stock Board of New York — than Mr. Carpenter. His face shows coolness, firmness, and self-reliance, qualities which all brokers must possess or retire from the field, and give place to others with more push and enterprise. Mr. Carpenter's career has been a successful one ever since he entered the race for wealth and position. He is a great lover of California, for he first saw it in 1849, having arrived in San Francisco, by the way of Panama, that year. He made his first advent as a gold digger at Mormon Bar, and the North and South forks of the American River, in which places he was moderately successful; but he heard of new diggings at Amador Creek, and there he went with others, and was fortunate in finding a rich pocket. After it was exhausted, he started a store, and made money very fast; but his health failed him, and very reluctantly he was compelled to sell out a profitable business and return to his New York home, arriving in the latter part of 1851. In 1852 he entered the employ of Pierce & Colgate, and he has been with the latter member of the firm ever since. He was elected a member of the New York Stock Exchange in 1865. His residence is at Yonkers, Westchester county. Mr. Carpenter has brought his daughter with him to let her see the country he loves so much.

Charles A. Dole, Esq., East Somerville, Mass., the first vice-president of the New England Society of California Pioneers, is one of those quiet, self-possessed gentlemen whom every one likes and respects for his sterling integrity and high-toned and old-fashioned honesty; for, during his life of active business prosperity, no one can say that he wronged a fellow-man of a cent or did anything that would cause his family to blush for its honored head. Mr. Dole was born in Salem, of Puritan stock, his ancestors arriving at Plymouth in the Mayflower. In 1849, a young man full of ambition and hope, he sailed in the bark Lagrange, Captain Joseph Dewing, from Salem to San Francisco, in company with others, the flower of Essex county. The Lagrange carried to California more people, who afterwards became rich, than any vessel that left Salem during the gold excitement. The Lagrange made a long voyage, having stopped for wood and water at Fanning's Harbor, Falkland Islands, and remained there for

twenty-two days, where all the passengers shot ducks and geese until they tired of the slaughter; and it is calculated that when the bark put to sea she had on board ten tons of flesh, fish, and fowl. Mr. Dole devoted himself to mining at Mormon Island, and worked there with happy results until high water, cold weather, and damp beds drove him to Sacramento City, where he commenced business, and transacted a very profitable one, dealing in flour, which he packed to the mines when flour was a very dear article of food. He is connected with the great spice house of Stickney & Poor, whose goods are known all over the world.

This is the first time that Mr. Dole has been in California since 1852. He is accompanied by his wife and a married daughter, Mrs. Poor.

Charles H. Fifield was born at Portsmouth, N. H., April 25, 1829, was apprenticed to learn the trade of a tinplate and sheet-iron worker in 1844, at South Danvers, Mass., and commenced work as a journeyman, at Salem, Mass., in 1848, on Front street. He left Salem for California March 1, 1852, *via* Cape Horn, in the ship Samuel Appleton, sailing from Boston; was ten days off Cape Horn, and arrived at Valparaiso June 3 and left on the 4th, arriving at San Francisco July 21, after a passage of 142 days; worked at mining on the Middle and South Forks of the American River until October, after which, at his trade in Sacramento until November, when the great fire occurred, destroying the city; left for San Francisco, working at his trade until May, 1854, at which time he left for home *via* Nicaragua, on the steamer Cortez, with 1,200 passengers, including Colonel John C. Fremont, with eight of his Indian guides. Arriving at San Juan del Norte, he found trouble brewing with the natives, who threatened destruction to the American Steamship Company's works, located at Point Arenas, at entrance to harbor of Greytown. One hundred United States volunteers were called for to remain and protect the company's works, and, after a patriotic speech from Colonel Fremont, the required number enlisted; but at roll-call, about dark, only forty-eight were to be found, including Mr. Fifield; the balance had skulked away and hidden on the steamer, then bound for New York. He remained at Point Arenas six weeks, and was relieved by the United States sloop of war Cyane, which bombarded the city of Greytown. He left for New York on steamer Star of the West, arriving at Salem the middle of July, 1854. He married in 1856, and commenced the furnace and stove business in 1864; served two years (1880 and 1881) on Board of Aldermen, and at present is still engaged in the furnace and stove business at the same stand where he commenced work in 1848. He is also acting treasurer of the Monson, Me., Slate Company. He is determined to visit his old diggings, if possible. He has prospered for years, and now employs 500 men at the slate works in Maine.

Loring Wheeler Gleason was born at Westmoreland, N. H., April 20, 1833. After passing through the public schools of his native town, he studied at Mt. Cæsar Seminary in Swanzey, N. H. (since made still more famous through the wonderful impersonation of Josh Whitcomb, by Denman Thomson in "The Old Homestead"), then at academies at West Brattleboro, Vt., South Woodstock, Vt., and finally at Westminster, Vt., at which place, under the tutelage of that thorough scholar L. F. Ward, who was at that time the principal, he was fitted for college; but at about that time he contracted the California fever, then so prevalent all through New England, and, abandoning his contemplated college course, started at the age of eighteen for the land of gold, arriving in San Francisco Feb. 17, 1852, and remained there until October, 1855, most of the time in the Southern mines. He returned to his New England home with a fair compensation, but soon wearied of the comparatively monotonous life, and in the spring of 1856 he went to "Bleeding Kansas." In the spring of 1859, at the time of the Pike's Peak gold excitement, he crossed the plains with an ox-team, starting from eastern Kansas April 25, and arriving at the junction of Cherry Creek and the South Fork of the Platte River, the

present site of the City of Denver, June 2, and at once went into the mountains at Gregory diggings, that being about the only "diggins" then discovered; spent about two months prospecting with very poor results, and then started for eastern Kansas. In his trip out to Pike's Peak he passed over the old Santa Fe trail, and returned by the Platte River route, so that on his present trip he will pass over about 1,000 miles of almost precisely the same grounds over which he drove his ox-teams thirty-one years ago. What greater contrast can possibly be imagined, on the first trip toiling along for weeks after coming in sight of Pike's Peak without being perceptibly any nearer it, sleeping on the ground, standing guard through the long, stormy nights, and the many other hardships known only to those who have had a similar experience, and now passing over the same route in the magnificently equipped vestibuled train, accompanied by his wife and daughter, making the trip from Boston to California, with the many stops on the route, and back to Boston in the same time, almost to an hour, which was consumed on the first trip from eastern Kansas to Denver! In March, 1863, Mr. Gleason went to Boston to engage in the real-estate business, where he has since remained, and still continues in the real-estate and insurance business at 257 Washington street. His home, however, is in the town of Everett, one of Boston's most charming suburbs.

Frederick C. Hanson, Esq., is well known in Boston. He is one of those quiet but determined men who make their mark in any part of the world in which they may be located. He was born in Copenhagen in 1821, and at the age of four his parents moved to St. Croix, West Indies, where he resided for ten years, and received a portion of his education. Both of his parents died when he was fourteen, leaving but a small fortune for the youth to face the world. Then he desired to see foreign lands, and commenced real life as a sailor boy; but six years of such an existence was all he desired, so he left the sea, and apprenticed himself to the famous firm of Joseph L. Ross, of Boston, manufacturer of school furniture. In 1849 he was taken with the gold fever, and sailed from Boston in the ship New Jersey, in May, making the passage to San Francisco in 164 days, with 200 passengers, stopping on the way at Valparaiso. He worked in the mines at Hangtown, where he was quite successful, for over a year; but hard fare, chills and fever, and high water drove him to Sacramento, at which place he started in business at carpentering, and was very successful for over a year; but his health again broke down, and he was compelled to sell out, and return East. Since 1874 he has been an assistant to the superintendent of public buildings of Boston. He is president of the New Jersey Association, all of whom are members of the Society of California Pioneers. This is his first visit to California since 1852.

Richard Harrington, Esq., of Salem, Mass., the second vice-president of the New England Society of California Pioneers, was born in that city. Mr. Harrington is a member of the old and highly esteemed Harrington family, among the earliest settlers of that portion of Massachusetts, dating back to Governor Hutchins' time. The subject of this biography had every advantage of birth and education; but he was fired with the desire to see the world, and to strike out on his own account. So, when the gold excitement broke out, he joined in with other natives of his city, and purchased the bark Lagrange, and sailed for California, leaving Sept. 17, 1849, being the youngest person on the vessel. As related in Mr. Dole's biography, the Lagrange stopped at the Falkland Islands, where Mr. Harrington one afternoon, unaided, shot and secured three wild bullocks, an exhibition of luck and pluck that was much commented on at the time. On arriving at San Francisco the Lagrange was sailed to Benicia, where the company built a clamboat, the second one that ever navigated the Sacramento River. As usual, the company disbanded, and each man started for the mines on his own account. Mr. Harrington, with other friends, went to Dry Creek and the North Fork of

the American River, at both of which places he made good paying wages. Then, tired of the hard life of a miner, he returned to San Francisco, and went into active business, but was called home on account of family matters. He left San Francisco in 1852, and this is his first visit since that year. Mr. Harrington is an extensive dealer in leather.

Marcellus Houghton, Esq., was born in Massachusetts, and sailed for California, from Boston, Nov. 22, 1849, in the ship Reindeer, Captain Lord, with 194 passengers, arriving in San Francisco April 2, 1850, after a passage of 128 days,—a very short one at that time, including a stop of seven days in Valparaiso for water and vegetables. On arriving in California he went to Wood's Creek, in the vicinity of Columbia and Stanislaus Rivers, Sonora, where he dug gold and prospected during the years 1850–51, and during the latter date mined at San Andreas, near Lake's store, where he was moderately successful; but the high water and cold weather forced him from the banks of the streams, and in the winter of 1852 he located at Campo Seco (alias Turnerville) as proprietor of a store and restaurant and express office. In these various professions he made considerable money, but ill health compelled him to relinquish business and return East, sailing from San Francisco by steamer in April, 1852. Since then he has lived in Concord, Mass. He has been a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, chairman of the Concord Selectmen, and is now spending his time and money in fancy farming, hothouse flowers, and other pleasant excitements. He is very anxious to visit his former mining scenes.

Mr. Simeon Mitchell, of Campello, a member — and a prominent one from its origin — of the New England Society of California Pioneers, is a self-made man — one who had but little family influence to help him along in the world, so he commenced real life by starting for California in 1849, leaving Boston in October as a passenger on the fine ship Richmond, determined to make his fortune in the gold fields before he returned East. In this he was not quite as successful as he anticipated, but he made enough money to give him a good start in life when he returned to Boston. He arrived in San Francisco April 3, 1849, and the next day went to work packing boards from a scow on the mud flats at the moderate sum of $10 per day. Then he wheeled sand at $8 per day, but, tiring of such work, went to the mines, locating at Murphy's diggings. Here he worked hard and late, and with patient toil accumulated fine gold dust, until he felt as though he had enough to start in some business at home; for cold water, hard fare, and laborious work undermined his health, and a halt was called. Mr. Mitchell is now a Boston merchant, prosperous and generous.

A quiet, silent, but determined man is Florimond B. Mower, Esq., of Lynn, Mass., a member of the great boot and shoe house of F. B. Mower & Son, who turn out thousands of cases of boots and shoes every year, and who has made money in spite of the competition, strikes, and other annoyances to which all shoe houses are subject in the East. Mr. Mower was born in Lynn in the year 1825, and sailed for California in the ship Henry Ware, Noah Maron, master, with a large number of passengers. He was fortunate in his voyage, being only 134 days from Boston to San Francisco. He remained in California for two years, engaged in mining, trade, etc., and returned East, on the death of his father, to assume charge of his business. This is Mr. Mower's first visit to California since 1851. Mr. Mower is one of the early and most active members of the New England Society of California Pioneers.

Director Frederick Pease, of East Boston, Mass., was born at Edgartown, Mass., and sailed from that place for San Francisco in September, 1849, by the way of Cape Horn, in the bark Sarah, making the voyage in 187 days. He arrived in California in March, 1850, and went to mining at Angel's Camp, and from there to Calaveras River; but ill health compelled his return East after a year and a half of hard experience at gold digging. He made more than

paying wages while at the mines, and was enabled to take a cabin passage on board one of the steamers by the Nicaragua route. Mr. Pease is one of the directors of the New England Society of California Pioneers, and is an active and useful member. He has held many important public positions in Boston, having been for several years a member of the upper and lower branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, a prominent member, for two terms of three years each, of the directors of Boston's public institutions, and was called upon by the United States Government as an expert during the great sugar controversy, and his decision was so just and fair that it won the commendation of the secretary of the Treasury in a public letter. Mr. Pease, for the past fifteen years, has been treasurer of the East Boston Gas Company. He is a past master of an East Boston lodge of Masons. This is his first visit since 1852. Mr. Pease is six feet two inches tall, and his picture shows what he is, a fine-looking specimen of an Eastern man.

Charles T. Stumcke, Esq., of Boston, is no stranger to California, and in point of wealth and standing is one of the solid men of the modern Athens. He is a director of the New England Society of California Pioneers, and a very active and enthusiastic one. He is just in the prime of life, being born in 1830, and always was fond of travel and adventure. He sailed from Boston in the ship New Jersey with 150 passengers for San Francisco on the 1st of May, 1849, making a passage of 164 days, arriving in California Oct. 11, 1849. He immediately repaired to the mines, like other adventurers, and for two years dug for gold at Auburn, Placer county; then returned East for his health, and once more sailed from Boston in the ship Mary Merrill, for the Golden State, arriving in San Francisco Oct. 23, 1853. In that year he was married, and settled in San Francisco, where he carried on business until 1869, when his health again failed him, owing to close application to his business, and he was obliged to return East, where he has resided ever since, being engaged in managing hotels, the Crawford House, on Court street, being his latest venture, and a very profitable one for the past ten years. His eldest son was born in San Francisco, and is a member of the society.

Captain Edwin D. Wadsworth, of Milton, Mass., is one of the directors of the New England Society of California Pioneers. He is a man who would be noticed in a crowd — strong, determined, and just such a person as would be selected to command a clipper-ship, or lead a desperate charge of cavalry. Nearly all of his life has been passed on the ocean as boy, sailor, officer, and master. He was born in Milton, Mass., and is descended from Pilgrim ancestry. When sixteen years of age he sailed from Boston in the ship Richmond, for California, Oct. 31, 1849, and arrived at San Francisco April 6, 1850. He spent the summer mining at Nevada City and on the South Yuba, where he was remarkably successful, and saved thousands of dollars of gold dust. Then he tired of mining, and, after a little more experience at sea, shipped as chief officer of the first Mexican merchant ship that visited Japan on a trading voyage. He has commanded clipper-ships on every sea, and steamers to California, Rio Janeiro, Europe, Asia, and Africa. He also commanded transport steamers during the late war between the North and the South, and in all the important positions that he has occupied has commanded the esteem and respect of all with whom he has been brought in contact. Even his seamen were proud to serve under him voyage after voyage, and that is a good test of a captain's quality. He is one of the rich men of the rich town of Milton, and is treasurer of the Boston Marine Society, an institution that has nearly $400,000 surplus, all owned by retired ship-masters who compose the institution. Captain Wadsworth is accompanied by Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Wadsworth, and Miss Whilton. Captain Wadsworth is a member of Boston Commandery Knights Templars, and a Mason of high degree.

In addition to the above, the local paper contained the following, without illustrations: —

"D. C. Allen, of Leominster, Mass., now sixty-five years old, and hale and hearty, arrived March 15, 1849, and remained eight months. He is the only survivor of his party of twelve. He moved to Willow Springs, near Dry Creek, Amador county, where he built the first frame house, with doors and windows, on the creek. He was much amused to see how astonished the Indians were to see glass. They would peer through the windows, and put their hands on the panes, to see if they were real.

"David S. Boynton, sixty-five years old, is a prominent leather manufacturer of Lynn, Mass. He came here with four townsmen — of whom two are still living in Lynn — on the brig Ann Tarris, which sailed from Beverly, and arrived in San Francisco in September, 1849. An accident, by which one of his knees was injured, compelled him to return after a stay of eight months.

"James D. McAvoy worked for Oliver Ames, father of Oakes, before he came to California on the Edward Everett. Mr. Ames wanted him to bring out a shipment of shovels at $9 a dozen, but Mr. McAvoy was afraid that Ames was trying to work off stock on him. The shovels could have been sold here as fast as offered at $30 a piece. Mr. McAvoy and ten others stopped at Benicia to build a flatboat, which was propelled by an engine brought out on the Everett, the rest of the party going on. The steamboat men got disgusted, and tied the boat to a tree, where it may be still, for all they know. They bought a yoke of oxen, and went to Mokelumne Hill, where they were fairly successful. The ship was sold for $30,000, and a dividend declared; but few ever got it, as they were scattered widely.

"Manson Perkins, of Lamoille, Ill., came by the ox-team route, and went back with $1,500. 'I'm sorry now,' said he, 'I didn't stay and buy some of the land lying around here; but the trouble was, as Captain Thomes has said of Mokelumne, we damned the country, and we damned it until we could no longer say Amen to the sentiment.'

"William H. Pierce, of Lynn, is over sixty, and talks entertainingly of the days of '49. He took home $1,500 in dust, and his arrival in his native town was the event of the day. All the people flocked into the tavern that night, and their eyes stuck out in wonderment as he poured out of his belt into a saucer the yellow nuggets. 'But,' added he, 'people's imaginations were greatly inflamed in those days. They got exaggerated ideas of the wealth of a Californian. You know a man, after all, can carry very little solid gold on his person. Yet that little saucer set the people wild, and I heard one man telling a friend on the street, next morning, that he saw me pouring out gold, and he believed I had several more barrels of it.' Another point that Mr. Pierce made was that the men who left New England in '49 outlived most of their friends of the same age at that time who remained at home. No small proportion of the older men of New England have been California Pioneers."

THE PIONEER GROUP AT THE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASADENA, ITS HOTEL, AND MINING CAMP.

The pickaxe and the rocker, the sluice-box and the mine,
And bronzed, red-shirted giants were the types of '49.
The vineyard and the orchard, the harrow and the plough,
And stalwart boys and blooming girls, are what we boast of now.

— CHRONICLE.

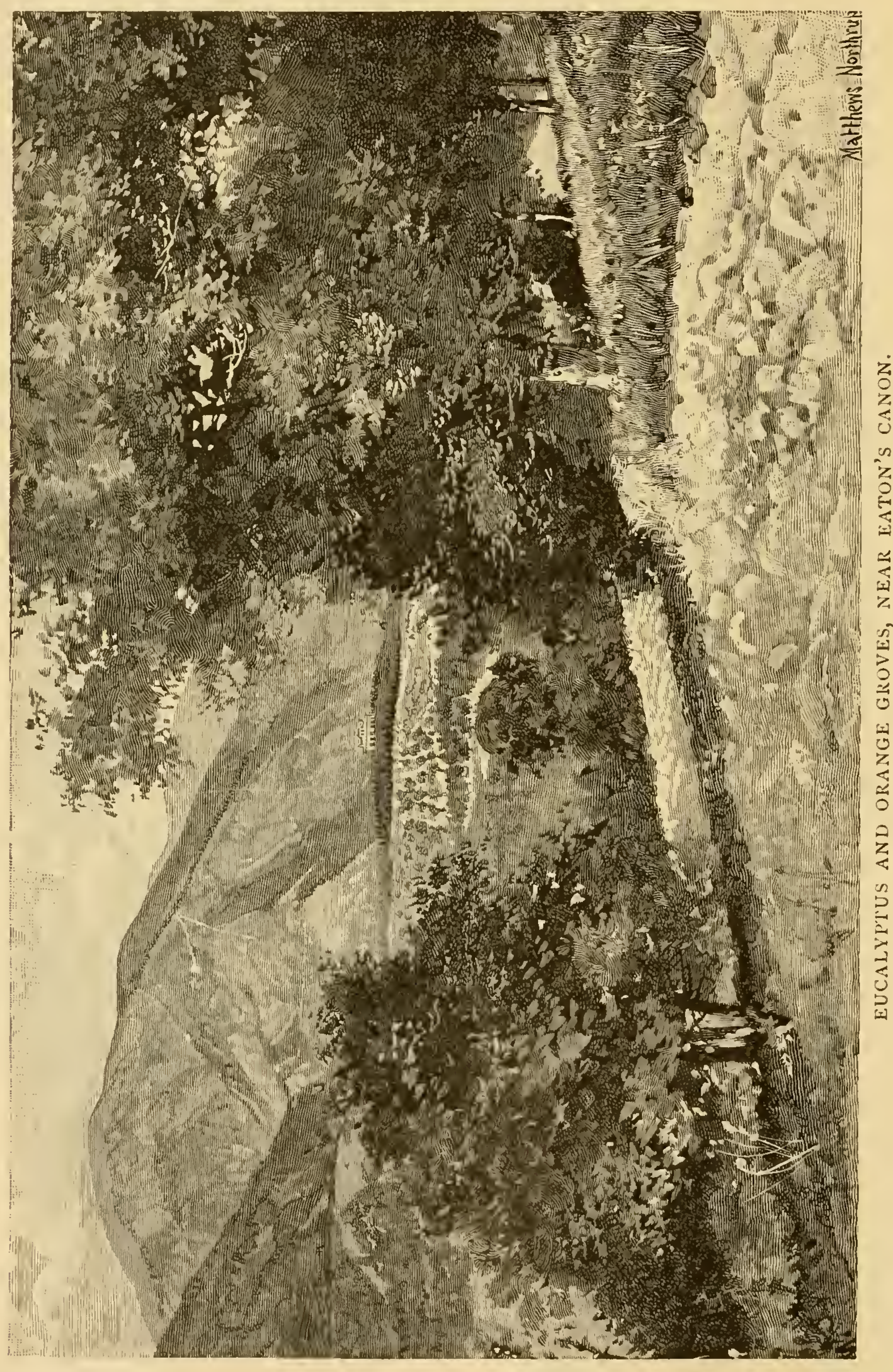
SOME one arranged with a photographer to take our pictures; but, as we were scattered here and there, walking, reading, and writing letters, only sixty-two responded to the unexpected call. We stood on the piazza and steps of the hotel, and in the wonderfully clear air and bright sunlight, a photograph was taken which I have never seen excelled for so large a group. Copies cost us $1 each, and were delivered at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Had it been generally known that this picture was to be taken, all would have been present. "How I wish I had heard of it in time!" and similar thoughts, were uttered by all not included. I reproduce the photograph by the "half-tone" process, but on a page of this size it is not easy to do full justice to the work of the photographer.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PASADENA AVENUE.

The remainder of the forenoon was passed in receiving friends, who poured in in a steady stream, apparently determined to leave undone nothing which could contribute to our comfort and enjoyment. We also took short rambles and drives about the place, with which we were more than pleased.

Pasadena, the "crown of the valley," as its name, which is of Indian origin, implies, is situated in the most fruitful and picturesque part of the great San Gabriel valley, some eight or nine miles from Los Angeles. The valley is here a succession of gentle hills, some of which are upwards of 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, or 700 and 800 feet above Los Angeles. Their slopes are covered with orange groves, gardens, and vineyards. It has the same protection from the north winds as Santa Barbara, being directly in front of the grand old mountain

range known as the Sierra Madre, and is just far enough from it to make its magnificent scenic features appreciable. The peaks vary in height from 5,000 to 9,000 and 10,000 feet, and several of them mount into the region of snow.



EUCALYPTUS AND ORANGE GROVES, NEAR EATON'S CANON.

The dweller in Pasadena looks out from semi-tropical groves and gardens upon snowy summits. In 1873 a colony was established here, but it was some years later that the place entered

upon its thriving career. Indeed, the visitor may traverse one avenue a distance of six miles through a continuous stretch of gardens, vineyards, and orchards, with cottages, villas, schoolhouses, and other edifices, where only wild lands existed in 1882. The opening, in 1885, of the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley Railroad — now the California Central Railway (Santa Fe route), which traverses the city its entire length — gave the place a fresh impetus, and aided greatly in its development. Pasadena now contains over 8,000 inhabitants, with churches, schools of a high class, a public library, horse railways, gas, electric lights, water service, and other modern appliances of an energetic, refined, and progressive community. A large number of the residents of the place are Eastern people who have come hither in search of health, and have built charming residences. Others are Los Angeles business men, who have likewise displayed refined taste in beautifying the town and its surroundings. As we wandered among the fragrant orchards and gardens, we were impressed by the remarkable absence of fences, which in various forms of hideous aspect — picket, barbed wire, and otherwise — confront us at home. A simple hedge of cypress, more or less ornamental, and in many places not as much as that, even, borders the most elaborate gardens and the richest orchards. Here the culture of the orange is carried to a high degree of excellence, a stroll disclosing the rich, luscious, golden fruit peeping out from thousands of trees,—

"Great golden globes half hid 'neath emerald sheen."

Pasadena possesses a remarkably beautiful and healthful situation, with surroundings as grand and inspiring as the resorts of northern Italy, where, as here, orange groves, vineyards, and towering snow peaks enter into the same picture. The writer heard a prominent florist of Boston say, Dec. 13, 1890, that he is making arrangements to cultivate in Pasadena those rare and delicate flowers which he has been accustomed to import in winter from the shores of the Mediterranean.

The Raymond Hill is one of the highest elevations in this part of the valley, and its peculiar situation gives it an unobstructed view in nearly every direction. The giant warder of this fair domain is "Old Baldy," whose white head towers over 9,000 feet high. Farther eastward some of the summits attain still greater heights, San Bernardino peak, or old "Grayback," having an elevation of nearly 11,000 feet. This mountain enjoys the proud distinction of being the highest in the United States above the general level of the country at its base.

"'T was a fair scene. A land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold."

No grander situation for a hotel can be found, and, in planning the establishment, all due regard was had to this fact. While the building is noble in outline, spacious, and provided with every modern comfort and luxury, each window commands something of the rich and varied view that has been described. Light, sunshine, and air have been considered as prime necessities; and the rooms for guests have been so constructed that these important aids to health and comfort are secured to a far greater extent than is common in large hotels. The sleeping-rooms are all of liberal size, high, and readily accessible; while the public apartments, including not only reception-rooms, parlors, reading and writing rooms, ladies' billiard-room, gentlemen's billiard-room, etc., but also an admirably appointed ballroom, are also very spacious. The office rotunda is a large and pleasant apartment, and the other public rooms are on the same floor. The dining-room is in rear of the rotunda, and at its entrance are two wide stairways and a passenger elevator, which communicates with all the four stories and also with the central tower. The baggage elevator is wholly disconnected from the other;

and the trunks and other heavy luggage, instead of being taken through the office rotunda, are conveyed to the baggage-room in the rear. There are also spacious stairways in other parts of the house, and the most elaborate precautions have been taken throughout the building to prevent danger from fire. The kitchen and laundry are at a considerable distance from the guests' quarters, the laundry being upon the side of the hill, below the plateau upon which the hotel is situated. There are numerous public and private bathrooms, and many of the rooms are in *suites*.

Lunch was called about noon, after which scores of teams from the city stopped at the hotel, and took us to an old-time "Roaring Camp." When we arrived at the scene of the afternoon's festivities,— away down among the cliffs and high and rugged walls that form a basin for the clear, crystal waters of the Arroyo Seco,— the numerous vehicles, including buggies, carriages, and wagons, with saddle-horses to the right and left, arrested attention.

PLACER MINING.

We found fully 1,000 people on the ground, where our attention was at once attracted to a booth, or "wickee-up," on the Arroyo Seco, near the bridge, and a tent not far away. A gentleman named Gardner, from Los Añgeles, was serving out ice cream, lemonade, and strawberries from an apparently inexhaustible supply. Peter Steil, with one or two assistants, had charge of the camp. Ed. Carr stood gracefully behind the bar of the saloon, a fine affair, made of sticks and brush, the bar a box and barrel, with a plank for a counter. On this were set a dozen or more bottles and glasses, a pair of gold scales, and some ores. Ned, with a red nose, and a black eye, served all patrons with pure water until they were satisfied.

About two o'clock W. U. Masters mounted a stump, and announced that rich diggings had been struck at Greenhorn Gulch, and that a party of pioneers were expected any moment.

Soon shouts and yells were heard up the cañon, and all eyes were turned in that direction, when a novel sight in Pasadena, but one familiar to '49ers, met the view. A party of miners, with pack train and all the accoutrements, came trudging down the gulch, headed by a grizzly old veteran on horseback, in the person of Judge C. S. Eaton, himself a '49er. Behind came a band of men, yelling at the burros, and punching them along. The remainder of the party consisted of the following gentlemen : Captain John Lindsey, as an old-timer; Fred. Burnham, a miner; W. H. Storms, a miner disguised as a Pioneer; Harrold V. Poore, a horse thief, from Brodie; George Eaton, a pilgrim; George W. Glover, Jr., a gambler; Howard Conger, a tenderfoot; Al Carr, the washerwoman of the camp; Judd Blick, the pony mail carrier, and kid of the camp; and Will McGregory, mining expert. They were all characteristically dressed, with big revolvers and knives at their sides. Having unpacked the weary, sleepy, forlorn, shaggy-eared burros, they commenced the washing for gold.

THE ROCKER.

The cradle and pan were taken to the stream, and a half hour devoted to the search. Gravel was soon running through the rocker, and the color was shown, when a yell greeted the rich strike. D. C. Allen, of our party, was very skillful in this work.

Every fresh arrival had to visit Ed. Carr, standing behind his counter as a typical Pioneer, with corduroy pants protruding from long boots, a flannel shirt, red handkerchief in place of a necktie, heavy, rough coat, slouch hat, with a genuine old clay pipe comfortably lodged in the outer band. As each miner came up and took a drink of — spring water,— out of the black

bottle, he pulled out his pouch and dropped a pinch of dust on the scales. If over weight he pulled back part of it. Occasional attention was given to two large campfires, whose mission it was to keep the pots of bean soup at the proper temperature. In one corner of the camp was a man frying flapjacks, and turning them on the griddle by a sudden twist of the elbow. The young man who was doing this was disguised as an ancient California "tough;" but rumor has it that, despite all his recent practice and the loss of practice of the Pioneers from New England, some of the latter took hold, and, at least, equalled his act.

Then came the arrival of the first mail by pony express, when the young boy was relieved of his burden by the anxious miners, who sought news from the loved ones far away.

Next was pictured the arrival of the first woman ever in the camp. Amid shouts and laughter and uproar from both audience and miners, Miss Alice Eaton, snugly hidden away in a great brown sunbonnet, in calico dress and red shawl, preceded by her husband miner (Mr. George Eaton) on horseback, carefully carrying Little Louise Ross, all muffled up in blankets, rode into camp on a burro. A collection for the "Kid" was in order among the miners, and was faithfully carried out, the liberal old fellows going down deep into their purses and pouring out dust by the handful.

"Grub pile" was shortly afterwards announced, and the campers made a wild rush for beans and coffee, first liberally patronizing the bar. From tin cups with tin spoons the coffee, steaming from the campfire, was drunk — even extending into the ranks of the guests, who seemed to enter with great interest into the realistic reminiscences of old. And real, practical slapjacks and antiquated hard-tack too were on the bill of fare.

After dinner the boys, by way of recreation, indulged in a little game of draw poker, over which a dispute arose, when the ever-ready six-shooter was drawn, and a shooting affray followed between "Horse-thief Bob" and "Sandy the Tough." Both men died game, and were carried from the scene of battle by their friends. As a customary act, letters were indited to their friends back home, which were read by "Big Jim, the Gambler," from a box, to the astonished crowd, as follows: —

GREENHORN CAMP, July 4, 1849.

Mrs. R. A. Johnson, Sycamore, Ind.—

DEAR MADAM: A sad misfortune has befallen our camp in the death of your son Robert, which occurred to-day at 3.30 o'clock. The reason of his death was that, although very handy with a gun, he got the first shot a trifle too high, and a man named "Sandy the Tough"— a low-down gambler and no gent — plugged Robert three times.

However, your son died game, and shot his man twice, and he is now dead. It is too bad Robert got his first shot too high. We send with this all the gold which your son Robert had at the time of his death, together with a collection made up among the boys.

BIG JIM,
Per Order of the Committee.

P. S. We have taken off Robert's boots, and gave him a fine and decent burial; but it might be as well to have a little sermon preached at home, as we are short of gospel sharps out here. B. J.

The second letter read as follows: —

GREENHORN CAMP, July 4, 1849.

Mrs. C. B. McDougal, Weston, Mo.—

DEAR MADAM: A sad misfortune has befallen our camp in the death of your son Samuel, which occurred at 3.30 o'clock. The reason of his death was that "Horse-thief Bob" was too

quick for him with his gun. But Samuel killed his man, although he did not get first shot. He never squealed at his hard run of luck.

But it is too bad that he should die at the hands of such a thief as "Horse-thief Bob." We send to you all the gold he had at the time of his death, together with a collection taken up among the boys.

BIG JIM,
By order of the Committee.

P. S. We are requested by Samuel that we bury him with his boots on, as he insisted he might have to walk a good deal in the next world. A little home preaching might help him, as there are no preachers in these parts.
B. J.

The fun being over, all hands adjourned to take a drink, and the shooting affray was commented on as being a fair thing, as both men were shooters and both held four aces.

An American flag was then unfurled, the first ever floated on the breeze west of the Rocky Mountains. It was made of red shirts, a pillow-case, and blue overalls. A yell of patriotism went up from the camp at the sight of it. A speech was called for from Secretary Whittemore, who was addressed as a San Francisco lawyer. He began by saying that upon this occasion we are boys again. When we came here we expected to enjoy ourselves, but never expected so much as we have received at the hands of the people of Pasadena; and upon our return the ladies of our party will tell their children of the pleasant time we had in your city. We are now on a pilgrimage, but little did we think we should see a primitive mining camp such as is now before us. After speaking at length in an impassioned manner, he closed with the following toast: —

"Here 's to the American flag; may her stars light the nation to a goal of happiness, and her stripes lash well the backs of her oppressors."

Captain Thomes was called upon, and expressed the thanks of the society to the citizens of Pasadena for their hospitable treatment. He said he was thinking of the time when the Jesuit Fathers crossed the sandy plains, and, standing on the heights of the Sierras, gazed on what is now the Crown of California.

What would they say if they could see this lovely country now? We have been received with genuine Southern California hospitality, and will carry back with us to the East memories which can never be effaced. We also have a right to be proud of this country, because we laid the foundation of its prosperity.

Now that the State had become so prosperous he would expunge the State motto "Eureka," and would place instead, "*Bastante par todas*," (Enough for all). The speaker then closed with: —

"Then your glasses fill, with right good will,
And drink to this toast of mine:
To the gallant band of our free land —
The men of '49."

Mr. Whittemore again took the rostrum (or box) and sang the following song, which miners used to sing on the banks of the Yuba River, written by Hon. Roscoe G. Smith, now of Cornish, Me., to the tune of the "Old Kentucky Home:" —

The tall pines wave and the winds loudly roar;
No matter, keep digging away.
The wild flowers bloom round the log-cabin door,
Where we sit after mining all the day.

A few more days and our mining will end,
The cañon, so rich, will be dry;
The tools on the bank shall be left for a friend.
Then, my log-cabin home, good-by.

CHORUS.

Mine no more, oh, never mine no more, but play;
We always will remember the log-cabin home
Of the old '49ers, far away.

The weary may be glad for a shelter through the night,
Not knowing, perhaps, it may be,
By the old fireplace we are chatting with delight,
By the blaze of the sugar-pine tree.
The old cooking tools shall be left in the camp,
All ready to bake and to fry.
They all may be used by some miners on a tramp.
Then, my log-cabin home, good-by.— CHORUS.

We 'll hunt no more for the grizzly in the nook,
The "Diggers" we'll soon leave behind;
We'll drink no more from the clear, crystal brook,
As round the log cabin it may wind.
The old oak tree under which the cabin stands,
All shady, at noon, where we lie;
A long, fond look at the old oak so grand,
Then my log cabin home, good-by.— CHORUS.

Ten bottles were then set up in a row, and Fred Burnham broke them all with his rifle, one at a time, in seven seconds and a half. He and Judd Blick then gave a fine exhibition of fancy shooting, holding their rifles in many difficult and unusual positions. This concluded the exercises at the picnic grounds above Scoville's, for the success of which no slight praise is due Judge Eaton and his gallant corps, George Eaton, Howard Conger, Will McGregory, George Glover, Pete Steil, Captain Lindsay, W. B. Ledoux, W. H. Storms, Alexander Carr, Ed. Carr, T. R. Burnham, and Judd Blick.

Ice cream, cake, strawberries, and California fruits were freely served, in order to reproduce just what the Pioneers of '49 had for dinner "every day and Sunday, too."

Then came the ride of two miles back to The Raymond, and the grand ball, which is said to have been the most brilliant of a brilliant season, given under the auspices of the Los Angeles Society of California Pioneers, under the management of Messrs. C. A. Scharff and H. W. Merrill, of the hotel.

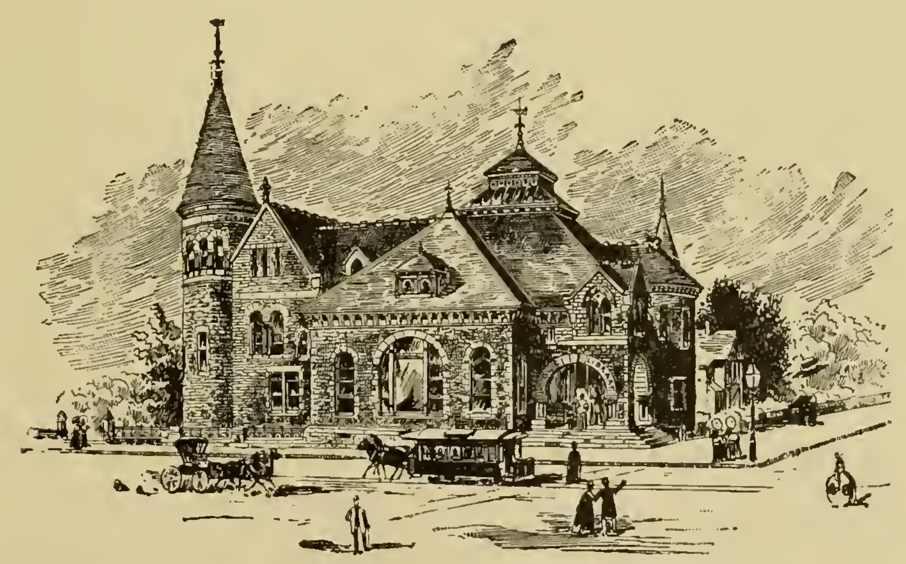
The spacious ballroom never wore a dress of such beauty before, nor ever appeared so inviting. A perfect wealth of California flowers welcomed the visitors. Upon entering the great doorway of the hall, the first object of beauty that caught the eye was a hut of flowers, representing every variety and color in the floral dictionary. In the hut was an old Pioneer, Billy Prince, in typical Pioneer's costume, but breathing the fragrance of a house of roses. The stage was artistically set with shrubbery and semi-tropical plants, while flowers were literally strewn throughout the adjoining hallways and parlors.

The ladies' parlor was turned into a veritable mining camp, with tents pitched, and *live* burros, Chinese lanterns, and all the paraphernalia of a real camp. Spiders and kettles were on the rocks, apparently cooking miners' food; while guns, picks, shovels, and provisions lay around.

The following unique programme of dance filled out a delightful evening: —

Sicilian Circle	"On the Tramp."
Waltz	"The Rich Pocket."
Cotillon	"Rock the Cradle."
Polka	"The Prospectors."
Quadrille	"The Pick and Shovel."
Waltz	"Fine Gold."
Portland	"The Big Nugget."
Polka	"The Burro."
Lancers	"Wet Diggings."
Cotillon	"The Flapjack."
Waltz	"Struck it Rich."
Reel	"The Last Wash-up."

A supper, given by the citizens of Pasadena, in keeping with all their lavish hospitality, terminated at the stroke of midnight, and we closed our weary eyes in slumber.



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CHAPTER IX.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL CHAPIN.

Green be the turf above thee, friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee, nor named thee but to praise!

— Halleck.

SUNDAY morning we attended the services at various churches, Mrs. Ball selecting the Universalist, to hear our old friend, Rev. P. M. McDonald, deliver a masterly presentation of the possibilities of man, physical, mental, and spiritual, which point towards a realization of the text: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." The churches were elaborately decorated. Imagine a cross containing 500 calla lilies! In the afternoon some went to Los Angeles, some strolled, and some wrote home letters describing the good time we were having so many miles away. The stores were closed, and the churches well patronized; while a baseball team, with a band, was drumming up patrons for a game. Eastern visitors are met everywhere. Captain Francis Willis, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Ball, and I drive several miles out of town, to enjoy the beautiful and ever-changing scenery. We come to a queer-looking ranch, surrounded by a fence of hemlock planks, with every crack closed, about five feet high, with iron-bound gates of the same material, over which we see an array of moving heads with bulging eyes and big, gaping mouths. These odd features belong to ostriches, which reach over the fence as we come near, and take oranges from our pockets, swallowing them whole. The proprietor told us many interesting things about his strange stock. Once a number got away, and ran towards the mountains; and the only way he could get them back was by having skillful men lasso them, one at a time, with their horses at full speed. One can carry two men on its back, and kill a dog with a blow of its foot. The voice is deep and hollow, resembling the roar of a lion. Its egg weighs three pounds, and it lays from twelve to fifteen. The male sits from 4.00 P. M. to 8.00 A. M., and protects his mate carefully the rest of the time. A chick is worth $100 at birth, and grows more valuable until maturity. The bird is driven into a small pen, and a stocking drawn over its head, when the plumes are to be clipped, for which sharp nippers are used, the stumps left being soon shed. From six to ten feathers are obtained twice a year. They eat whatever is set before them, if not too large, preference being given to untried dishes, like stones, nails, horseshoes, clay pipes, scissors, and other delectable viands of like nutritious qualities. We gave one an orange, which he swallowed, and then another and another, which followed the first so rapidly that the three could be seen at one time on their downward course, a foot or so apart. When in good spirits they will spin round and round like children, until giddy, when they fall, and sometimes break a leg. Before the wind they run, aided by their wings, with the speed of an express train, but they cannot fly. In an old Arabian tale an eagle said to an ostrich, whose kind was then the strongest and swiftest among the birds of flight: "Let us go, brother, God willing, to the River of Life, and drink." Far up through the

empyrean they soared, past planets and stars, and on, and on, through tideless ether, until they saw and felt the glory blazing from the great white throne. But the ostrich, relying upon his wonderful strength, did not say or think "God willing," like the eagle, who still advanced with the strong, upward sweep of confident faith, his eye undimmed, his energy unabated. Nearer and nearer they approached, but a film was fast gathering over the eyes of the self-reliant ostrich; his throat was parching, his feathers were singeing, his proudest plumes curling and turning black. Slowly he fell to earth, despite the most frantic struggles, his keenness of vision diminished, his power of flight gone forever; while his old and only rival, the trusting eagle, is now monarch of the air. "But this is a fable!" you say. True; and it may have a moral.

The spacious hall of the Raymond Hotel was well filled that evening with members of the Society of California Pioneers of New England and their friends and the guests of the hotel, who assembled, by special call of Captain William H. Thomes, to hold memorial services and pay fitting tribute to the memory of our late brother Pioneer, General Samuel A. Chapin.

The large and handsome room, with all its beautiful flowers, giving forth the fragrance of peace and good will, was thrown open at eight o'clock.

President Thomes called the assemblage to order, and held the attention of the audience with a few personal reminiscences of our deceased fellow-member, in whose memory we had convened. And then he presented Rev. L. B. Hatch, who delivered an impressive eulogy of the deceased.

Secretary Whittemore then read: "At a meeting of members of the Society of California Pioneers of New England, held on board the train after leaving San Bernardino, Cal., April 18, 1890, the accompanying resolutions, which indicate the love and esteem cherished for the late General Samuel A. Chapin, a member of the society and of the excursion, were offered by the Secretary and passed unanimously, all standing reverently with bowed heads": —

Whereas, Death has entered our association in the midst of life and hope, and taken away one of our most valued and beloved members; and,

Whereas, The great divide has been crossed by one whose memory we shall ever cherish, whose virtues we shall always esteem; therefore,

Resolved, That in the sudden departure of General Samuel A. Chapin from this mortal sphere, we have been bereft of a comrade whose presence with us as Pioneers, at home and upon our excursion to the Pacific Slope, or wherever he has met with us, has always been a delight and a gratification.

Resolved, That while we bow submissively to the stroke which has severed our comrade from us, and mourn over our loss, we cannot but feel that the brave soldier, the fearless pathfinder and Pioneer, the noble citizen and friend, passed away triumphantly, having finished his course, leaving his benediction with those he died among.

Resolved, That our sincerest sympathies be and are extended to his invalid wife at home, the devoted son who accompanied his beloved father towards the goal of his anticipations, and the afflicted family whose expectations, so soon to be realized, as they had fondly hoped, are now so unexpectedly blighted.

Resolved, That the gratitude of the New England Society of California Pioneers is due and is extended to the Pioneers of San Bernardino and the gentle ladies and friends of that city, whose kindly offices and tender sympathies were shown in all their manifestations in the hour of our sadness and bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the family of our deceased comrade, and that the same be offered the Los Angeles *Evening Express* and Boston *Journal* for publication, and also entered in the records of the society.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" was next sung by the assemblage, standing, and a benediction pronounced by the minister, which closed the impressive ceremonies of the evening.

At a regular meeting of the San Bernardino Society of California Pioneers, held in the City Hall, Saturday April 19, President George Lord presiding, and all the officers and most of the members being present, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Resolved, That we hail with great pleasure the visit of the California Pioneer Association of New England to the exciting scenes transpiring in our State over forty years ago, in which they took an active part, and now come to revisit after an absence of forty years.

Resolved, That while this society deplores the sudden and untimely death of the noble adventurer and pathfinder, Pioneer General Samuel A. Chapin, one of the directors of the New England Society of California Pioneers, which happened in our opera house, on the occasion of the welcome extended to such Pioneers by this society, which was their first California greeting, we may devoutly wish that our Heavenly Father may call us away under the same happy, blissful, angelic surroundings; and with the same grateful heart, overflowing with the thankfulness for the reception, particularly being met by so large a number of innocent school children, with flowers, which was more than that brave Pioneer heart could withstand. The memory of such an occasion will be embalmed in our hearts.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect, this society, as a body, will accompany the remains to the Santa Fe Railroad depot.

At 10.30 A. M., the San Bernardino Pioneers met and marched to the corner of Third and D streets, where they were met by Arrowhead Parlor, N. S. G. W. Both societies then marched to the Grand Rapids undertaking rooms, where the body of General Chapin lay in state, and the coffin lid was removed, and all were permitted to look for the last time upon the features of the old Argonaut. After all had taken a last look at the features of the deceased, the coffin lid was fastened on, and the pall bearers, consisting of Major Harris, David Aldridge, and Hughes Thomas of the Pioneers, and J. H. Stevenson, J. J. Nash, and A. Stark of the N. S. G. W., carried the casket to the hearse, and the cortege marched to the depot, the N. S. G. W. leading. There the casket was placed in the box, which contained several bouquets of roses and orange blossoms gathered by the N. D. G. W. and wives of the Pioneers. The elegant casket was exactly like the one in which General Grant was buried.

Samuel A. Chapin, Jr., arrived from San Francisco on the Overland Express, and accompanied the remains of his father to Boston.

The Los Angeles *Tribune* of Friday, April 18, contained the following correct sketch: "General Samuel A. Chapin, one of the directors of the Society of California Pioneers of New England, had an early record as a Pioneer. In the spring of 1830, he left his home in Uxbridge, Worcester county, Mass., for Michigan,—then a territory,—and settled in White Pigeon, St. Joseph county. His account of roughing it, and especially his adventures when acting as sheriff of the county, are somewhat startling as well as amusing.

"He was among the early volunteers from Michigan in 1832 to enlist in the Black Hawk war, after which he received the military title he bore at the time of his death. He was a member of the House of Representatives at Detroit in 1840. Soon after the close of the session sickness in his family made it necessary for him to return to Massachusetts. But the spirit of the Pioneer was irresistible, and he landed at San Francisco May 20, 1850, after a rough passage on the Empire City on the Atlantic, a raging fever on the Chagres River, a delay at Panama for the Sarah Sereds, which did not arrive for many weeks, and a steerage passage on steam ship Oregon at a cost of $500, with 1,000 passengers on board. Organizing a mess with Ex-Governor Wm. Smith, of Virginia, L. B. Benchley, of San Francisco, and others, he found some favor with the officers of the vessel, and the passage was comparatively comfortable. He made an early voyage on the brig Reindeer to Humboldt Bay, she being the second vessel to sail on its waters. Soon returning to San Francisco, he engaged in the hardware business for several

years. During this period he became a member of the Board of Education, and among its important duties was that of securing suitable lots for school purposes in future years. He was in full sympathy with the Vigilance Committee, and was a personal friend of the lamented James King, of William, founder of the *Evening Bulletin.*

"While other early settlers were fighting the floods at Sacramento and Marysville, he was made to pass through the sweeping fires of San Francisco. He took part in celebrating the admission of California into the Union as a free State, Sept. 9, 1850.

"He was actively engaged in quartz mining in Mariposa county, and afterwards on the Comstock lode in Nevada. He was an alderman at Virginia City, and was a member of each of the constitutional conventions to make Nevada a State. With Mark Twain present as a reporter for the *Territorial Enterprise*, some rich times were enjoyed. The infirm health of a member of his family caused him to remove from San Francisco, in the spring of 1884, to Norton, Mass., the residence of an only sister, from which place he came on our excursion to visit his children and grandchildren in California.

CHAPTER X.

LOS ANGELES.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

— Moore.

MONDAY forenoon, April 20, was passed in and about the Raymond Hotel, writing letters, and examining our beautiful surroundings. At one o'clock we left for Los Angeles, where, at two, we were most cordially received by the Pioneers and officers of that city. Among the distinguished natives who extended the hand of welcome was Don Pio Pico, the last governor of Alta California under the Mexican régime. He and Captain Thomes were old friends, and it was amusing to listen to them as they pattered Spanish, and resurrected the past. "Old Man Pico" shows few signs of his age — ninety years. Joshua Talbot, the oldest printer in California, who fought in the Mexican war, and Horace Bell, author of "Reminiscences of a Ranger," was with Pio Pico. Tom J. Belford, who rode the first pony express into San Francisco, and drank the first cocktail compounded at Milpitas, was on hand, hale and hearty. Nixon's big form towered above the crowd. H. D. Barrows, Charles W. Davis, Dr. W. F. Edgar, J. E. Clark, W. H. Jones, and other prominent men were present. The mayor's office was soon so densely crowded that the reception was adjourned to the council chamber. Mayor Hazard told us how welcome we were to Los Angeles. "No people on the face of God's green earth are as welcome," he said, "as those who have carved their way across God's continent. You have left a heritage which our people cherish." He hoped we would all return and live with them.

Captain Thomes made a telling reply, saying in conclusion: "The pulsations of your mighty hearts have thrilled the whole American Union with the accents of your prosperity. I, myself, have looked with admiration — not unmixed with envy — upon the signs of substantial prosperity of the people of this section."

Carriages were announced, and our hosts entertained us with a memorable drive of two hours through "*La Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles*," or City of the Queen of the Angels, whose earthly abode is indeed not unworthy of the name. Hon. Frederick Pease, Mrs. Ball, and I were fortunate in the company of the wife of Judge Eaton, of the Pasadena mining camp. Ex-Mayor Wortman took Mr. Stephen W. Foster and others, and all the rest were taken in charge by people who knew the country well.

Los Angeles is reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad in twenty-two hours from San Francisco — distance, 482 miles — or by steamer. It is a most beautiful city, of 60,000 people, is growing rapidly, and is a commercial point of much importance, as well as the centre of an

agricultural paradise, it being the principal city between San Francisco and Kansas City on the new transcontinental line formed by the connection at Deming or El Paso. It is also the largest city between San Francisco and San Antonio, Tex., by the great "Sunset Route," now open to the Gulf of Mexico. The city has many elegant buildings, wide, clean streets, with horse, cable, and electric railways. A day's ride over the lovely country surrounding Los Angeles, through miles of long, straight avenues of orange trees, and thousands of acres of grapes, seeing every kind of semi-tropic fruit growing side by side with the more hardy fruits, both being in the greatest profusion, and of the finest quality, will convince the traveler from almost any part of the earth that here is surely the paradise of America, if not of the world.

Since 1887 opened, nearly all of the principal business streets have been paved with Belgian blocks, and the main residence thoroughfares with concrete, thus making a drive equal to any avenue in the Union.

Curbing has also received its share of attention, while the cement sidewalk is becoming universal. The city has an almost perfect sewerage system, which required an outlay of nearly $750,000. Since Jan. 1, 1887, the Sixth Street Park, bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Olive, and Hill streets, has been thrown open to the public, and is in keeping with the many fine residences that surround it. The Second Street Park, situated near the terminus of the cable line of railroad, is a very inviting place, and receives its share of Eastern visitors when viewing the many improvements around Los Angeles.

Los Angeles is essentially a land of schools. The public, high, and normal schools are supported by State taxation, and their doors are open to all. Besides, there are numerous universities, colleges, and academies.

On every hand it takes but a few steps to carry one from business activity into the bowery repose which every citizen seems to take so much pride in keeping up about his home, be it cottage or mansion. Fine, clear water for irrigating runs in trenches through every street. From the higher ground a magnificent view is presented. The place has a varied and interesting history, and a prosperity that is phenomenal.

Still, we could not help being amused at the number of real-estate agents doing business here; it looked as if any one out of occupation would put out a real-estate shingle. Without going beyond the bounds of truth, they could tell wonderful stories; but, for all that, I am afraid they did not stop at the limit named. Some of these men could have given Colonel Mulberry Sellers valuable hints. To such an extreme did some of them push their orations that we could not help feeling a kind of half malicious satisfaction when a witty reply was made. Once in a while an agent meets his match, as the following, by E. M. Johnstone, shows: —

"A little dapper man, with a mild eye and an eastern make-up, called upon one of our real live boomers the other day, and asked, in the very softest and meekest tone, if he had any land for sale. The great real-estate king, not deigning to lift his eyes from his important business, asked in a loud, facetious tone if he wanted a colony, or would a township do him. The little man seemed embarrassed, and hoped he would be excused if he had mistaken this for a small retail place; he meant no offence, etc., etc. Then the great magnate thawed out somewhat, and took the small man in his chariot to the Great Paradise Regained Tract, where he filled him with a half-hour speech, fairly bestudded with glittering facts and figures, regarding this wonderful piece of land, and hinted, in closing, that that was the kind of North Americans we were out here in the West. When the speaker concluded for lack of breath, the small, mild-eyed man quietly removed his coat, and, rolling up his sleeves, he climbed upon the fence. and, clearing his throat, said: 'Now, allow me to describe this piece of property in the east-

ern tongue.' Whew! talk about thoughts that breathe and words that burn!! The manner in which that stranger threshed the atmosphere with his arms, and used up the mother tongue, was *prodigious!*

"When he had finished, the magnate asked feebly of the stranger what his business was, and where he had come from. The small man said he had graduated in real-estate booming in Chicago, and had practiced in Kansas City, Omaha, and all the principal towns of the West; and, elevating his voice, he stated that he was going to open a real-estate office right in that neighborhood, and going to do business, too, and called upon any one within sound of his voice not to forget it, either. The now vanquished and thoroughly exhausted magnate leaned heavily against the fence, and asked, in a voice husky with emotion, and scarcely above a whisper: '*Stranger, can I post bills for you?*'"

Don Abel Stearns, of Massachusetts, came to Los Angeles in 1828, started a store, turned Catholic, and married the eldest daughter of Don Juan Bandini, a beautiful heiress, and a true specimen of Castilian grace and charms. At one time Mr. Stearns owned 500,000 acres of the richest land in the southern part of California, and was reported to be worth millions in cattle and ranches. In a year of drought 40,000 head of his cattle died of starvation; but, by paying high rates of interest, he continued in business, and finally retrieved his losses. Just as he got his head above water he died, and left the richest and handsomest widow in Southern California. Colonel R. S. Baker, of Providence, R. I., who went to San Francisco in 1849, and made and lost a fortune, married the rich widow. From that time he was prosperous; everything he touched turned to gold.

LIVE OAK, ORANGE GROVE AVENUE.

Fifteen years ago Los Angeles gave few indications of its coming prosperity, and capitalists hesitated to invest much money in its development. But Colonel Baker had full faith in the future of the place. He saw men idle and suffering for the want of work, and determined to help them. He tore down the old adobe house and store Mr. Stearns erected and lived in, and on the site built the celebrated "Baker Block," the most noted building in Los Angeles at the present time. People laughed at him, but he spent $250,000, and then there was not a tenant who would take one of his stores as a free gift or hire one of his suites of apartments. Now there are dozens waiting for the stores and rooms, and rent is no object. The building is a bonanza. From the finishing of the block there was a sudden revival of business at Los Angeles, and from that day to this the sound of axe and hammer can be heard in every direction, and prosperity has settled upon the place, largely owing to the boldness and impulsiveness of one who dared tempt fortune for the sake of his fellow-men.

The City of the Angels is a beautiful place, and one can make a delightful home here if he has money to purchase all that goes to make life a blessing. But don't let Eastern people mistake one thing — that fortunes are to be had for the seeking; the silver dollar is quite as important an item as with us, and is clutched just as eagerly.

At four o'clock we were received at the Chamber of Commerce by the members thereof and the ladies' annex thereto, the Native Sons and Daughters, and our fellow Pioneers of the city. The display of flowers was a commentary, not only upon the floral wealth of California, but also upon the taste of the ladies of Los Angeles. The fragrance of flowers greeted us at the threshold. Roses banked the mantel, decorated the tables, and ornamented the walls,

arranged in various devices. The N. D. G. W. had, directly in front of the stage, a floral model of Sutter's Fort. At the left, representing the first vessel that entered the Golden Gate, was a ship of roses with masts of smilax. Near by were the pick and shovel of the forty-niner, and below the pan, rocker, and other implements of placer mining, all in flowers. At the right of the fort gate was a huge floral cannon of marguerites and marigolds, on a carriage whose wheels were made of scarlet geraniums and ivy leaves.

Minerva, clad in a robe of yellow silk, with a golden crown on her blonde head, sat composedly near by, caressing a large bear, which crouched at her feet, with a gorgeous yellow ribbon around his neck. Over the entrance were the dates "1849" and "1890," in gilded figures, with an ox yoke between, and the word "Welcome" above. Suspended high above the fort was a cluster of golden globes representing navel oranges. Inside were a representation of the only cabin now remaining at Sutter's Fort, a picture of General Fremont, California grasses and flowers, pampas plumes, and a fine collection of California birds' eggs, gathered by Charlie and Frank Bledso. The large flag, presented to the N. D. G. W. by Governor Waterman, draped the back of the fort. The gate was guarded by a floral representation of an Indian.

ROAD TO THE MISSION.

As soon as we had been decorated with button-hole bouquets, etc., by the Native Daughters and the ladies of the annex, Judge Eaton mounted the back end of the gallery, and called the meeting to order. He introduced Colonel J. J. Ayers, of the *Herald*, who delivered the address of welcome in the name of the Pioneers of the Pacific Coast.

The speaker dwelt eloquently, in closing, upon the present glory of the State, and said: "While we cannot forget the past, we can look forward to a splendid future."

Colonel Ayres was followed by Captain Thomes, who made quite a lengthy speech, in which he went back to 1842, when he first came to the coast, and showed the wonderful changes that have taken place since. He said, in conclusion: "Words but feebly express the feelings of the society I am called upon to represent, evoked by the most generous hospitality the people of Los Angeles have showered upon us. We left this a land of poverty; we return to find it flowing with milk and honey. All Eastern Pioneers feel proud of California's present glory as a State. We laid the corner-stone; you have built the edifice. To the members of the native organizations present I would say: Go on until your work is the admiration of the world."

Senator R. F. del Valle said that the objects of our organizations are "allegiance and fidelity to the native flag; keeping fresh the memory of the early Pioneers; the promotion of the brotherhood of man; and an earnest effort to make the State as grand and prosperous as any in the Union."

A warm welcome was then given by Albert F. Kercheval, "the Bret Harte of the Pacific coast," in the following beautiful poem, which was read by Colonel Stanford amid a storm of applause: —

Old pardners, welcome back again. For you the glass we fill;
For you the campfires fresh we stir, the fatted calf we kill!
We 're glad to see you all, you bet, and olden times recall,
For here is gold in plenty yet, and room enough for all;

It gleams amid our orange trees, in every field of grain
That waves and nods in every breeze, it burdens every plain.
And you may strike a claim at will, unpack, and try your luck,
Beside the claim of Yankee Bill, or Pike, or old Kentuck.
Make camp with us; here 's ground will pay good wages, never fear,
From top to bed rock all the way, and water all the year.
Though forms are bent, and scant our hair, and beards as white as snow,
With you our blankets still we 'll share, as in the long ago.
Here meet we once again at last, beneath the fig and vine,
While memory recalls the past — the days of forty-nine.

Once more, dead broke, from Sutter's Fort, we take our various ways,
Allured by true or false report, and start to "make a raise."
Once more we pack o'er dizzy trail, and "whoop the mulas up,"
And drink our coffee dark or pale, from tin or pewter cup.
We flip the festive flapjack o'er, and by our skillful means
We make a royal bill of fare of rusty pork and beans.
We hear once more the torrents roar, the sighing of the pines,
And search for store of golden ore, among the lonely mines.
We sing once more the glad refrain beside the golden streams,
And rock the cradle once again, and dream the olden dreams,
Cosumnes or Mokelumne, or Yuba's bars beside,
By Feather or American, or Trinity's swift tide.

Once more 'mid Hangtown's hills we delve, on Murderer's Bar we mine;
At Nigger's Tent and Yankee Jim's, You Bet, Red Dog, Port Wine,
At Poker Flat and Poor Man's Creek, once more our luck we try,
Where nuggets once were sown as thick as planets in the sky.
And Whiskey Diggin's, Bloody Run, and Jackass Gulch once more,
And many another classic spot, we work in fancy o'er.
Bold knights of pick and pan were we, who smote with flashing steel
The serried ranks of mountain heights, and made the giants reel,
Till, one by one, we forced at last each genii-guarded door
With fierce assault, and rifled each of all its golden store.
We hear once more the Indian yell, we track the grizzly bear,
'Mid wastes of tangled chaparral, and rouse him in his lair;
Or chase the "Tiger" to his den, when night steals o'er the land —
Red-shirted, bearded, fearless men, a brave, devoted band!

But where are they, the jolly boys, our noblest and our best,
Who sailed the mains, or braved the plains, to seek the Golden West?
They seek no more our camp of eves, when falls the gentle dew.
We once were thick as summer leaves; but, now, alas, how few!
Our comrades rest by many a trail, in lonely lands they sleep:
On mountain heights, in every dale, in every cañon deep,
In every vale, from south to north, in nameless graves they rest,
By every stream that pulses forth from white Sierra's breast.
They sleep, life's fitful fever o'er, beneath the skies of blue,
From San Diego's sun-kissed shore to sunny Siskiyou;

'Mid far Montana's gold-veined hills; in all the lonely lands
From Yukon's frozen, icy wastes to Arizona's sands.
And we shall greet them never more, by sluice, or drift, or dump,
Until, upon the other shore, old Gabriel blows his trump.

O memories bright of vanished light — the light of other days!
What plans we laid, what pranks we played, around the campfire's blaze!
What schemes we schemed, what dreams we dreamed, beneath the sighing pine!
What days were these, by sunset seas, O days of forty-nine!
O glorious days of simple ways, when hearts were warm and true,
When dreams were bright, and cares were light, and skies were soft and blue!
Come back once more, with all your hopes, and all your joy and pain,
O olden days, O golden days, come back to us again!

Secretary Whittemore expressed our sentiments in a few well-chosen words of thanks for our kind reception, and read an appropriate poem. General hand-shaking followed. Most of us returned to The Raymond at six o'clock, but a few remained until eleven, to attend the theatre and other entertainments.

A MISSION.

CHAPTER XI.

SAN DIEGO AND CORONADO.

Far southward in that sunny clime,
Where bright magnolias bloom,
And the orange with the lime tree vies,
In shedding rich perfume.

— James.

TUESDAY, April 22, we left The Raymond at nine o'clock, and, passing through Los Angeles, proceeded over the Coast Division of the Southern California Railroad to San Diego, thence around the shore of the bay, through National City to the Hotel del Coronado.

Secretary Whittemore was shown to Room 49, which not only reminded him of old days, but also presented a strong contrast with mining quarters, as it was, he said, one of the pleasantest hotel rooms he ever occupied.

On the way from San Diego to Coronado, how often was I reminded of the similarity of much of the scenery to a drive from Naples through Herculaneum and Pompeii and on to Sorrento.

Coronado Beach proper occupies about one half of the peninsula that forms the Bay of San Diego. It is situated in the extreme southwestern corner of the State, and is 480 miles southeast from San Francisco. The peculiar shape of this unique peninsula makes it difficult to describe. Beginning, as it does, very near the boundary line of Lower California, in Mexico, it reaches away to the westward for miles, until, at a point opposite the present city of San Diego, it forms a conjunction with what seems to have been an island which, if squared, would measure a mile and a half on each side. Thence trending toward Point Loma, it makes a conjunction with what is now known as the North Island, whose western extremity is under the friendly shadow of Point Loma, and borders the broad, deep channel to the remarkable harbor of San Diego.

The Hotel del Coronado, a structure of truly oriental magnificence, is situated on the southeastern portion of a beautiful mesa, sloping from the centre towards the ocean on one side, and the Bay of San Diego on the other. The architecture, which is very attractive, is of a mixed character, partaking largely of the Queen Anne style, modified by that of the Elizabethan era. The architect has successfully harmonized the excellencies of both ancient and modern schools, producing a structure admirably adapted to the purpose intended, remarkable for size, symmetry, and grandeur, and combining the maximum of convenience and usefulness with great elegance and beauty. The building is of three, four, and five stories, and in size is said to be unrivaled by any resort hotel in this country or in Europe; and in its magnificent splendor, within and without, it has few rivals. It is built around a quadrangular court 250 x 150 feet, and this court is filled with beautiful flowers and tropical plants.

Each of its four fronts is a handsome façade, with wide verandas, whose combined length is considerably over two miles. The side facing the ocean is all encased in glass, and the grounds

HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

in front of it are handsomely terraced and laid off in grass with broad walks, forming pleasant promenades.

The driveways and approaches, made of asphalt and bituminous rock, form a hard, smooth, and easy surface. The sidewalks are made of Portland cement, and encircle the grounds, which cover about twenty acres. These grounds are most tastefully laid out in lawns, ornamented with tropical plants and shrubs.

The main entrances are on the east front, where also is the rotunda. This is a very handsome apartment, having a floor area of 3,000 feet. The ends of the dining-room are oval, its ceiling is semicircular, 33 feet high, and it is 65 x 160 feet, with neither post nor pillar to interrupt the view. The finish of the walls and ceiling is a beautiful and effective white paneling of Oregon pine varnished, and the dado is of solid oak in its natural color varnished. The breakfast-room is the counterpart of the dining-room, differing only in size. Besides these rooms there are several smaller private dining-rooms.

In the walls of the basement 2,000 tons of rock and 13,000 barrels of Portland cement were used. This part of the house is used for billiard-rooms, bar-rooms, bowling alleys, bakery, confectionery, and store-rooms, restaurant, coffee and lunch rooms, hair-dressing rooms, hot and cold fresh and salt water baths, and here also is a cistern, having a capacity of 500,000 gallons. Elevators run from this basement to the top floor. The seating capacity of the dining-room is 1,000; floor area of restaurant, 2,500 feet; total floor area, 7½ acres; observatory, 150 feet high; ceiling of dining-room, 33 feet high; four 85-foot bowling alleys; 750 rooms; 1,300 feet frontage; area of breakfast-room, 4,800 feet; area of assembly-room, 11,000 feet; 30 billiard tables, four for ladies; 2,500 incandescent electric lights.

Morris Phillips, in the New York *Home Journal*, writes thus of the Coronado bridal suite;

"Taken as a whole, there are more prettily furnished bedrooms in Long's Hotel, London, than in any other hotel I have ever seen. The tower rooms in The Oglethorpe, at Brunswick, Ga., are large and remarkably beautiful, and the bridal suite in the Ponce de Leon is supposed to be very choice; but the Ponce de Leon 'show' apartments will not compare in beauty nor in completeness of detail with the bridal suite in Hotel del Coronado. These rooms in the Coronado are not so palatial in size nor in the matter of costly frescoes as the rooms in the London Metropole, in which I found Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly, last October; but they certainly are among the most tastefully furnished hotel bedrooms I have ever seen, and it is not surprising that the photographs of these apartments find many purchasers.

"The windows afford an eastern view that is extremely pleasing. To the right are seen the ocean's rough breakers; to the left is the smooth bay of San Diego; while in the immediate front, as you lie in bed, if the curtains are parted, and you are awake at 6.20 A. M., you can see the sun creeping up behind a range of great mountains, miles and miles away. The soft cloud of black smoke curling from the tall, round, red brick chimneys of the electric-light engine house, between you and the golden sky beyond, does not mar the picture in the least.

"Across the centre of the principal room of the suite are three arches, supported by the side walls, and by two fluted wooden columns; and under the arches are heavy portieres of double silk, salmon pink on one side, old gold on the other. The windows are draped elaborately and beautifully — light blue silk shades, lace curtains next to the windows, with inner curtains of heavy pale blue silk lined with silk of a rose tint. The furniture is of mahogany, upholstered with blue silk plush; the carpet is a rich moquette in delicate colors; and the toilet set is in Haviland Limoges, decorated in deep blue, white and gold. The ceiling is daintily frescoed. From its centre depends a three-light electrolier; from the wall, over the bureau mirror, juts out a bracket with two electric lamps. The mantel is ornamented with two side pieces of

Limoges and a bronze cathedral clock — a miniature representation of the clock in the Houses of Parliament, in Westminster. If you do not get from these notes the idea of a luxurious and tasteful apartment, the fault is not with those who furnished it, but with the pen which has failed to describe it."

We arrived at two o'clock, and at three we were conducted to the dining-room, where a bountiful lunch was partaken of. As we came from lunch we proceeded to stroll about, and examine our surroundings with keen interest. A party of our Pioneers had just grouped themselves on the warm veranda for a chat, when we were joined by Senator Bowers, Mayor Gunn, I. M. Merrill, W. C. Kimball, and Frank A. Kimball, of San Diego. At the latter place we had been met and joined by President Kastle, of the Chamber of Commerce, H. H. Dougherty and Daniel Stewart, of the San Diego Pioneers, L. A. Blockman, C. K. Stewart, and George K. Knowles, of San Diego Parlor, 108, N. S. G. W., and by Rev. and Mrs. B. F. McDaniel.

President Kastle, on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce, extended an invitation to us to visit that institution, and, the invitation being accepted, set about making the occasion one of pleasant intercourse between the citizens of San Diego and our party.

We crossed the ferry, arriving at half-past seven, and were met and welcomed by Mayor Gunn, President Kastle, and Secretary Nolan, of the Chamber of Commerce. Accompanied by numerous San Diego people, among whom was a plentiful representation of the Ladies' Annex, we passed up and down the long aisles of the exhibit hall, attentively examining the extensive display of products on exhibition. The reception-room had been tastefully decorated by the members of the Annex with rich and rare floral designs, and the brilliantly lighted apartments presented an animated scene with its many groups of interested visitors, animated by discussing the wonders of San Diego.

A delegation from San Diego Parlor, No. 108, N. S. G. W., occupied the space to the right of the speakers' stand, while citizens filled the exhibit hall.

President Kastle, in a few well-chosen words of welcome to the visitors, introduced Mayor Gunn, who said: —

"Ladies and gentlemen, members of the Society of California Pioneers of New England: It is with pride that I extend a welcome to your organization, because San Diego is the pioneer city of California, the oldest organized municipality on the coast. And surrounded by all the romantic reminiscences of the past, we are pleased to welcome you to the stirring life of the present. You have not only seen history, but have also made history. They were the elect of the land who laid the foundation of this great State. The men of '49 were great men — the kind who build great States. The work they began has been accomplished. California could not have become the great commonwealth that it is but for the men of '49. [Applause.] While you are with us each is one of us, and we welcome you."

Henry L. Ryan, representing the Native Sons, said, with feeling, that in viewing the assembled Pioneers the young men of his organization felt that they were looking upon their fathers, whom they cordially welcomed back to the Golden State. He pictured the caravan journeys of the Pioneers of '49, across snow-capped mountains, and alkali deserts, where the bleaching bones of famished animals marked the path of the future traveler to this coast. Comparing that period with the present, he spoke of the wonderful progress of the State, which was due to the efforts of the Pioneers. They had laid such a foundation that those who came after them had been able to build upon it a glorious State. Therefore the Native Sons desired to express their gratitude, and to say for the people of the State that, from every miner's cabin to every millionaire's palace, the Pioneers were cordially welcome.

Senator W. W. Bowers was next introduced, and said: "I don't know that I can add

much except to say that our welcome is the more hearty, because, in a certain period in the past, you were permitted the privilege of sojourning awhile in the Garden of Eden. We will not stop to inquire why you went out, but will heartily welcome you back to see the glorious land of your former sojourn. I lived in New York and Wisconsin awhile, and have lived twenty-one years and five months in California. A man ought to count as a treasure every day that he is allowed to spend on the golden coast of California. And now we hope that the decree of your banishment will be set aside, and that you will come back to us. It is the most proper thing in the world that you should organize and return; and we hope now that, when you go home, all your memories may be pleasant all the days of your lives. During this brief visit you see only one leaf of a great volume of changes. We hope you will turn several more of these leaves before you leave the State. They will interest you. In closing, I can extend no better wish than that you all may be permitted to end your days in California."

Captain Thomes, the president of our society, was then called upon, and said the Pioneers had come among the people of San Diego with their hearts upon their sleeves. Senator Bowers had said they left the Garden of Eden, as he called California, some years ago. The speaker did not know about that — his impression was that his party left San Francisco because the Vigilance Committee was being formed just then. But their offenses were now outlawed and they can come back without any risk. We are glad to meet the people of San Diego tonight, and are glad to find that California is inhabited by Christians. In the old days the Spanish galleons sailed into this harbor from Acapulco, and the Indians in this classic old city were converted by men who carried the cross in one hand and the sword in the other. By and by the missions failed and the priesthood died out. It seems like a romance to be here. How well I remember the hot day in July when our ship dropped anchor in front of the hide houses at San Diego! What a barren and inhospitable coast it was then! Indians, priests, and Mexicans living in a *dolce far niente* of idleness. I would give all of San Diego to be as young as I was then! You have imbibed hospitality from the Sierra Madre Mountains. Hospitality and California go hand in hand. In all the great cities of the East, societies of California Pioneers are forming, and men are proud to have it known that they were identified with the early history of this magnificent State. It seems a month since we came,— we have seen so much. As our train pulled out of the Boston depot, one of our old comrades, who was unable to accompany us, came up and took my hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Carry to the people of California my loving remembrance; God bless them!" No wonder we hear no talk about California being poor, with her $1,000,000,000 of assessed valuation. Fifty years hence you will have a population of 5,000,000, and your State will extend to the Gulf of California, and you will have so improved the Colorado River that it will be navigable from its mouth to The Needles. The prospect of your prosperity is unbounded. San Diego has grown from a Mexican town into a prosperous city, with the most noble harbor on the coast. A few years ago I was sent out here by a Boston paper to write the State up or down, as the case might be. Well, I wrote it up. I spoke of San Diego, and said it had the most noble harbor outside of San Francisco. The papers there jumped on me, and said I was evidently a tenderfoot, and did not know what I was talking about. But I had had many a hard pull at the oars, trying to make my ship, in the rough bay of San Francisco. I can scull a boat from one end of San Diego Bay to the other,— it is so calm."

Referring again to his own disconsolate wanderings on this coast, "from San Diego to San Francisco," he quoted the entry made by his old captain, who is still living, as he closed his diary on sailing out of San Francisco Harbor in 1843: "Good-by, San Francisco, the God forsakenest hole in this world! May I never see you again, so help me God! Amen."

Then, as the laughter subsided, Captain Thomes added that this same captain returned to San Francisco with his clipper ship in 1849, when the golden stream began to pour from the State, and was very glad to get back to the place under its altered conditions. The captain promised to return next year and stay longer, when he would meet the ladies and kiss the children,— desiring it to be understood that he was not a candidate for the State Senate,— but begged them, in all kindness, to ask no more why the Pioneers had left California.

B. F. Whittemore, of Boston, secretary of the society, said that the Pioneers had not only been received with a heartfelt outburst of welcome, but had literally been taken in the arms of the Californians, and carried thus far. He would like to double the hours of the day and the days of the week while on the coast, as there was not time enough to enjoy the generous hospitality offered them at every place. Nor had the Pioneers words that could express the gratitude they felt. The New England Pioneers were a body of considerable strength, and their meeting-place was at the "Hub" of the universe, which they had to bear in mind while hearing the Californians boast of the future. He would like to stay a fortnight with each one, — he was so delighted with San Diego.

His own organization contained 380 Pioneers. They met and banqueted the last Wednesday of every month, and every Californian in Boston was welcome. The society's Fourth of July was on September 9,— California's admission day,— when their annual celebration was held in honor of the Golden State, the greatest in the galaxy of the sisterhood of stars. He congratulated the Native Sons on their organization, formed to perpetuate the memories of the early Pioneers.

The Vigilance Committee, to which President Thomes alluded, he professed to know nothing about, claiming that it was a girl in the East whom he loved who was responsible for his desertion of California. The Pioneers who were in his delegation were all young men — none over thirty-five, and, appealing to President Thomes for the average age of the ladies accompanying them, stated it to be but twenty-two. The alkaline dust of this country was what had silvered some of the Pioneers' heads.

He believed it was well that the men of the East should grasp hands with the men of the West, of whose grand future it was impossible to conceive. And in poetic diction the secretary closed his address, assuring the San Diegans that, but for the attractions of their own beautiful Coronado, a larger number of the Pioneers would have been present.

Hon. F. Pease, of Boston, was called out, speaking briefly of the paradise into which they had come, and thanking the San Diegans for their hospitality.

At the conclusion of the reception, the society was presented with a beautiful floral cross, from the ladies of Encinitas, and by the Chamber of Commerce with photographic views of the permanent exhibit.

A brilliant hop was given that evening by the management of the Hotel del Coronado; and the next morning, by invitation of the San Diego Board of Trade, we took a drive to the Sweetwater Dam, about six miles back of National City. This dam is one of the engineering wonders of this region, and an excursion to it is a most enjoyable experience. The dam, together with sixty-five miles of wrought-iron pipe laid from the reservoir to National City, and to various points in that section for irrigation purposes, cost a total of $800,000. The dimensions of the dam are as follows: Forty-six feet in thickness at the base, twelve feet in thickness at the top, seventy-five feet in length at the base, 396 feet in length at the top. The reservoir is three miles long, three fourths of a miles wide, and covers 700 acres. When full it will hold 6,000,000,000 gallons of water, a quantity sufficient to irrigate 30,000 acres of land and supply a city of 50,000 people for one year, or irrigate 50,000 acres of land one year.

The great boom, which raged like wildfire from San Francisco Bay through southern California and far into Mexican territory along the Pacific, was nowhere more violent than at and near San Diego. In 1887, when the boom was at its height, real-estate dealers displayed maps of what we usually call the United States, but marked by them "San Diego's Back Country." Even twenty-five-foot house-lots found ready sale. Dozens of companies sold over $250,000 worth of land in a few days, with over half their land left. The next step was to spend their cash for a hotel ten times as large as could be needed for a quarter of a century, and for other improvements to correspond. A prominent exception was the Coronado Beach Company, which took $2,500,000 in one year, paid its debts, and entered upon its remarkable career of prosperity: but almost all the other companies were composed of poor men, when the bubble burst. General and irretrievable ruin was anticipated, but it did not come; for, while the boom fever was raging in the city, the land behind the surrounding hills was being settled by industrious men, who, by means of the Sweetwater and San Diego River reservoirs, had made thousands of acres fertile, and by their prosperity saved the city from ruin, as is generally acknowledged. No wonder they are proud of this reservoir.

As we rode along, overlooking the magnificent harbor, I was reminded of the 26th day of April, 1852, when, as quartermaster of the mail steamer New Orleans, I called at the mouth of the harbor and remained long enough for the captain to exchange mails with the San Diego office. We had several hundred passengers, who were loud in their complaints because we "fooled away" three hours of their valuable time on post-office business; but it was a pleasure to me, standing in the foretop, to look out over the peninsula, which makes out from the east and south, and gives such security to the largest vessel riding in the bold water under its lee. How much this harbor resembles the Bay of Naples, National City suggesting Pompeii!

San Diego is the oldest of the California mission towns, the first church having been planted here in 1769; but its present importance is of recent growth, caused by the building of the California Southern Railroad, a part of the Santa Fe system. In 1880 the population was 2,637; now it is over 25,000, with other developments to correspond.

CHAPTER XII.

SACRAMENTO AND VICINITY.

The plains recede; the olives dwindle;
The chestnut slopes fall far behind;
The skirts of the billowy pine woods kindle
In the evening lights and wind.

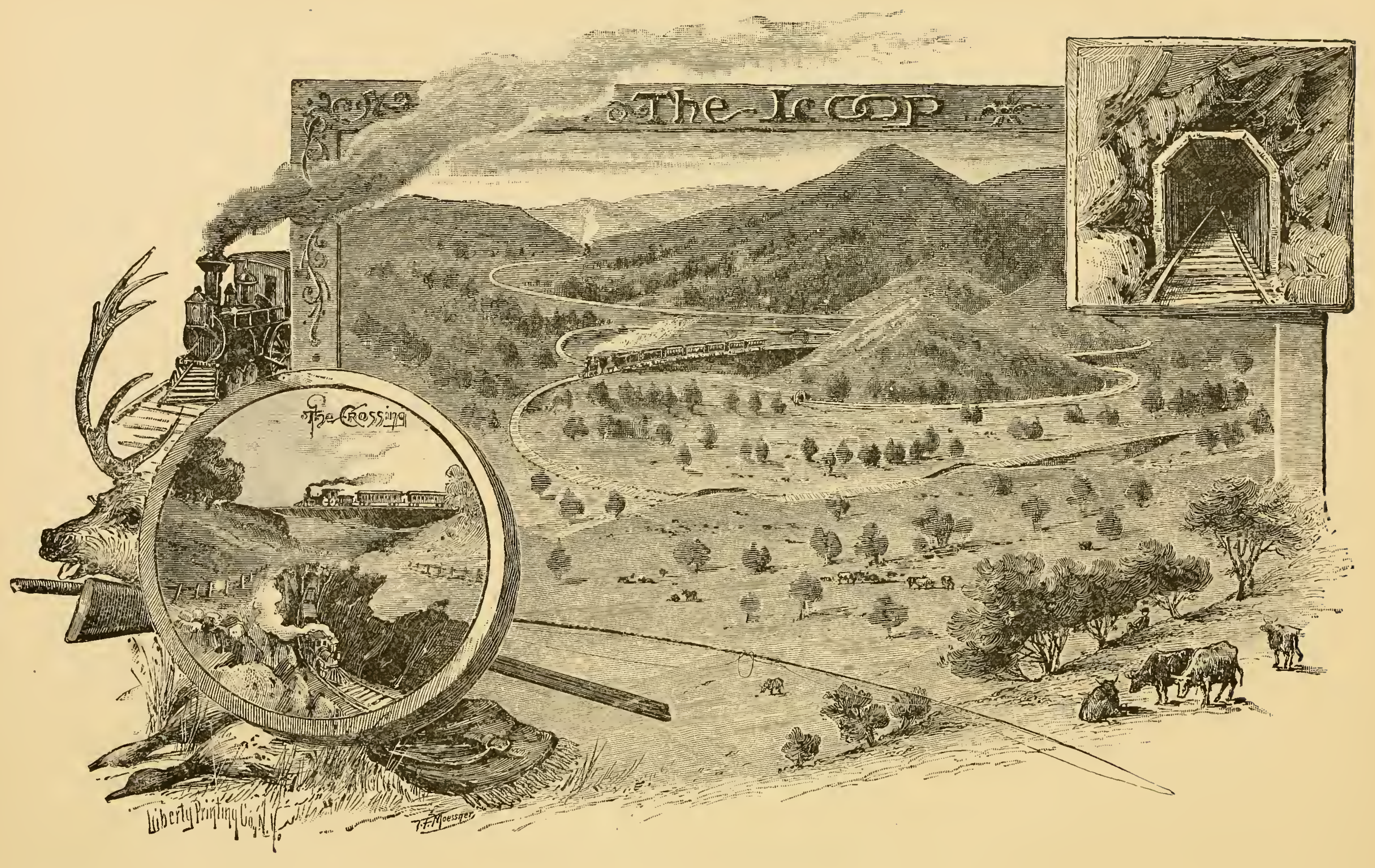
—Aubrey de Vere.

AT 2.00 P. M. Wednesday, we left Coronado for Sacramento *via* Los Angeles. The ride along the ocean was delightful. Whales were seen in the distance, with countless sea fowl flying and swimming near the shore, and thriving farms and orchards in the opposite direction. We reached Los Angeles at 7.00 P. M. Some attended a rose show in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, of which I need only to say it was wonderful even for this land of flowers. The hall was packed with young and old. Athletic performances were given on the stage by the Y. M. C. A. I attended the theatre to see Rice's "Evangeline," which was well rendered. It did me good to see Mr. Hanson laugh. At 2.00 A. M. we proceeded.

Leaving Los Angeles, we climb by the railway the valleys of the Los Angeles and the San Fernando, and twenty-six miles from the city and 1,200 feet above it, or at an altitude of 1,469 feet, go through the San Fernando Tunnel. This passes through the mountain range of the same name, and is 6,967 feet in length. On the north side are several small towns or settlements. Then we come to the western part of the Mojave Desert, the eastern section of which was traversed on entering California. One of the most remarkable triumphs of railway engineering skill ever achieved in any part of the world is found just north of Tehachapi Summit, which has an elevation of 3,964 feet. A group of mountain peaks and crags belonging to the terminating southwestern spur of the Sierra Nevada here disputed the advance of the iron steed; but by a series of complex and bewildering curves, and finally, by actually crossing its own line, a pathway was made. The views from the railway line are very picturesque, and often of wide extent.

We stopped an hour for water at Bakersfield and an hour and a half at Fresno, the home of the late Judge D. S. Terry. The avenues here are wide, straight, and beautiful, with trees and flowers. Our train passes through some of the principal streets, but does not seem to interfere with business. Tulare, Madera, and Merced are other important places, pleasantly situated and well laid out as a rule. During the night we made a short stop at Lathrop, where Judge Terry assaulted Judge Field, and was killed by the latter. The story of Judge Terry, as well as that of his widow, Sarah Althea (Hill) (Sharon) Terry is one of misdirected talent—of unrestrained passion—sad but instructive. It is too well known and too recent to need repetition.

Throughout this ride from San Diego to Sacramento, and, indeed, everywhere we went in California, we were impressed with the wonderful results attending the scientific use of water in agriculture. Much of our practical knowledge of the art of irrigation has been derived


The Loop
The Crossing
Liberty Printing Co. N.Y.
T.F. Moessner

from ruins in Arizona, which were so old in 1542, when Coronado visited that section, that tradition could only tell of the destruction of the men who built the 1,000 miles or more of canals. A careful writer says of the Salt River and Gila River country : —

" How populous these valleys once were ! is the first thought that comes to the mind. How great the skill and ingenuity that this prehistoric people possessed for their time and day is the next. Never has the level of the best of modern engineers been able to improve on the lines of the ruined canals, which they have left behind them ; while in the selection of locations, at which to take the water from the rivers, is always exhibited the greatest skill and intelligence. It was these ruins that, in the early seventies, first gave the American settlers the idea of reclaiming the valley where now stands Phœnix, the capital of the Territory, surrounded by a population of nearly 20,000 souls, the first canal constructed simply following the line of a prehistoric one. In the selection of the routes of the subsequent ones, it was merely the question of picking out of the labyrinth of ruins the lines of the main canals, and following them. This, at times, was difficult work, for some of the laterals were of considerable size and capacity.

" How extensive the entire system of irrigation in the Salt River valley alone was, may be inferred from the fact that the amount of land practically covered by the canals was over 250,000 acres,— nearly treble the area of the lands at present actually cultivated within the county of Los Angeles, California. The population supported must have been very great, for it is almost impossible to find an acre within the line of ancient acequias on which fragments of pottery, shell ornaments, or stone implements cannot be found, while the ruins of ancient adobe habitations can be seen in every direction, where they have not been obliterated by the settler. These are always of the style still to be found among the Zuni, Moqui, and other Pueblo Indians of the Southwest — thick, strong walls, with few openings for doors and windows, and small rooms, with the buildings clustering so closely together as to form almost one tenement. Estimating the acreage of the past as being one acre to two persons,— the present rule among the Pueblo tribes, — the population supported by the ditches would not fall short of 500,000 — an estimate the best authorities consider conservative."

Under modifications of the ancient Arizona system, and by more modern methods, great changes have been wrought in California. Since the passage of the Wright irrigation law, there have been formed districts under the provisions of that measure, by which 1,500,000 acres of hitherto dry land will be irrigated, while projects are well under way by which a grand total of 2,000,000 acres will be put under water. The law has been in operation only three years, but in that time twenty-six districts have been formed, the territory covered extending from Colusa to San Diego. It is no exaggeration to say that the value of the lands supplied with water under this law has been increased at least tenfold. Certainly their productive capacity has been augmented in even greater ratio. At the same time, the cost of putting the water upon the land is so small as to be hardly worth considering ; $10 an acre being an outside figure, while the land so supplied is made to be worth at least $100 an acre, and in many cases much more.

It is worth while to consider what a difference these irrigation enterprises will make in the condition of the sections where they are being carried out. Without water these lands are fit only for pasturage or the production of precarious crops of hay or grain. Here is a statement of about the outside limit of their capacity under the most favorable climatic conditions : —

When unirrigated, eighty acres of pasture land for cattle or sheep will yield $200, which amount is also a fair estimate for any of the following: —

Twenty acres of barley, twenty acres of grain hay, twenty acres of wheat, or twenty acres of oats. When irrigated, however, the productive power of the land is at once increased to an almost indefinite extent, thus:—

Five acres of alfalfa produce $200, a return that can be counted upon with certainty from four acres of apples, two acres of apricots, two acres of plums, one acre of figs, one acre of peaches, one acre of almonds, one acre of walnuts, three fourths of an acre of raisin grapes, two thirds of an acre of Bartlett pears, one-half acre of cherries, one-fourth acre of blackberries, or one-fifth acre of olives.

These figures, too, are all upon a very conservative basis, while the production of the unirrigated land is put at an outside limit.

The number of people that these two million of acres of irrigated land will support is something enormous. Allowing a family of five to each twenty acres, there would be 100,000 families, or 500,000 souls (or, if the population should become as dense as in ancient Arizona, 4,000,000). But in addition there would also be half a dozen settlements, aggregating doubtless another 100,000 population; but while unirrigated the same area would afford scant support for not a twentieth part of the number. Such, in brief, are a few of the benefits conferred upon the State by the introduction of irrigation upon an extensive scale.

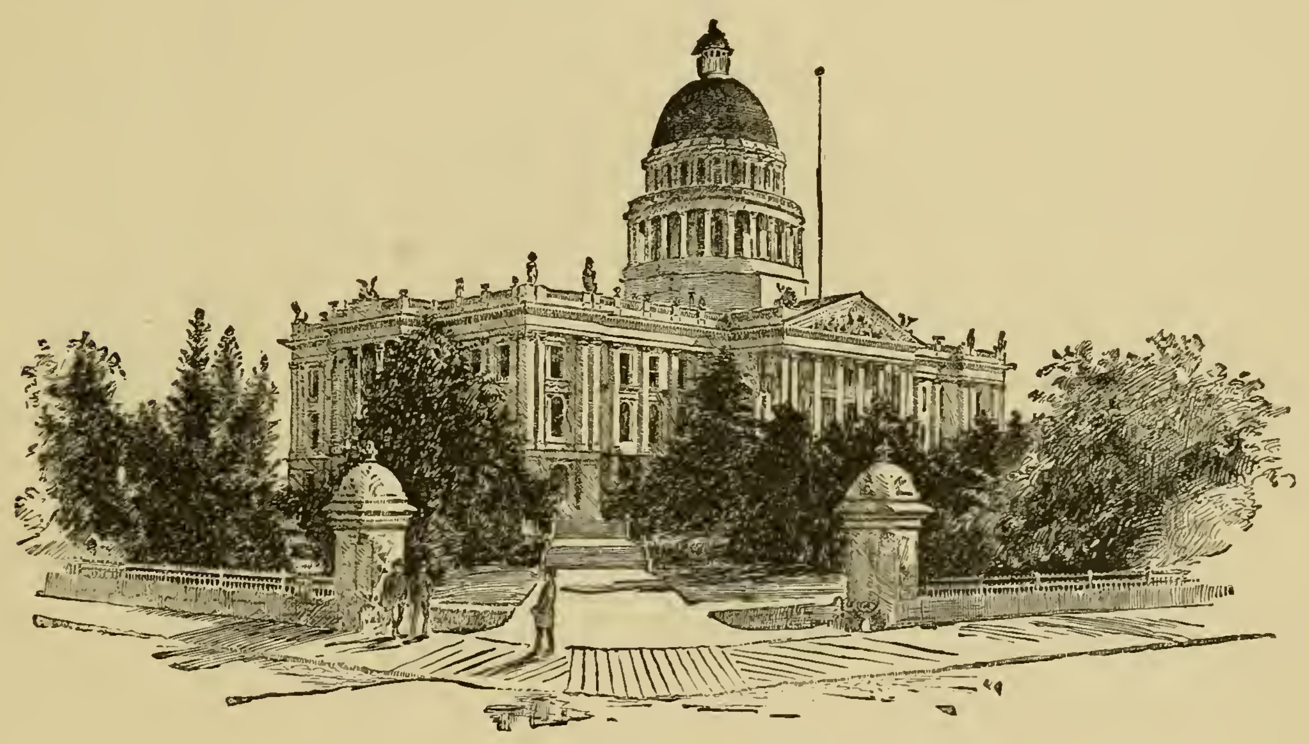
Friday morning, April 25, finds us at Sacramento at seven o'clock. Carriages in waiting convey us to the Golden Eagle Hotel. We were at once taken in charge by the local forty-niners and a public committee of reception, and royally did they entertain us. A cordial welcome, given in the hotel parlors by Mayor Comstock, received fitting reply from our officers. Then came our kind hosts with teams, in which we were driven all around their beautiful city,—a place doubly interesting to us, for here were many familiar spots of our early adventures. Some of us found old acquaintances, and what a pleasure it was to renew the friendships of forty years ago!

Sacramento, around which cluster so many thrilling memories of the early days of California, is now a handsome city of about 50,000 inhabitants. "Sutter's Fort" was established in 1841, two years after John A. Sutter settled here, and the town itself was founded in 1848. Riots, fires, and floods were among its early experiences, and great damage was done to the young town as late as 1861 and '62. The streets are commodious and regularly laid out, and they are lined with handsome residences and business blocks. The public buildings are elegant; and the State Capitol, which cost $3,000,000, is really imposing. It occupies a beautiful park, which is adorned with trees and flowers, and in its main design is a copy of the National Capitol in Washington. The dome rises to an elevation of 220 feet. The capital of California was permanently located at Sacramento Feb. 25, 1854, and the present Capitol building was completed in 1869. The State library contains over 60,000 volumes. In Capitol Park are also the exposition pavilion of the State Agricultural Society and the State Printing Office, in which are printed, in addition to the usual work for the State, the text books for use in the public schools. The State Agricultural Society has also an extensive park for the exhibition of stock and one of the finest race tracks in the world. The Crocker Art Gallery is much the finest collection of paintings and statuary on the Pacific Coast. This institution was donated to the city by Mrs. E. B. Crocker. This estimable and philanthropic woman also established and gave to the city an Old Ladies' Home. Sacramento has an Association of Pioneers and also one of Sons of Pioneers.

It is difficult to realize that this beautiful city is the place where we bought supplies for the mines in the days of gold. Then people encamped under the trees that were standing near

the landing, and ate fried pork and corn meal johnny-cake for the want of something better, and dreamed of the gold that was to be theirs by the mere seeking. At that time this place was a collection, a conglomeration, of board huts, shelter tents, brush arbors, without order, without conveniences.

What a busy place was Sacramento in those days! It was the headquarters for all who sought the northern mines. There was gold on every hand, in scales, nuggets, and coin; and silver was sneered at. Prices were high for everything, teaming was a dollar a pound, and flour and pork scarce and dear. Work was abundant for all, while the gambler reaped a rich harvest from the half-drunken miners with bags of dust in their pockets, which lightened as they tempted fate, with all the chances against them. No one could help making money in



THE CAPITOL, SACRAMENTO.

those days, for every one was careless of his wealth, and many squandered it in the most wanton style, and had bitter cause to regret it afterwards, when want took the place of plenty.

The city of Sacramento of this period does not resemble the city of 1849. It is situated on a level plain at the junction of two important rivers, and surrounded by high dykes to keep out the waters of winter after a heavy rain. Many times has it been flooded so that boats were required to navigate the streets; but the people do not worry over such annoyances, and come up smiling and thinking of the great crops the rains will produce, for the land is rich beyond description in every direction. In the valley of the Sacramento, way off towards the foot hills, there can be raised magnificent oranges, the largest and best flavored strawberries, the most luxuriant of cherries, golden-hued peaches, honey-tasting apricots, acid lemons, sour limes, and, in fact, all the fruits that grow near Los Angeles can be raised 480 miles north; and, what is of much importance, all the above varieties of fruit, including grapes, are earlier in the market than those of Southern California.

To the north of Sacramento City there are lands that are very productive, for the wheat and barley crops never fail. There are great cattle ranges in this region, and sheep runs where the animals thrive all winter without shelter; for the grass is green and thick after the rains set in, and in the summer the numerous streams are never dry, fed, as they are, by the snows of the mountains.

I noticed that the river is not so deep as it was in 1850, and, when I asked the reason was told that hydraulic mining had caused large quantities of sand and silt to be deposited in the bed of the stream. All the way down to San Francisco Bay the shoaling of the water was noticeable to one who knew it when large vessels moved freely where now there are flats or sand-bars.

SUTTER'S FORT — 1849.

Sutter's old fort has now only a historical interest for visitors, as its crumbling walls are forbidding in appearance, and what was once a place of enterprise, of carnage, riots and plots, is now the undisputed stall of beasts. But memories made it precious to us, and we bowed almost reverentially within the enclosure as we rehearsed its story and associations. It is a pleasure to add that, Sept. 9, 1890, the Pioneers all over the country added their contributions to those of our brethren in California and of the N. S. G. W. and N. D. G. W.; and the amount raised, supplemented by a generous gift from Senator Leland Stanford in the following October, will purchase and preserve the fort for many years. The State has been asked to receive and take charge of the property.

Restaurants and saloons had the four and nine of spades pasted upon their mirrors.

At 1.00 P. M. we were banqueted at Pioneer Hall. President Lawson, of the Sacramento Society, was at the head of the table, with President Thomes on his right. The table was literally loaded down with California products, wines, etc., and we "pitched in" with a will. President Lawson and Mayor Comstock briefly welcomed us, and replies were made by President Thomes and Secretary Whittemore. N. Greene Curtis made a speech which created great enthusiasm. Secretary of State Hendricks made a few happy remarks, after which the banquet broke up with cheers.

At two o'clock we were escorted in vehicles to the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery by the officers and several members of the Sacramento Pioneers, headed by Mayor Comstock. The company was received at the door by officers of the California Museum Association, assisted by several of the members of the Ladies' Museum Association. The guests first registered, and then visited the picture galleries, the School of Design, and the State mineral cabinet. The char-

acter of the institution was explained, and the ownership by the city, and management by the Museum Association, in all which we manifested a deep interest, asking many questions. We were escorted about the building, and considerately attended by Mayor Comstock, and by President Lawson and Messrs. McGuire, Leonard, Sheppard, and others of the Pioneers, and by the President of the Museum Association, Custodian Cushman, Director Grunsky, Mrs. Campbell, and Instructor Jackson, of the Association, and by Mrs. Jordan, president, and Mrs. Bonnheim, treasurer, and Mrs. Grunsky, of the Ladies' Museum Association. We spent two hours in the building, and even then were loth to retire, and most of us announced our intention to return, and view the art and mineral treasures and curiosities more leisurely.

A few went to the Sacramento Fair, where there was a running race. Before she started, one lady picked out the horse she said she would bet on, which won two out of three races.

Some of the party seemed young again among the old familiar hills, S. W. Foster going so far as to extemporize a poem of which I give a stanza: —

"Let 's go to Auburn!" some one said;
They did, and painted the old place red.
They found old claims that once they knew,
And old friends, too, who took them through.

The following telegrams, received Saturday, April 26, explain themselves: —

San Bernardino, Cal, April 26, 1890.

To Captain W. H. Thomes, President, and Hon. B. F. Whittemore, Secretary N. E. S. C. P., care of Governor Waterman, Sacramento.

May you find the diggings to-day at the State capital better than you did forty years ago.

John Brown, Jr., *Secretary San Bernardino Pioneers.*

Sacramento, Cal., April 26, 1890.

John Brown, Jr., Secretary San Bernardino Pioneers.

Thanks. We can never forget you and your people.

W. H. Thomes.
B. F. Whittemore.

We learned afterwards that on Saturday, by formal vote at San Bernardino, Mr. Whittemore's song was selected to be sung at the opening of all their meetings. That day many of us accepted the invitation of the Odd Fellows to attend their picnic, some twenty-five miles from the city, near Folsom, where the State Prison is located. Here we were given a ride to the prison, where we were shown through by the obliging warden, who handed me a large bouquet for Mrs. Ball. From a hill near by we looked down upon 700 convicts at work building a dam, a strongly armed guard keeping watch.

I never before saw so many teams in one place as at this picnic. I asked where they all came from, and was told that people started at daylight, and came from towns many miles distant, in all directions.

The Odd Fellows gave us a splendid picnic dinner, and took us across the American River, where is some of the prettiest and most level land I ever saw.

From Folsom we returned by train, and I strolled about the city, which was headquarters for so many of us in the days of placer mining. At that time I stopped at the Antarctic Hotel,

kept by Benjamin Pendleton, of Stonington, Conn. It stood on the same street, and was within two blocks of the Golden Eagle.

That evening we were received officially at the Capitol.

Secretary of State W. C. Hendricks called to order, and made a brief address of welcome, followed by Governor R. W. Waterman, in a short speech of similar tenor. President Thomes thanked them, and through them the people of California, for the magnificent receptions everywhere given, and assured them we would never forget their hospitality. He gave many interesting reminiscences, and concluded with an eloquent eulogy of California and everything Californian.

Mayor Comstock gave a characteristically brief but warm-hearted welcome, and hoped we were having a good time. Reply was unnecessary.

President P. S. Lawson, of the Sacramento Pioneers, spoke at length of the progress the State had made since the days of pioneering, and assured us that we were of those who laid the foundation of all this prosperity.

Secretary Whittemore gave a short description of our party, showing how deeply many of us were interested in the history of the State.

Governor Robert W. Waterman was born in Fairfield, Herkimer county, N. Y., in 1826, but when very young was taken by his parents to Illinois, where he remained until 1850, when he crossed the plains for California gold. He soon returned, and in 1856 a convention of the "Anti-Nebraska Party," which met at Bloomington May 29, appointed him a delegate to the first Republican convention held in the State, which nominated a full ticket of presidential electors, with Abraham Lincoln at their head. In 1873 he returned to California, and purchased a ranch near San Bernardino. Not prospering, he prospected in the Mojave Desert, and, after a weary search, located a silver-bearing ledge. In this and other mines he amassed a fortune, which he has invested in lands, chiefly in San Bernardino and San Diego counties, and in enterprises calculated to develop Southern California. He was elected lieutenant-governor in 1886, and became governor by the death of Washington Bartlett, Oct. 12, 1887.

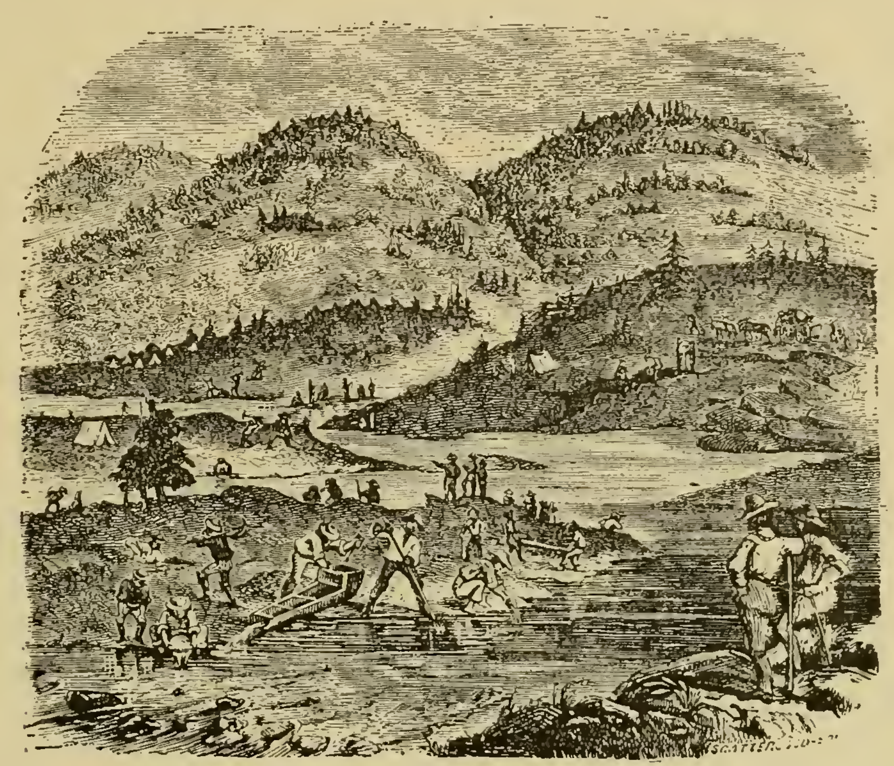
Personally, he is a very genial man, simple in manners, easily approached, and with a kind word for all. He is generous to a fault, and on account of his sympathetic nature has become noted for granting more pardons than any predecessor. He married Jane Gardner, of Belvidere, Ill., in 1847. Of seven children, three sons and four daughters, all but the eldest son are living.

(Since the above was written, ex-Governor Waterman died of pneumonia, after a brief illness, at San Diego, Sunday evening, April 12, 1891.)

We were about to leave, when, noticing a great many people in the lobby, we asked what it meant, and were told that Senator Leland Stanford had stopped on his way to Washington with his wife. He lived here when governor, and still keeps the place up, although now residing at Palo Alto. He had sent me from Washington a letter of introduction to Mr. Lathrop,—his brother-in-law, in charge of the university grounds at Palo Alto,—through Senator N. T. Dixon, of Rhode Island, and I was glad of an opportunity to thank him personally for his courtesy. It is said that there were 10,000 people at the two receptions given that night at the Capitol.

The next day was Sunday; but, as it was the only opportunity for visiting Rattlesnake Bar, where I dug for gold nearly a year and a half, I purchased tickets for Newcastle, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and telegraphed for a team to be ready to take us to the bar, some six miles distant. Mr. A. G. Abbott, proprietor of the Fashion Stable, Newcastle, was on hand with a fine team, and gave us a quality of service and a quantity of personal attention

that greatly enhanced our already favorable opinion of California courtesy. We rode over the new iron bridge across the American River; but I was puzzled to find the old claim, until a resident '49er told me it had been half filled. Only one thing looked natural,— a rock in the river near the bar, from which I shot many an otter in 1850 and 1851.



A MINING SCENE — 1849.

As the methods of mining, especially in the placer districts, are so well known, I will only give extracts from my old journal, showing average results, and add two or three letters and a story needing no comment.

No. Fork American River, Rattlesnake Bar, Cal., }
Monday, August 19, 1850. }

Came down on the Bar and formed a company of seven to work on the sand bank. Two went to Sacramento to buy oxen and a scraper. While they were gone we made $120. They returned Thursday afternoon, and all worked Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday scraping off sand, digging up roots and bushes, heaping up stones to be thrown into the holes from which dirt is taken to the river to be washed. Having cleared our lead by Thursday noon, we work as follows: —

Thursday, August 29, washed out	$131.00	or $18.71	apiece.
Friday, " 30, " "	260.50	" 37.21	"
Saturday, " 31, " "	221.00	" 31.57	"
Total for three days	612.50	" 87.49	"
First week in September	902.50	" 128.92	"
Second " " "	2,083.75	" 297.67	"
Third " " "	1,406.50	" 200.92	"
Fourth " " "	1,105.00	" 157.85	"

Odd cents are carried forward for final division. We got well at work, with the following result for one week:—

Monday,	October 7,	we washed	360	pails of dirt, and got	$163.00	or	$23.28	each.
Tuesday,	" 8,	" "	280	" " " " "	93.00	"	13.28	"
Wednesday,	" 9,	" "	410	" " " " "	153.00	"	21.85	"
Thursday,	" 10,	" "	420	" " " " "	141.50	"	20.21	"
Friday,	" 11,	" "	530	" " " " "	208.50	"	29.78	"
Saturday,	" 12,	" "	550	" " " " "	269.50	"	38.50	"
For the week		" "	2,550	" " " " "	1,028.50	"	146.90	"

Tuesday we worked only in the forenoon, and this, with one exception, was our lightest week's work. Later, in cold or rainy weather the weekly receipts fell as low as $200, on one

POST-OFFICE SCENE — 1849.

or two occasions, but were seldom less than $600. I remained until my original companions had all got enough to grow uneasy for home, or for claims where $10,000 nuggets abounded; and then, finding that the reputation of Rattlesnake Bar stood so high in the minds of the new shareholders that they were willing to stand by and see it work itself instead of exercising vigorously with pick, shovel, and rocker, I, too, sold out for $150, and started for Sacramento Tuesday, June 2, 1851. Years after, under hydraulic processes, our old abandoned claim was extended into the hill back of where our tent stood, and yielded enormous profits.

North Fork American River, Rattlesnake Bar, Cal.,
January 19, 1851.

Brother Joseph: I believe I owe you a letter, and Sunday gives me a little leisure to pay the debt. Sunday is the only day in the diggings for writing letters, the other six being occupied in digging and washing out the gold. Sunday is the day for washing and mending clothes, fixing tools, writing letters, etc., etc. There are no more Sabbaths in the mines than at sea, where Jack's business is, as the verse has it: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thou art able; on the seventh holystone the deck and scrape the chain cable." I will begin at the beginning of my mining experience and give you a brief account of my doings up to this time. On the 28th of May, in company with four others,— my old friend J. W. Dodge and three members of the Westerly and California Company, Nichols, Lamb, and Lamphere,— I set out from Sacramento City for the northern diggings, and first brought up at Georgetown, near the Middle Fork of the American River; worked some in the dry diggings at that place, and prospected on the Middle Fork.

We remained at Georgetown about a month: made from $5 to $10 a day, but not satisfied with this, and finding almost every one else on the move, we followed the example, and set out anew in search of better diggings. We purchased two mules, packed up our traps, and spent some two months in traveling, prospecting, and digging before we came to permanent quarters at this place. On our travels we visited Spanish Bar on the Middle Fork, Kelly's Bar on the North Fork, passed through Illinois Town and Cold Spring to Bear River, thence on the Emigrant road to the South Yuba. A great part of our number visited the Sierra Nevada Mountains, found snow in some places forty feet deep, but no gold, or any indication of it.

Not meeting in our northern travels with our anticipated success, we prepared to return to the North Fork, with the intention of damming the river. We came out about fifty miles above this, or ninety from Sacramento City, at the junction of the North Fork. Here we clambered over hills of vast height and steepness. We had to descend some two and a half miles with our mules, where we were all the while in danger of casting away, and all going to the bottom together. We were near half a day beating down, for it was impossible to sail a direct course. At the junction we remained a few weeks, but found no encouragement for damming. The diggings yielded some $10 per day, but prices were so high that we concluded to "vamose," and, hearing flattering reports from Nevada City, we visited it. Here are Coyote diggings, where they sink holes from thirty to eighty feet perpendicularly, until they come to the bed granite, and then undermine in all directions, after the manner of the prairie wolf or coyote, which gives the name to this method of digging. Here many were doing well, taking out pounds per day, but a great majority making little or nothing. There was a scarcity of water, much sickness, and great danger of losing your labor, so we concluded to return again to the North Fork, lower down, giving up prospecting, and work for such pay as we could get. Our high anticipation and the great stories afloat had kept us prospecting until we were completely sick of it, and ready to settle down, and be satisfied with small but steady gains.

On our way down our three companions — Dodge, Lamb, and Lamphere — dropped off one after another near Kelly's Bar; but Nichols and myself kept on, till near the last of August we brought up at this place, when we fell in with Cottrell, Hitchcock, and Larkin, our companions around the Horn, who had just made a prospect beneath a deep bank of quicksand, and there discovered earth which paid about 75 cents per bucket. This quicksand is very difficult of removal by shoveling; for, when dry, it seeks its equilibrium, commences running, and is hardly satisfied with anything else than a water level. We therefore formed

a company, took in two others, Pratt and Knight, who were working near by, and purchased oxen and scraper to remove the sand by an easier method,— a method we have followed ever since, which still leaves us plenty of shoveling of bottom sand and some layers of earth which do not contain sufficient gold to pay us for washing. In the course of our labors we have discovered that there is a line of gold running parallel with the river, some three or four rods from it and some twelve feet wide, where the gold is most abundant. From this line it diminishes both towards the river and from it; but diminishes so gradually that we have already worked a streak of several rods in width. and shall continue to work back as long as we shall make wages.

The gold generally is distributed through the earth with such equality that two persons washing the same number of buckets of earth will get just about the same quality of ore. The dirt pays better as you go down towards the bed granite. The granite is always scraped, and never fails to pay better than the earth above.

In places about here, dirt that pays about 5 cents per bucket, if readily accessible, and convenient to water, will pay $5 per day for working. The dirt in our leads at first paid from 50 cents to $1.50 per bucket; it now pays from 15 to 50 cents. We have sometimes washed top dirt which pays but 6 or 8 cents per bucket, and have found buckets on the bed granite which have paid as many dollars, but not often nor many. Our best day's work was $80 per man, and we have averaged $50 per day for two weeks in succession. After working about six weeks, Pratt and Knight sold out for $250 per share, which, with their diggings in the bank, amounted to about $1,500 each. About the last of October Hitchcock, Larkin, and Cottrell sold out for $75 each, after taking out $2,000, since when the company have shared $800. You express a wish that I may soon return with pockets full of shining dross. I cannot promise that my pockets will be full, for this gold is very slippery, as all the world knows, and very heavy. My pockets full would make me rich for life, according to my present idea of riches. We shall probably have work in the bank for some three or four months longer, when we shall be thrown again upon our resources. When I shall return home, will depend upon my health and success in finding a new lead.

The prevailing diseases here are diarrhœa, rheumatism, and fever and ague, but my iron constitution has carried me thus far safely. I have not lost a day since we opened the sand bank.

Yours truly,

NICHOLAS BALL.

NO. FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER, RATTLESNAKE BAR, CAL.,
April 27, 1890.

Mr. C. C. Ball, Block Island, R. I.—

MY DEAR SON: Here we are at the old mining place in California. Oh, how different everything is since leaving here in 1851! The bar and hill back of it I should never have known on account of the change wrought in consequence of the hydraulic water-pressure mining in hill back of where our tent stood. I could only have known the place by a ravine which ran to the river below the bend, just above, and joining our Bar, and some rocks on the shore below the Bar. We expect to be at Sacramento City at 6.30 this evening, and go to San Francisco to-morrow morning.

Yours respectfully,

NICHOLAS BALL

SACRAMENTO, CAL., April 27, 1890.

MY DEAR SON: When I entered the cars for Auburn, my first mining-camp in 1849, I thought of how I went there forty-one years ago, walking beside a four-yoke ox-team in the rain; for, on that very day, November 1, the rainy season commenced. The first day we only made twelve miles, and nine the next, on account of rain and mud. On the second night, in a tent which had at one end, to keep the rain off, a piece of cotton cloth held down by a stone, we found a negro cooking biscuits hard as a rock, boiling black coffee,— to be served without sugar,— and baking beans; but we were delighted to share his dinner at seventy-five cents apiece. We were eight days traveling the forty miles to Auburn.

When we left the cars, I looked for the spot where I had pitched my tent, built a stone chimney at one end, made a mattress of fir boughs, and thought myself well fixed for the winter. On the identical spot stood a nice, two-story house, with a fine garden, neatly fenced. I then looked around where not a building stood then, and saw churches, schoolhouses, fine brick buildings, and children in the wide streets. It was hard to realize that this was the place where I had dug for gold, and that the hills of red clay we thought good for nothing, were really the charming slopes now covered with grape vines, peach, apple, and pear trees, and other evidences of fertility. I stood and reflected upon the past, and thought of all the hardy men who had helped to build the place; but, by diligent inquiry, I could not find one of all who wintered here in '49 and '50. I suppose most of them have gone to their long home, and that the others are widely scattered. It makes me feel sad as I think of the old days.

Your affectionate father,

CHARLES T. STUMCKE.

Daniel A. Clark, who drove from Newcastle to visit his old camp on Horseshoe Bar, about a mile below Rattlesnake Bar, North Fork of the American River, was surprised to see the rolling hills, formerly covered with wild oats, chaparral, and jemiselle or Black Jack oaks, now luxuriant with vineyards, orchards, and fields of grass and grain. He found a friend, James Smyth, who kept a store at Secret Ravine in early days. When placer mining failed, Smyth bought a section of land, filled the mining holes, and set out an extensive orchard of many kinds of trees, including the first orange tree of Placer county, still bearing, and the only fruitful Chinese date tree in California.

Just across the river, at Milk Punch Bar, can still be seen traces of a peculiar adventure. In 1851 Mr. Clark, who, with his brother, did the first drifting in this locality, was opening a drift one day from a square hole some one had previously sunk on their claim, with one partner who did not dare to work in a drift. The hole was 15 feet deep, and 8 x 12 feet in size. From one corner he started a hole just large enough to swing a pick in, working on his knees. About eighteen inches in, he erected supports for safety; but gravel still dropped some, and the man above was told to keep sharp watch, and be ready to help if the bank began to cave. All at once the pick broke through and disappeared in a hole near the top of the drift. The man above was asked to examine the ground, but he could find no trace of the surface ever having been disturbed. Mr. Clark was enlarging the opening, to learn what kind of a place it was, when he heard the cry: "Look out, Clark, she 's caving!" With a bound he sprang head first through the hole, into he knew not what, and instantly all was the blackness of darkness. His head and hands stuck in the soft mud at the bottom of the hole, but his legs to the knees were held fast by the fallen mass behind. Although he thought his mining days were over, he determined not to give up so long as life lasted; so, digging his legs clear, he felt around to see what the chances were. He crawled along in the darkness, over slimy

rocks and through muddy pools, bumping against rocks and earth, ascending and descending by turns, with hardly room to squeeze through in places, for about twenty minutes, when a turn showed light ahead. He emerged in a clump of willows near the river, and found himself covered with sticky red mud or "slum gullion," in miner language. Looking up the bank, he saw a crowd of excited miners taking turns in digging as for dear life. Walking quietly up behind them, he asked what they were doing. They recognized his features, but were so astonished that they crowded around, and asked where he came from, and how he got there, before they seemed entirely satisfied that he really was not under the pile of gravel. This drift may have been worked before Marshall's discovery, perhaps by Mexicans or Indians.

In 1849 a nugget weighing twenty-eight pounds avoirdupois was found at Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne county; in 1853, one of 360 ounces, valued at $5,265, at Columbus, in the same county. In 1850 a nugget of 263 ounces was found in French Ravine, Sierra county, assayed at $4,893. November, 1854, the largest piece ever found in California, weighing 195 pounds troy, was discovered at Carson Hill, Calaveras county. Several others, weighing six or seven pounds each, were found near.

In 1851 a nugget, largely quartz, found at French Ravine, yielded $8,000, and another, in 1855, $10,000.

Aug. 4, 1858, on the west branch of Feather River, Ira A. Willard found a piece weighing fifty-four pounds before melting, and forty-nine and a half after.

A nugget of 1,596 ounces troy was found Aug. 18, 1860, at the Monumental Quartz Mine, and sold to R. B. Woodward to exhibit at Woodward's Garden. He paid $21,636.52; but, when he melted it, it proved to be worth but $17,654.94.

A Mr. Strain found a slab of gold quartz half a mile east of Columbia, Tuolumne county, which yielded $8,500.

The "Welcome Nugget," of Ballarat, Australia, found June, 1858, weighed 184 pounds troy, and yielded $32,000.

An eighty-four-pound nugget, worth $20,000, was found in 1842 in North Carolina, and the same year one of ninety-three pounds in Siberia.

Sonora, Tuolumne county, yielded more nuggets than any other place in California.

These were large nuggets in weight and value, and many smaller ones might be added to the list; *but they were not large in bulk.* A cubic foot of gold weighs over 1,200 pounds, and is worth about $300,000. The best estimates give rather less than $4,000,000,000 for the total value of all the gold now in the hands of men, as money, or in use in the arts, which would make a cube less than twenty-five feet long, and would not fill the large parlor of the Auditorium, The Raymond, or the Hotel del Coronado. Probably one third of all the gold ever mined is still available, which would give a block 25 x 25 x 75 feet in size as the total product of Ophir, Mexico, Peru, California, Australia, and mines of lesser fame. Indeed, even if we suppose the supply on hand to be but a twentieth of all ever obtained, it would be true that the entire amount of gold for which men have toiled and planned. dreamed and sinned, would fall far short of filling any of the hotels named.

The exigencies of the rude life of the placer miners developed traits of character which have had a formative influence upon the social and business life of both Europe and America. Charles H. Shinn well says, in "Mining Camps:"—

"There were times in almost every camp when the rowdy element came near ruling, and only the powerful and hereditary instincts of the Americans present, ever brought order out of chaos. In nearly every such crisis, there were men of the right stamp at hand, to say the brave word, or do the brave act; to appeal to the Saxon love of fair play; to seize the mur-

derer, or defy the mob. Side by side, in the same gulch, working in claims of eight paces square, were, perhaps, fishermen from Cape Ann, loggers from the Penobscot, farmers from the Genesee valley, physicians from the prairies of Iowa, lawyers from Maryland and Louisiana, college graduates from Yale, Harvard, and the University of Virginia. From so variously mingled elements came that terribly exacting mining-camp society, which tested with pitiless and unerring tests each man's individual manhood, discovering his intrinsic worth or weakness with almost superhuman precision, until at last the ablest and best men became leaders. They fought their way to the surface through fierce oppositions, and with unblenching resolution suppressed crime, and built up homes in the region they had learned to love.

"We walk the streets of San Francisco—leaders in business here, who once were citizens of a camp and swingers of picks in the beds of mountain torrents. We enter the political field,—giants of debate and caucus here,—whose first efforts to control their fellow-men were under the Mariposa oaks, or beneath the dome of Shasta. We traverse the pastoral regions of the West, prairies dotted for miles with cattle, herds upon a thousand hills—sun-browned patriarchal princes here, a hundred herdsmen at their command, five hundred horses in their *manadas*. . . . We visit the prosperous and beautiful colonies of Southern California, fair as a garden of the Lord,—realms of cherry and apple, olive and orange, grape and pomegranate, fig and guava, loquat and passiflora, fruits and flowers of two broad zones, mingled in rapturous profusion underneath azure skies, as of Capri and Sicily,—and here also, in the midst of colonists from all parts of the world, is some man of preëminent force and dignity of character, trained in the school of the early mines, transmuting by earth's subtle alchemy his golden nuggets of '49 to yet more golden apples of Hesperides, and planting golden-banded lilies of Osaka in the place of golden leaves from Proserpine's subterranean gardens. We may even seek the great cities, whither all currents flow,—New York, London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg,—the marts of commerce, the counting-houses of Barings and Rothschilds, the courts of czar and emperor, the wonderful Broadways of many a metropolis, flowing like Amazonian rivers, day and night, without pause, and we shall find men, long trained in the lessons of the mining camps, walking as calm conquerors through the midst of this world of tumult, action, and desperate struggle, ruling railroad systems, laying ocean cables, planning for isthmus canals, aiding in a thousand enterprises that require energy, capital, knowledge of men, and prestige of former success, yet faithful in heart, cosmopolites though they are, to the memories of their young manhood, the companions of their Argonautic quest, the 'pards' of their pick and shovel days in Sierra or Rocky."

The banks of the American River to-day present scenes far different from those of '49, although of, perhaps, greater interest. From about 160 acres of land at Oakland, Boston Flat, and Rattlesnake Bar, all adjacent camps, was taken over $5,000,000; but this was exceptional, and the *average* miner obtained money more slowly and more laboriously than the average cultivator of fruits in the same section to-day.

When the yield of gold began to lessen, it was thought the end to California's prosperity had come; but close on the heels of this came the discovery that the great valleys and lower hills were as good as gold mines if planted out to wheat. It is not necessary to tell of the extent of the grain fields, the marvelous richness of the soils, the ease of cultivation, and the rainless harvest seasons. These are familiar to all the world. But following in the train of this great agricultural success has come another and a greater marvel. Experiment here and there called attention to the fact that the same acre that returned ten dollars profit if sown in wheat, returned ten times the sum if set to vines or orchard trees. So new is this discovery that in many localities the wheat farmers have not yet accepted it as true. But each year has seen more careful study of conditions and possibilities, and the wider setting out of trees and

vines, until now it is safe to say that so universal is the recognition of its truth that many counties in California will, before many years, be but immense orchards of fruit and nut-bearing trees, and other counties be but vast raisin, table, and wine grape vineyards. It is a wholly true and unexaggerated statement that nowhere else in the world can be found the completeness of conditions necessary to successful fruit-growing that California affords.

Some six miles east of Loomis, not far from Newcastle, and close by our old mining claim on the American River, stands what is, perhaps, the largest cherry tree in the world. It was planted in 1856, on sandy soil, and close by an old mining shaft, sixty feet deep, which, however, did not reach bed rock. The tree is sixty-two feet high, its branches cover an area of more than sixty feet square, and its trunk is so large that Mrs. Ball and I, standing on opposite sides and reaching around it, could just touch our fingers. In 1888 it bore 3,000 pounds of black Tartar cherries, which sold at forty cents per pound at the highest, the lowest price received being fifteen cents. The net receipts were not far from $600. The crop was 2,000 pounds in 1889, and 3,000 again in 1890, and is unusually early; hence the high price received.

We were told that there are more than 20,000 orange trees in bearing within a space two miles square, ripening among the first in the State. The altitude here is 1,000 feet above the sea; but the absence of winter fogs and a soil free from acidity are said to be so advantageous that Newcastle oranges, peaches, and cherries have become famous for earliness, quality, and the firmness requisite for very long shipments. Mr. Robert Hector, who owns the big cherry tree, is largely interested in fruit culture, and gave us much valuable information.

Meanwhile, at 2.00 P. M., Horace T. Graves and wife, John L. Hunt and wife, and Joseph Goodrich arrived at Sacramento as a delegation from the San Francisco Pioneers, in whose behalf Secretary Graves presented a magnificent illuminated address of welcome, printed in German text with gold-shaded letters, bound in Russia, and tied with white silk ribbon. The welcome was: —

THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS
TO THE
N. E. S. C. P.
WELCOME!

PIONEER HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, April 25, 1890.

William H. Thomes, Esq., President N. E. S. C. P.—

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER PIONEER: The Society of California Pioneers of San Francisco, through action of its Board of Directors and by resolution of the society, duly adopted at a special meeting thereof held on the evening of April 24, 1890, desire to extend to you, and through you to the Brother Pioneers accompanying you, and to your ladies and friends, a most hearty welcome to our Golden State, the field of your early exploits, adventures, and toils; and especially to San Francisco, the Bay City of our glorious Commonwealth, where the Argonauts who still survive have erected for themselves a comfortable home; and not only do we welcome you to our city and State, but also to our "Home," the "freedom" of which is tendered to the members of your party at all times during your sojourn among us.

With the sincere desire that you will avail yourselves of our proffered hospitality to the fullest extent, and with sentiments of sincere and fraternal regard, I am

Yours very truly,

Attest: H. T. GRAVES, EDWARD KRUSE,
[SEAL.] *Secretary.* *President.*

Several short speeches were made in the parlor of the Golden Eagle, and then nearly all adjourned to Pioneer Hall, where the rest of the day was spent in banqueting and speech making.

CHAPTER XIII.

CALIFORNIA AS A WHOLE.

O California! Thine the fame that thrills!
  The olive crown of peace and plenty thine,
Fat of the meadows, vesture of the hills,
  Colossi of the wood, the burthened vine,
  The marts that teem with corn and oil and wine.
Thy fairy-like romance is all a fact!
  Lo! the fair vision Art may not refine.
O'er the far summit, by the tempest tracked,
Out of high heaven leaps the aerial cataract!

— Chas. Warren Stoddard.

WHAT is the secret of the undeniable, almost indescribable, fascination which is exercised by California upon every one who comes within the reach of her influence? The permanent resident and the transient visitor alike are subject to that mysterious enchantment. Why is it that scarcely an individual who remains here for a twelvemonth can be persuaded to shake off the glamour which insensibly steals over him, and return to his old home? Why is it that no matter how strong may be the affection once felt for the home of childhood, all that sentiment, intensified tenfold, is transferred to this far western land, and that the feeling of loyalty to their adopted home outbalances all national or sectional feeling in the hearts of the people of this State, and makes them, above all else, Californians? Here is gathered a more cosmopolitan population than can be found in any other part of the country. Every State in the Union; every province in British America; every one of the Central and South American countries; every country in Europe and Asia, Africa, Australia, and the uttermost isles of the sea is represented. American and Englishman, German and Frenchman, Greek and Russian, Spaniard and Portuguese, Italian and Austrian, Hungarian and Pole, Dane and Swede, Armenian and Slavonian, Alaskan and Mexican, Canadian and Brazilian, Chileno and Sonoranian, Hawaiian and Samoan, Chinese and Japanese, Malay and Indian, Persian and Arabian, — white, black, red, and yellow, and all the intermingling shades,— all live here, side by side, and all are imbued with the same sentiment which makes them Californians, no matter from what source they have originally sprung.

For the person who has never had the good fortune to visit the Pacific coast, California has, too, a charm of a forceful, though perhaps indefinable, character. From the time the first Americans crossed the plains or sailed around the Horn, and returned with their marvelous tales of this sunny land, there has been a glamour cast over the very name of California, which has caused hundreds of thousands to look this way with longing eyes, and to regard a trip hither as the consummation of one of their warmest desires. The stories of the early explorers; the journals of Fremont and his contemporaries; the experience of the gold hunters, told in book, magazine, and newspaper, in prose and poetry; the quaint records of the missions; the

marvelous discoveries of scenery, the grandest the world knows; the genial climate, without a parallel elsewhere; the wonderful development of resource, shown in the fact that California is rapidly becoming the granary, the orchard, and the vineyard of the world—all these, and a hundred other reasons have given to the State an attractiveness that is felt the world over, and is well nigh irresistible to any one who has been so fortunate as to have been placed within its influence.

If there is any part of the world which needs persistent study and investigation, in order to acquire perfect knowledge concerning all its salient features, that part is California. It is a region of contradictions. Two perfectly impartial travelers may come here, and faithfully report their experience. Yet one would never for a moment suspect that they were both writing of the same country,—so entirely different in every detail would be their statements. Thus, one might write of California as a region of snow and ice. He might, with perfect truth, tell of railroads enclosed for miles with massive structures, which resemble tunnels dug through the snow. He might tell of two-story buildings, so completely hidden by snow that their very existence would not be apparent to the stranger. He could tell of snow-slides which have wiped towns out of existence, and by the side of which the avalanche of the Alps sinks into insignificance. He could, with truth, complain of railroad travel suspended for weeks, despite all the efforts of thousands of men, aided by the best machinery known to modern ingenuity. He could, in fact, draw such a picture of Arctic California as would make even an Esquimau shudder.

On the other hand, another traveler, writing upon the self-same day, could, with equal truth, tell of a journey, in which the utmost discomfort was suffered from heat and thirst. He could tell of traveling vast stretches, where the quivering heat actually sears the eyeballs; where the water supply becomes lower and lower, until exhausted; where one would give his right arm for but a single draught of the precious fluid, and where, failing it, more than one poor wretch has either lain down to die, or has had the nerve to place the muzzle of a pistol to his tortured brain, and pull the trigger that released him from misery.

Or still another traveler might tell of hill and plain carpeted with the most lovely flowers that man ever saw; billows of gold and blue, pink and white, stretching in every direction. He might tell of orange groves, their dark green foliage intermingled with the golden fruit—golden in a double sense; the atmosphere heavy with the odor of blossoms, the drone of bees humming in his ears. He might, indeed, with truth, claim to have found Tennyson's "Land of the Afternoon" realized in every detail.

The attractions of California are of a varied character. Whether one touches the history, the climate, the scenery, or the development by artificial means, he finds so much to admire and wonder at, that it requires a long period of investigation and familiarity before an adequate conception can be formed of their real immensity. The historical features of the State have been so fully dealt with by other writers, that little is left to be said. At the same time there are certain phases of this feature of the attractions that are of the highest interest, because quite generally neglected. What may be called the prehistoric history of the State affords rare opportunities for study—opportunities that are all too much neglected, and are, indeed, rapidly passing away. The rock inscriptions of the coast, the Sierra, and the desert should be transcribed, and, so far as possible, translated. That they were made with a definite purpose, and have a distinctive meaning, no one who has seen them can doubt. The cliff dwellings and mounds of the desert, and of the vast cañon of the Colorado, are certainly worthy of investigation; while in the folk lore and traditions of the remnants of the Indian tribes which once peopled the coast by tens if not hundreds of thousands, there is a mine for

investigation of unsurpassed interest. The origin of those tribes themselves opens another broad field. Types can be selected from the Indian tribes, and from the Chinese residents of this coast, which, placed side by side, are so similar in every respect as to be startling. Notably is this so with the Indians of Southern California. Individuals can be found in those tribes who, except for peculiarities of dress and mode of wearing their hair, resemble in every feature the Chinese, while on the other hand Chinese are often seen who compare in every detail of feature with the Indians. Yet with all this racial resemblance, no more cordial and reciprocal hatred can be conceived than that which exists between the two peoples.

The legendary accounts which the Indians have of the flood, of the origin of man, their faith in the omnipotence of a deity embodied in the grizzly bear, their treatment of the sick and the dead, afford a rich field, though one very difficult of being worked, since of all people in the world it is not easy to get into the full confidence of these aborigines.

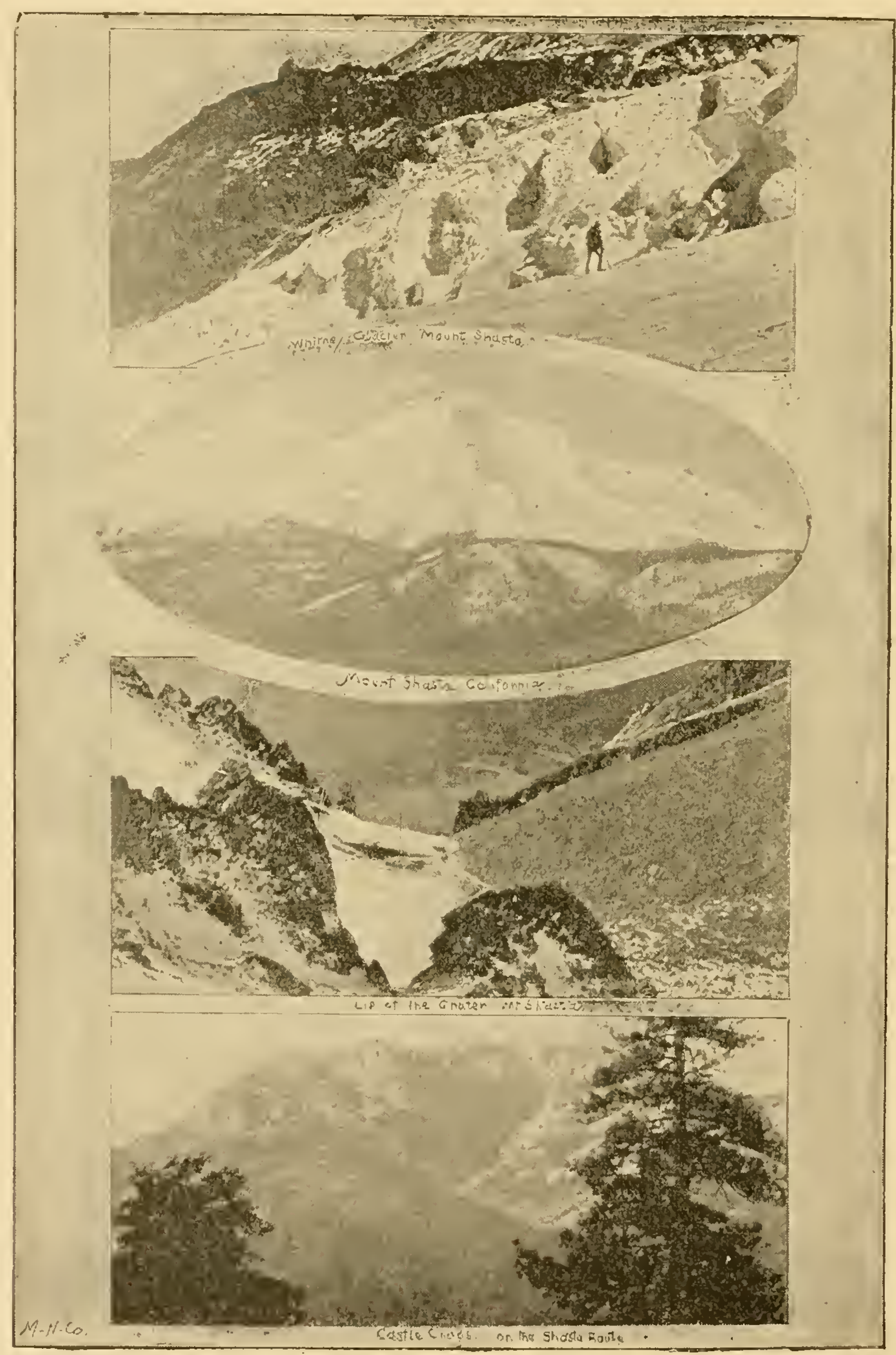
But it is not the purpose of the writer to describe the historical attractions of California, numerous and interesting though they may be. The climate, scenery, and notable physical characteristics of the State are sufficient subjects for discussion at this time, and a consideration of only the more salient features can be attempted. Anything like an exhaustive description is impossible. Many of the leading features are widely known, and, therefore, greater detail will be given to some which are not so well understood. The unbeaten paths will therefore be followed to some extent, and an effort made to show that there are many attractive features which are as yet familiar to but few tourists.

The topography of California is of the most varied description imaginable, and comprises what may without exaggeration be called an unequaled aggregation of vast mountain ranges, lofty glacier-clad peaks, extensive valleys, boisterous mountain torrents, smoothly flowing rivers, land-locked bays, peaceful lakes, the most tremendous forest growth ever seen, and a coast line without a superior. For 800 miles from north to south along the Pacific Ocean sweeps this great commonwealth, while it is almost 200 miles from the sands of the seashore to the foot of the eastern slope of the Sierra, which marks the limit of the State in that direction. The sinuosities of the coast are such that California has almost 1,100 miles of shore line, while the vast territory of over a hundred million acres is comprised within its boundaries. Such an extent is so immense that some means of comparison must be furnished in order to secure an adequate conception thereof. If California were on the Atlantic coast, it would extend from the latitude of Cape Cod down the coast to Charleston, S. C., thus covering the shore line of the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Inland it would reach across New Jersey and about half-way across Pennsylvania. With her 155,000 square miles of area, in which can be found every physical characteristic and variety of climate, California is an empire within herself, and in every respect may well challenge comparison with any equal area in the world.

Two great mountain ranges traverse the State throughout its entire length. On the east is the Sierra Nevada, with the loftiest summits existent in the United States. On the west is the Coast range, divided into many spurs, with extensive intervening valleys, and with a general altitude far less than the Sierra. In the northern part of the State these two mountain ranges swing in toward each other until merged in one, and the same thing is repeated in the south.

The Coast range is divided into numerous spurs under other names. Thus, the range that practically divides the fertile valleys of the South from the Mojave Desert is called variously the Sierra Madre and the San Bernardino Mountains, and has almost a due east and west

course, finally trending off southeasterly across the Colorado Desert. On the north of the Mojave Desert is the Tehachapi range, which, with the San Emigdio Mountains, forms the connecting link between the Sierra and the Coast range. Through Ventura and Santa Bar-



SCENES AT MOUNT SHASTA.

bara counties runs the Santa Ynez spur, which is divided again into the Santa Lucia and Mount Diablo ranges in San Luis Obispo county. The first-named keeps well toward the ocean, and finally ceases when the Bay of Monterey is reached. The other continues up the

east side of the Carisa plain, east of the Santa Clara valley, and so on northward, fixing the western limit of the San Joaquin valley, until it terminates in the peak from which the name is derived, near San Francisco Bay. A spur from the Diablo range is the Gabilan, which forms the western boundary of the Santa Clara valley, and finally merges into the Santa Cruz Mountains, which continue northward until they gradually slope into the low hills upon which San Francisco is situated. Northward of the Bay of San Francisco the Coast range is found more in a body, and the valleys are few and limited.

Beyond the Coast range, and between it and the Sierra, lies the great interior valley, for it is practically one throughout its entire vast length from Tehachapi in the south to Shasta in the north. The upper portion is drained by the Sacramento River and its tributaries, flowing southward for 200 miles to the Bay of San Francisco, while the southern portion is the watershed of the San Joaquin and its tributaries, flowing northward to the same destination. All the principal streams of both valleys have their rise in the Sierra Nevada, the eastern slope of the Coast range being but poorly provided with water courses.

Commencing at the upper end of the interior valley, the Sacramento River receives the Pit, Feather, Yuba, American, Cosumnes, Mokelumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Merced, San Joaquin, Kings, Kaweah, White, and Kern Rivers. Besides there are innumerable smaller streams all along the western slope of the Sierra, from Shasta to Tehachapi, whose waters are contributed to the same system. The beds of every one of these streams contain deposits of gold-bearing gravel; and the greater portion of the quartz mines, now operated, are located on their banks. Their sources in the mountains present some of the grandest scenery in the world, while their waters are utilized largely for both mining and agriculture.

Along the eastern slope of the Coast range there is not a stream that can be designated by the name of river. In the Sacramento valley Clear Creek, Cottonwood Creek, Stony Creek, and other streams, are tributaries of the river, with numerous other smaller water courses. On the eastern side of the San Joaquin valley, however, there is scarcely a stream whose waters find their way, except in midwinter, to the river. All are lost in the sands soon after reaching the plains.

The western slope of the Coast range, however, has quite a number of streams, some of which are of large size. The Klamath, in the northern part of the State, is a very large river, navigable at its mouth, as is the Smith River, still farther north. The Trinity River is an important stream, and so are the Mad, Eel, Elk, and Russian Rivers, which drain the entire coast from the Oregon line to San Francisco Bay.

South of San Francisco are the San Lorenzo, Carmel, Salinas, Pajaro, Santa Maria, Santa Ynez, Santa Clara, Los Angeles, San Gabriel, Santa Ana, Santa Margarita, San Luis Rey, San Dieguito, and San Diego Rivers. Besides, a large number of smaller streams are either tributary to those mentioned, or flow directly into the ocean. Nearly every cañon in the mountains, from the peninsula of San Francisco to San Diego, is provided with a stream of greater or less size, some of which attain the dignity of rivers during the rainy season.

Some of the rivers which have been mentioned as rising in the Coast range possess very singular characteristics, which have given rise to the saying that in California many rivers are turned upside down — that is, the sandy bed is on the surface, and the water flows beneath. This is true, in fact, of nearly all the southern Coast range streams. The Salinas, for instance, resembles a bed of dry sand in the summer, yet there is a large body of water underneath, and the apparently dry bed has a most startling habit in the summer of suddenly opening beneath the weight of a horse or team, and giving the rider or driver a most uncomfortable and even dangerous experience.

The Santa Ana, Santa Maria, San Gabriel, and Los Angeles Rivers have the same features. The first named is the most important stream of the far south, and furnishes an immense amount of water for irrigation. It rises far up in the San Bernardino range, on the very crest of the ridge that divides the Mojave Desert from the fertile southern valleys. Even before it leaves its mountain cañon it is tapped by the irrigators, and thence almost to its mouth there is a perfect network of canals deriving their supply from it. More than once the entire apparent flow is diverted into some canal, but a few miles farther down the water rises again to the surface, and supplies still other irrigation systems. There is not, probably, another stream in the world whose waters possess so large an intrinsic value as this. Water rights from it have increased immensely in value, and are sold for as high as $1,000 and $1,200 an inch, and even more. Tens of thousands of acres of land are irrigated from it. The greater portion of the finest orange orchards in Southern California owe their existence to the Santa Ana River; and, while it is so insignificant a stream that in more than one place an active man may jump across it at a bound, nevertheless it has added tens of millions to the wealth of the communities which it serves, and each year is the cause of millions of dollars being distributed among the residents along its banks. The Santa Ana River is one of the best instances known of the extent to which a moderate supply of water may be utilized in the reclamation of desert lands. By the evolution of economical methods this small stream has been made to supply a many fold larger area than numerous streams ten times its size are deemed capable of doing. It may be selected as the highest type of which irrigation development is capable, and is worthy of the closest study of those who are interested in any way in such matters.

Two other rivers of considerable size are deserving of more than passing notice, because of the fact that, though carrying large bodies of water, none of it finds its way into a river running toward the ocean. Rising on the northern slope of the San Bernardino range is the Mojave River, a never-failing stream of large size where it leaves the mountains. It runs a hundred miles or so, directly through the centre of the desert, but finally the absorptive character of the soil proves too much, and the waters sink in the sand, forming what is so well known to the old teamsters by this route — the Sink of the Mojave. Some of the water of this river is used at the base of the mountains, and even out in the desert for irrigation, but the bulk of it is lost in the sands.

Following the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada for a distance of seventy-five miles, through Inyo county, is Owens River, emptying into Owens Lake, a body of water without an outlet, and highly charged with minerals. This river is used largely for irrigation, the land along its banks being very productive when watered, but a desert otherwise.

A notable feature of this part of the State is the locality known as Death valley. This region has been treated by various writers all over the southern part of the State, and has been the subject of a vast amount of romancing and misrepresentation. It is really situated in the eastern part of Inyo county, near the Nevada line, and is the sink of a stream called the Amargosa River. It is nearly 400 feet below the sea level, and is one of the worst portions of the desert. At present a thorough exploration of it is going on, under the auspices of the United States Government, which will result in setting at rest many of the weird tales that have been told concerning it.

The lakes of California are also a feature that is deserving of much more attention than is usually bestowed upon them. Beginning at the far north is Klamath Lake, situated partly in Oregon and partly in California. In the same region, in Modoc county, are Goose, Clear, Rhett, Upper, and a number of smaller lakes, all fine bodies of water, and the sources of important streams. Following down the Sierra into Lassen county are Eagle and Honey

Lakes; then in Nevada county are Independence and Weber, Donner, and, last and finest of all, Tahoe, through the centre of which runs the boundary line between Nevada and California. This lake is, with possibly one exception, the finest in the State.

Still farther south, along the Sierra, are the Blue Lakes and the Eureka Lakes, clusters of small bodies of water. In Mono county is Mono Lake, and, farther south, Owen's Lake; both bodies being highly charged with alkali, and possessing many novel and interesting features.

Crossing over into the San Joaquin valley is Tulare Lake, with Kern and Buena Vista Lakes farther south. In the mountains, to the far south, is Elizabeth Lake, another alkaline deposit; while in the mountains of Santa Barbara county is Zaca Lake, a very peculiar body of water in many respects.

North of San Francisco is Clear Lake, the scenery about which rivals that of the most famous portions of Europe, and has led the surrounding region to be christened the Switzerland of America.

The geological history of the vast interior valley of California has been a matter of much discussion. There is abundant evidence in support of the theory that at one time the entire valley, from Tehachapi to Shasta, was a vast lake, and that by some convulsion of nature the mountain barrier, through which passes the Golden Gate, was riven asunder, and the lake drained. Indian tradition, though unreliable at best, ascribes this origin to the valley, though there are abundant indications that such is the case. The fact that marine shells and the remains of sharks, whales, etc., are found far up on the summits of the Coast range and in places well up the sides of the Sierra, is indisputable evidence of the former presence of a great inland sea; while along the foot-hills of the eastern side of the valley may be seen terraces and deposits of sand and gravel, in which are yet traceable the action of the waves in long ages past.

Farther south, in that remarkable region, the Colorado Desert, the same phenomena are found. Away up on the mountain-sides are the unmistakable lines, showing that at some time this was an ocean beach; while whale bones, coral, shells, and other indications of marine life are abundant. The Indian tribes of that region even have a tradition of the time when this desert waste was covered with water, and the people inhabited only the highest peaks. They also tell of a period when all the people in the world were drowned except a single couple, who took refuge on the topmost summit of the loftiest peak, and from whom all the nations of the earth have derived their existence.

In no part of the world can the geologist find a better or more interesting field for investigation than here. Unsolved problems and mysteries confront him on every hand, requiring a lifetime of study and investigation.

The islands off the southern coast are another feature of interest which have received scant attention. Catalina, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Miguel, San Nicolas and Anacapa are all easily accessible from the mainland, and on all the archæologist, the botanist, and the geologist can find abundant food for investigation. The remains of mastodons, the relics of long-perished thousands of human beings, the peculiar vegetable growths, the strange rock formations, and a thousand and one other points of interest may be seen on every hand. Other features, of far less intrinsic interest, have been exploited and given great notoriety; but there is no part of California that warrants closer investigation and study than this.

Take whatever feature of California scenery one will, and compare it with the best known and most famous types, either on this continent or elsewhere: Mountains — why, all the peaks of the whole Union sink into insignificance by the side of Whitney, with its three miles of

elevation, surrounded, as it is, by a sisterhood of scarcely less prominence. From San Bernardino, on the south, to Shasta, on the north, the Sierras are series of bold outlines, precipitous descents, and lofty summits, whose superior in these combined details certainly does not exist.

Where else in the world is such a sight as is presented by San Jacinto, with its nearly 11,000 feet of precipitous cliff? No other mountain in the world shows so rapid and tremendous a descent as does the southeastern face of this peak. From an elevation of but a few feet above sea level one can gaze almost perpendicularly upward to the region of perpetual snow more than two miles above him, and, with that glittering witness of excessive height still in sight, one passes in a very short journey to a depression of several hundred feet below sea level. Not America alone, but the whole world, if the scientists are to be believed, cannot equal the grandeur of this scenery.

Valleys — well, is there anywhere in all this broad earth a valley that will equal, not to say surpass, the great basin which stretches 500 miles or more from Tehachapi, on the south, to Shasta, on the north? If there be such another valley, with all its wealth of hill and mountain scenery on either hand, travelers have not yet related its discovery; or that other valley, beginning where the sun-kissed waters of the Pacific leave the shore southward from Point Duma, in Ventura county, and extending inland 100 miles to the westernmost limit of the Colorado Desert, with tall Cucamonga and San Antonio, and lofty San Bernardino and Grayback, standing like sentinels, grim and hoary, and the sharp, serrated outline of San Jacinto, marking the boundary of the desert; with its ceaseless flow of sparkling, life-giving fountains, and its vast area of orange orchard and vineyard stretching away for miles in every direction.

Lakes, streams, and waterfalls — can the continent show more lovely gems than Donner and Tahoe and Independence and Weber; more awful scenes of desolation than Mono and Owens; grander cataracts than those of the Yosemite; more beautiful streams than those that thread the Sierra in every direction?

Forests — are there more majestic trees anywhere in the world than the sequoias of the Coast range and a portion of the Sierra? Where did the idolaters of old find grander natural temples than these? Did the Druids ever set up their altars beneath such a shade as that given by the majestic live oaks of the California hills and valleys? Was ever a more graceful or a more purely tropical growth seen than the groves of giant palms, laden with immense clusters of purple fruit, in the valleys that border the Colorado Desert? Where is the equal of the madrone, the bay, the laurel, the manzanita of the California mountains and foothills? Where is there anything that will compare with the cactus, the yucca, and the other peculiar growths of the desert?

Seashore — are there finer or more picturesque bays known to the navigator than those of San Francisco and San Diego? Is there a beach more beautiful than that of Santa Cruz or Monterey, Santa Barbara or Santa Monica, Oceanside or Coronado? Have the islands, the rocky cliffs, the bold headlands, the ever varying, never wearying panorama of the 1,000 miles of coast line belonging to California their superior in all this broad world?

Whether it be peaceful valley or rugged mountain, vast glacier or gushing artesian fountain, immense snow field or lovely strand, blue sky or purple sunset, desert desolation or the highest types of man's skill as a husbandman, all these in their perfection exist in the Golden State. What State so seldom sends out an emigrant! What State is more worthy of all love and admiration bestowed upon it?

Not, it is true, the California that men have made it,— in all respects. There is all too much to cause the Californian, who has the best good of his home at heart, to blush; but the

A GEM OF THE SIERRAS — DONNER LAKE.

California that God made, and upon which He has left the impress of His hand in such unmistakable fashion,— the California of untrodden forest and unmeasured mountain, of valleys filled with happy natives and unfrightened game, of other valleys where the water has made fruitful gardens from a desert, of beautiful cities and lovely homes; not the California of the desperado and the land grabber, of the destroyed forest and the ruined stream, and all the unlovely insignia of man's greed and carelessness for the welfare of others, but the California of nature untrammeled, as well as nature controlled and developed by the skillful hand and artistic sense of intelligent man.

Let the tourist leave his Eastern home after the winter season shall have commenced. Journeying westward, the same climatic exigencies common to all the country east of the Sierra are encountered. Icy winds sweep the plains, snow lies to a depth of many feet upon the face of the earth, the windows of the cars are coated with frost, and hot fires and loads of blankets are necessary for even ordinary comfort. As the boundary line of California is crossed, the cold becomes more intense, the snows are deeper, and a veritable Arctic climate seems to have been encountered.

Half a dozen locomotives become necessary to move the train, and they puff and groan and give vent to many an ear-piercing shriek as they slowly and wearily climb the steep grade. The snow is so deep that the outlook from the window is entirely cut off, the white walls rising perpendicularly on either hand far above even the car roofs.

Here may be seen the most ponderous machinery ever devised for clearing the snow from the tracks. Immense ploughs of different patterns, propelled by a dozen or fifteen locomotives each, are kept busy fighting the snow, which lies twenty feet, thirty feet, or even deeper, on the level, and which is drifted by the gale in perfect avalanches. For miles and miles the track is protected by snowsheds, whose massive timbers groan and strain with the weight imposed upon them.

Here are armies of men, their faces blackened with soot to prevent blindness, and their feet swathed in rolls of gunny sacking, shoveling as if their lives depended upon it, and yet unable to keep more than a few feet of the road passable. Step outside the car, and the cold is so intense that a stay of a couple of minutes in the open air is amply sufficient to cool the most ardent curiosity. If a thermometer be handy it will be found to mark 10, even 20, degrees below zero. The very air itself is filled with icy needles, and there is a penetrativeness in the chill atmosphere that the heaviest and warmest wrappings are unable to resist.

A brief stop may be made at some station. One may perchance learn by consulting the guide book or an unusually obliging employé that there is a town of a couple of thousand inhabitants close by. But where are the proofs of that fact visible to the inexperienced eye? Little can be seen but a confused jumble of odd-shaped mounds of snow, from the centre of many of which columns of smoke ascend slowly into the frost-laden atmosphere. Everything is buried in the snow, from the shanty to the two-storied business block; and, though the traveler may have passed all his life in the Eastern States, he will be obliged to confess that he never really knew what snow was capable of doing or causing until he came to California. If disposed to be sarcastic, he will read from his guide book entertaining descriptions of outdoor mid-winter picnics, with orange trees laden with golden fruit, the air heavy with perfumes, the earth carpeted with blossoms, and then ask what sort of a semi-tropical climate this is anyhow. If the train should be snowed in for a day or two, his sarcasm will become bitterer and bitterer as the time passes slowly away, until the most ardent lover of this lovable State will be silenced.

But revenge — sweet revenge — is in store for the silenced Californian. Shivering with the cold, the snow piled mountain high, the wind whistling a gale, the skeptical and disgusted

traveler buries himself beneath a pile of blankets, and seeks relief from the disagreeable sights and sounds of midwinter in the Sierra.

A few hours pass — half a dozen, perhaps. The train has been steadily pushing its way westward. The summit has been crossed. The extra engines that have been called in to assist the cars up the mountain have been dismissed. The puff and snort, the groan and whistle, have ceased. The gait has been accelerated, and the wheels roll rapidly over the rails with a monotonous "click-clack, click-clack" at each joint.

The traveler finds his load of blankets becoming heavier and heavier; he tumbles and kicks about in his berth. That infernal porter must have a terrible hot fire going. Sleep becomes impossible; and, with many a yawn and much stretching of limb, the tourist dresses himself, and finally draws aside the curtain and peeps out to see how deep the snow is.

But what is this? Is he dreaming? He rubs his eyes again, and takes another look from the window. Oh, there must be something wrong about it! It is not possible. Has he died and gone to paradise? How can such a change have been accomplished? He went to bed cold and shivering, with snow banks twenty feet deep, with the thermometer out of sight, below zero, and with the gale howling in his ears. He awakes to see — what?

Nature in her most charming mood. Far as the eye can see, the swelling summits and slopes of the hills are carpeted with the loveliest green. Myriads of flowers deck the sward, while the foliage of tree and shrub sparkles in the morning sun like diamonds, as the rays catch the pendant drops of moisture. Here and there are orchards, white and pink and red, with their burden of promise of an abundant fruitage; the hillsides are green with the young foliage of the vine; the dooryards are a mass of roses, pinks, and all manner of bloom.

To obtain a better view, the bewildered tourist throws up the window. The balmy, invigorating air pours in, laden with the perfume of millions of flowers. The scent of the earth is in the atmosphere, the pulse quickens, and there is an irresistible desire to fling one's self from the car, and roll down yonder grassy slope, decked with flowers of brightest hue.

Just then the door opens, and a brakeman sings out "Newcastle!" The traveler takes advantage of the stoppage to go outside, and glance about him. Down in the hollow yonder is a sight which attracts his notice. There are several acres of graceful, dark-foliaged trees, which are a blaze of gold as the sun strikes them. "What under the sun are those?" he asks. And a bystander, following the direction of the glance, responds: "Huh, them's oranges. Lots o' them around here." And sure enough, so they are. Was ever a prettier sight than a mature orange grove, laden with the golden fruitage? Certainly the traveler thinks not, for he looks at nothing else until the train swings around a curve, and the grove is lost to view, though others follow in quick succession, intermingled with all manner of other growth which testifies to the kindly character of the climate.

And this is the first introduction of hundreds to California. To sleep at night in the most Arctic sort of a winter that can be imagined, and awake in the early morning amid scenes which the Garden of Eden could scarcely have surpassed; the depth of an Arctic winter at nightfall, and the midst of a semi-tropic spring at early dawn.

Is it any wonder that this transition scene remains as the most wonderful of all the wonderful events that are crowded into the experience of the tourist who has the good sense to visit California at the proper season — during the winter months?

But to what wonderful feature of climate is due this sudden change — this complete transformation — whose working requires but three or four hours? Naturally, one who is not posted would fancy that many miles — hundreds, perhaps — must have been traversed in order to cross the line that separates two such extremes. Not so, however. So far as distance is

concerned, as the crow flies, it is but a few miles from the oranges of Newcastle and Auburn to the snowbanks of Emigrant Gap and Truckee. But as between the altitude of the one and that of the other, there is a difference of several thousand feet. Truckee, just over the summit of the Sierra Nevada Range, is 5,819 feet above the sea level, and at Summit the altitude is over 7,000 feet, fully a mile and a third. At Newcastle, however, the elevation is but 956 feet. It is only seventy-four miles from Newcastle to Summit, yet in that distance an elevation of about a thousand feet more than a mile is mounted. It is less than half that distance, however, from Newcastle to the snow line. Indeed, an hour's time is sufficient to pass from the snowdrifts and ice to the orange groves and flower beds. The difference of a few hundred feet accomplishes for the climate of California what it requires hundreds of miles in latitude to do at the East.

To find a climate on the Atlantic seaboard that corresponds to that of Truckee and the summit of the Sierra, one would have to go far northward into Canada, while for a parallel to the Newcastle climate it would be necessary to go south at least as far as Florida.

It must not be supposed that these sudden climatic changes are peculiar to this portion of the State alone. They have a parallel both in the far north and in the extreme south, as, witness the transition experienced by our party in passing from the Mojave desert to the gardens of San Bernardino.

Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harper's Magazine*, writes thus of the State and its climate: —

"California is the land of the pine and the palm. The tree of the Sierra, native, vigorous, gigantic, and the tree of the desert, exotic, supple, poetic, both flourish within the nine degrees of latitude. These two, the widely separated lovers of Heine's song, symbolize the capacities of the State; and, although the sugar pine is indigenous, and the date palm, which will never be more than an ornament in this hospitable soil, was planted by the Franciscan fathers, who established a chain of missions from San Diego to Monterey over a century ago, they should both be the distinction of one commonwealth, which, in its 700 miles of indented sea-coast, can boast the climates of all countries and the products of all zones.

"If this State of mountains and valleys were divided by an east and west line, following the general course of the Sierra Madre range, and cutting off the eight lower counties, I suppose there would be conceit enough in either section to maintain that it only is the paradise of the earth; but both are necessary to make the unique and contradictory California which fascinates and bewilders the traveler. He is told that the inhabitants of San Francisco go away from the draught of the Golden Gate in summer to get warm, and yet the earliest luscious cherries and apricots which he finds in the far south market of San Diego come from the northern Santa Clara valley. The truth would seem to be that, in an hour's ride in any part of the State, one can change his climate totally at any time of the year, and this not merely by changing his elevation, but by getting in or out of the range of the sea or the desert currents of air which follow the valleys.

"To recommend to any one a winter climate is far from the writer's thought. No two persons agree on what is desirable for a winter residence, and the inclination of the same person varies with his state of health. I can only attempt to give some idea of what is called the winter months in Southern California, to which my observations mainly apply. The individual who comes here under the mistaken notion that climate ever does anything more than give nature a better chance, may speedily or more tardily need the service of an undertaker; and the invalid whose powers are responsive to kindly influences may live so long, being unable to get away, that life will be a burden to him. The person in ordinary health will find very little that is hostile to the orderly organic processes. In order to appreciate the winter climate of

Southern California one should stay here the year through and select the days that suit his ideas of winter from any of the months. From the fact that the greatest humidity is in the summer and the least in the winter months, he may wear an overcoat in July in a temperature, according to the thermometer, which in January would render the overcoat unnecessary. It is dampness that causes both cold and heat to be most felt. The lowest temperatures in Southern California, generally, are caused only by the extreme dryness of the air. In the long nights of December and January there is a more rapid and longer continued radiation of heat. It must be a dry and clear night that will send the temperature down to thirty-four degrees. But the effect of the sun upon the air is instantaneous, and the cold morning is followed at once by a warm forenoon. The difference between the average heat of July and the average cold of January, measured by the thermometer, is not great in the valleys, foothills, and on the coast.

"In considering the matter of temperature, the rule for vegetation and for invalids will not be the same. A spot in which delicate flowers in Southern California bloom the year round may be too cool for many invalids. It must not be forgotten that the general temperature here is lower than that to which most Eastern people are accustomed. They are used to living all winter in overheated houses, and to protracted heated terms, rendered worse by humidity in the summer. The dry, low temperature of the California winter, notwithstanding its perpetual sunshine, may seem, therefore, wanting to them in direct warmth. It may take a year or two to acclimate them to this more equable and more refreshing temperature.

"Neither on the coast nor in the foothills will the invalid find the climate of the Riviera, or of Tangier — not the tramontana wind of the former, nor the absolutely genial but somewhat enervating climate of the latter. But it must be borne in mind that in this, our Mediterranean, the seeker for health and pleasure can find almost any climate, except the very cold, or the very hot, down to the minutest subdivision. He may try the dry, marine climate of the coast, or the temperature of the fruit lands and gardens from San Bernardino to Los Angeles, or he may climb to any altitude that suits him in the Sierra Madre, or San Jacinto ranges. The difference may be all-important to him between a valley and a mesa which is not 100 feet higher; nay, between a valley and the slope of a foothill, with a shifting of not more than fifty feet, the change may be as marked for him as it is for the most sensitive young fruit tree. It is undeniable, notwithstanding these encouraging 'averages,' that cold snaps, though rare, do come occasionally, just as in summer there will occur one or two or three continued days of intense heat. And in the summer in some localities — it happened in June, 1890, in the Santiago hills in Orange county — the desert sirocco blowing over the Colorado furnace makes life just about unendurable for days at a time. Yet with this dry heat sunstroke is never experienced, and the diseases of the bowels usually accompanying hot weather elsewhere, are unknown. The experienced traveler who encounters unpleasant weather, heat that he does not expect, cold that he did not provide for, or dust that deprives him of his last atom of good humor, and is told that it is 'exceptional,' knows exactly what that word means. He is familiar with the 'exceptional' the world over, and he feels a sort of compassion for the inhabitants who have not yet learned the adage, 'Good wine needs no bush.' Even those who have bought more land than they can pay for, can afford to tell the truth.

"The rainy season in Southern California, which may open with a shower or two in October, but does not set in till late in November, or till December, and is over in April, is not at all a period of cloudy weather, or continuous rainfall. On the contrary, bright, warm days and brilliant sunshine are the rule. The rain is most likely to fall in the night. There may be a

day of rain, or several days that are overcast with distributed rain, but the showers are soon over, and the sky clears. Yet winters vary greatly in this respect, the rainfall being much greater in some than in others. In 1890 there was rain beyond the average, and even on the equable beach of Coronado there were some weeks of weather that from the California point of view were very unpleasant. It was unpleasant by local comparison, but it was not damp and chilly like a protracted period of falling weather on the Atlantic.

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"It is probably impossible to give an Eastern man a just idea of the winter of Southern California. Accustomed to extremes, he may expect too much. He wants a violent change. If he quits the snow, the slush, the leaden skies, the alternate sleet and cold rain of New England, he would like the tropical heat, the languor, the color, of Martinique. He will not find them here. He comes instead into a strictly temperate region, and even when he arrives his eyes deceive him. He sees the orange ripening in its dark foliage, the long lines of the eucalyptus, the feathery pepper tree, the magnolia, the English walnut, the black live-oak, the fan palm, in all the vigor of June: everywhere beds of flowers of every hue and of every country blazing in the bright sunlight — the heliotrope, the geranium, the rare hothouse roses overrunning the hedges of cypress, and the scarlet passion-vine climbing to the rooftree of the cottages; in the vineyard or the orchard the horticulturist is following the cultivator in his shirtsleeves; he hears running water, the song of birds, the scent of flowers is in the air, and he cannot understand why he needs winter clothing, why he is always seeking the sun, why he wants a fire at night. It is a fraud, he says, all this visible display of summer, and of an almost tropical summer at that; it is really a cold country. It is incongruous that he should be looking at a date palm in his overcoat, and he is puzzled that a thermometrical heat that would enervate him elsewhere stimulates him here.

"There are no sudden changes of season here. Spring comes gradually day by day, a perceptible hourly waking to life and color, and this glides into a summer which never ceases, but only becomes tired and fades into the repose of a short autumn, when the sere and brown and red and yellow hills and the purple mountains are waiting for the rain-clouds. This is according to the process of nature; but wherever irrigation brings moisture to the fertile soil, the green and bloom are perpetual the year round, only the green is powdered with dust, and the cultivated flowers have their periods of exhaustion.

"I should think it well worth while to watch the procession of nature here from late November or December to April. It is a land of delicate and brilliant wild flowers, of blooming shrubs, strange in form and wonderful in color. Before the annual rains the land lies, in a sort of swoon, in a golden haze. The slopes and plains are bare, the hills yellow with ripe wild oats, or ashy-gray with sage; the sea-breeze is weak, the air grows drier, the sun hot, the shade cool. Then one day light clouds stream up from the southwest, and there is a gentle rain. When the sun comes out again its rays are milder, the land is refreshed and brightened, and almost immediately a greenish tinge appears on plain and hillside. At intervals the rain continues; daily, the landscape is greener in infinite variety of shades, which seem to sweep over the hills in waves of color. Upon this carpet of green, by February, nature begins to weave an embroidery of wild flowers, white, lavender, golden, pink, indigo, scarlet, changing day by day, and every day more brilliant, and spreading from patches into great fields, until dale and hill and tableland are overspread with a refinement and glory of color that would be the despair of the carpet-weavers of Daghestan."

CHAPTER XIV.

SAN FRANCISCO.

So many memories crowd upon my brain, so many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away with noiseless tread, as from a house where some one lieth dead.
I cannot go; I pause; I hesitate; my feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream to speak and cannot, to myself I seem.
Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears! Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time and space may intervene, I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision, ends; hail my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

— LONGFELLOW.

AT 9.00 A. M. Monday, April 28, we left for San Francisco, over the direct line of the S. P. R. R. How much we enjoyed the ride down near the river I sailed up April 29, 1850, almost forty years before to a day, in the brig General Cobb. At Benicia our train was run upon the largest ferry-boat in the world, the Solano, which crossed the Straits of Carquinez to Porta Costa. The Solano, launched July, 1879, is 424 feet long over all, and 406 feet at bottom (she has no keel). The sides at the centre are 18 feet 5 inches high, and 15 feet 10 inches at the ends; the moulded beam is 64 feet, and the extreme width 116 feet; the guards are 25 feet 6 inches wide at the centre. The two engines are nominally 1,500 H. P., but are really 2,000 H. P. each. She is registered at 3,541.31 tons, and is a double-ender. She has four tracks on deck, and can carry forty-eight loaded freight cars, or twenty-four large passenger coaches. Our train was taken on one track.

In all the voyages I made on this river in the old days, I had no idea the vast Napa valley would ever become an agricultural paradise, as it is now. How changed, too, were Benicia and Contra Costa, with noble wharves along the shores, near which we used to anchor when the tide was against us, and land for choalers or mussels, which were very abundant. We counted six four-masted ships, besides many ordinary ships, barks, and brigs, loading, we were told, with grain for Europe and Australia.

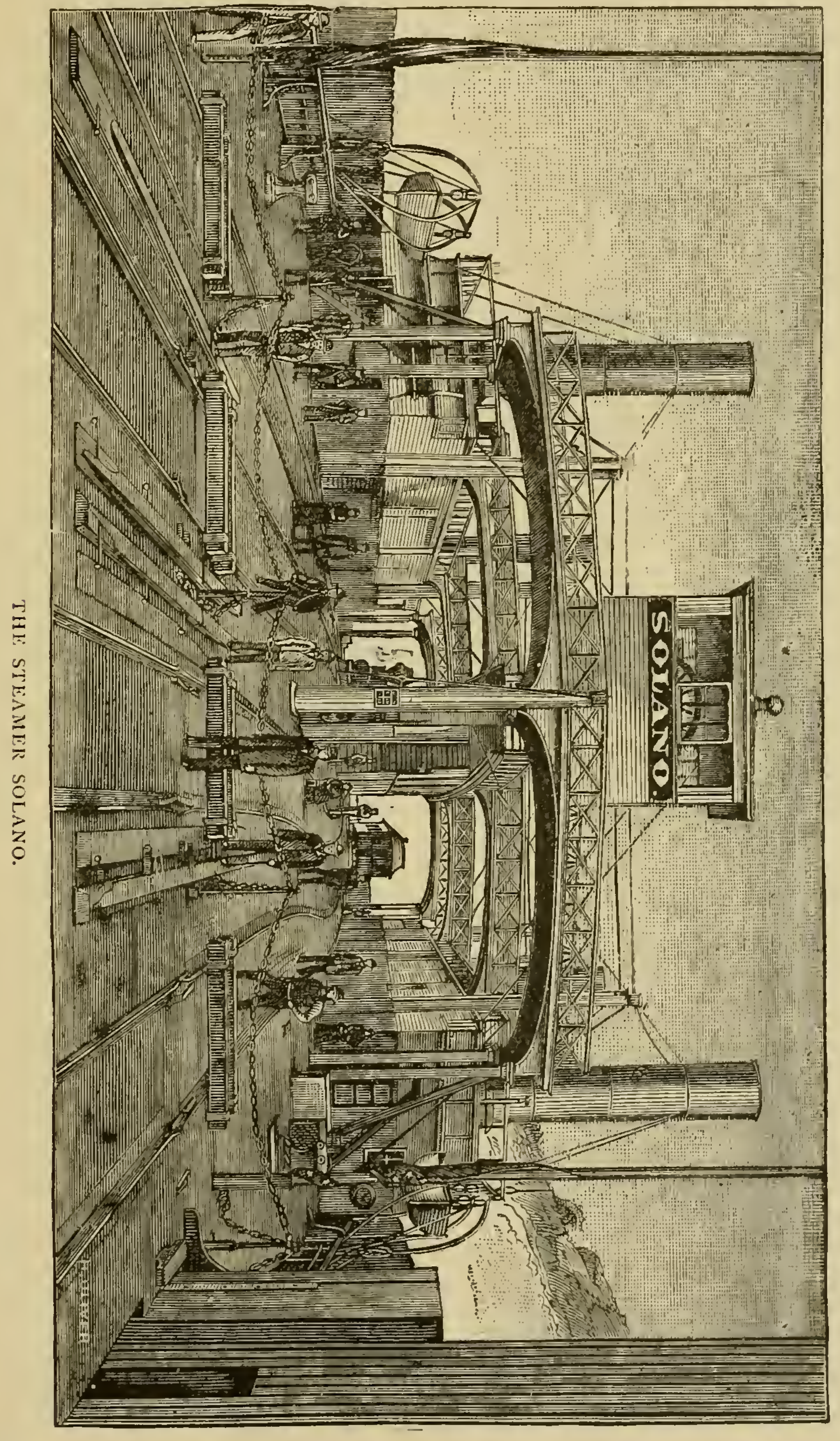
Oakland, with a population of 50,000, is San Francisco's Brooklyn. We were sorry we could not stop one day.

I select from the *Examiner's* account of our arrival: —

"Yesterday the Palace Hotel was given over to gray-bearded gentlemen with bald heads. They arrived in the city about mid-day, and all wore blue silk badges trimmed with gold fringe, on which were printed in long figures ''49,' and the words 'New England Society of California Pioneers.' When the special train, which brought them from Sacramento, arrived at Porta Costa, it was invaded by forty-nine other gray-bearded old gentlemen, who came to California in early days and stayed here, but who were awfully anxious to shake the hands of the 150 pioneers who came but didn't stay.

"When they reached the Oakland mole a brass band and a couple of hundred more grizzled '49ers were sighted. The two phalanxes of pioneers made a wild rush at each other, and then

they cheered. The band played 'Annie Laurie' and 'The Days of '49,' and if the old boys could have had their way the band would be playing yet.



THE STEAMER SOLANO.

"As the band, with the procession of carriages behind it, proceeded along Market street to the Palace Hotel, many heads were thrust out of windows, and, while their owners' eyes took

in the long row of business houses and the bustle going on around them, came the remark: 'Great Scott! And, to think, when I was here before you couldn't trade ten acres of these sand dunes for a mule and a chew of tobacco.'

"One old gentleman looked a little glum all the way to the hotel, but he brightened up before he had been there five minutes. He button-holed a local pioneer, and confided to him the cause of his changed mood.

"'It's the only place I've struck that seems like old times,' said he. 'They charge a quarter for drinks here; although that's only half what it used to be.'

"'Let me see,' said William H. Thomes, president of the New Englanders; 'it was on March 4, 1843, that I first entered 'Frisco harbor, on the ship *Admittance*, Captain Peterson. Only a few Digger Indians, Mexicans, and missionaries were here then; so I made tracks, but came again in 1849 on the *Edward Everett*. I struck out up into El Dorado county and prospected. Made some pretty good strikes, too; but, Lord bless you, we got rid of it faster than we dug it out in those days. I soon got tired, went home, and made my pile there; but I often come to California, and hope this won't be my last trip.'

"Stories of success and failure, of flush times and bedrock times, of misery, hardship, etc., flew thicker than flies around wet sugar.'"

We were escorted to the Palace Hotel, where the Pioneers' flag of white, with a red border and the figures "49" in blue in the centre, was floated in honor of our arrival.

After we arrived at the hotel, we were ushered into a parlor, where, after some preliminaries, W. B. Farwell, the ex-president of the Society of California Pioneers, formally welcomed us, extending to us the freedom of the Pioneer Building during our visit. President Thomes responded briefly, and then the members of the local society withdrew. After lunch a number of our party visited the Pioneer Building, and there met many old acquaintances and friends.

A. Caminetti, Secretary of the State Board of Trade, sent the following invitation: —

To the New England California Pioneers' Excursion Party.—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The rooms and meeting-place of the California State Board of Trade, No. 605 Market street, are respectfully placed at your pleasure during your stay in this city. At our rooms you will find an exhibit of the products of the great State some of you helped to inaugurate. Yours respectfully,

JNO. Q. BROWN, *General Manager.* A. CAMINETTI, *Secretary.*

The committee that met us at Oakland gave each a blue badge, bearing in letters of gold: —

SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS TO SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

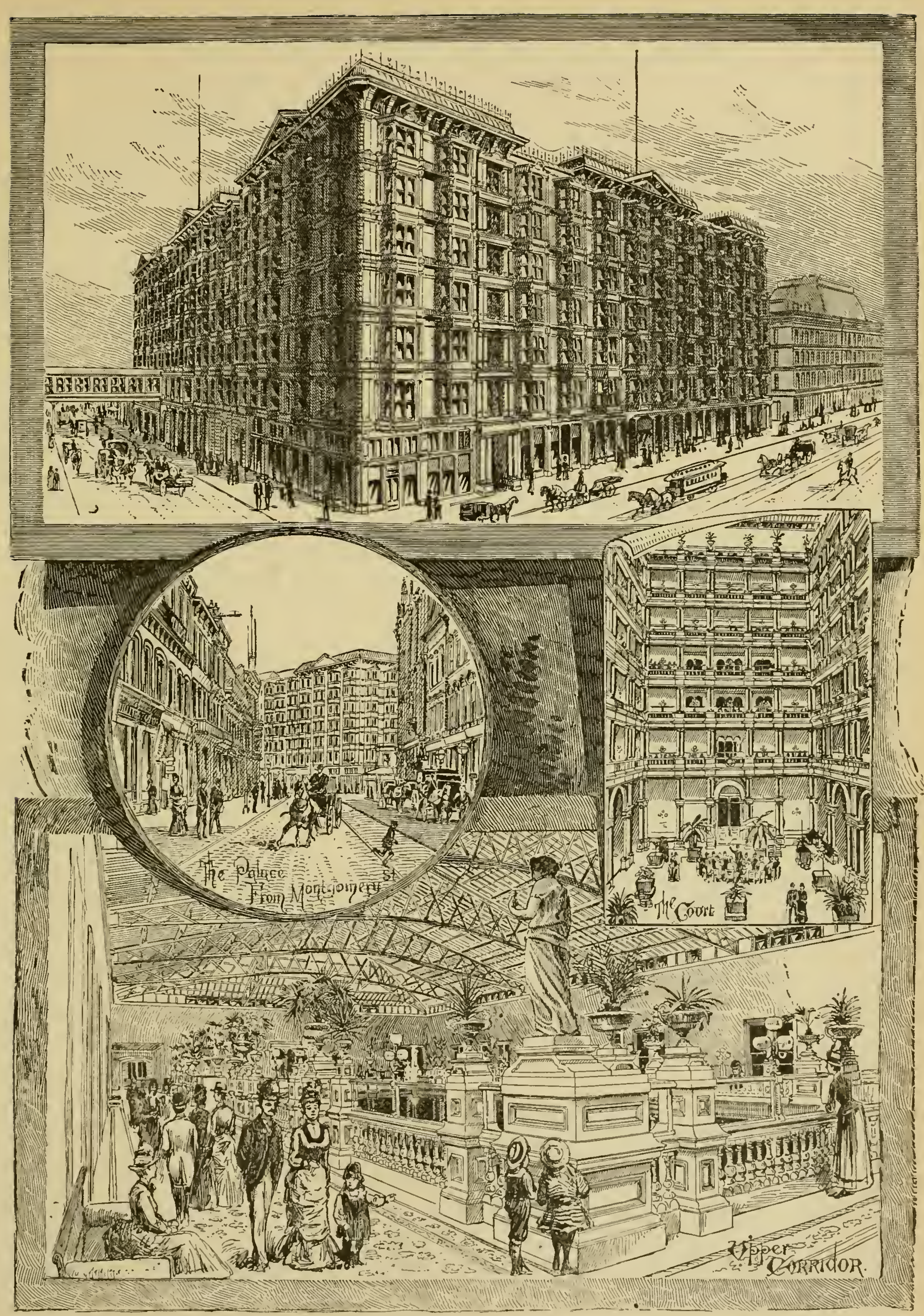
1849–1890.

WELCOME.

The Palace Hotel occupies the entire block upon the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Market streets. Rearing its huge fronts 120 feet in air, extending 275 feet westerly up Market and Jessie, and 350 southerly along New Montgomery and Annie, it stands probably the largest and finest hotel in the world, in the very business centre of the city.

The general style of architecture, within and without, is almost severely simple. Amplitude, solidity, strength, and permanency reign in every part.

Ninety-six thousand two hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly two and a quarter acres, underlie the stupendous structure itself, while the sub-sidewalk extensions increase the base-



THE PALACE HOTEL.

ment area to upwards of three acres. Its general form is a triplicate quadrangle, including a crystal-roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser court on either side. Seven stories surmount the basement, and through a considerable portion it has eight. The lower story has a height of over twenty-seven feet; the uppermost sixteen. The foundation wall is twelve feet thick; stone, iron, brick, and marble are the chief materials. Of the brick alone, its construction consumed thirty-one millions. All outer and inner and partition walls, from base to top, are stone and brick built around, within and upon a skeleton of wrought-iron bands, bolted together, and of such immense size as to have required three thousand tons. The outer and visible walls are proof against fire; the inner and invisible frames secure against earthquake. The supporting columns, within and without, are iron; the cornice of iron and zinc. Four artesian wells, having a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons an hour, supply the 630,000 gallon gallon reservoir under the central court, besides filling seven roof-tanks holding 130,000 gallons more. Three steam fire-pumps force water through large pipes reaching every part of the hotel.

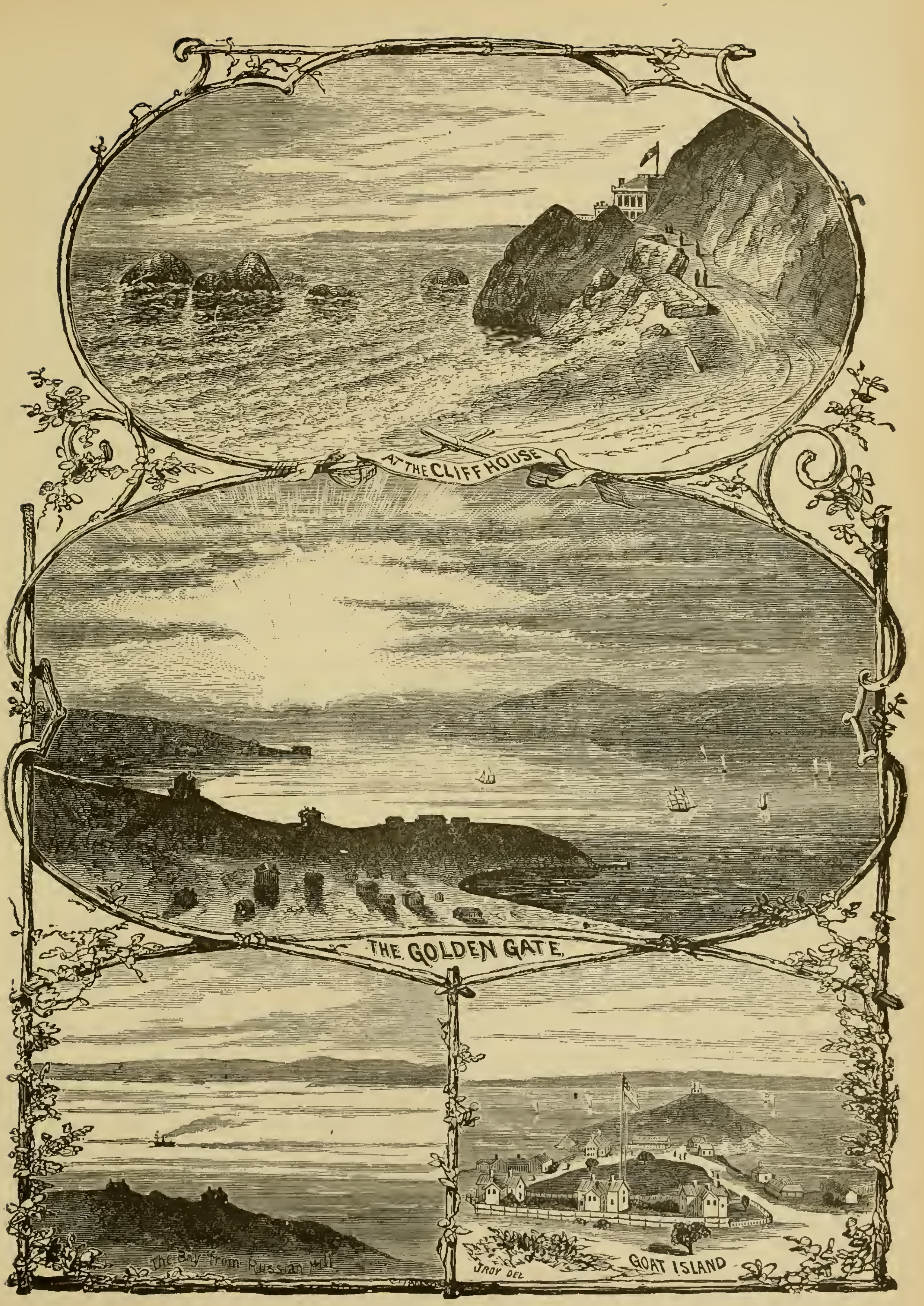
Five elevators ascend to the roof promenades. Electric fire-alarms instantly report at the office the exact locality of any fire, or even of extraordinary heat. A self-acting and self-registering tell-tale indicator instantly reports at the office any neglect or omission of watchmen. Besides all these precautions, a fire-proof iron staircase, inclosed in brick and stone, and opening through iron doors upon every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Two thousand and forty-two ventilating tubes, opening outward upon the roof from every room, bath-room, and closet, insure constant purity, and thorough sweetness of air in every part. The central court, 144 by 84 feet, has a carriage and promenade entrance, through the east front on New Montgomery Street, of forty-four feet width, expanding into a circular drive-way fifty-two feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble-tiled promenade, and a tropical garden, with choice statuary and artistic fountains.

Off the central court open the main entrance to the hotel office, 65 x 55; entrances to the breakfast-room, 110 x 55; the grand dining-room, 150 x 55; the music and ball-room, 65 x 55; the ladies' lower reception parlor, 40 x 40: reading-room of the same size; billiard-rooms, 65 x 40; barber shop and bath-rooms, 40 x 40; committee-rooms and other general departments devoted to the pleasure or convenience of guests and patrons.

On the second floor are private dining-rooms, children's dining-hall, and the ladies' drawing-room, 84 x 40. The total number of rooms, exclusively for guests, above the garden floor, is 755. Most are twenty feet square — none less than 16 x 16. The rooms are expressly arranged for use, either singly or in suites of two or more. Every outer room has its bay window, while every parlor and guest-chamber has its own private toilet, ample clothes closet, and fire-grate.

The list of employés includes 5 clerks, 7 cashiers, 30 bell boys, 9 porters, 13 elevator men, 2 in cloak-room, 8 watchmen, 50 girls and 50 Chinamen as chambermaids, 40 cooks, 9 pastry cooks and assistants, 127 waiters, 7 in bar and billiard room, 28 in engine-room, 3 in wine-room, 4 in store-room, 16 girl dishwashers, 16 silver cleaners and pantrymen, 45 Chinese and 5 white girls in laundry,— a total of 484. Its site in '49 was a sand bank, as it was out to the mission in the rear; now it is all built over.

The first caller was Captain John McKenzie, who sailed from Newport in the ship *Audley Clark*, and has not been East since 1849. He commands a ferry-boat, making five trips daily from Market street to Saucelito, and invited Captain F. Willis and wife, Mrs. Ball and myself to go around the bay with him and on the train, to where the redwood was cut I used to freight to Mission Creek from Reed Creek. On the way we had a good chance for compari-



SCENES NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.

sons. The city and Saucelito were new and strange in almost every particular; but the bay, islands, shores, and the Golden Gate were the same as ever. Saucelito, with its tree-shaded houses, reminds one of the villas on Lakes Como and Maggiore. The old Reed house was occupied in the fifties by William Reynolds, who corraled his large herds yearly for branding, but did not get half of them. Many a piece of fresh beef did he give me, in '52 and '53, for the crew of my vessel. All we could find of the house was the lower part of the stone chimney. The creek was there and the place where we lay to load, but no long piles of wood on the bank as of old. Captain McKenzie took us through the San Francisco fish markets, which do a business that surprised me, although I am accustomed to see large supplies of fish in New York. He gave me the following figures from the United States Fish Commission, as the number of tons of different varieties sold yearly: Salmon, 1,820; sturgeon, 829; sea-bass, 720; codfish, 126; rockfish, 313; barracuda, 13; halibut, 61; perch, 76; smelt, 284; tomcod, 276; herring, 1,350; young codfish, 8; flounders, 63; soles, 94; catfish, 3; trout, 18; skate, 19; prawn, 11; shrimp, 100; smoked salmon, 70; salt salmon, 290; salt herring, 105; smoked herring, 1,200; smoked halibut, 6; suckers, chubs, and pike, 40; shad, 600 pounds; a total of over 6,895 tons, or 13,790,600 pounds. Noticing that the lobsters had no claws, I asked the reason, supposing they had been pulled off, but was told they grew so.

From 1.00 to 5.00 P. M., Tuesday, we were tendered a public reception at Pioneer Hall. Several thousand people were present, and there was hardly a young man in the throng.

The interior of the building was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, and the orchestra, stationed on the balcony during the afternoon, rendered such lively airs as were common in the pioneer days.

Edward Kruse, president of the California Society of Pioneers, presided. He called the meeting to order, and made a brief introductory address of welcome. At his suggestion three hearty cheers were given for the visiting Pioneers. President Thomes then suggested three more cheers for the California association.

Mayor E. B. Pond said: — "Fellow Pioneers: We greet with pleasure you who have come so far to view again the scenes of your early struggles in the golden West. We greet you as friends coming from afar, and, great as our country has become, we see how, with your presence during the intervening forty years, it might have become greater. Many of us have stayed here because we loved the country too much to leave it; but we welcome you none the less heartily because you returned to your native sod. May you enjoy your visit to San Francisco, which, however greatly it may have changed since the days of '49, still possesses some landmarks by which you can remember those glorious times."

Captain Thomes replied in a very happy speech, in which he recounted many incidents of his life in California from 1843 to 1850. "When I look around this assemblage," said the speaker, "and see the great number of men who stood upon this very ground in '49, in red shirts and slouched hats, the change wrought by years seems like some freak of Aladdin's lamp. The landmarks in this city have nearly all disappeared; civilization with her tireless step has trodden out of sight almost every mark, and destroyed nearly every link that connects the present with the past. The foothills that we once trod have yielded up their treasure, but in returning we find something more precious than gold. We find strong hearts to welcome us, and the hearty handclasps of old comrades. You men who founded a great State deserve the homage of the world. Your work has filled our eyes with wonder. We have watched your progress with anxious eyes for many years, and will for many years to come. But for the firm reliance we placed in you when the Union was threatened, it would have been

destroyed. Your gold saved the Union. You have never had the credit you deserve, and if I was in Congress I would vote to cancel the railway debt and give you all you ask."

Secretary Whittemore said: "We are overwhelmed in thinking of the immensity of the State, and what has occurred here during the last forty years. Everything has grown beyond our recollection. One of the ladies in our party wrote back to a friend in Boston about a cañon 250 miles high, and 500 miles long. Of course, she meant feet, but we find everything here on the mile scale. San Francisco is now less than five days from Boston, while in 1849 it required six months to make the journey. The New England Pioneers are linked to the destinies of the East, but our hearts and minds are with you for all time. We have been tendered a perfect ovation in every town which we have visited since we arrived in your State, and I assure you we have been gathering nuggets of gold all the way."

Secretary Whittemore made a pathetic reference to the late General Chapin, who died suddenly two weeks ago at San Bernardino, the day on which the Pioneers arrived in the State. He re-echoed General Chapin's dying benediction: "God bless the people, and State of California."

Following the addresses, the Pioneers, visitors, and residents proceeded to the banquet hall, arm in arm, and did full justice to the repast in waiting. With wine, music, and song the festivities were continued for several hours. An invitation from Professor Ireland, inviting the visitors to call at the State Mining Bureau, and inspect the specimens of California minerals, was accepted for to-day.

We were told that James Lick gave the Pioneers $250,000 to build this magnificent hall, and $150,000 for a library and cabinet. The furnishings are elegant, and the museum well filled.

After showing us their rarest curiosities, they took down a box, carefully secured, which they opened. Inside was a bundle in heavy paper, which was unrolled, and then some tissue paper, disclosing what looked like a plain piece of granite, which they handed us with the remark that it was the gem of their collection. It bore the words, "From Plymouth Rock."

The metropolis of the Pacific Coast is one of the most interesting cities in America. In some particulars, and notably in its street-car service, which consists largely of "cable roads," it is in advance of the older cities of the country. With one of the finest harbors on the globe, and occupying an important position in connection with the world's commerce, its shipping interests are of vast proportions. The growth of the city has been very rapid, especially since the opening of the Central Pacific Railroad, in 1869, and the present number of inhabitants is conceded to be over 300,000. The first house in the city was built no longer ago than 1837, if we except the old Mission Dolores, which was founded by the Franciscan friars in 1776. The greatest curiosity in San Francisco is the Chinese quarter,—a rectangular block seven squares in length by three and four in breadth. It is near the business centre and only a few blocks away from the palaces of the railway millionaires. The houses are nearly all tall, decayed buildings, swarming with tenants. The cellars are occupied as shops, factories, or opium dens. The main streets are lined by the stores of the large Chinese merchants. You find yourself in a populous corner of China.

Among the buildings are the City Hall (still unfinished, although it has already cost $4,000,000); the branch United States Mint, corner of Fifth and Mission streets; the new edifice of the California Pioneers, on Fourth street near Market street; the Masonic Temple, corner of Post and Montgomery streets; the Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Seventh and Market streets; the San Francisco Stock Exchange, No. 327 Pine street; and the new Union Club Building, on Union square, corner of Stockton and Post streets. The California State Board of Trade has at its headquarters, No. 12 Second street, under the Grand Hotel, an

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.

interesting exhibit representing the resources of the different counties. Among the other public buildings and institutions are the large Mechanics' Pavilion, near the City Hall; the Post office and Custom House, corner of Washington and Battery streets; the old City Hall, corner of Kearney and Washington streets; the Merchants' Exchange, California street, between Montgomery and Sansome streets; Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, 232 Sutter street; San Francisco Art Association, 430 Pine street; California State Mining Bureau, in the Pioneers' Building; Free Library (40,000 volumes), in the City Hall Building; Mechanics' Institute (library of 35,000 volumes), 31 Post street; and the Academy of Sciences (library of 5,000 volumes), corner of California and Dupont streets. Golden Gate Park, a beautiful tract of 1,013 acres, reclaimed from the sand dunes, is about three and a half miles from the Palace Hotel. Several of the cable-car lines lead thereto. The beach, Cliff House, and Seal Rocks are about the same distance beyond the entrance to the park.

Sutro Heights are near the Cliff House. The Presidio is a military reservation of 1,500 acres. Telegraph Hill (elevation, 794 feet, and overlooking the city and the bay) is about half a mile from the Palace Hotel, at the opposite extremity of Montgomery street. The chief places of amusement are the following: Baldwin Theatre, Baldwin Hotel, Market street; Alcazar Theatre, 114 O'Farrell, near Stockton; Orpheum Opera House, 119 O'Farrell street, opposite the Alcazar; Bush Street Theatre, south side of Bush, between Montgomery and Kearney; the new California Theatre (one of the handsomest playhouses in America), Bush, above Kearney; Grand Opera House, Mission, between Third and Fourth; Standard Theatre, north side of Bush, between Montgomery and Kearney; Tivoli Opera House, Eddy, near Market; Woodward's Gardens, Mission, between Thirteenth and Fifteenth; Grand Chinese Theatre, 814 Washington street; Panorama Buildings, corner Eddy and Mason streets, and corner Tenth and Market streets.

The chief cable-car lines are on Market street, and on thoroughfares radiating therefrom; viz.: Sutter, Geary, Powell, McAllister, Hayes, Haight, Valencia, and Castro streets. There are also lines on Howard, California, Clay, Jackson, Union, Larkin and Green streets. The "dummy" steam lines are the Market, Geary, California, Jackson, and Union streets extensions, and the Park and Ocean Road. There are, in addition, nearly a score of lines of horse railways running within the city. The remarkable drill of the Fire Patrol may be witnessed daily at 12.00 M., at the headquarters in Jessie street, near the Palace Hotel. Captain Russell White, an old Boston fireman, is at the head of this branch of the fire service.

In 1852 Captain Sutter marched through San Francisco and reviewed his troop on California street. He was in full uniform, and wore a Napoleon cocked hat, but looked careworn. His company attracted much attention, for his name was then a power.

In the days of six-shooters and bowie-knives, a duel was considered by many of the best people of the State the only honorable way of settling a serious quarrel, and many men, whose consciences smote them for engaging in such affrays, lacked the moral courage to decline a challenge.

In 1859 David S. Terry was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and David C. Broderick was a United States senator. Both were Democrats, but the Democracy of the State was divided. Gwin, Terry, Ashe, Brooks, Benham, and others worked the Lecompton, or pro-slavery, wing, while Broderick, a warm friend of Stephen A. Douglas, was the leader of those who opposed the extension of slavery. The friends of the Administration wished Broderick out of the way, that they might re-unite and control the party. Before the State Convention of the Lecompton Democrats, Judge Terry said: "They (the anti-Lecomptonites) are the followers of one man, the personal chattels of a single individual whom they are

ashamed of. They belong, heart, soul, body, and breeches, to David C. Broderick. They are yet ashamed to acknowledge their master, and are calling themselves, aye, forsooth, Douglas Democrats, when it is known, well known to them, as to us, that the gallant Senator from Illinois, whose voice has always been heard in the advocacy of Democratic principles, who now is not disunited from the Democratic party, has no affiliation with them, no feeling in common with them. Mr. President and gentlemen, I am mistaken in denying their right to claim Douglas as a leader. Perhaps they do sail under the flag of Douglas; but it is the banner of the black Douglass, whose name is Frederick, not Stephen."

Broderick read this, sitting at breakfast in the International Hotel. "I see," said he, "that Terry has been abusing me. I now take back the remark that I once made, that he is the only honest judge on the Supreme bench. I was his friend when he was in need of friends, for which I am sorry. During his incarceration by the Vigilance Committee, I paid two hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in his defence. Had the Committee disposed of him as they did of others, they would have done a righteous act." This was spoken to a friend of Terry, who told the latter. A retraction was demanded and refused. Terry sent a challenge, which was accepted, and resigned the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court of California to engage in the last of the four most famous duels fought in the United States. The challenger was unharmed, but Broderick, "the noblest Roman of them all," fell, mortally wounded. Before he died he said: "They have killed me because I was opposed to slavery and a corrupt administration." Among the friends who witnessed, through tears, the exit of that great soul, and followed the remains to the spot now marked by a beautiful monumental shaft at Lone Mountain, was our comrade, Hon. John Conness. Terry was put under $10,000 bonds.

Scores, perhaps hundreds, of other duels were fought by parties of lesser eminence. The last between prominent men, was that of James R. Smedberg and F. W. Gardener, in which the former was wounded, at Saucelito.

Late in 1852, Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder, Third Artillery, U. S. A., commenced an evening at Harry Monroe's restaurant, Los Angeles, with three or four jolly friends. Wine soon loosened tongues. Magruder declared, with characteristic suavity, that Andrew Jackson was the greatest man who ever trod shoe-leather. Colonel John C. Wheeler tossed off a goblet of Krug to "the greatest American statesman, Henry Clay"; while Thompson Burrill quaffed placidly away to "the memory of Daniel Webster, the greatest man the world ever produced." A certain disciple of Esculapius, who was present, then arose, as ostentatiously as it was possible for him to rise, under the circumstances, and said: "My father, who was sheriff of Cayuga county, N. Y., was the greatest of all Americans!" Magruder replied, vehemently: "Doctor, you 're a d—— d fool!" The doctor at once challenged Magruder to fight, which cartel of defiance was at once accepted, the combat to take place on the spot, and over the dining table, from end to end, distance twelve feet; weapons — derringer pistols.

Major Horace Bell says: "Wilson Jones, the doctor's second, got the word, and the principals, without shaking hands, took their respective stations, the majestic form of Magruder towering above that of the diminutive doctor, who paled and shuddered when brought face to face with the grim-visaged son of Mars. All was suspense. The word was to be: *Ready! One, two. three! Fire!* At the word 'ready,' to the dismay of all, the doctor blazed away. When the smoke cleared somewhat, to the horror of the valiant physician, his antagonist stood as stiff and defiant as an avenging demon. The doctor quailed; Magruder glared savagely on him for a full minute. The spectators, spell-bound, looked on with horrible forebodings. Magruder took 'two side steps to the right,' which brought him clear of the end of the table.

He then advanced 'the right foot full to the front,' with his glaring eyeballs bent fiercely on his now terrified challenger. He then brought the left foot up to the rear of the right heel, and leveled his derringer at the ghastly face of the trembling doctor. Then he advanced the right foot, as before, and, in this way, with firm and unrelenting tread, he slowly advanced on the now thoroughly frightened man, who made a movement toward the door. The spectators interposed, and cut off the possibility of retreat in that direction. The doctor tried to flank the colonel by skirmishing around the table. Magruder faced to the left, as though moving on a pivot, and kept the direful derringer aimed directly at the doctor's pallid countenance. In the excitement the latter ran under the table, crawled through, grasped the knees of the irate hero, and, affectionately embracing them, said: 'Colonel Magruder, for the love of God, spare me for my family.' The colonel gave him a kick, and said: 'D —— n you! I 'll spare you for the hangman.' And, so saying, he handed the weapon to his second, and the festivities were adjourned."

Tuesday evening a party of thirty-nine, with a guide, went through the Chinese quarter, first visiting the Mission School, where two Presbyterian ladies were teaching thirty children to speak English. The opium joints and joss house were objects of great interest, but the theatres were the greatest attraction of all. Harper's *Weekly* describes these better than I can: —

"These establishments are two in number, and as the Chinese are assiduous theatre-goers, the houses are crowded every night. The performance begins at seven, and lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning; but even a performance of this length is only a section of a play, which goes on night after night for a week or two. The stage is a mere platform; there are no foot-lights, the only illumination being that from two small gasaliers. There are no curtains, no scenery, flies, or wings; no proscenium, or properties other than a table, two chairs, fans, and weapons. The scene is indicated in the primitive way by displaying a board, on which is written 'forest,' 'room,' and so on. This is put in front of the actors, and the imagination of the spectators does the rest. The joss and household gods are, as in every Chinese dwelling, in the background. The rear wall separates the stage from the actors' dressing-room and the kitchen, and a circular window covered with netting enables the manager to watch the performance, and enables the audience to see the manager at supper.

"Behind the space occupied by the actors is the orchestra — a dismal fiddle, a flageolet, a tambourine, a bass drum, banjos, and gongs. The gong-player is the director of the music; the one-stringed fiddle is held like a violoncello, and is a most painful instrument. There are frequent lapses into song in a Chinese play, but the airs are wild and formless, and the orchestral accompaniment quite independent of the singer. There may be worse noises than a Chinese duet, but not many, The actors are everything by turns, or rather at once — poets, acrobats, singers, musicians; there is no such thing as a specialty. The costumes are gorgeous. Rich gold embroidery, heavy silks and velvets, costly feathers and jewelry, form an important feature of the display. The plays are mostly historic, and, as already stated, last for days. Chinese acting has no dignity, no repose, no beauty, and the plays are weak and without situation, while the plots are of almost childish simplicity.

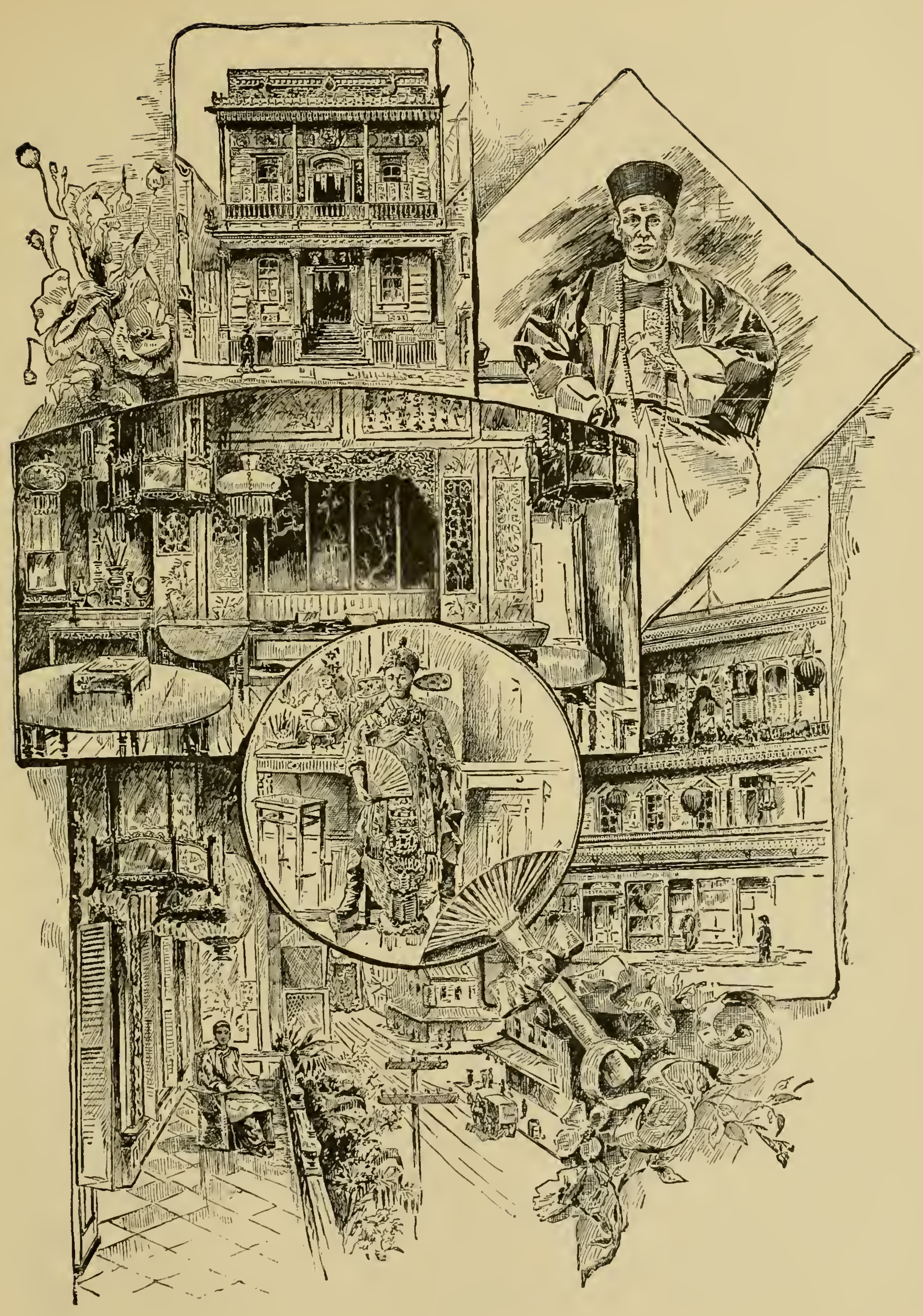
"It is not commonly known, however, that there is a national patronage of the drama in China, as in France and Germany, and that actors receive generous salaries, ranging from $1,000 to $4,000 — sums equal to at least three times those amounts here. In China the female rôles are still played by boys, and an actor who plays the leading female part will receive about $3,500. He certainly earns it, as he has to shuffle about in the ungraceful fashion of Chinese women, talk in falsetto, and sing in high soprano with an effort that must make his throat sore.

"Very often the drama is cut into two parts, and a light comedy played between. This is always of the most realistic character, depicting every-day life among the lower classes. It is reported that the grossest indecencies are represented in some of these plays. The acrobats or tumblers make their entrance *en masse* at about eleven o'clock, and the whole stage is filled with all the members of the troupe. Their feats are wonderful. The great battle scene, an indispensable requisite in a Chinese theatre, then takes place, and a terrific display comes of banging, hammering, screaming, twanging, and tooting. The braggart is made up terribly — his face is as white as paper, his hair and beard black and shaggy, his eyebrows are at least an inch wide, and a gorgeous robe covers his figure. He growls, stamps, swaggers, and brandishes his axe, till another figure enters, the embodiment of cruelty and cunning. Haughty challenges are given; the leaders proceed to behead their adversaries' troops, the loss of a head being denoted by bending the neck and retiring from the stage. New armies come on as fast as the old ones are decapitated, and all the time the noise is deafening. The nasal sing-song and high pitch of the "Cousins of the Moon" will certainly leave untouched the Caucasian ear, but the Mongolian is delighted, and the audience very demonstrative in their approval. This does not hinder them from eating sweetmeats, smoking, and drinking saki, which waiters carry around among the audience. The audience all wear their hats, as it is regarded as a great breach of etiquette for any one not to do so in public. The price of admission at the San Francisco theatre is fifty cents, but it is needless to say that this is only collected from Americans, the Chinamen most likely paying only ten cents."

We are told that 600 people live under ground in one square, where even passage-ways are made hardly wide enough for one to pass comfortably, so closely do they utilize space. There are said to be many places of evil repute, and all the denizens are not Chinese, but the police hold them in subjection. On the other hand, however, there are many Chinamen of excellent reputation, of education, wealth, and refinement. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of Chinese and Japanese goods are said to be sold here monthly.

Mr. Edward Pierrepont, who has observed them closely, says that the Chinese are cleanly, and will not work where they cannot easily wash all over in water. "They are industrious, economical, law-abiding; never intoxicated or quarrelsome; wonderfully patient and enduring; can carry heavy burdens on their shoulders, if suspended on a pole between two of them, but they are by no means strong in general, and in hard work with the shovel or pick can do but about half the work of an Irishman. They are very clannish, and will not work for a man who has treated one of them unjustly. When they leave a house, they are not likely to give a reason; but they are sure to leave a secret mark, which will prevent a Chinaman from remaining who may take the vacant place, if left for cause. And yet, when one of them becomes maimed beyond recovery, or sick beyond hope of restoration, they leave him alone to die, and go not near him except stealthily to see that he is dead, and then they hire some one (not a Chinese) to bury him. They seem a present necessity for this coast, where labor is so difficult to obtain; but no American who has seen them in San Francisco would wish to have an indefinite increase in their numbers." No one seems to wish to have the Chinese go, though many are violently opposed to their immigration. In a speech made nine years ago, Mr. William T. Coleman gives a fair expression of the views of candid men in San Francisco:

"*Fellow-citizens:* I will treat the Chinese question in different aspects, probably, from others. There are three things that can be said in favor of the Chinese that have attracted many people, and given them a status, where, perhaps, a fuller acquaintance with them, and a fuller consideration of all questions involved, would not have been so favorable to them;



THE CHINESE QUARTER.

viz. that physically, mentally, and politically, they are equal, if not superior, to the average of mankind. Beyond that, the comparison is against them. Physically, as laborers in the field, on the farm, heavy work and light, in many departments, and as operatives and artisans they show quickness, strength, sprightliness, endurance, accuracy, and fidelity, in a great degree. Mentally, they are quick, acute, and correct in their perceptions, apt, strong, and tenacious in memory, and rarely fail in the lessons that have been taught them. In the higher walks, we know that, as scholars, statesmen, and diplomats, they are astute and far-reaching, and held in great respect. Politically (and by politically I give that meaning which embraces politeness, adroitness, cunning, and artfulness) they are shrewd and circumspect, and full of resources and adaptability.

"If we could continue these favorable comparisons, there would be no need for this meeting to-day nor the excitement and active opposition that have been made, and we are now making, and *must make*, against their continued immigration; but unfortunately, or possibly fortunately, here the fair comparison ceases. We find that in their habits, customs, thoughts, impulses, education, action; in their ethics, morals, and religion (or lack of religion); in their social and political views,—they are so different from us, so radically and essentially divergent, and, in all, so fixed,—as to make it undesirable for them to be with us or near us, and impossible for them to become citizens, or part and parcel with us. Nor do they *wish* to become a part with us. They come to this country merely as adventurers and gleaners, or, in their estimation, as conquerors of fortune. They come for a term, a cruise, a campaign, leaving behind their families and all they love and cherish and respect,—come purely seeking the "golden fleece," to carry it back with them, or remit it to their homes, and to follow it; never dreaming of permanently quitting their own country, or severing their allegiance, adherence and submission to the laws and will of China. They bring with them, and maintain, all their habits and customs. By their dress, garb, and every vesture, they disdain and spurn the idea of affiliating or assimilating with the Americans or other 'outside barbarians.' They don't want to become,—at least the larger part of them don't want to,—or think of ever becoming, permanent residents; certainly of not becoming citizens, *unless it be as conquerors and masters*,—holding their home allegiance firmly, and looking down on us with a quiet contempt. *They* feel that there they have a nation and history far superior, far higher, and far beyond all others on the earth.

"The Chinaman conceives he stands on a higher plane, and looks back through the grand vista of ages in one unbroken view; the grand colonnade of emperors, statesmen, scholars, soldiers, reaching back in one glorious sweep to the days of Confucius, now 2,700 years ago. Beyond that he counts, or claims to count, 1,300 years more of unbroken history; and beyond that — but only in the depths of tradition and song — he yet claims a grand ancestry. He points to the fact that China was old and prosperous when Rome and Greece were young; that she had attained great advancement at the beginning of our Christian era; that Confucius had taught his philosophy 900 years, and Gautama his doctrines 500 years, before that epoch. Coming down through the long period of 1,500 years, he shows that, when America was discovered, China was in her highest state of civilization, and had a system of internal improvements and other grand works superior to any thing else on the earth. He claims for all of this a superiority physically, mentally, politically, and otherwise; and asks where can be a comparison made to him. He has much in this to be proud of; and while his claims are excessive, and while our advancement in civilization, arts, sciences, literature, and wealth, under Christian dispensation, are so far beyond his, yet he is blind to them, and keeps his eye steadfast on the age and grandeur and unification of China; and with his mind always on

the past, he has not believed, or has been indifferent to the fact, that the world moved and improved, and that he was centuries behind the times, and is positively retrograding.

"Let not our philanthrophic friends abroad think that the Chinaman is fleeing to America to seek the ægis of our protection. Let them bear in mind that there are no refugees from China except criminals. There are no social, political, or religious migrations, like the Puritans to New England, the Huguenots to the South, like the Irish patriots, or the Jews from Russia to-day, fleeing for safety, and seeking an asylum and a home. Even to-day she has a navy that puts ours to shame. She lies within thirty days of us, and could, if occasion require it, place on our shores an army, the equal of which modern times have not seen. This is not likely to occur soon, but it may come. The death of a single prominent Chinaman in this country, or a single American in that, or any mishap, may work a complication that would at once put us in arms.

"It is said that in Great Britain there will be put afloat, this year, at least one million of tons register of iron ships and steamers; more probably 1,200,000 tons, or 1,200 vessels of a thousand tons each. If occasion required, China could buy one-half of this fleet; and with her own, and such as she could get together, she could start a thousand vessels on short notice, bringing two thousand men each, and hurl, almost before we knew it, two million people on our coast. This could be readily multiplied, so that five, ten, or even twenty millions could be here in a comparatively short time.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Now, fellow citizens, let me ask you and our Eastern friends what would be the position of California to-morrow with a Chinese invasion, and *a Chinese settlement in the centre of every city, every town on the coast*, each one compact, unified, and solid against us; with isolated Chinamen throughout the country,— men who could act, and would act, inevitably, for their people, as scouts, spies, and guides, leading them through our mountain passes, into our valleys, villages, and towns; betraying to them all our strongholds, and exposing all our weaknesses; every Chinaman in the country, with his knowledge of its topography and surroundings, being to the invaders worth a hundred of their own men! With the large forces China could land here with modern arms, the land could be swept and devastated, as do myriads of locusts in one unbroken mass sweep over a country, devouring every living thing before them. And do not let our people suppose that the Chinese cannot make soldiers. See them walk our streets, and over our hills and mountains — the long, swinging step, and easy, regular gait; see them making long marches, and carrying big burdens over hills and valleys, and it is patent to every one that they would make splendid marching militia; and, well broken in and well handled, they are good fighters too."

On Wednesday we visited Golden Gate Park, and the Cliff House, both beautiful for situation and adornment, and looked at Seal Rock, which has not changed since 1849, for, protected by a wise law, the seals in large numbers still sun themselves thereon. One fat fellow is called Ben Butler. They are hair seals, or, as some call them, sea-lions. We saw the steamer Gaelic, which came in the day before, fourteen days from Yokohama, with eighty-three cabin, twenty European, and 258 Chinese steerage passengers, and 1,537 tons of cargo, including 5,000 caddies of new season tea. Captain Willis and I visited the new cruiser, Charleston, which is a beauty, according to modern standards, although lacking the symmetry and maze of tall, taper masts, spars and hamper which distinguished the Constitution, Minnesota, Hartford, and others of our old fleet. A buoyant hull of pure white, with a red run, shelters 500 men, of whom seven eighths are American born, mostly from New England. The dimensions of this vessel, which was built and furnished at San Francisco and Mare Island, are:

Length over all, 320 feet; length on load line, 300; breadth, 46; draught of water aft, 19½; mean draught of water aft, 18½; displacement, 3,750 tons; indicated horse-power, natural draught, 5,000; indicated horse-power, forced draught, 6,700; maximum speed, 18.75 knots; cost, exclusive of armament, $1,017,500. Although of only 3,400 tons, as compared with European monsters of 14,000, I believe the Charleston would prove superior to more than one of them, on account of greater efficiency, for in her construction especial attention was given to making the quarters of officers and men alike roomy, and well ventilated, and to facilities for working to the best advantage one of the finest armaments afloat.

We called on John W. Dodge, with whom I played when a boy, at Block Island, who sailed from Providence on his first voyage the same day as I, but on another vessel, a bark, and who prospected with me in the mines a month or two. He was very sick at his home on Hyde street, but has since recovered.

What a contrast between our fare and rates at the Palace Hotel, as compared with those of a bill of fare in the possession of Treasurer Josiah Hayward, of our Society, as used at the Ward House in San Francisco, Dec. 27, 1849!

Here are some of the items: Ox tail soup, $1; baked trout, $1.50; roast beef, $2; fresh California eggs, $1 each; omelette, $2; potatoes and other vegetables, 50 cents for each side dish; pie, pudding, or prune sauce, 75 cents.

Some of our party visited the mint, where we saw a press stamping and milling 450 pieces a minute; four others turning out $450,000 per hour; and still another making a $20 gold piece at each revolution, and $100,000 per hour: but not all these were in motion. In one vault was $10,000,000 in gold, and in another $7,000,000 in silver. All the machinery is moved by an engine of 150 horse-power, built here in 1874, which runs so quietly that it does not interfere with conversation. When last they cleaned up, as they do once in two or three months, they got $3,200 in gold by burning a carpet, and $1,900 by sweeping the chimneys. Floors are covered with iron gratings to catch dust. In a cabinet was a spoon taken from Solomon's Temple 932 B. C., a shekel in circulation 3,000 years ago, and other old coins. A United States silver dollar of 1804, of which only four were made, is valued at $1,400, and one of 1794 at $50.

On Friday the Masons of our company were royally entertained at the Masonic Temple. We also received kind attention from the Viticultural Commission, who invited us to their fine exhibition.

William M. Thayer says, in *Marvels of the New West*: —

"Five thousand men were at work in the mines before the close of the year 1848, and the product of their labor was *five million dollars*, an average of *one thousand dollars* to a man. There were about two thousand men living in San Francisco in January, 1848, all but five of whom left for the gold field.

"There were scarcely two thousand Americans in California in February, 1848; in December there were *six thousand*; in July, 1849, *fifteen thousand*; and in December of that year, *fifty-three thousand*. It was claimed that the rush of men to California, in five years after the discovery of gold, was so immense as to remove the centre of our country's population eighty-one miles west. Then the inhabitants of California numbered *three hundred thousand*, and nearly *three hundred and seventy million dollars* had been extracted from the mines."

C. H. Shinn says: "The summer of 1849 saw no less than five hundred and forty-nine sea-going vessels in the port of San Francisco. In the month of August four hundred large ships were idly swinging at anchor, destitute of crews, for their sailors had deserted, swam ashore, escaped to the gold fields. Thirty-five thousand men came by sea, and forty-two thousand by

UNITED STATES STEAMER CHARLESTON.

land, during the year. Australia, the Asian coasts, Africa, and South America contributed to the motley host that thronged the road to the placers."

Mr. Thayer quotes the following prices then ruling in San Francisco: "A shirt, $25; a comb, $6; barrel of mess pork, $220; dozen sardines, $35; a hundred pounds of flour, $75; a candle, $3; tin pan, $9; shovel, $10; pick, $15."

The following stories, by J. F. B. Marshall in the *Century Magazine*, March, 1891, illustrate the vicissitudes of California trade in 1849, and the far-reaching influence of the gold excitement: "The schooner *Plymouth*, Captain Gould, had sailed from Honolulu, Nov. 9, 1848, and arrived at Sydney, Australia, December 20. She carried California gold dust, sugar, etc., and was to bring back a load of clothing, blankets, and provisions, which were in great demand in San Francisco. The news of Marshall's discovery had not reached Sydney, and Gould wished to keep the secret long enough to load and sail before any other vessel could be loaded for California.

"When only about half the cargo was on board, but fortunately not till after most of it had been purchased, one of the crew, who had been plied with liquor, divulged the secret. The city was at once in a ferment. The walls were covered with placards, announcing 'The *Plymouth* secret unveiled! Gold discovered in California! Great rush for the mines! Fabulous prices paid for goods!' etc. Six large ships were at once laid on 'For San Francisco, and the gold mines,' and full freights, and passengers were speedily engaged. Spies watched the lading of the *Plymouth*, and similar goods were bought at greatly enhanced prices over what Gould had paid. I quote from a recent letter of the veteran pioneer in Australian gold discoveries, Edward Hammond Hargraves, of Sydney, New South Wales:—

"'On the arrival of the *Plymouth* I was at my cattle station on the Manning River. There was not much excitement for some days after her arrival, until the gold was offered for sale, and I may say *hawked about*, and, I believe, sold for £2 per ounce. . . . Placards and posters covered the walls of Sydney, announcing the discovery of gold in California; and ships, very many, were laid on for San Francisco. . . . The rush to California was something to be remembered. . . . I had brought seventy fat bullocks *via* Maitland, and failed to get £1 per head for them. A friend of mine, now in life, brought a large herd from the Namoi, and sold them for 12s. 6d. each — bullocks of eight and nine hundredweight, and superior cattle to mine. Boiling down for the *fat* then became the order of the day. It took all the proceeds to pay the stockmen's wages, £20 per annum. I looked about to see what was the next best thing to do, and sold all my cattle on the station to a neighbor (Mr. Searle) for 5s. per head, and gave the yard and huts into the bargain, and took passage for San Francisco in the bark Elizabeth Archer, Captain Cobb, and arrived (*via* Pitcairn's Island) in September, 1849. Mined at Wood's Creek, Southern Mines, and returned to San Francisco in February, 1850. Wrote to my friends in New South Wales, expressing my belief that I had been in a gold field there. (This letter is now extant.) I was simply laughed at. However, I was fully convinced in my own mind; and reasoning from analogy, and having faith in the uniformity of nature, I returned to New South Wales in the bark Maria, Captain Devlin, on the 20th of January, 1851, and made the discovery (*vide* pamphlet) on the 12th day of February, 1851; and up to 1886 £333,000,000 in gold has been mined in these colonies (Australasia). I came to Sydney in 1832, and am now (April, 1889) in my seventy-third year.'

"Hargraves claimed a reward of £20,000 from the colony for his discovery. His claim was allowed, but the colony was divided before the amount was paid. He received from the parent colony of New South Wales its one-half the promised reward, but the new colony of Victoria has paid but about one-fourth of the £10,000 which was her share, and the claim of

Mr. Hargraves for the balance bids fair to have as long a life as the French spoliation claims have had with us.

"The *Plymouth* left Sydney on the 8th of January, with a cargo of pork, oilmen's stores, ironmongery, wine, one ton biscuit, hams, and brandy. As Gould's orders were to touch at Honolulu on his way to San Francisco, and half a dozen large ships were rapidly loading for the latter port, there was no time to be lost. Crowding all sail, he reached Honolulu in safety, and reported to us his exciting news. A hurried council was held, and after much discussion it was decided to divide the risk and sell half the cargo in Honolulu at auction, letting the rest take its chances in San Francisco. As all the reports which had come from the coast were of continued scarcity and enormous prices, and as the Honolulu market had been exhausted of the goods which the *Plymouth* brought, the sale resulted in a very handsome profit. Well would it have been for us if we had sold the whole cargo at Honolulu. A large proportion of the goods sold there was sent over in the schooner as freight by the purchasers, who had reason to rue their investment, and on the *Plymouth's* arrival at San Francisco she found the market glutted. Cargoes of the goods which the schooner brought had come in from Valparaiso, Lima, and other ports. Some of the Sydney vessels which had gone direct had arrived, and there was no demand for the goods which had cost so much effort, and from the sale of which we had hoped to reap fabulous profits. The wisdom of the partners who had urged the sale of the whole cargo at Honolulu was fully vindicated.

"In those early days of the gold excitement goods that were in demand brought almost any price that the conscience of the merchant would allow him to ask; when the market was supplied, the same class of goods could hardly be given away. Nobody had the capital or the room to spare for the purchase of goods that were not in immediate demand. Storage rates were so high that the value of the goods would soon be consumed. Many a shipper to San Francisco in those days found a heavy storage bill to pay in addition to the total loss of the shipment. At one time, when tobacco was so scarce at the mines that the weed was worth almost literally its weight in gold, a young friend of mine came to Honolulu from the coast, quietly bought up all the tobacco in the island market, and started back to San Francisco, sanguine of making a fortune. His crazy craft sprung a leak when a few days out, and had to return to port for repairs. The delay was fatal. When he finally reached San Francisco, he saw the pilot's cheek distended with a huge quid, and his heart sank; streams of tobacco juice were running from the mouths of the stevedores, who contemptuously unloaded the superfluous weed. The warehouses were full of tobacco, and large stocks of it were still on board vessels in the harbor, not worth unloading. The shopkeepers who had promised him large profits, if he only would replenish their stock, now informed him, between intervals of expectoration, that they had more on hand than they knew what to do with. A cloud of tobacco smoke seemed to hang over the city like a pall. The venture resulted in total loss. When I visited San Francisco some weeks later, I actually crossed the miry streets on some of these very boxes of tobacco, which the authorities had found the cheapest substitute for stepping-stones.

"Only the fate of poor Gould remains to be told. After disposing of the schooner and her cargo, he started from San Francisco with $35,000 of the proceeds in gold dust for Boston. Two days after leaving Aspinwall, he died of cholera,—the only one of 500 passengers who was taken with that dread disease.

"The following incident was related to me by Mr. G. D. Gilman, for many years a merchant at the Hawaiian Islands, and now a well-known citizen of Boston, and a member of the General Court of Massachusetts.

"With the news of the discovery of gold in California, in 1848, United States Army officers stationed there sent specimens home to their friends and to the War Department as curiosities. But, to the best of Mr. Gilman's knowledge, the first California gold exhibited and sold in Wall street was taken there by himself on the first day of March, 1849. Mr. Gilman was the first passenger to reach New York from San Francisco after the discovery, and brought with him a quantity of the ore, finding it a more profitable remittance than the coin which he had brought from Honolulu, and for which the miners gladly exchanged their dust at a liberal discount. Mr. Gilman tells the following story of his first day in New York: —

"I reached New York very early in the morning, and, being an entire stranger, accepted the friendly offices of the purser of the steamer, who took me to the Clinton Hotel, then kept by Simeon Leland, afterward of the Metropolitan Hotel.

"After breakfast, Mr. Leland kindly took me in charge, to assist me in procuring a costume more befitting an appearance in New York than my California outfit. Among the places visited in this tour of reconstruction was Lovejoy's hair-dressing rooms, at the corner of Beekman street and Park Row. Here, as everywhere, the talk was of the wonderful news from California.

"While still under the hands of the barber, and sleepily listening to his freely given views upon the exciting topic of the day, I saw Mr. Leland approaching me, accompanied by a fine-looking, frank, open-faced man, who advanced buttoning on his collar, with his gingham necktie hanging over his arm, as if he had no time to lose. Mr. Leland introduced him to me by a name which at first had no significance for me, though its fame had already reached the islands of the sea as that of the great Moral Showman. Said he courteously: —

"'I hear that you are just from California, the first passenger to arrive from the land of gold. That is very interesting. You can tell us all about it. May I ask if you have had any conversation with any one on the subject since your arrival?' I replied that I had only just landed, and had had no opportunity to talk about the matter. 'Ah, very good, very good!' said he. 'Then please *don't*, let me beg of you, till you have seen me again. Mr. Leland has kindly promised to call with you at my office. If you will write 'California' on your card, the doorkeeper will admit you at once.' He bowed and took his leave.

"Engrossed by my own interesting concerns, I did not think to ask any questions of Mr. Leland about my interrogator, and learned nothing more of him till we found ourselves at the door of Barnum's Museum. We were conducted to the private office of the redoubtable proprietor, who, politely seating us, proceeded at once to business.

"'Well, sir, you know we all want to know the way to California now-a-days. By what route did you come?'

"'Across the Isthmus.'

"'Ah, very good! Then you can tell us all about mule traveling. A very interesting route. Cuts the journey short. Some dangers, of course. Did you go out by the same route?'

"'I went out around the Horn, sir.'

"'Ah, that 's good! Many of our people will want to go that way. Cheaper route. Of course you know about mining?'

"'I have not been to the mines myself,' I replied.

"'Oh! Ah! Well, you understand the process, no doubt, and know all about the life there. You 've heard it talked about?'

"I replied that I had not heard much else talked about for the last six months.

"'I thought so! I thought so! You 're just the man we want, sir! Just the very man! Now here 's my plan, sir. I 've got a plan, sir, which cannot fail of success, and which will

prove highly remunerative to both of us, sir. This city is wild with excitement, as you know; just crazy with the idea of gold in California. Thousands are seeking for information about how to get there, what to do, where to find the gold. Now for my plan. I 've had a specimen lump of gold prepared, weighing twenty-five pounds. No sham, sir — *real gold.* You can depend upon it; I can bring you all the certificates you want to convince you of the fact.'

"'But,' I interrupted, 'twenty-five pounds! I never heard of so large a piece being found.'

"Mr. Barnum seemed slightly taken aback at this, and asked what was the largest piece I had heard of. I replied, 'Seven ounces; but it had not reached San Francisco when I left.'

"'Seven ounces!' exclaimed he. 'Why, that is too small. Every man who is going out expects to pick up rocks of it! Seven ounces! Well, well!'

"He looked confounded for a moment; then throwing back his shoulders, as if to shake off his disappointment, he rallied to his well-arranged plan. 'Well, sir, I 'll tell you what we can do. You prepare a short lecture on the subject, to be delivered in my lecture-room,— not over fifteen minutes long, better ten,— and then be prepared to answer questions (they 'll be sure to come thick and fast) about the different routes, the mining, wages, means, and cost of living; just how to do it, you understand. We will have a small table on the stage, with my twenty-five-pound lump of gold on it. As you are talking, you can handle it; just pass your hand over it now and then — and — and — I would n't have you tell a lie about it for anything, Mr. Gilman — but if — you see — they get the idea that that 's the kind of lumps they *may* find, a fortune 's made, and we 'll share it."

"My reply sprang involuntarily to my lips: 'But what a perfect humbug that would be!'

"With a bright, beaming smile the great showman patted me gently on the shoulder, and with a significant look said, 'My dear sir, the bigger the humbug, the better the people will like it.'

"With thanks I respectfully declined the tempting proposition. Mr. Barnum very courteously urged me to consider it, and hoped I would see my way clear in some way to give the people the information they so much desired. But I was too impatient to reach my home in Maine to do this. Under Mr. Leland's guidance I visited several of the banks and moneyed institutions in Wall street, where I exhibited my specimens of the gold, both coarse and fine."

But Mr. Gilman failed to improve his golden opportunity to make his own and the eminent showman's fortune.

CHAPTER XV.

SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

> The gods
> Grow angry with your patience; 'tis their care,
> And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
> As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
>
> — Ben Jonson.

> The crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
> With solemn lips of question, like the Sphynx in Egypt's sands!
> This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;
> This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
> Even now, from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
> We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!
>
> — Whittier.

PASTORAL California had few and simple laws; yet these sufficed, for the Spanish Americans were law-abiding citizens, and crime was almost unknown. The earlier settlers were also honorable men and women, and were satisfied with the primitive government. Intending to pass their lives in the country, all had a direct and abiding interest in the common welfare. Society was stable; hence conservative, although very provincial.

The discovery of gold worked a bewildering change. The country became at once the most cosmopolitan on earth. In a year the immigrant population increased a hundred fold; and annually, for several years thereafter, fully one fourth of the people left for distant homes,— twice as many taking their places. Nine tenths of these were scattered among the mines, where it was inconvenient to take part in local politics. Most of the others were absorbed in the mad race for wealth; and nearly all neglected the public weal of a country, which each expected to leave as soon as he could "make his pile." Most cheerfully did they leave to others the grave responsibility of framing laws for a community, such as had never been known before; and with equal satisfaction was the work undertaken by the only classes that seemed to have the necessary leisure — the idle and the vicious. Herein lay the germ of trouble enough, it would seem, in the natural course of events; but it was greatly increased, and its coming hastened, by a well-meant act of the better class of citizens.

Too busy, as they thought, to fight their own battles, yet willing to pay the bills, they brought out, at public expense, a regiment composed largely of loafers and criminals of eastern cities, far surpassing in infamy Billy Wilson's Fire Zouaves, of Pensacola memory. Peace ensuing, the regiment disbanded, but most of the members at once reörganized in a mutual aid society, called the "Hounds." Honest at first, as times went, provided society furnished promptly the living each considered his due; the power of organized members in the midst

of a wealthy, but unorganized community soon suggested, and immunity encouraged the idea that California should be run upon

> "The good old plan,
> That they shall take who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can."

They levied widely and freely, paraded ostentatiously to music every Sunday, were always ready to serve as jurors, or as witnesses on either side of a case, for pay, and could be hired to drive a squatter, or a settler, from his land, to burn a house, and to beat, or kill a man. Strangers, unable to defend themselves, seldom escaped their attention. Men from Sing Sing, and convicts from Sydney joined the "Hounds," and taught them how to enlarge their sphere of usefulness. Pride growing with power, they became ashamed of the old name, and called themselves "The San Francisco Society of Regulators." "It was a model system of vagabondage, a Platonic republic for vagrants and blackguards, and might most truthfully have been named a Society for the Promotion of Vice, or a veritable Hell-fire Club." They regulated elections, they collected debts for pay, considered a bill conclusive evidence of its own justice, and, without trial, seized property if payment was refused. The county sheriff, J. C. Pullis, was steward of this society, and other public officers were members. Taking a dislike to Spanish Americans, they drove them from the mines, and one Sunday about a hundred of them, under Sam Roberts, decided to expel every Chileno from San Francisco. Robbery, outrage, murder followed until the next morning, when quiet citizens opened their eyes upon a scene which stirred their blood. From a barrel at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, and then from the roof of a house, as the crowd grew larger, Samuel Brannan and Frank Ward denounced the Regulators. Some of the latter overhearing, drew knives and revolvers, and began to threaten darkly, for they were not accustomed to such talk in San Francisco, the city they had terrorized so long. But Sam was no chicken. Arriving in 1846, on the *Brooklyn*, with a colony of Mormons, from New York, he had early kept store at Sutter's Fort. Prospering, he had engaged in different enterprises in various parts of California, knew many, was known by all, and had been a spectator, or participant in more than one scene of summary justice among the towns and camps of the interior. Baring his breast, he dared them to fire, while he poured forth a torrent of invective that would have excited the envy of a village scold. Sam won, and the Regulators were conquered, citizens aiding officials, July, 1849. Comparative quiet reigned until Sept. 9, 1850, when California became a State, with constitution, legislature, courts, and the subsoil of society took advantage of the situation to work to the surface once more.

"By manipulating primary elections and managing the polls, unprincipled demagogues were placed upon the bench, and ruffians made court officers. The most notorious offenders, by giving straw bail, by producing two or three members of their fraternity to swear an *alibi*, or by unblushing bribery, were sure of acquittal or escape. Police officers connived with professional house-breakers and shared the spoil. Murderers were our congressmen, and shameless debauchees our senators. Our legislators were representatives of the sediment of society. Affrays between attorneys in court in the name and under the nose of justice, and duels in which an editor, judge, or politician was sure to figure, were frequent." Helper, in his *Land of Gold*, states that violent deaths in California from 1849 to 1854 inclusive, were as follows: by famine, sickness or Indians, overland, 1,600; wrecks and disease at sea, 2,200; in the mines from exposure, fever, hunger, and Indians, 5,300; suicides, 1,200; insanity, 1,700; murders,

4,200. "Life was cheaper than under Anglo-Saxon law, when for killing a churl the murderer had to pay ten pounds, though for sixty pounds one might kill a king and go free. Had Herod, for the slaughter of the Innocents, been brought before a San Francisco jury at that time, he would have been acquitted. Judas Iscariot among the California Christians would have passed unscathed so long as any part of his thirty pieces of silver remained with him."

All thought it a joke when they read, "The people of San Francisco do ordain": sixteen aldermen and assistants, $6,000 each per year; treasurer, $6,000; city marshal, city attorney, comptrollers, mayor, recorder, $10,000 apiece; tax collector, $18,000; with general appropriations to correspond; but the joke was soon found to be a practical one and was carried so far that the people retaliated sharply, when the officers, taking wholesome warning, became less extravagant.

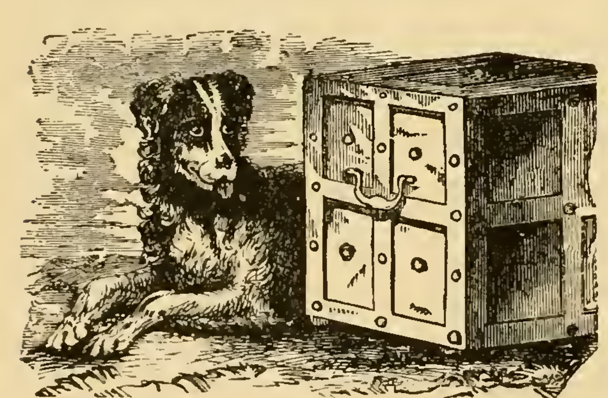
The first number of the San Francisco *Herald*, June 1, 1850, declared that an organized gang, mostly Sydney convicts, was busy maturing plans to burn and rob. Two or three attempts to fire the town were sometimes made in a single night. Dec. 24, 1849, more than $1,000,000 worth of property was consumed; May 4, 1850, three blocks were burned with a loss of $4,000,000. June 14, 1850, a fire cost the people $5,000,000. Sept. 17, 1850, a large area of cheap buildings was burned over, involving a loss of $500,000. Dec. 14, 1850, a fire on Sacramento and Montgomery streets swept away $1,000,000. May 4, 1851, eighteen blocks were totally destroyed, and six others partially, an area in the heart of the city three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, with a loss of $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. June 22, 1851, ten blocks and parts of six others consumed, cost business men $3,000,000.

Feb. 19, 1851, 8 P. M., two men entered the store of C. J. Jansen & Co., Montgomery street, one door from Washington, knocked down and pounded Mr. Jansen until they thought him dead, robbed the store and fled. Mr. Jansen recovered, however, and described his assailants. Two men were taken who seemed to answer the description. One was supposed to be James Stuart, perhaps the worst of all the Sydney men, but claimed to be Thomas Burdue, another ex-convict. Jansen identified them in court, but an *alibi* was sworn, and an adjournment was taken for two days, with the possibility of acquittal. Six thousand to 7,000 people that day, and 8,000 to 10,000 the next, thronged the streets, demanding action. Some wanted to aid the court, if it were willing; to act without it, if necessary; but, in any event, to move according to legal customs. Others, Samuel Brannan leading, recommended instant execution. Startling proclamations were issued; stirring editorials published. William T. Coleman determined to try a middle course. From the front balcony of the old Graham House, corner Pacific and Kearney streets, where the prisoners were confined, an officer urged people to disperse and leave all to the law. Coleman replied, stepping to the front: "No! We will do no such thing! The people here have no confidence in your promises; and, unfortunately, they have no confidence in the execution of the law by its officers. This state of affairs has gone too far. Patience has fled. I propose that the people here present form themselves into a court, to be organized within this building, immediately; that the prisoners be brought before it; that the testimony be taken, counsel on each side allotted; that the trial be begun by twelve o'clock, and conducted fairly, dispassionately, resolutely; and, if the prisoners be found innocent, let them be discharged; but, if guilty, let them be hanged as high as Haman, and that before the sun goes down!" A shout, like the roar of the tempest, rose from the assembled thousands. "We don't want a mob!" said Coleman; "We won't have a mob! Let us organize as becomes men." So said, so done. With J. R. Spence, judge; C. L. Ross and H. R. Bowie, associates; Coleman, prosecuting attorney; Hall McAllister, Calhoun Benham, and D. D. Shattuck, counsel for defence, twelve jurymen were sworn in, and the trial proceeded; Judge

Shepherd protesting, officially, but without avail. Men who had known Stuart swore this was the man; others, some of them of undoubted honesty, swore it was not. The jury of the people disagreed; but the regular court found him guilty, and awarded fourteen years. Before sentence was executed, the man was taken to Marysville, and tried for the murder of Sheriff Moore. The same vexed question of identity arose. The jury at first stood eight to four, and, after two days and one night, agreed for conviction. The sentence was death in thirty days. His companion broke jail, and there were still chances in his favor.

Conviction had proved so difficult in this case, even when people and officers alike desired to convict, if guilty, that criminals grew very bold, and crime rapidly increased. Honest men were alarmed and indignant at the weakness and connivance of the courts, and earnest discussions in a dozen quarters indicated that decisive action was imminent. Sunday, June 8, 1851, James Neal and George Oakes called on Sam Brannan at his office, northeast corner Bush and Sansome streets, and proposed that good men organize. Sam was ready, if need be, with his last moment of time, his last penny of property, and his last drop of blood. So they called a meeting for noon next day, at the California Engine House, junction of Market and Bush streets, opposite Oriental Hotel. Organization was effected, immediate, thorough, and well considered. Selim E. Woodworth was first president of the General Committee and Sam Brannan of the Executive; Isaac Bluxome, Jr., secretary; and Eugene Delessert, treasurer.

They were now ready for business, and they did not have to wait for it. The meeting at Brannan's stores had just adjourned Tuesday night, June 10, when a man knocked at the door, and stated that Simpton, alias John Jenkins, an Australian convict of eminence in his sphere, had been caught in the commission of a crime, and that his captors waited with the prisoner outside. Jenkins was ushered in, and with a stick George Oakes sounded the alarm on the California's bell,— three strokes and a pause, half a dozen times. That night I came down on the steamer from Sacramento, returning with my partners from the mines on the North Fork of the American River. Just as we stepped upon the wharf, we heard the above alarm, and were told that the Vigilance Committee had work on hand. We went to the store of a friend named Lockwood, to leave our dust, but found that he was one of the committee and at headquarters. We told his clerk that we simply wanted to put our gold dust in the safe; but he said he was sorry, for Mr. Lockwood had the key. "You can put it *under* the safe, though," said he, "and the old dog lying there on the watch will take just as good care of it."



We unloaded as directed, and started for headquarters. Just as we came up, Sam Brannan, accompanied by James C. L. Wadsworth, came out some twenty feet from the building, and, mounting a fence on a sandhill, just opposite the Rassette House, told the crowd of 5,000 people or more that the prisoner would be hanged in one hour. He explained that Jenkins had stolen a safe from the shipping-office of Mr. Virgin, on Long Wharf, during the temporary absence of the latter, and had started in a boat to cross the bay with it. Some boatmen had seen him carry it on his back in a large sack, and put it in his boat. In a minute or two Mr. Virgin returned, missed the safe, and gave the alarm. "Yonder he goes," said the boatmen, pointing to Jenkins, who now had a good start. "Catch him," shouted

Virgin, "he 's got my safe." Out they went; Jenkins pulled for dear life, but the boatmen were more at home at that game, and gained rapidly. Seeing that he would be caught, Jenkins threw the safe overboard; but the water was not deep (the city has been built out over the spot long ago); a boatman stuck an oar in the soft bottom to mark the place, and the three boats closed swiftly around their prey. The safe, too, was soon taken ashore. Sam said that counsel had been furnished the prisoner; that he had had a fair trial, and had been found guilty of this and other more serious crimes; and that he had been given a glass of brandy and a cigar, the only things he asked for. For ten minutes the speaker raked courts and people right and left, with heavy broadsides of mingled execration and exhortation, and then several committeemen came down stairs from the room of the trial, and cleared a space in front. The culprit followed, his arms tied behind, and each held by a Vigilant. He was smoking, and his hat, which of course he could not control, was tilted back, giving him an air of impudent bravado and indifference. Revolver in hand, Bluxome told Jenkins: "In any attempt which may be made to take you out of our hands, at the first movement you make to escape, you die. That is my part of this night's programme." "Yes, sir!" said fiery George R. Ward, "if the police attempt to seize you, sir, we will blow your head off, sir!" As they stepped upon the ground, a spliced rope was thrown over their heads, long enough for twenty men to get hold of, in front, on each side, and behind, and the march commenced for the Plaza. As soon as Brannan had announced that the man was to be hanged from a high beam of the veranda, on the south end of the adobe custom-house, most of the crowd started for that place, but we kept just ahead of the committee.

We had got about halfway across the square, when there was a tremendous rush of officers and rowdies to break the ranks and capture or free the prisoners. The cry was raised: "Keep your revolvers up!" I pointed mine toward the zenith, and others did the same. When Jenkins, coolly smoking, was within fifty feet of the block through which the rope was rove, the fatal cord was passed quickly along over the heads of the committee, into the inner circle, and made fast around the prisoner's neck. Brannan cried: "Every lover of liberty and good order lay hold!" A hundred hands seized the rope, and fifty men ran with it so quickly that I, who was just ahead of Jenkins, had all I could do to get out of the way, as he was swept along fully three rods, and then up, until his head touched the block — "block and becket," as sailors say when, in hoisting tackle, two blocks come together. With all the startling distinctness of one of Doré's pictures, although two score years have since rolled into night, the terrible scene comes before me as I write. Happily, death was speedy. As my memory serves me, this was 1.00 o'clock A. M., June 11, although Bancroft says half-past two. We returned to our lodgings, but went up to the plaza again about daylight, when the authorities were just removing the body in an express wagon.

This was the first capital punishment in a city that had witnessed 500 murders, and lesser crimes innumerable. Without the above fulness of detail, suffice it to say that in other executions, by the committee, similar scenes were enacted, but with less of violence, as a rule.

June 18, the committee moved to the upper rooms of Bullitt, Patrick, & Dow's two buildings on Battery street, between California and Pine. July 2, two bold robberies were committed, and vigilants, looking for the perpetrators, caught a man who acted suspiciously, although innocent of these two crimes. But at headquarters, whither he was taken, all were impressed with his wonderful resemblance to the man awaiting execution at Marysville. Was he the real James Stuart? He said his name was Stephens, and told plausible stories. Completely baffled by the prisoner, the executive committee left the matter with the keen Stephen Payran, whom they soon made their president. Encouraging the man to talk, while he listened care-

fully, and noted the minutest inconsistency, Payran at length ended a searching cross-examination by suddenly confronting the prisoner with three men who had been quietly sent for, who knew Stuart well. Taken completely by surprise, his passions defied control, and he hissed: "Well, then, may the devil damn you all; I am James Stuart! Now do your worst!" So, after all, Burdue was innocent, and was set at liberty.

Cornered, Stuart made a confession that involved all the leading villains in the State, and the committee had the key to the situation; for this man was a prince of rascals, and was thoroughly posted. The California and the Monumental Engine Companies had offered the committee the use of their bells. July 11, 1851, the bell of the latter was sounded at 9 A. M., another solemn ceremony was enacted, and at 3 P. M. the soul of James Stuart had left the body, which still dangled from a derrick on Market street wharf.

A busy month followed. Scores of lesser criminals were tried and "exported;" dangerous characters were sent back on the vessels that brought them; and descriptions of suspected rogues were sent to other Vigilance Committees; $15,000 was raised by subscription. and used to complete the county jail, a work delayed long for lack of funds. August 11 the committee got hold of Sam Whittaker, and soon after of Bob McKenzie, both implicated by Stuart's confession. Whittaker baffled even the astute Payran, but Gerritt W. Ryckman, who was the third president of the executive committee, played upon the prisoner's heart-strings until he said he must confess or burst. Both were convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. At 3 A. M., August 20, Governor John McDougal, and Mayor C. J. Brenham roused Sheriff John C. Hays to serve a writ of habeas corpus, signed by Judge Myron Norton, commanding that Whittaker and McKenzie be brought into court. The Vigilants were off their guard, and the prisoners were lodged in jail, whence they were retaken, however, on the following Sunday, and promptly hanged from two beams above the doors of the second story of the Committee Building, on Battery street.

Prominent among patients cured by Vigilance medicine, were T. Belcher Kay, port warden and scoundrel; James Burns, alias Jimmy-from-Town; James Ainsworth, alias Jimmy Roundhead; Charles Duane, alias Dutch Charley; George Adams; Mrs. Hogan; "Dab;" Briggs, the "Sydney Duck;" Hamilton Taft; Ben Lewis; John Goff; Sam Gallagher; Hetherington; Harrison; Ah Lo; Ah Hone; and scores of that ilk. Some were banished, and some handed over to the courts, now wonderfully active and efficient. Society seemed safe, law honest and powerful. Moving into less expensive quarters, over Middleton and Smiley's auction rooms, corner of Battery and Sacramento streets, the committee sold most of its effects at auction, paid its debts, arranged for meetings when needed, and, late in September, allowed the law to take its course in a purified city.

But knavery is manifold, its manifestations multiform. The coarse ruffian of the Sydney convict stamp ceased to disturb society, but he only gave place to others of greater refinement, no less troublesome. Seeing that the majority of the people were inclined to neglect public affairs in the fierce race for wealth, unprincipled politicians adopted the boldest devices for gaining or holding power. Ostensibly to secure fair play, but really to overawe quiet citizens, bullies were made inspectors of elections; and by means of stuffed ballot-boxes, with false bottoms and sides, the will of the people who did vote was set at naught. One inspector, Francis Murray, or "Yankee Sullivan," the prize-fighter, manipulated the box to suit his interest or prejudice, at one election counting in James P. Casey as supervisor, although the latter was not even a candidate. Taking from fifty to eighty drinks daily, a man of powerful build, Sullivan was a terror, and he was but one of a class. Of course the politician must keep "solid" with the inspector, or become a private citizen; so, when an inspector, or any of

his numerous friends, in fact any one of his class, indulged in any little crime, all officedom rallied to his defence, and it soon became the regular thing for the nine guilty to escape in company with the one innocent. In the Court of Sessions sat Judge Edward McGowan,—a Pennsylvanian, who, as a member of the Assembly of his native State, had stabbed an editor, resigned, robbed the Chester County bank, and fled,—dispensing justice with a cigar in his mouth, his hat cocked on one side, and feet on a desk higher than his head. "McGowan was stout, in complexion ruddy, frail and delicate in his morality, and exceedingly consumptive about bar-rooms." Among his correspondence were found letters from the demi-monde, and some of a damaging nature from Alexander Wells, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court. It seemed as if the officials, from the highest to the lowest, were leagued with the worst elements of society, and the latter were daily growing bolder.

In this condition of affairs, James, son of William King, and hence called James King of William, started the San Francisco *Bulletin*, Oct. 8, 1855, and advocated public as well as private virtue and honesty. "The notorious politico-banking firm of Palmer, Cook & Co. was then at the height of its power and of its apparent prosperity. This institution the *Bulletin* at once attacked, charging it with corruption, bribery, and financial unsoundness, exposing its secrets with such clearness and intimate knowledge of its affairs, as made men wonder how the editor obtained them. The battle was continued with unflinching persistency day after day, for many months, until the firm was ruined, and consequently harmless. Broderick, Billy Mulligan, Woolly Kearney, Casey, Cora, Yankee Sullivan, Martin Gallagher, Tom Cunningham, Ned McGowan, Charles Duane, and all that class of shoulder-striking, ballot-box stuffing politicians, together with gamblers, prostitutes, and pimps of every shade, rich and vulgar alike, but more particularly those who had made themselves conspicuous in public affairs, he tore in pieces with almost savage ferocity. Likewise he scattered thorns upon the bench of criminal judges, and made derelict officials drink gall." Nov. 17, 1855, Charles Cora, an Italian gambler, murdered in cold blood William H. Richardson, a United States marshal. Richardson's successor, appointed by the president at the request of Senator Weller, was McDuffie, the noted Marysville gambler, at whose tables Cora had served. After several months Cora was tried, the jury disagreed, and for four months the authorities did not work for a new trial. King alone expostulated, and in no measured terms, although threats were showered upon him. In his editorial of April 21, 1856, he says: "We were this morning told that bets have been taken that in thirty days both this gambler McDuffie and ourself will have a resting-place at the Lone Mountain Cemetery; and these bets are made by gamblers." Although King alone dared speak, he voiced the sentiment of the people. In conversation with a bright-eyed, smiling Mongolian, Ah Foy, a gentleman for whom he did washing expressed the opinion that one Ah Chung, lately arrested for the murder of Ah Li, his Celestial love, would be hanged. "Him no hang!" exclaimed Ah Foy, "him all same Melican man; he got $2,000! You sabe, no hab money, him hang; hab plenty money, no hang; all same Melican man."

May 14, 1856, an editorial in the *Bulletin* alluded to the fact that James Casey had served two years in Sing Sing for robbery; that night Casey shot King on a public street, near the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets. As powder at a spark, the pent-up indignation of the people exploded. For the first time in years, and but a few minutes after the fatal shot, the old bell sounded from Monumental Engine house. In less than five minutes buildings were empty, streets crowded. Casey was taken by his official friends, first to the police station, then to the jail, where he was guarded by 300 armed men. Within twenty-four hours, the vigilance committee was organized, with William T. Coleman president, with all depart-

ments in working order, and 1,500 men training under arms. On May 18, nearly 3,000 armed men, with 20,000 citizens on the hills around, surrounded the jail, and took Casey and Cora to headquarters. The day before King was killed, John Nugent's paper, the *Herald*, was the best patronized in California, and had a monopoly of auctioneers' advertisements, a large business in San Francisco. The day after the murder, Mr. Nugent published an anti-vigilance editorial. The next day all this advertising was changed to the *Alta*, which holds it still; while the *Herald's* issue was reduced in size one half, and from that day it declined steadily, to its death a few years later. King died May 20. Casey and Cora, after a fair trial, were convicted. "At twenty-one minutes past one, (May 22, Thursday), the funeral cortège of Mr. King moves, and all the bells of the city toll their solemn requiem. At that moment the military present arms; the signal is given, and James Casey and Charles Cora drop into eternity."

"On Thursday morning at half-past ten the steamship *Golden Age* arrived with 1,221 passengers. In crossing the Isthmus these passengers had undergone the horrors of a serious railway accident, in which fifteen of their number had been killed and sixty wounded. Besides their own troubles, they could talk of late outrages committed there, in which others had severely suffered. Arrived at San Francisco, they found the city in a turmoil, public places closed, flags at half-mast, and houses draped in mourning. Scarcely had they time to deposit their luggage at the hotels, and step upon the streets, when the body of a murdered man, with its two-mile cortège, was passing by, and 2,000 angry citizens were there in arms, and two men swinging by the neck from two second-story windows. If those 1,221 regarded their entertainment during the voyage, and their reception on the shores of the Pacific, too tame for them, they were, indeed, hard to please."

By King's editorial, April 21, the gamblers allowed him but thirty days on earth. He died within that time, and at the end of thirty-one slept on Lone Mountain.

The committee of 1856 organized in the old Know-Nothing Hall, 105½ Sacramento street, about half way between Sansome and Montgomery. May 17 they moved to Truett Brothers' old appraiser's shop, and soon occupied about all the square bounded by Sacramento, California, Davis, and Front streets, which latter headquarters was called Fort Gunnybags, being protected on one side by a breastwork of gunnybags filled with sand.

May 31, Yankee Sullivan committed suicide in his cell.

Even Shakespeare would have been satisfied with the "very tempest and whirlwind of passion" exhibited at this time by the actors on the "law and disorder," or "law and murder" stage of California politics. The details were now received of how, on the 7th of May, Philip T. Herbert, representing the State in Congress, had become grossly intoxicated, and lost heavily at the gaming table; how he had called for breakfast at Willard's Hotel the next morning at eleven o'clock; how the waiter had furnished all he could at that hour without an order from the office; how Herbert had fired a pistol, held at the breast of the waiter, Thomas Keating, who died in five minutes; how United States Senator John B. Weller asked Herbert's release, on the ground of his position as representative of a sovereign State; and how the leading witness refusing to testify, the first jury disagreed, and the second acquitted.

Chief Justice Hugh J. Murray, friend of the notorious Ned McGowan, was bitterly hostile to the Committee, but "the better part of valor" kept him measurably silent, or at least taught him the propriety of keeping at a reasonable distance. Bolder and more aggressive, his associate, David S. Terry, left his bench and duties at Sacramento, went down to San Francisco, and issued a writ of *habeas corpus* for Billy Mulligan, who was spirited away by the Committee. The officer made return that service had been resisted by a body of armed men. Governor J. Neely Johnson proclaimed the city in a state of insurrection, ordered

all the militia in the county to report at once to Gen. W. T. Sherman, then a State officer, and all other forces in the State to prepare for immediate service. He asked aid of Gen. John E. Wool, commanding the Pacific Division, U. S. A., and of Captain David G. Farragut, in command at the Mare Island navy-yard. Both officers had sense enough to mind their own business, unless ordered to act by their superiors in office. Johnson next sought help from President Franklin Pierce, at Washington; but, on the eve of a presidential election, the latter politely declined to interfere.

Though baffled at every point, the law and order party could not rest; with the exception of Broderick and his friends, they were strong pro-slavery men, and they could make but little headway in their political schemes so long as this non-partisan and incorruptible committee held sway. Under constant pressure, the naturally weak and vacillating Johnson began to collect arms, which the Vigilants as promptly seized, to prevent bloodshed. Exasperated, Terry again came to the city of the Golden Gate, and went about the streets loudly denouncing the Committee, and seeking to precipitate a collision.

James Reuben Maloney and John G. Phillips, two notorious scoundrels, had been taken with one shipment of arms; but, as they did not resist, were freed. They at once went from saloon to saloon, cursing all vigilants, and swearing they would shoot certain ones at sight. To teach these doughty knights of blood and thunder a lesson much needed, Sterling A. Hopkins was ordered to bring them to headquarters. He found them with United States Naval Agent Richard P. Ashe, Terry, and several others. Arrest was resisted, but Hopkins was so persistent that Maloney and Phillips slowly retreated towards the armory of the Blues, corner of Jackson and Dupont streets, Terry and Ashe espousing their cause. Hopkins tried to crowd by Terry to get his man, when the judge drove a knife six inches into his neck, and all the pursued took refuge in the armory,— two vigilants, James Bovee and D. W. Barry also crowding in. Word flew to headquarters; the ominous alarm sounded three taps, rest, and repeat; and soon thousands of armed committee men filled the streets. Maloney, Ashe, and Terry occupied separate cells that night at Fort Gunnybags. Ashe was soon released.

United States sloop-of-war *John Adams*, which had lain at anchor at Saucelito, took a station at the foot of Sacramento street, where her commander, E. B. Boutwell, now began to bluster, making no secret of the enjoyment it would give him to fire upon the city; but a few words of gentle firmness from Farragut induced respectful silence from all on the *Adams*.

If Hopkins died, Terry would be hanged. A friend of the latter offered the vigilance physician, R. B. Cole, $10,000 to save the wounded man's life; while other friends banded to kill Cole if Hopkins died. Hopkins lay long at death's door, but recovered. Terry was tried, found guilty of the assault, and set free. Loud was the denunciation of the committee; but time, "corrector where our judgments err," has long since shown the wisdom of their decision. They hanged only for murder, and banished for lesser crimes. Terry could not be executed, and it would have required the people to continue organized and armed as long as they hoped to keep so determined and reckless a man in exile; and they wished to disband. Moreover, who could say that he might not be returned by Federal authority?

July 24, Joseph Hetherington killed Dr. Andrew Randall in cold blood, for debt, and was taken, about the time of the capture of Philander Brace, who robbed Willet Southwick in 1855; robbed and shot a Mr. Scharff, and killed Joseph B. West, June 1855. They were launched into eternity at six o'clock on the afternoon of July 29, from a gallows on Davis street, between Sacramento and Commercial.

With 5,500 men under arms, with more than 6,000 members, and the support of nine-tenths of the people, the committee decided to adjourn on August 18, as they would have done long

before, had not the course adopted by Johnson, Terry, and others compelled them to remain together. That day they made a final parade, 6,000 vigilants and tens of thousands of citizens, filling the streets. Eleven weeks later an idea had worked its way into Governor Johnson's cranium, and he cautiously withdrew his proclamation.

The influence of the Vigilance work of 1851, although direct, was evanescent; that of the movement of 1856 was deep and lasting. No extra legal aid has been needed in the city since, except during the conflict between capital and labor in 1877–8, when rioters attacked the Chinese, and defied the police, and the power of the latter was maintained by Vigilant aid, commanded by the old leader, William T. Coleman. Several persons were killed, but the affair was not endorsed by the labor party, and even Denis Kearney, the Irish drayman and sand-lot orator, had sense enough to vent his pugnacity by harmless threats, made mostly for effect.

H. H. Bancroft, from whose masterly "Popular Tribunals," and from pamphlets published at the time I have quoted above, gives, among other results of vigilance, the substance of the following: "Each committee hanged four men, and banished about thirty, mostly Sydney convicts, in 1851, and Irish and other foreigners of low origin, in 1856. There were many voluntary departures in 1851, and it is estimated that in 1856, 800 of the worst characters a community was ever cursed with, sought safety in other places. The Vigilance Committee of 1856 put a stop to open street murder, to unblushing corruption in courts, to ballot box stuffing, and election frauds, and to divers immoralities in their various nooks and phases. It lifted downtrodden virtue, and made right respectable." San Francisco had been run into debt forty times the amount allowed by the constitution. Note the financial reform: "The city and county expenses were in 1854, $1,831,825; in 1855, $2,646,180: in 1856, $856,120; in 1857, $353,292: in 1858, $366,427: in 1859, $480,895; in 1860, $706,719; in 1861, $512,896. Prisoners and police in 1855 cost $236,690, and this was mostly expended in maintaining and liberating criminals. In 1858, when the number punished was ten times greater than during the year before mentioned, the expenses were $59,943. For advertising and stationery the city paid in 1855, $65,231; and in 1858, $2,727; assessment expenses in 1855, $45,011; in 1858, $9,100; election expenses in 1855, $22,920: in 1858 they were nothing, and so on. And this while from one fifth to one third of the city's revenue went to the satisfaction of old claims contracted during the swindling epoch."

About a month after the parade and disbanding, Herbert ventured to the city; but he was at once handed a petition, signed by 2,000 citizens, asking him to leave California. He stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once. A fortnight later the widow of his victim died, brokenhearted.

Strange, that the Vigilance leaders, especially of 1856, lived such exemplary lives, and are held in such universal honor and esteem; while, almost in exact proportion to the prominence of a man in the law and order party, has proved the darkness of his subsequent fate

"What has become of your Vigilance Committee?" asked a stranger of a citizen of San Francisco, as late as 1859.

"Toll the bell, sir, and you will see," was the reply.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

— PSALM XC: 12.

SATURDAY morning, at nine o'clock, the party started southward by the Coast division of the S. P. R. R., passing through Millbrae, San Mateo, and Belmont, where are the beautiful country seats of some of California's wealthiest railroad and mining magnates, and stopping, by invitation of Senator Stanford, at Menlo Park. Here were 500 blooded horses, on a ranch of 800 acres, with everything in the best of order, and a fine track for exercise and training. He also has 800 as fine horses as the country can boast on another tract of about 1,000 acres. From Menlo Park the party went on to Mayfield, where the train was in waiting, passing and looking over the grounds of the Leland Stanford Junior University, whose story is so remarkable that I give its substance.

The act by which Senator Stanford so grandly endowed the Palo Alto Institute of Learning will, in the years to come, rank as one of the great events in the history of the State of California, and, for that matter, the United States. Since the death of his only child, Leland Stanford Jr., it has been the sole aim of the senator's life to found an institution of learning in this State, which should be equal to all, and, if possible, excel the best colleges in the world. To this end he draughted and secured the enactment of a law for the protection of all endowments that may be made in the future for educational institutions in Calfornia. Since that time his attention has been largely paid to the perfection of his plans for the founding of the great educational centre. By the deed of trust, which he placed in the hands of the trustees of the institute, he conveys for the lasting benefit of the institution 83,200 acres of land, comprising the most valuable estates in California, the products of which will go toward the fulfilment of his wishes. And, at the same time, to guard against any possibility of failure of the plan by death or other unexpected events, Senator and Mrs. Stanford have made their wills by which they provide for further vast endowments of the institution, which, it is said, will afford a greater income than can ever be utilized. This, however, is but a temporary expedient for the purpose of safety, for they hope to be able to put their property in such a shape that the whole endowment can be turned over to the trustees during their lives, and that they may live to devote their whole time and attention to the completion and realization of their great project.

There will be no branch of the arts, sciences, or mechanics, that will not be taught in Palo Alto, and, to these educational advantages, male and female will be equally entitled. The institution, by the munificent salaries it will be able to pay, will draw to its force of educators the most famous and talented professors on the globe; and the splendid climate of the section of the country in which Palo Alto is situated, will, in no small degree, tend to induce the great professors of the East and Europe to accept chairs in its departments. The youth of California, and America as well, can now look forward to the time in the near future, when the

doors of a free institution will be thrown open to them, wherein the highest standard of excellence in technical learning known to our civilization may be attained. The departments will include a college of medicine, which it will be the aim of Senator Stanford to make the greatest in this country; and to the conduct of which, if possible, will be called such men as Jenner, of London, and Brown-Sequard, of Paris, the lectures of whom the best physicians of America may attend with profit. There will be a college of law, presided over by the ablest masters of the law to be obtained; a department wherein will be taught all the sciences and higher mathematics; a school of arts, in which, under the ablest professors,— such as now draw students from all parts of the civilized world to Munich,— thorough instruction will be given in painting, sculpture, drawing, design, etc.

A grand conservatory of music, under the direction of the most famous masters of Italy and Europe, which will afford the best musical education to be had in the world, will be one of the particular features of this institute of technics. There will also be a school of mechanics, which will turn out all grades in this class, from the common artisan to the scientific civil engineer and master machinist, and include instruction in all grades of scientific draughting and architecture. One of the important branches of the institution will be a school of agriculture, to which will be attached a farm, the soil and climate of which will produce any of the agricultural or horticultural products of the temperate or semi-tropic zones. Among the valuable adjuncts of the institution are to be a splendid museum and libraries, containing the best works pertaining to the various departments of learning. And this is not all. When the time comes, as it eventually will, that Palo Alto becomes an educational centre, around which will be built a town, the intention of Senator Stanford is to erect buildings for preparatory schools, in order that people residing there may have facilities for educating their younger children up to the standard at which pupils will be admitted to the higher courses.

The deed of trust carefully provides against expenditure of money on buildings that may be useless as universities, the projector believing that the faculty is the element to be most considered. Senator Stanford's idea is to have the buildings erected in the form of a parallelogram, and it is intended that two colleges shall be built at first — one for males and the other for females.

The great estate of Palo Alto, with its magnificent distances, beautiful scenery, fruitful soil, rich productive powers, and excellent location, forms one of the finest private properties in the United States. Unlike other large ranches in the State, it is not composed of a Spanish grant, but is the result of the consolidation of several farms into one, it being only recently that Senator Stanford bought a large property adjoining Palo Alto, and added it to the estate. With the exception of a few acres, the ranch lies wholly west of the Southern Pacific Railroad, a portion of it adjoining Menlo Park station, twenty miles from the city. On the eastern side runs the county highway from San Jose to San Francisco, and midway, east and west, that of Searsville and Mayfield. The first purchase was made in 1876, from Mr. Gordon, consisting of 800 acres. Since that time the following ranches have been acquired: Hoog, 800 acres; Martin, 982; Dixon, 1,700; Coutts, 1,400; Lieb, 1,200; scattering, 318; making a total of 7,200 acres. The soil consists of sandy loam, clay-loam, and adobe. A large portion of the land, at the present time, is used for pasture; but farming is carried on, upon a large scale, under the direction of an able superintendent. This fine domain has an area of about eight miles north and south, and six miles northeast by southwest. It is divided into four departments, known as the trotting horse department, the running horse department, the farming department, and the house and grounds department; the latter embracing the park, vineyards, and reservoir, the old vineyard containing forty acres, and the young one sixty acres.

It was Mr. Stanford's intention to have the park of 299 acres, at the entrance to Palo Alto, contain every known species of tree that would grow in this climate, thousands of trees being added yearly to the large collection. On the Martin farm of 982 acres a reservoir, covering over 200 acres, is to be built, to hold the waters of the San Francisquito to the extent of 225,000,000 gallons, and irrigate every part of the ranch except the foot-hills. A reservoir has already been built on the Mezes property, holding 125,000,000 gallons. A smaller reservoir holds 35,000,000 gallons, and an artesian well will furnish 5,000 gallons per hour.

For the conduct of this great estate one hundred and fifty persons are employed, at salaries ranging from $30 to $250 per month, of which number one hundred and four are white and the rest Chinese. The employés are all boarded by their employer. Church services are conducted on the place, and Mrs. Stanford has established a school for boys and a kindergarten for girls in Menlo Park. To sum up, Palo Alto is the largest horse farm in the world, and although it was never managed for profit, could undoubtedly be made to yield a large income. The total expense of running the ranch is about $225,000 per year, of which amount $90,000 is for wages. At the present time the actual income is about two-thirds of that amount, as follows: Vineyards, net, $10,000 yearly; hay, 2,300 tons; oats, 260,000 pounds; barley, 240,000 pounds; wheat, 100,000 pounds; and rye, 70,000 pounds. The product of the 2,500 acres farmed in 1884 was $40,000.

Palo Alto also has a fine mansion, and all the luxuries of a beautiful manor.

The most valuable and productive of the three great ranches donated by Senator Stanford is the Vina Ranch, situated at the junction of Deer Creek with the Sacramento River, in Tehama county. It is a portion of an old Spanish grant made to Peder Lassen, a Swede, who settled upon it long before the discovery of gold in the State. Later it passed into the possession of a German named Gerke, who for many years made from its vineyard a brand of hock that was famous in the San Francisco markets. In 1881 the old man died, and Senator Stanford purchased the grant, adding to it other pieces of land, until he secured 55,000 acres, at a cost of $1,000,000. The old vineyard was "played out," the fences down, houses dilapidated, and there was no provision for irrigation.

In 1882, Senator Stanford ordered 1,000 acres set out to vineyard, and 800,000 cuttings were planted, comprising the finest varieties of wine, raisin, and table grapes, the first named predominating. On many acres of this estate four crops of alfalfa are cut and stored yearly, in addition to the pasturage afforded during the winter.

The source of water supply is Deer Creek, which was tapped two and a half miles northeast of Vina, where two massive floodgates were constructed — one of wood, and the other of granite laid in cement. The great central ditch has a grade of four feet to the mile, and a capacity of 80,000 gallons per minute, or 7,300 miners' inches. Two miles from its head a fifteen-foot branch ditch begins, and runs past the vineyard, supplying the northern portion with water. This branch is sub-divided into ten smaller ditches, nine of which run through the vineyard, and are controlled by a system of floodgates, which give uniform irrigation to every foot of the vineyard.

The tenth prong passes on through the vineyard a distance of two miles, where it is subdivided into twenty smaller ditches for the irrigation of a five-hundred-acre field of alfalfa, each ditch, even at this distance of five miles from Deer Creek, being nine feet wide, and running full in the dryest season. After supplying the northern fork, the main ditch runs for a mile into a twenty-foot bottom, with a slope of one and one-half to one, and then along the line of the railroad for over four miles, with a thirty-foot bottom, and with a grade of two feet to the mile. From this, nineteen six-foot ditches branch out, and are carried through the new por-

tions of the vineyard. Opposite the head of the main ditch, a third ditch, with a twelve-foot bottom, runs for two miles to a six-hundred-acre alfalfa field, which it intersects with a series of cross ditches, making altogether a system of fifty-five miles of ditches, capable of irrigating

THE STANFORD VINEYARD.

12,000 acres. The water rights of the Vina ranch are secure for all time, thanks to the foresight of its owner, who secured the land along Deer Creek, which commands them, thus adding, with the irrigating system, fully a half million dollars to the value of the estate.

The Gridley Ranch, the third of Senator Stanford's magnificent gifts, one of California's

great wheat farms, in Butte county, comprises from 19,000 to 21,000 acres of as rich wheat land as can be found in the wheat producing sections of the State. An average yield of forty-five bushels per acre is not unusual. At the present time this vast tract of land, all suitable for cultivation, is used only for the raising of grain, and whether it can be profitably utilized for other purposes, when cut up into small farms, remains to be seen. It is a princely gift, worthy of the donor, and stands assessed this year at $1,000,000.

At a meeting at which nineteen of the twenty-four trustees of the institution were present early in 1891, Dr. H. W. Harkness gave this account of the progress of the work of construction: —

"The buildings surrounding the large court, which are to be devoted mainly to class and lecture rooms, are roofed and ready for the interior finishing. They are not plastered or painted, and the permanent floors are not laid. The main plumbing is completed, but no interior connections are made. The great court, which is about 700 feet square, is being carefully and expensively paved with asphaltum. The corridors surrounding the court are beautifully paved with cement in two colors. Spaces for flowers, etc., are left in the pavement of the court, which also will be ornamented with statuary.

"A dormitory for boys capable of accommodating 350 is finished to the same extent as the buildings mentioned. The foundation for a similar dormitory for girls is being laid. An engine-house and a storehouse are finished, and large water pipes are being laid between the buildings.

"Work has just been commenced on a large museum building, which is designed similar to the new Government museum at Athens. It will be 312 feet in length, and two wings 100 feet long are also planned for the future. The amount of money already expended amounts to nearly $900,000. An immense number of young trees, to be set out over the estate for two or three miles westward, are being cultivated. The present buildings will meet the wants of the university for many years to come. The additional buildings to be erected will be the residences for the faculty, which will be begun early next spring or summer. The trustees were all delighted at what they saw and at the bright prospects for the future of the institution."

Kate Field writes thus appreciatively of the work January, 1891: —

"What a wonderful institution will be dedicated next October at Palo Alto! And what a blessing to art that Senator and Mrs. Stanford have selected an architecture which covers the ground instead of trying to scale the heavens! Mrs. Stanford's museum will be two stories high, with never a bit of wood in it, with beams and window-frames of steel, and walls of concrete. This is as it should be. The Stanfords build their university, not for a day, but for all time. Earthquakes may destroy, but not fire."

The *Examiner* of Sept. 10, 1890, contained this editorial: —

"The Stanford University, it seems, is to be opened for students next year. That news is gratifying enough in itself, and the gratification is increased by the discovery that Senator Stanford intends to make the opening ceremonies a national event. He proposes to load a special train with President Harrison, Secretary Blaine, and three other members of the Cabinet, with their families; twenty prominent senators and representatives, and the presidents of most of the principal Eastern colleges. This cargo of learning and distinction is to be hauled out to California, and entertained here for the space of six or seven weeks.

"This will make the most brilliant excursion that has ever been known in the United States. It will surpass even the tour of the Pan-American Congress.

"The future historian of the Pacific Coast will assign to Leland Stanford a prominent place in the stirring events accompanying the wonderful growth and development of California. As

the master s irit of that great work, the Central Pacific Railroad, had he done nothing further to entitle him to the gratitude of the people, his name would have gone down to posterity as a public benefactor; but when we consider what he has done, and proposes to do, in the cause of education, the character of the man assumes a grandeur which challenges universal admiration."

Leland Stanford was born in Albany county, N. Y., on the 9th day of March, 1824. The alternation of work upon the homestead farm, with study at a neighboring school, after the manner of the sons of intelligent and thrifty farmers in those days, contributed to give him that well-balanced mind, keen perception, and perfect equipoise of faculties for which he has ever been distinguished. Endowed by nature with a powerful physical organization, he was, in youth, somewhat impatient of purely scholastic methods, which imposed too much indoor constraint upon a mind linked to a body full of vigorous life, which demanded a large degree of freedom and exercise in the open air. But this very impatience of confinement threw wide open to him the book of nature, laid the foundation for an enthusiastic love of the natural sciences, and made him a keen and discriminating observer of material things; a kind of education well adapted to fit him for the great enterprises and the high and responsible trusts in which he has distinguished himself. At twenty years of age, with such education as he had gathered by this somewhat desultory method, he determined upon the study of the law, and entered the office of Messrs. Wheaton, Doolittle & Hadley, an eminent law firm, in the City of Albany, in the year 1845. Having completed his studies, and been admitted to the bar, he resolved to seek in the West, a field for his future professional labors, and finally settled at Port Washington, Wis., in 1848. Two years afterward he returned to Albany, and was there married to a most estimable young lady, Miss Jane Lathrop, daughter of Dyer Lathrop, a merchant, and one of the most respected citizens of Albany. His professional career, in his Wisconsin home, was of brief duration. While practising law at Port Washington, a circumstance transpired which some will regard as providential, giving an entirely new direction to his thoughts and energies. A fire occurred which destroyed his law library and swept away nearly all his worldly possessions. The loss was severe, and to one possessing less self-reliance would have been disheartening. It served, however, its purpose; and the result was a determination to join his brothers, who had already emigrated to California. He reached this State on the 12th day of July, 1852, and found his brothers engaged in mining and trade. Without any practical knowledge of either of these occupations, Mr. Stanford determined for the time to abandon the practice of the law and engage in business with his brothers. After prospecting at various points, he finally settled at Michigan Bluff, in the famous mining county of Placer, where he remained nearly four years, conducting, in a very successful manner, the business in which he was engaged, and making a host of friends among the hardy pioneers and miners who were his principal patrons. In 1856 he removed to Sacramento, and, as a partner, became actively engaged in the mercantile house established by his brothers, whose business had grown to large proportions, they being extensively engaged in importing, and having branch houses scattered through the State. The magnitude of the firm's transactions, the multifarious knowledge demanded, and the natural aptitude of Mr. Stanford's mind for the administration of affairs of importance, all combined to develop and enlarge those extraordinary powers of observation and generalization which were subsequently displayed in the execution of the gigantic railway projects which he undertook and carried through with such energy and success. At the breaking out of the civil war, Mr. Stanford was a most pronounced friend of the Union. He was chosen a delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1860, and voted for Abraham Lincoln, as the Republican candidate for the presidency. The acquaintance which he there made with Mr. Lincoln, ripened into intimacy and confidence; and Mr. Stan-

Leland Stanford

ford spent many weeks at Washington, after the inauguration, and became the trusted adviser of the President and his Cabinet, in regard to the appointments for the Pacific Coast. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward regarded him as the ablest and most reliable friend of the Government in California. In 1861 he was elected governor by a plurality of 23,000 votes, opposing a party never defeated before. He became the most popular governor that California had ever had.

On Feb. 22, 1861, he threw out the first shovelful of dirt on the Central Pacific Railroad; and on May 10, 1869, when the Central and the Union Pacific met at Promontory, Utah, 830 miles from San Francisco, 1,084 miles from Omaha, 4,905 feet above the sea, he held a sledge hammer of solid silver to whose handle were fastened wires affording telegraphic communication with the principal cities of the United States. Telegraphic business was suspended for the time far and wide. The last tie, a masterpiece of California laurel with silver plates appropriately inscribed, was put in place, and the last rails laid by the two companies. The last spikes were handed him, one of gold from his State, one of silver from Nevada, and one of iron, gold, and silver from Arizona. At the first stroke of noon he struck the gold spike, loosing the lightning which told the nation that East and West were united.

In his present position of United States Senator he has shown himself a man of influence and power.

Including the Palo Alto estate, it is said that his endowment of the great university which bears the name of his lamented son, and whose corner-stone was laid on the nineteenth anniversary of the birth of that son, will amount to $25,000,000.

In the summer of 1888, Mrs. Ball and I traveled in Italy with a party under the care of Signor Otto Rizzi of Florence, who had served as courier for Mr. Stanford and his family on the tour when Leland Stanford, Jr., died. Signor Rizzi said that, during his long career as a courier, he had conducted many of the rulers and prominent people of Europe, and many eminent men and women from other lands; but that he had never met another man apparently so royal by nature, so thoughtful of the welfare of others, so generous not only in his use of money, but also in his estimate of the character of other men and their motives, yet withal so dignified, as this uncrowned western king.

One of the most beautiful places in California is Belmont, which contains some palatial homes, and where formerly lived William C. Ralston, of whom Rev. S. T. Livermore says: "When last I saw him, he was in his bank, about the close of business hours. With a massive, commanding figure, he stood like a statue, glancing with eagle eye over the doings of his subordinates, and listening to their various reports of the day's doings, which he carried in his mind as the basis of future proceedings. Under him, in the basement, were millions of gold in bars, in his vaults were millions more from depositors, and on the floor where I stood were still other millions in strong boxes, about a foot square, minted for Japan. He was daily handling more gold than any other man in the world.

"His rules of business and pleasure were almost tyrannical with strictness. He and his subordinates all moved like the old Swiss clock at Berne, whose wheels are all on time, and whose bears march, and whose cock crows at the minute appointed. At the moment his banking hours closed, his open carriage accommodating eight persons, with four blooded horses champing their bits, stood in front of the bank for him, and his invited guests, of whom if one were a minute late, he was left, as Mr. Ralston grasped the reins, and all went rapidly to his mansion thirty miles away. With relays every ten miles, the distance was accomplished in three hours. All were notified of the moment of departure for the next morning, and not one minute of delay would he allow for any one, and at the minute for his appearance at the bank he was

there. Once, as the minute arrived for starting, a lady asked him to wait until she could get her shawl. 'No,' said he, 'throw this overcoat over your shoulders,' which she did.

"Once Mr. Ralston, bound with a party of friends for Calistoga Springs, arrived at midnight at the headquarters of Stagedriver Foss (who also had a reputation for promptness), and ordered a stage to be ready at one. The stage with four horses was on hand, and at one minute before the appointed time Foss shouted, 'All aboard!' 'But wait,' said Ralston, 'until we finish our lunch.' 'My whip cracks, and my horses start at the minute appointed, and if you're not in, the stage goes empty.' All were aboard as the whip cracked. He worked his passage to San Francisco about 1849."

He was connected with many of the leading enterprises of the West, and, at one time, was called the "King of the Comstock." His liberality was so great that he is still remembered and mentioned by the common people of San Francisco as the most generous man in many respects that city has known. But he speculated largely and unsuccessfully, using the bank's money to make good his losses, and concealing the consequent deficiency by exhibiting to the inspectors the gold of depositors. It became a matter of common rumor, although it was whispered only, that his fortune was unstable. Bancroft says this depressed Comstock $100,000,000 — over $42,000,000 in a single week. One day James C. Flood called for $6,000,000 at the bank, and this precipitated the crash. Ralston was said to be short $5,000,000. He turned his entire property over to the bank, and friends of the institution promptly advanced funds, thus avoiding the threatened disaster. But men had questioned Ralston's honesty, which stung him to the quick. He was found drowned at Long Beach, outside the Golden Gate. If anyone wishes to realize fully what Shakespeare meant by "the bubble reputation," let him go into any of our largest libraries, and see how difficult it is to find even a meagre account of the private life or public career of a man, who, only some fifteen or twenty years ago, was one of the most widely-known business men of the West.

CHAPTER XVII.

MONTEREY AND SAN JOSE.

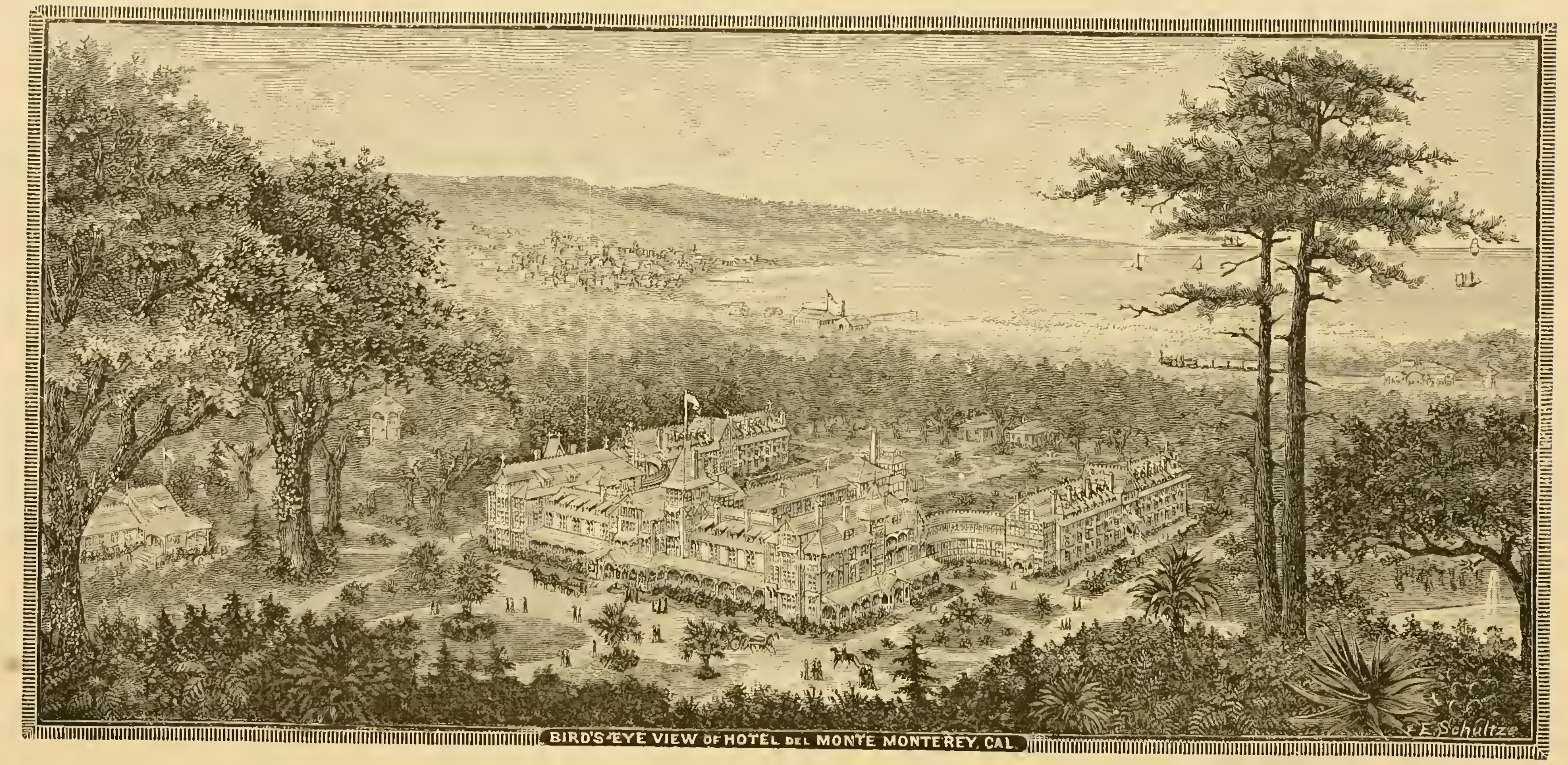
> "The waves come crowding up on the shore like nymphs in silv'ry green;
> Forward in line they trip to the time of orchestras unseen.
> They sport, and leap, by the rocky point, sparkling in gems and gold;
> Murmuring ever a liquid strain, like siren songs of old.
> With snowy plumes, which wreathe and curl and toss in wanton glee,
> Their riotous dance brings to the heart the gladness of the sea!"

WITH Messrs. Henry B. and Thomas Metcalf and the ladies of their families, Mrs. Ball and I went to the quaint old town of Monterey, where we remained until Sunday morning, and were richly repaid for our visit. In 1602, Don Sebastian Vizcaino, instructed by Philip III. of Spain, entered the bay and took possession for the king, naming the place in honor of Gaspar de Zumga, Count of Monterey, and Viceroy of Mexico.

The first Indian baptism was at Monterey, Dec. 26, 1770. The converted Indians cultivated grain for the missions, and tended vast herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs for them. "The first European lady to come to California," says Harrison, "was the wife of Governor Fages, who arrived in Monterey in 1783. Their child, born about 1784, was probably the first child born in California of European parents." There was a long list of Spanish governors; the population increased; prosperity followed every effort. "In the year 1813, the twenty-one missions in California yielded annual revenues, aggregating $2,000,000. They had then reached the zenith of their prosperity; but in that year the first stroke of their death-knell was sounded, when the Spanish Cortez, during the struggle for national independence that was then being waged on Mexican territory, ordered that the authority of the Franciscan friars in California be superseded by that of the secular clergy. With the downfall of Spanish power in Mexico, in 1822, came the last stroke of the knell, although the missions were not formally abolished and their property confiscated until 1845." Monterey was still the seat of government. Immigrants poured in; the town grew and prospered.

The quarrel between the United States and Mexico gave Commodore Jones, of the United States Navy, an excuse in 1842 to seize Monterey for his government. He entered the harbor, captured the fort, claimed the territory for the United States, and planted the stars and stripes; and the next day, when he discovered that his action was premature, he apologized to the Mexican authorities and retired.

In 1846 John C. Fremont, leader of an expedition to the coast for the United States, had trouble with the Mexicans at Monterey, and withdrew. On the 7th of July, 1846, war having been declared between the United States and Mexico, Commodore Sloat took possession of Monterey in the name of the United States, to the delight of the inhabitants. San Francisco, Sonoma, and Sutter's Fort were captured soon after. Sloat was made military governor of California, and afterward Commodore Stockton, and then General Riley, who called a constitutional convention for Sept. 1, 1849, to meet at Monterey. The constitution was framed and



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE MONTEREY, CAL.

adopted; the State government was established at San Jose; and on the 9th of September, 1850, California was admitted into the Union. Monterey was a bustling city once; but, with the loss of the capital, its commercial, social, and political glory became but a memory.

We stopped at the famous Hotel del Monte, whose main building is 340 feet in length and 110 feet in width. The end towers have an elevation of about 50 feet, and the central tower is about 80 feet high. The office or lobby is 42 feet wide and 48 feet long: the rear of the office opens into a spacious corridor extending the whole length of the building. The reading-room, 24 feet square; the ladies' billiard-room, 62 feet long and 31 feet wide; and the ladies' parlor, 40 by 35 feet, are near the office. The grand ballroom is 72 feet long and 33 feet wide. The dining-room, which extends back from the office corridor, is a noble apartment 162 feet long and 66 feet wide. Behind it is the kitchen, 50 feet long and 70 feet wide. There is ample room for 500 people to be seated in the dining-room. A passenger elevator and a baggage elevator are provided. There are also three staircases, one in the centre and one at each end of the building. The arcades, which extend in semi-circles from the rear corners of the main building, connecting with the annexes, are 125 feet long, 20 feet wide, and three stories in height, to conform with the stories of the buildings they connect. Iron and glass are the materials of which these sections of the building are constructed, and the arcades furnish, not only convenient extension of the corridors in the different stories, but a bright, sunny series of promenading places. Each of the annexes is 280 feet long and 48 feet wide, both being of the same size and style. There are, in addition to the corridors approached through the arcades, central entrances and three stairways — one in the centre and one at each end. The establishment contains nearly 500 rooms, and can comfortably accommodate 750 people.

Its garden covers one hundred and twenty-six acres, admittedly the most varied in the world. Laguna del Rey (Lake of the King) covers some fifteen acres of this ground, and on its shore is a dainty casino, from whose porch the parties on exploration and pleasure bent leave usually for whole-day outings, while those content with staying in their forest and garden home wander through the tropical walks and drives, and bask in a sunlight Easterners know nothing of. In a shady ravine not many steps from the Hotel del Monte may be seen a wonderful illustration of the oak's tenacious clinging to life. Long before man trod this spot a majestic oak was felled by the wind, and lay as dead; but still it lived, and where there was a shattered trunk prone on the ground, now is a strange-looking miniature forest, for each branch from the trunk grew upward and became in itself a tree.

The wonderful display of most of the rare and beautiful flowers of every country on the globe, which we saw in the grounds of the Hotel del Monte led me to seek fuller information in regard to flowers and their symbolism. I find nothing else so complete and suggestive in this connection as the following from Major Truman, which I venture to give, though rather long, because of the interest of the subject of which it treats: —

"Flora, a renowned Roman goddess, was worshipped in magnificent pomp during and from the very earliest times. As the goddess of buds and flowers and Spring, her mythological achievements were perpetuated in a shaft or temple, which reared its colossal pile near the ruins of the *circus maximus*. Her festive celebrations were annually what now answer to the last three days of the fourth month of our year, or the second of the ancient Romans.

"Flora, in strictly Grecian legend, answers to one of the Horae, named Chloris, who became the faithful wife of Zephros, the genial west Spring wind — a rival lover of Boreas, the mythological function of the rude blasts from the wintry north.

"It is the general impression that Florida was so called after its profusion of flowers. This is a popular mistake. It was called Florida because Ponce de Leon, whose was the first foot placed upon its territory, landed at St. Augustine, in 1513, on 'Pascua Florida' or Easter Sunday. It is stated, however, that Florida, which means florid or flowery, was the name given the territory aforesaid by Vasquez in 1520, on account of the delightful aspect of the country inland from that famous winter resort of wealthy valetudinarians — St. Augustine. It is a pretty name, and suggests floral munificence.

"That the appellation of 'Flowery Kingdom,' as applied to China, means an abundance of flowers throughout that pagan land, is also an erroneous impression. The words 'Flowery Kingdom' constitute a translation of the Chinese classical words *Hwa Kwoh*, a name bestowed upon China by its own inhabitants, and is intended to convey the idea that the Chinese nation is the most civilized, educated, and polished in the world.

"It is only certain that one place in the world has been named after the flowers that grew in profusion thereon, and this beautiful thought was, no doubt, a piece of assurance on the part of some Portuguese who settled upon one of the Azores, in 1448, and who called their settlement "Flores," or Isle of Flowers.

"Now, there is no distinct flowery kingdom on the face of the earth. The Roman goddess is omnipresent, and scatters her exquisite gifts in every latitude. True, plants, trees, grasses and flowers may be cultivated and grown more successfully in some parts of the world than others. And, right here, I claim California as the home of Flora. Almost everything that 'grows in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,' 'from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand,' may be made to attain perfection on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; while, in that garden spot of the State known as Los Angeles, and termed by tourists the Paradise of the Pacific Coast, almost all varieties of grass, shrub, plant, tree, and flower are made to adorn and perfume that land the year round.

"A love for beautiful and rare flowers is manifested in every inhabitable part of the globe. Even the savage betrays a reverence for his native flowers, and all modern and ancient languages are full of eloquent passages where flowers are used as figures of speech to express a sense of beauty or loveliness. In every clime flowers are found, and in almost every clime they are cultivated in great variety, and abundance, even the snowy regions of Greenland presenting some interesting varieties, which blossom in the brief season of summer, vouchsafed to the curious inhabitants of that sterile portion of the earth. Tropical vegetation is overloaded with magnificent flowers, many of which exhale delicious perfumes. Europe, Asia, Africa, and the antipodal islands, respectively, possess many distinct and interesting varieties. South America furnishes a number of rare specimens, and North America is no less rich in the abundance and variety of her floricultural treasures.

"In all civilized countries the cultivation of flowers is a universal passion, the rich and the poor indulging in these luxuries according to their means, and their tastes. And there is no State in the Union like California in this delightful respect. Almost every house, not commercially used in San Francisco, and other California cities, has its garden, while the charming city of Los Angeles seems one vast conservatory, which fills the air with fragrance from January to December.

"As before stated, all the countries of the world contribute their quota of floral beauties, the result being a most bewildering array of rare and magnificent specimens. Africa furnishes several stately plants of massive foliage and singular form. Europe contributes those varieties common to every garden, no matter how humble it may be. Asia is called on for notable productions of the floral kingdom. America, herself, does wonders in affording her quota.

Most of the inhabitable islands known are represented in the collections of Flora. The goddess of buds and flowers has rambled throughout the world, and her lap is full of its multifarious offerings.

"The Virginia creeper, hawthorn, magnolia, myrtle, winter berry, trumpet flower, and snowdrop, are all natives of the United States and North America. Canada gives us the arbor vitæ. China has furnished the world with a select variety, among which are the camellia, dahlia, wax tree, heliotrope. and many kinds of myrtle. The Cape of Good Hope gives us the arctopus, milkwort, giant, everlasting, and coral tree. The bay royal comes from Madeira; the bell flower from the Canary Islands; the tamarisk plant from Germany; the

A BOUQUET OF BEAUTIES.

carnation, gillyflower, and geranium from Flanders; the tuberose from Java; the mignonette and pink from Italy; the mock orange from the south of Europe; the white and yellow jasmine from Circassia and Catalonia; the passion flower from Brazil; while America, China, the Netherlands, Italy, England, and France contribute to the family of the rose; the honeysuckle is a native of America, China, and the Cape of Good Hope — so it will be seen that the same species are gathered from different parts of the world, each country, however, affording a distinct family. Thus, to continue, the columbine flower originally came from Liberia, Colorado, Kamtchatka, and British America; the sunflower is a native of California, Arizona, Mexico, South America, Great Britain, and the interior of Africa. There are many other examples, though these will serve as specimens, selected at random. In many instances, as will be noted above, a certain variety of flower can only be procured from a certain locality. It may not generally be known that Holland originally gave us seven kinds of hyacinths, three of tulips, thirty varieties of the gladiolus, seven of the narcissus, one crocus, and two of crown imperial.

"One of the peculiarities of our goddess may be illustrated thus: The fuchsia, much cultivated and trained in this country and Europe, is a detested wild plant (like our artemisia of the Humboldt and other deserts), of New Zealand, where it annoys the farmer by its abundant and rapid growth. The calla lily, which grows in every California garden, is despised in Egypt, its native country. On the other hand, our yellow dock, a disagreeable weed, is much prized in England, where it is called the American velvet leaf plant. These instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum.*

"There are constant additions, as well as new importations, made annually, and especially to the family of the rose. The Marechal Niel, a prodigious yellow rose, is a royal flower and a great addition. The Bouselin, a delicate pink rose, is a favorite for the button-hole and for the hair, and comes from Boston. The Roman hyacinths take the lead in the newly imported plants, while horticulturists are making great improvement in the cultivation of the bouvardia jasmine, olisviola, purpenia, plena and cerulea plena, smilax, lady's slipper, and double scarlet geraniums.

"The largest flower in the world is the Victoria Regia, a native of the Amazon River, and which may now be found floating in hundreds of aquaria, included in which is the aquarium at Golden Gate Park. The first one brought to perfection in the United States was the property of ex-Mayor Larz Anderson, of Cincinnati, about eighteen years ago. The next largest flower, or one of the largest (and also one of the most beautiful and fragrant), that grows, is the magnolia, a native of the Southern States. One of the smallest flowers cultivated is a variety of English violet. The flower exhaling the most delightful aroma is, to my sense of smell, the orange blossom. But there is a peculiarity of taste (or smell, I may say) in this respect, and ranges among the pinks, tuberoses, violets, jasmines, honeysuckles, and heliotropes. The least odoriferous of all the flowers is the japonica — a cold, waxen beauty without a breath.

"The wild flowers of California, Arizona, and Mexico are the most profuse in variety, the most gorgeous in colors, and the most prodigal in perfume in the world, north of the equinoctial line. During the months of April, May, and June the smiling valleys of California look like an interminable stretch of splendid carpeting, and are rich in all the magnificent colors of an Axminster. During the month of April there are hundreds of thousands of acres of wild flowers on each side of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in Merced, Fresno, Tulare, Kern, and Los Angeles counties. I doubt if there is a parallel picture in the world. A remarkable plant is the cactus, which has its home in Mexico, Arizona, and southern California. Humboldt was almost speechless with wonder at the 'Cactus Giganteus,' which grows up in columns all over Arizona. There are said to be nearly 4,000 varieties of cacti, there being several hundred distinct kinds of that generally termed the prickly pear, or *tuni.*

"The symbolism, or language of flowers, is replete with poetical beauty, and is as old as poetry itself. The Greeks, in their graceful fancy, says some writer upon this subject, made the events of every-day life sentimentally blend with the beauty and poetry of the flower world, while the Romans, to some considerable degree, cultivated the language of flowers. England, Ireland, France, Africa,— poets, painters, religion,— all have been symbolized. In Greece, to this day, palms greet the newly born; laurel announces the illness of a friend; garlands crown the bride, and a cypress is spread over the grave. In the Olympian games the victor was crowned with a wreath of wild olive leaves, while a garland of laurels was in waiting for the victor in the Pythian games.

"Montesquieu says of the Romans: 'With one or two crowns of oak they conquered the world.' Is there a blacker history than England's War of the roses, the 'giant of battle,' and the

'cloth of gold?' Where are there so famous symbols as the violet of Napoleon, the lily of the Bourbons, the palmetto of our own impetuous Carolineans, and the 'wearing of the green?' Moses, Solomon, Jesus, Mahomet, Confucius, Shakespeare, Virgil, Horace, Milton, Dryden, Thomson, and all the celebrated bards, and law-givers of the world have left recorded traces of their flower language, which has given a tongue to every leaf and bud and blossom, while the traditions of the Catholic church assign a symbol flower to every saint and martyr. What symbol is there, unless it be the orange blossoms of a bride, so unspeakably beautiful as the three-leafed lily, of France, which is the flower language of piety, justice, and charity? or the common clover, used by Saint Patrick to illustrate the Trinity, the three in one, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?

"One of the most astonishing of botanical discoveries ever made was that of the great Russian botanist, Anthoskoff, who in 1870, found in Siberia the beautiful snow-flower, the seeds of which he took to St. Petersburg, and which flowered in December, 1872, in the presence of the imperial family. The snow-flower is perfectly white, — leaves, stalk, and flower. It springs up to the height of three feet in less than three days. It possesses only three snow-white leaves, and the flower buds, blooms, and fades in four and twenty hours. It is in the shape of a star, about four inches in diameter, and possesses petals of great length. It is faintly scented; but, if touched with the warm hand, both it, the stalk on which it rests, and the leaves instantly change into pure snow. It would appear that it is a kind of snow fungus; but it produces seeds which can be transplanted, and, when sown in the snow, they readily come to maturity and produce flowers. This exquisite plant has all the appearance of being composed of snow and ice, and grows abundantly in the sempiternal snows of Siberia. It is frequently mentioned in Tartar, Russian, and Norse poetry, but has hitherto been considered fabulous.

"We have a companion flower to the above in the Sierra Nevada mountains, a magnificent crimson flower that must have been seen by all persons who have visited the Mariposa grove of big trees when there was snow on the ground. The San Francisco *Bulletin* made mention of this beautiful snow flower many years ago as follows: — "One of the grandest objects which meets the eye of the traveler in our mountains is the exquisite plant, the Snow Plant of the Sierra — the *Sarcodes Sanguinea* of John Torrey, the botanist. It is an inhabitant only of the higher Sierra, being rarely found below an altitude of 4,000 feet, and its glorious crimson spike of flowers may be seen early in May forcing itself through the snows which at that period cling about the sides of our pine forests. The portion of the plant which is visible above the soil is a bright rosy crimson in color, and presents the very strongest contrast to the dark green of the pines and the shimmer of the snow. Its root is succulent, thick, and abundantly free of moisture, attaching itself to the roots of other plants, principally to the species of the pine family. Hence it is among those curious members of the vegetable world which are known to botanists as parasites, and is consequently entirely incapable of cultivation. The deer are extremely fond of it, and it is not an uncommon circumstance to find a number of the plants uprooted and robbed of the fleshy part of their underground growth by these animals. It belongs to the natural order *Orobanchacea*, and is met with through the whole of the Sierra region, becoming rarer as we approach the South.

"The real Alpine rose (*rhododendron ferrugineum*), with the rust-colored hue underneath the leaves, is growing in the Schneisingen forest, near Schneisingen, canton of Aargau. On starting, of course with a guide, from the high-lying church of the village, in the direction of the Ethal, and going across the wooded plateau of Bowald in about forty minutes, in an open wood of mixed growth, a little garden, or rather preserve of alpine roses is reached. It is supposed to be the only one in the Jura, and was discovered about five years ago, when the parish

SANTA ANITA CLUB HOUSE, SAN GABRIEL.

of Schneisingen took it under its especial protection, by having the little colony fenced in, and appointing a guardian in the person of the forester, who allows no one to gather the flowers. A correspondent of the New York *Times* lately saw about fifty plants in full bloom, the branches and leaves also looking very healthy.

"The *American Naturalist* notes the discovery, in an abandoned drift in a mine in Nevada of a remarkable fungus. It was growing from a beam 400 feet below the surface of the earth, and was three feet four in length, and of a light buff color. It consisted mainly of a three-parted stem, two or three inches in diameter, attached by means of a disk eight or ten inches wide. The stem was divided into short branches, greatly resembling in shape and arrangement the young antlers of a stag, the three terminal ones being much the most vigorous and conspicuous, forming a perfect trident. The plant is called by the miners the 'Lily of the Mines,' and has been named by the naturalist first describing it *agaricus tridens*.

"The London *Garden* copies from Palgrave's work on Central and Eastern Arabia, an account of a plant whose seeds produce effects similar to those of laughing gas. It is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety at Oman, which attains to a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, has wide-spreading branches, and bright green foliage. Its flowers are produced in clusters, and are of a bright yellow color. The seed pods are soft and wooly in texture, and contain two or three black seeds, of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, and their taste is sweet; the odor from them produces a sickening sensation, and is slightly offensive. These seeds contain the essential property of this extraordinary plant; and, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a most peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly, boisterously; then he sings, dances, and cuts all manner of fantastic capers. Such extravagance of gesture and manners was never produced by any other kind of dosing. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is uproariously comical. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been enacted by him. We usually say that there is nothing new under the sun; but this peculiar plant, recently discovered, as it exercises the most extraordinary influence over the human brain, demands from men of science a careful investigation.

"One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent, and how lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them, so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty; for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with a poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves about him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose, and wave again in the water.

"Mr. D. M. Berry, editor of the Los Angeles *Commercial*, under date of June 1, 1876, wrote as follows: 'A correspondent of the *Express* speaks justly and enthusiastically of the beautiful Yucca, the supremest flower of the Pacific coast. But the writer is in error in limiting the plant to the boundaries of the Santa Anita Rancho. That charming locality cannot claim a monopoly of this conspicuous flower. It grows in countless numbers in our picturesque

Sierra Madres, and in the numerous Arroyo Secos, which lead from the cañons to the plains. The floral wealth of the opulent county of Los Angeles is but little understood. A full description would fill a volume of great size, and greater value.'

"'Two great, gorgeous, white blossoms with yellow stamens and rose colored sepals,' says a writer in a late New York *Herald*, 'the continuation of a tube a foot in length, formed the crowning glory of an immense, branching cactus that stood just within the open doorway of Dr. Kunze's drug store at 606 Third avenue, last evening. The beautiful flowers, looking something like glorified pond lilies, attracted attention. The plant was the *Phyllocactus grandis rosens*, a native of Central America, and a type of the luxuriant tropical vegetation that requires the rich, damp earth, and intense heat of the interior valleys, rather than a dry, arid soil in which plants of its genus are more commonly found. The most interesting feature of this particular cactus is that it flowers only once a year, and then only at night. The beautiful calyx, moreover, never unfolds more than once, and then for a few hours only. Those of last night began to open at eight o'clock, and closed at about two o'clock A. M. They were viewed by artists, and men of science, who made drawings, and took notes of their peculiarities. The plant, which is five years old, is the finest specimen of its kind ever exhibited in New York.'

"A flower has been recently described by an eye-witness at Constantinople, which is so great a rarity that one is apt to treat it as a fable, and wait for the confirmation of one's own eyesight. It belongs to the narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the botanic name of *Ophyro Mouche*. There were three naked flowers on the stalk hanging on one side; the underneath one was fading, while the two others were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak and eyes are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are of a bright rose color,—one might almost say flesh colored. On the abdomen rests the whole propagation apparatus, of a deep, dark brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gadfly.

"In the west of India are found some thorny plants or trees, nearly destitute of verdure, except what appears to be long, shaggy hair, which derives its nourishment from the atmosphere rather than from the earth.

"The moving plant is a native of the basin of the Ganges. Its leaves revolve in various directions during the day and night, except on a very hot day, when the plant seems to desist from its habitual motion for temporary repose. A high wind is said to produce a cessation of its motion. At times, again, only certain parts of the plant are noticed to be in motion — a leaf, or, perhaps, a branch; and it seldom occurs that some portion of it is not quite motionless while the remainder is active.

"Near the Irrawaddy grows the *Borassuss flabella formis*, which bears a leaf of wonderful dimensions, and which is said to be of sufficient size to cover twelve men standing upright.

"At Tenior, near the island of Java, a plant is found, the leaf of which, being of thorny nature, possesses a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. The victim if not fatally poisoned, frequently suffers protracted illness. The plant is called 'devil's leaf.'

"There was lately on exhibition at Mr. Spurgeon's store at Santa Ana, (Cal.), a large tropical flower of many petals and striking beauty. It is from the chameleon vine, imported from Madagascar by Mr. Kendall. The flower possesses the peculiarity of changing color three times in the course of the year, varying from green to red.

"The popular tradition, which tells how the name came to be applied to the plant which is now called forget-me-not throughout Europe, is not generally known. It is said that a knight and a lady were walking together by the side of the Danube, interchanging vows of affection

and devotion, when the latter saw on the other side of the stream the bright blue flowers of the *Myosotis*, and expressed a desire for them. The knight, eager to gratify her, plunged into the river, and, reaching the opposite banks, gathered a bunch of flowers. On his return, however, the current proved too strong for him, and, after many efforts to reach the land, he was borne away. With a last effort, he flung the fatal blossoms upon the bank, exclaiming, as he did so : 'Forget-me-not.'

"Flower legends have been written both by ancients and moderns — one of the latter of which I will quote, and which will make an appropriate ending to this sketch. It is related of, and firmly believed in by, the inhabitants of the Harz Mountains, and is called the 'Legend of the Night-flowering Lily of Lauenberg': —

"'Beautiful Alice dwelt with her widowed mother in a small cottage at the foot of the Harz Mountains. Her principal occupation was that of gathering forest-straw,— that is, dried foliage of the pine and fir tribe,— which is very much used in certain parts of Germany as a stuffing for beds, etc. Thus was the maiden occupied when the Lord of Lauenberg rode by. With wily words he extolled her looks, and swore that she was too pretty a blossom to be hidden in a peasant's cot, and begged her to go with him, and dwell in his lordly castle, where she would have nothing to do but to command, and where all would obey her. The simple girl was dazzled by the brilliant prospect; but, true to her simplicity, flew to her mother, and related all that had transpired. The mother wept bitterly over her darling's communication, for too well she knew the character of Lauenberg's dissolute baron. Hastily packing up her few household treasures, she carried off her wondering and sorrowful child to the shelter of a neighboring convent, within whose sombre walls she believed poor Alice might rest secure. Not long, however, had the simple country girl been immured in the holy edifice before the enraged noble discovered her retreat; and, determined to obtain the beautiful flower, assembled his vassals, forced an entrance into the convent, and, seizing the object of his passion, bore her, half dead with fear, to his castle. On arriving at midnight in the garden in front of his dwelling, he alighted with his senseless burden in his arms; but, as he attempted to enter the castle, the guardian spirits of Alice snatched the poor maiden from his arms. On the very spot where her feet had been, sprang up the beautiful lily of Lauenberg. The annual appearance of the lily at midnight is anxiously looked forward to by the inhabitants of the Harz; and many of them are said to perform a nightly pilgrimage to see it, returning to their homes overpowered by its dazzling beauty, and asserting that it sheds beams of light on the valley below.'"

The Del Monte Bathing Pavilion is situated on the beach, about eight minutes' walk from the hotel, and is one of the largest and most complete establishments of the kind in the world. It is 70 feet wide by 170 long. There are four tanks of about 36 feet wide by 50 feet long. The water in these tanks ranges in temperature from cold to very warm, and the bather can take his choice. The heating is done by steam, and the water is daily changed. The pavilion contains 210 dressing rooms, one-half of which is set apart for the use of ladies. Each of the latter is fitted up with a fresh-water shower bath, while on the gentlemen's side fourteen shower baths serve for all. The pavilion, and everything connected with it, is kept scrupulously clean, and always presents a pleasing appearance. When filled with bathers and spectators, it presents a spectacle which, in point of animation and interest, would be hard to surpass. Outside of this pavilion is a beautiful sandy beach, on which surf-bathing may be enjoyed.

At the Hotel del Monte we were pleased to meet our old friends, Benjamin Kinsley and wife, of Providence, who advised us to take the famous 18-mile drive, which we did.

BATHING PAVILION, HOTEL DEL MONTE.

Little is said when it is asserted this is one of the grandest drives on the continent. Let us traverse it and note some of the strange and striking scenes which it discloses. The road runs from the Hotel del Monte to Monterey, and there turns to the left and ascends a long hill of easy grade. The top is the crest of the ridge which runs out from the mainland; and just beyond, a scene of surpassing beauty bursts upon the vision; for spreading out far below in dark-blue splendor are the waters of Carmel Bay. It is a fairy scene, a glimpse of another world. Down plunges the road toward the bay, through a forest of oaks and pines; and glimpses of the blue water and the great shining ocean beyond are caught through the trees.

We pass Pescadero Beach, long and sandy; then Chinese Cove, small, cosy, and sheltered; then Pebble Beach, lying under a bluff of stone which the waves have worked into extraordinary shapes. Here is a famous place for gathering those pebble gems which many prize so highly for the wonderful colors which they show.

Then a strange tree is seen, — the far-famed cypress of this locality. Between Pebble Beach and Cypress Point there is a stretch of wild, rocky coast, with frowning promontories and wave-worn caverns, bleak spray-dashed rocks jutting naked from the land, and black reefs at their base. The bluffs are crowned with those strange trees called cypresses, which cling to the rocks with fierce tenacity, sprawling, cringing, grasping, seemingly with desperate strength, the immovable crags which give them support. Nowhere else in the world is this species seen.

Standing in solitary grandeur out in the water a short distance from the shore is the famed Seal Rock. Clinging to the jagged sides and peak of this little granite island are thousands of seals, easily visible from the shore. These seals are not so dark in color as those near San Francisco, and some of the old sea-lions are as large as an ox. They emit a strange bellowing sound, and when excited, we were told, the sound varies from a short, sharp bark, as of a dog, to an exact resemblance to the grunt of a hog. Every few minutes we saw some struggle for supremacy, in which the little fellows were soon vanquished.

The road is tortuous, winding in and out of shady ravines, and as hard and smooth and clean as the walks in the grounds of the Hotel del Monte. After many windings down an easy grade, the bay is reached, and we return over the splendid macadamized road.

Sunday morning we paid our bills, which we thought very reasonable; there is but one price for rooms and board, and it is printed and framed and put in each room. A boarder said there was no deviation, whether you remained a day or a year. The conductor of our train stopped at a bridge near Monterey, and showed us a great crack in the ground made by an earthquake some two months before. People were much excited at the time, he said, but little damage was done. We reached San Jose in time for supper at the Vendome, which was literally crowded, but room was quickly made for us as soon as it was known we were Raymond & Whitcomb excursionists.

Meanwhile our friends had reached San Jose at 1.20 P. M. Saturday, May 3. The *Mercury* said: —

" On their arrival they were taken to the Hotel Vendome, where, after lunch, an informal reception was held, and many of the Pioneer citizens called to pay their respects. During the afternoon many gentlemen placed their buggies and carriages at the disposal of the Pioneers. Pleasant driving parties were formed, and the visitors taken for long drives through the city and the surrounding country. Many of the party spent the afternoon in walking about the streets, and others in lounging along the verandas of the hotel.

" The members of the excursion do not seem like veterans who were roughing it forty years ago, but like men in the prime of life. Not a single weak or broken man can be seen in

the party. All of them are hale, hearty, and alert, and move about not merely with vigor, but with animation.

"The reception given to the Pioneers in the evening amounted to quite an ovation. During the dinner hour the Vendome orchestra discoursed strains of sweet music, which gave to that repast the semblance of a banquet. After dinner the great reception hall of the hotel was thronged. Many of our most prominent citizens were present, and introductions and handshakings were the order of the evening.

"The usual Saturday evening hop was attended by quite a number of the younger people who were accompanying the Pioneers, and, as the usual Sunday visitors from San Francisco were out in full force, the ballroom presented a most lively and animated appearance.

"The Pioneers, who had spent the day in sight-seeing, expressed the greatest admiration for the city and the orchards. On every side admiring comments were heard, which were not wholly directed to the serenity of the climate and the beauty of the landscape, but also to the cordial hospitality which had been shown them in every part of California. Several among them remember San Jose as it appeared thirty or forty years ago, and were greatly interested in the growth of the city and its present prosperous condition."

In addition to the above, the resident Knights Templars gave a royal reception to the knights of our party, thirty of whom took a trip to Lick Observatory and gave glowing accounts of the excursion.

With a population of about 50,000, San Jose is, nevertheless, a city of gardens, orchards, and vineyards. It is one of the great centres of the cherry culture. A year and a half since, the elegant Hotel Vendome, which occupies a square of twelve acres in the prettiest section of the city, was thrown open to the public. The house is one of the neatest and best-equipped in California, and at once became very popular.

On Monday I joined the party, which spent the day in visiting the observatory, of which drive I give an account in a separate chapter. Some went to see the big redwood trees at Santa Cruz, some strolled, and others wrote home. On May Day, a great flower day in that section, not a steamer or car could be obtained to make an intended trip from San Francisco to Capitola, the home of Mrs. Frank Lewis, who, with her sister, Mrs. J. M. Murphy, of San Jose, are among the last, and, perhaps, the very last, survivors of the famous Donner Party. They had invited us, but, when we found we could not reach them, our officers telegraphed, asking them to come to San Jose, if possible, as this was our last day there. They arrived at 7 P. M., and we received them in the large parlor, Messrs. Thomes and Whittemore making appropriate addresses, and the two ladies shook hands with us all. A gentleman presented Mrs. Lewis with a handsome bouquet of very fragrant roses, and she gave each her card with a spray of Iceland moss pressed in on one side. They told the story of their bitter experience in childhood, which I will give in the proper place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARSHALL MONUMENT.

For those the sculptor's laurel'd bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

— HOLMES.

ON Saturday, May 3, while we were at Monterey and Menlo Park, more than 2,000 people, among them Governor Robert Waterman, Secretary of State W. C. Hendricks, and other state officials were assembled on Marshall Hill, about half a mile from the site of Sutter's Mill and 300 feet above the river, to witness the unveiling of a monument to James W. Marshall. As the event will be prominent in the history of El Dorado county, and was of great interest to our party, who would have liked to attend, I give the gist of the oration of Senator A. F. Jones and the reports of the press.

The first mention of gold in California was made in Hakluyt's account of the voyage of Sir Francis Drake, who spent five or six weeks, in June or July, 1579, in a bay on the coast of California. When he wrote that there could hardly be a "handful of soil taken up wherein there is not a reasonable quantity of gold or silver," in the light of the present the statement was absurd, for neither gold nor silver has ever been found in the vicinity of the point where Drake must have landed.

Other early explorers stated that gold had been found long before the discovery of Marshall. James D. Dana, the mineralogist, says that gold rock and veins of quartz were observed by him in 1842 near the Umpqua River, in southern Oregon; and again, that he found gold near the Sierra Nevada and on the Sacramento River; also, on the San Joaquin River and between those rivers. There is, in the reports of the Fremont exploring expedition, an intimation of the existence of gold.

It has been said that in October and November, 1845, a Mexican was shot at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), on account of having a bag of gold dust, and when dying, pointed northward and said, "Legos! Legos!" (yonder), indicating where he found the gold dust.

It has been claimed, and with a considerable degree of probability, that the Mormons, who arrived in San Francisco on the ship *Brooklyn*, found gold before the famous discovery at Coloma. They selected California as their future home. Their land expedition started across the plains, and a ship named the *Brooklyn* carried from the eastern side of the continent a number of the believers. Samuel Brannan, who was prominent in the early history of Sacramento, San Francisco, and the State, was one of their leading men who came with the sea voyagers. When the *Brooklyn* immigrants landed at Buena Yerba (San Francisco), they found that the United States forces had taken possession of California, and that they had landed upon soil possessed by the nation from which they were endeavoring to flee. Couriers

were sent overland to intercept the land party; and it is said they found them at the place where Salt Lake City is now located. The overland party determined to locate at that place, although it was then sterile and unpromising. Those who came on the *Brooklyn* dispersed in California, and some of them located at Mormon Island, in Sacramento county; and it is claimed that they found gold long before the discovery at Coloma, but that they kept their discovery a secret. However that may be, it is a fact that mining was prosecuted by them about the time of Marshall's discovery.

At a banquet of the Associated Pioneers of the territorial days of California, held in the City of New York, on Jan. 18, 1878, Colonel T. B. Thorpe, a veteran of the Mexican War, who had been on the staff of General Zachary Taylor, stated that while he had been employed as a journalist in New Orleans, several years before the discovery of gold at Coloma, a Swede, evidently far gone in consumption, called upon him and represented that he was what in his country was called a "king's orphan"; that he had been educated at a governmental institution on condition that after he had received his education he should travel in foreign lands, observe and record what he had seen, and deposit his records with the government. He stated that he had visited California, remained several days at Sutter's Fort, enjoying the hospitality of Sutter; that while there he closely examined the surrounding country, and became convinced that it abounded richly in gold. Colonel Thorpe stated that the Swede gave him this opinion in writing. At that banquet General Sutter was present, and Colonel Thorpe called upon him to say whether he had any recollection concerning the Swedish visitor. Sutter replied that he did recollect the visit, which had occurred about thirty-four years before; and he also remembered that the Swede expressed himself regarding the presence of mineral wealth in the neighboring hills; "but," added the general, "I was too much occupied at the time with other concerns to devote any time or attention to it. My crops were ripe, and it was imperative that they should be gathered as quickly as possible; but I do recollect the scientific 'Swedish gentleman.'"

The report of the remarks delivered at that banquet were published, and in it is contained a copy of the manuscript to which Colonel Thorpe referred, in which the "king's orphan" wrote: "The Californias are rich in minerals. Gold, silver, lead, oxide of iron, manganese, and copper ore are all met with throughout the country, the precious metals being the most abundant."

There is another account of an early discovery, which was published in the *New Age* in San Francisco, the official organ of the Odd Fellows, in September 1865. It purports to have been an extract written by the Paris correspondent of the London *Star*, who wrote that in the City of Paris he visited a private museum, and that its owner exhibited to him a nugget of gold, and stated that twenty-eight years before a poor invalid had presented himself and took out of his tattered coat a block of quartz, and asked the proprietor of the museum if he would purchase it, assuring him that it was full of gold. The stranger said: "I have come to you to apply to the government to give me a vessel and a crew of 100 men, and I will promise to return with a cargo of gold." The proprietor of the museum presumed that the man was mad, and gave him a napoleon as a matter of charity, but retained a piece of the quartz. Afterward the quartz was analyzed, and it was proved to contain pure gold. Fifteen years elapsed, and a parcel and letter were left at his door. The parcel was wrapped in a handkerchief, and was heavy. The letter was worn and almost illegible. On deciphering it, it proved to be the dying statement of the poor traveler, which, through the neglect of the lodging-house keeper where he died, after the interview referred to, had never been delivered. The package contained a block of quartz, and the letter was thus worded: —

"You alone listened to me; you alone stretched out a helping hand to me. Alas! it was too late! I am dying. I bequeath my secret to you. The country from whence I brought this gold is called California."

The credit, however, for the practical discovery of gold in California is due to James W. Marshall. It is true that a gold mine had been worked in 1841 in the lower part of the State, and gold from that mine was sent to the Philadelphia mint for coinage as early as July, 1843. The mine, however, proved unprofitable and was abandoned. The story of the discovery of Marshall at Coloma, in January, 1848, is confused, and the precise date upon which it was made can perhaps never be settled.

The following may be considered Marshall's personal account of his discovery, and the incidents leading up to that event: —

Before the breaking out of the Bear Flag War, Marshall had purchased two leagues of land, situated on the north side of Butte Creek, (now Butte County,) from Samuel J. Hensley, who owned a Spanish grant of six leagues in that district. He decided to go into the lumbering business, and asked Sutter to furnish him an Indian interpreter, proposing to explore the foothills for a suitable site for a sawmill, and foreseeing the necessity of being able to converse with the mountain tribes of Indians. Sutter was at first reluctant to comply with this request, having need of Marshall's services, but after the latter had agreed to perform certain mechanical work for him, he consented, though it afterward turned out that the Indian who accompanied him knew no more of the country than he did himself. Marshall set out on his quest, and followed up the banks of the American river for several days, examining the country all around, but not finding what he considered a suitable location for his mill. Presently he branched off on the South Fork of the American river, and at length reached a place which he found was called Culloomah by the Indians, and which was afterward known as Coloma.

This was about the 1st of June, 1847, and after many delays, caused principally by the attempts of others to interfere in the business, a partnership agreement was entered into between Marshall and Sutter on the 19th of August. The terms of this agreement were to the effect that Sutter should furnish the capital to build a mill, on a site selected by Marshall, who was to be the active partner, and to run the mill, receiving certain compensation for so doing. A verbal agreement was also entered into between them, to the effect that if, at the close of the Mexican war (then pending), California should belong to Mexico, Sutter, as a citizen of that Republic, should possess the mill site, Marshall retaining his right to mill privileges, and to cut timber, etc.; while, if the country was ceded to the United States, Marshall, as an American citizen, was to own the property. The formal articles of partnership were drawn by General John Bidwell, who was then acting as clerk in Sutter's store, and were witnessed by him and Samuel Kyburz, Sutter's business manager. Soon after these arrangements had been made, Marshall hired a man named Peter L. Wemer, with his family, and six or seven mill hands, with several wagons containing material, provisions, tools, etc., and started for Coloma. Work on the mill was commenced at once, and prosecuted with energy. The names of the men who were then working on the mill, and who, if living, can substantiate the accuracy of this narrative, are as follows: Peter L. Wemer, William Scott, James Bargee, Alexander Stephens, James Brown, William Johnson, and Henry Bigler. (The latter afterwards moved to Salt Lake, and became an Elder in the Mormon Church.) Wemer was in charge of some eight or ten Indians, whose work it was to throw out the larger sized rocks excavated while constructing the mill race, in the day time, and at night, by raising the gate of the fore-bay, the water entered and carried away the lighter stones, gravel, and sand. This was the work that was going on at the mill on Jan. 19, 1848.

On the morning of that memorable day, Marshall went out to superintend the men, and, after closing the fore-bay gate, and thus shutting off the water, walked down the tail-race to see what sand and gravel had been removed during the night. This had been customary with him for some time, for he had previously entertained the idea that there might be minerals in the mountains, and had expressed it to Sutter, who, however, only laughed at him. On this occasion, having strolled to the lower end of the race, he stood for a moment examining the mass of debris that had been washed down, and his eye caught the glitter of something that lay lodged in a crevice, on a riffle of soft granite, some six inches under the water. His first act was to stoop and pick up the substance. It was heavy, of a peculiar color, and unlike anything he had seen in the stream before. For a few moments he stood with it in his hand, reflecting and endeavoring to recall what he had read of various minerals. He finally became satisfied that what he held in his hand must be one of three substances,—mica, sulphuret of copper, or gold. The weight assured him that it was not mica. Could it be sulphuret of copper? He remembered that that mineral is brittle, and that gold is malleable; and, as the thought passed through his mind, he turned about, placed the specimen upon a flat stone, and proceeded to test it by striking it with another. The substance did not crack or flake off; it simply bent under the blows. This, then, was gold, and in this manner was it first found in California.

The diary of Henry W. Bigler, a fellow workman, names January 24 as the day of the discovery, while Samuel Brannan corroborates Marshall's statement. From a careful comparison, however, of all the documentary evidence extant on the subject, John S. Hittel, in the *Century*, concludes that the true date was January 24, agreeing with Bigler.

In the lifetime of Mr. Marshall he had frequently expressed the wish that when he died he might be buried on the elevated spot where his remains are now reposing. It is quite a prominent point, from which can be viewed the scenes of his early exploits. The first movement in that direction was made by Placerville Parlor No. 9, Native Sons of the Golden West.

An appeal to the Legislature of the State secured an appropriation of $5,000 to carry on the work, and afterwards $4,000 additional was voted for the improvement of the grounds, all the work to be under the supervision of three Commissioners to be appointed by the Governor.

Plans and specifications for the monument were called for, and ten competitors submitted designs, that chosen being the work of F. M. Wells, of San Francisco, his effort securing the unanimous approval of the commissioners.

The monument is forty-one feet in height, and is of admirable proportions. The cap of the pedestal is five feet square, on which the statue of Marshall is placed. The statue is heroic in size, being eleven feet in height, representing Marshall dressed in miners' garb. In the open palm of his right hand there is a nugget of gold, the index finger of his left hand pointing to the memorable spot where the discovery was made. On the north side of the monument is the inscription of the Great Seal of the State; on the south side, a view of Sutter's mill; on the east side the names of the commissioners, A. Caminetti, John H. Miller, George Hofmeister and H. C. Gesford, with a legend reading: "The site for this monument is a gift to the State of California, from Placerville Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West."

On the west side of the monument are the words: "Erected by the State of California, in memory of James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold. Born Oct. 10, 1810; died Aug. 10, 1888. The first nugget was found in the race of Sutter's mill, in Coloma, Jan. 19, 1848."

In quietly viewing the monumental pile dedicated to Mr. Marshall's memory, one cannot suppress a feeling of melancholy pleasure in our reflections upon the kindness that is so apt to pervade the human breast. Whatever may be the weakness of men in life, we gladly forget,

THE MARSHALL STATUE.

and only cherish a spirit of generosity toward them for every important element of good, when they have left us. We have the evidence before us, not only in this beautiful monument to his memory, but connected with it the acknowledgment of his merit by the appropriation made by our Legislature as follows: —

February 2, 1872,	$200	per	month	for	2	years.
March 23, 1874,	100	"	"	"	"	"
April 1, 1876,	100	"	"	"	"	"

And it is only to be regretted that these contributions had not been continued, so as to somewhat soften the ruggedness of his pathway to the close of his eventful life.

Sutter's Fort, the one monument that marks the era of California's history when the thralldom of ignorance, retrogression, and inertia, hanging for centuries over the glorious land of California, was thrown aside for the triumphant march of civilization and the energetic development of magnificent resources by the omnipresent Yankee, has for many years been allowed to go into decay, time and the elements threatening to obliterate it entirely. With a commendable spirit of patriotism, gentlemen connected with *Themis*, a Sacramento literary publication, not long ago started a movement for the restoration of the fort and its purchase as public property, the result being that it is now an assured fact that the property will be repaired and secured to the public as an historical relic that marks the beginning of the development of the grandest State of the Union.

Sutter's Fort has become a thing of the past. Until the summer of 1849 certain business men clung to it as headquarters for business, but trade went to the river front, and along the streets of the city, and the fort as a business centre was abandoned as early as November, 1849. Brannan's store was turned into a hospital. The materials of which the fort was constructed were required for buildings elsewhere, as building materials in 1849 and 1850 were scarce and high.

The outer walls of the fort, built of adobes, were 2½ feet thick, and 18 feet high. The inner and partition walls were 18 inches thick, and the inner wall about 14 feet high. The slope of the roof was inward, and covered with sugar-pine shingles.

The interior building was occupied first as a boarding-house in 1847, and afterward, in 1850, as a dwelling. The walls of the fort shut out the world from view, and those living inside wanted them removed. Under these circumstances, before 1853, all the materials constituting the fort had been removed, and used elsewhere. The adobes even were taken away for use, and no vestige of the structure remains to mark any line of the fort, except at the place where was the northwest bastion a little elevation is shown to mark it. No man can trace the walls of the fort by any appearance of the surface.

After much parleying, Benjamin Merrill, of Chicago, the owner of the land upon which stands Sutter's Fort, has set a price upon the property, and nothing now remains to be done but to raise the money and purchase it. As the price named is considered a reasonable one, there ought to be no difficulty in securing the necessary funds. Mr. Merrill has decided to sell the two blocks for the sum of $20,000, and donate $2,000 toward restoring and preserving it. In his letter to his agent Mr. Merrill regretted that the newspapers had assumed that he was unpatriotic in declining to fix a price upon the property sooner. He considered the figure named a very low one, and said he would not sell the property for the sum named for any other purpose, as he believed it was worth much more money.

COLUMMA, UPPER CALIFORNIA,
December 20, 1848.

This indenture made and entered into this 20th day of December, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, between John A. Suter, party of the first part, and John Winters, and Alden S. Bailey, party of the second part, Witnesseth: that the said party of the first part, for & in consideration of the sum of six thousand dollars, to him paid. or secured to be paid by the said party of the second part, hath this day bargained, sold and conveyed to the said party of the second part all his right, title, and claim in & to the property known as Suter's Saw Mill, at Columma, near the mountain, & to any & all the land within two miles of said sawmill, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, and hereby covenants, and agrees to defend unto the said party of the second part the aforesaid property against all parties claiming under him forever. It is understood as a part of the indenture that the house now occupied by the Suterville Mining Company is excepted out of the sawmill property.

It is furthermore understood that the specification of two miles in the above indenture is intended to include whatever the U. S. Government may grant as a pre-emption.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in presence of the undersigned witnesses this day and date above written. J. A. SUTER, [SEAL.]

A. S. BESTER.

J. W. MARSHALL.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
County of El Dorado, ss.

On the 13th day of June, 1850, personally appeared before me, a Justice of the Peace in & for said county, James W. Marshall, to me known, who being duly sworn, did depose that he saw John A. Suter execute the above conveyance; that he executed the same freely, and voluntarily for the uses and purposes therein contained, & at his request signed his name as a subscribing witness thereto. JNO. H. DUNNELE, J. P.

C. H. Houghton, Sacramento, locates Sutter's Fort at 28th and L streets.

THE STORY OF SUTTER'S MILL.

A. V. HOFFMAN, Nevada County.

When years have chased each other
  Down the rugged steeps of time,
When the world has lost its harmony,
  Life's song its merry rhyme;
When the little mounds of gravel
  Thrown up by the Pioneers,
Have been lost to us forever
  With the silent drift of years.

When the sturdy "forty-niners"
  In the cradle of the world,
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
  'Neath the flag their toil unfurled —
Still in memory forever
  We will keep the stories old,
Of the hardships and the trials
  In the struggle after gold.

And of all those dear old stories
  There is one more precious yet
Than the legends of the ancients —
  One we never will forget;
'Tis the story of the mill-race,
  And the finding in the sand
Of the precious yellow colors
  That brought life into the land.

And let no one pass the mill-race —
  Where the breeze within the pine
Breathes a gentle benediction
  O'er the graves of '49 —
Without thinking of the struggle
  Of the man who here, alone,
Roused the world and brought it to him,
  But to cheat him of his own.

Yet the years may chase each other
  Down the rugged steeps of time,
The world may lose its harmony,
  Life's song its merry rhyme,
But forever and forever
  The story of the mill,
And the man who dug the mill-race,
  Will linger with us still.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VISIT TO THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

The works of God are fair for naught
  Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
  That animates its being.

—TILTON.

THIS trip would be well worth taking if there were no observatory to be seen, but the wonders of the institution make it so interesting that I would advise every tourist to go to Mount Hamilton. Some of the way one can look down by the side of the stage a thousand feet, but the drivers are careful and know their business. Our driver said he came down one dark night when he could hardly see the leaders of his four-horse team.

From the "Hand-book" of Edward S. Holden, LL. D., Director of the observatory, I select the following, which describes our journey and what we saw much better than I can:—

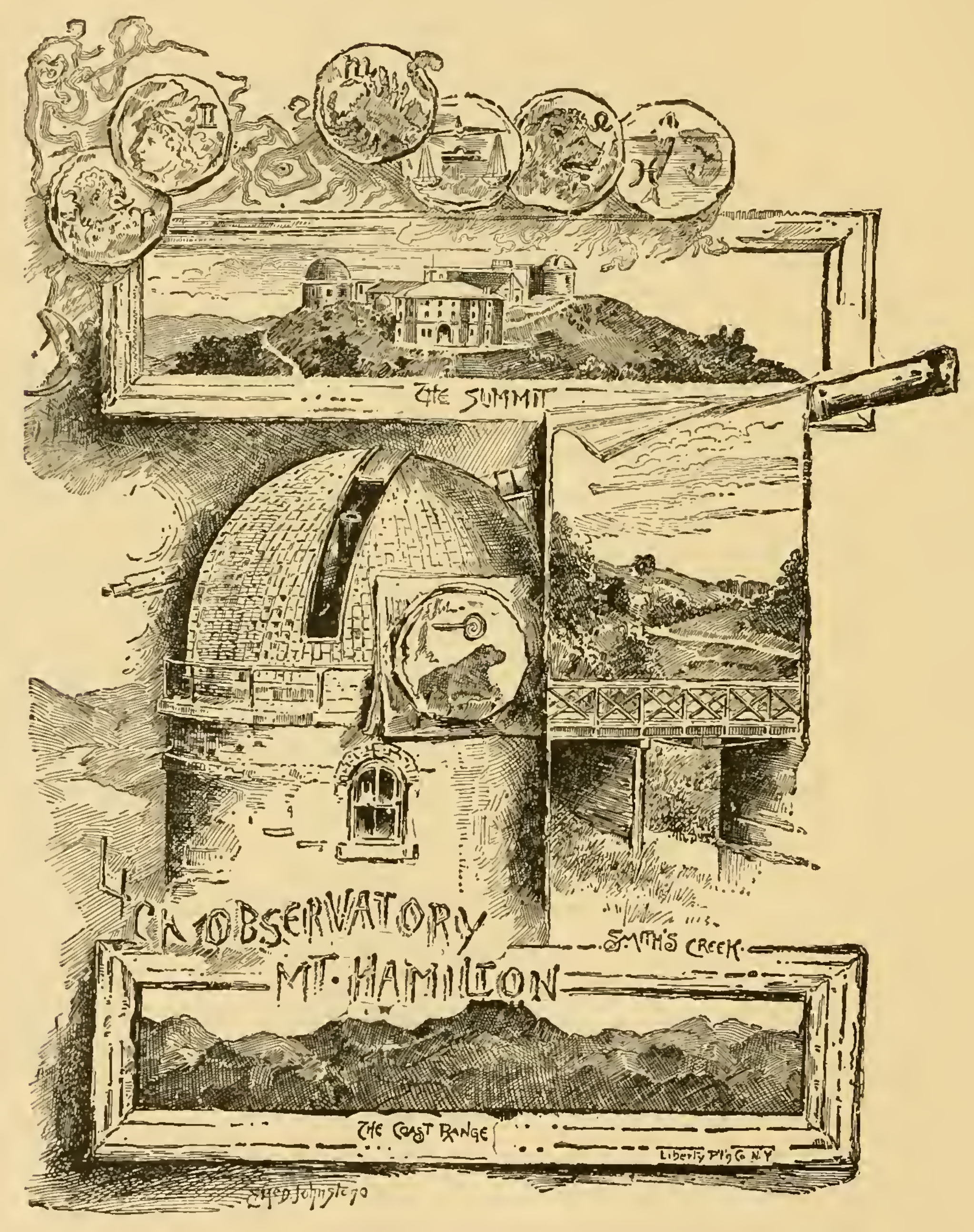
"The regular stages for the Lick Observatory depart from San Jose about half-past seven in the morning in order to have a long day before the tourist. The straight, level avenue leaves the central square of the pretty and prosperous city and makes straight for the foothills, some four miles distant. On the left hand (north) are the sloughs of the Bay of San Francisco shining in the sun; on the right hand are beautiful, fertile fields. At the end of the four miles we are 300 feet above San Jose, and we begin the ascent of the Contra Costa range of hills, which border the exquisite Valley of Santa Clara on the east.

"The road is built so that the grade is always kept less than six and a half feet in the hundred (343 to the mile). This maximum grade is only occasionally met in the first portions of the twenty-six miles, while the last seven miles have an average grade of nearly 300 feet per mile. In order to keep the gradient as low as this the thirteen miles of distance in an air line is made into twenty-six by the road, which follows the contours of the hillsides, turning into each ravine, following this to its head, and returning on itself along the opposite side. From the time that the ascent is commenced every moment is full of interest, for in all California there is no mountain road more delightful than this.

"Leaving the splendid panorama of the hills, we look at the buildings immediately around us. We are on the roof of the observatory proper. At the north end of it is the twenty-five-foot dome, which covers a telescope of twelve inches aperture. Directly opposite to it, at the south end, is the great seventy-five-foot dome. Towards the northeast are the houses which cover the transit instrument and the meridian circle; beyond them is the brick dwelling-house of the astronomers. These small buildings nearer to us are for some of the minor instruments. That little dome covers a very perfect six-inch equatorial.

"But it is time to descend, and go through the various rooms of the observatory building. There, with the explanations of our guide, we may gain some idea of what all these constructions are for; why there are so many of them; and finally, with what object these changes

have been made on the summits of the silent hills. Recollect that it was only a few years ago that a wilderness was here. Why has it been so transformed? Was it worth while? What may be expected from all this? There should be satisfying answers to all these questions.



"Let me give you a picture of what you might see any night in visiting the Lick Observatory, and then let me try to tell you what the meaning of it all may be. You enter a large room lighted feebly by a lamp; and if you stand a moment, you can see that somewhere near the centre is a large and complicated instrument, a meridian circle, composed of a telescope, of microscopes, of divided circles. The room is almost perfectly dark, except for the feeble glimmer of a hand lamp which the observer carries, and by whose light he examines alter-

nately the face of the clock, whose beats you hear, and the list of the star which he is to observe. Soon you see him point the telescope out through the opening in the roof of the building, and at the expected moment the star he seeks enters the field of view of his telescope. He is already seated, and looking through the eye-piece at the star as it slowly moves along. If your eye could replace his, you would see the star as a brilliant and very small disc, moving slowly and regularly across the field of view, and coming up to, crossing, and leaving each one of a set of fine spider lines stretched in the eye-piece. As the star crosses each one of these, the observer taps a telegraph key; and this tap and the clock-beats are all that you can hear standing where you are. The telegraph key registers a little mark on a revolving sheet of paper in another room among rows of marks made by other telegraph signals, automatically sent from the pendulum of the standard astronomical clock to the chronograph. As soon as the taps have ceased, the observer leaves the telescope, and writes down five numbers in a little book he carries, and *this* star is 'observed.' Another and another and another star is observed in the same way; and thirty or forty such observations make a night's work of this one astronomer. Another and another and another night's work is added to the first one, and so on for years and years. What is the meaning of all this?

"In the first place, let us see what data the observer has gained from his observation of a single star: —

"On the next morning he consults the register on the revolving barrel, and he finds that a certain star has crossed the spider lines in the telescope at *so many* hours, *so many* minutes, *so many* seconds, and *so many* hundredths of a second. He finds from his little book, which registers the readings of his microscopes and divided circles, that the same star was *so many* degrees, minutes, and seconds, and decimals of a second, from the north pole of the sky. The whole of his night's work on this star has given him two numbers — one number that tells the exact time by his clock, when the star crossed the meridian, and one that tells him the angle between the star and the north pole. Now, these two numbers have to be corrected in various complicated ways by calculation — for refraction, aberration, precession, nutation; and, after an hour's computation on each observation, he finds two new numbers; and these give him the star's longitude and latitude as they would have been if the star had been observed exactly at the beginning of the year 1875. That is the whole outcome, so far, of the observation of this one star,— which took, say five minutes,— and of its calculation,— which took, say sixty minutes. The thirty other stars "observed" on this night; the thirty stars of 200 other nights in the same year; the 6,000 observations of each of ten years, say, are finally printed in a book. There are only three columns. One gives the star's name, and the two others give its longitude and latitude as they would have been observed had each of the 60,000 observations been made at the exact instant which separates Dec. 31, 1874, from Jan. 1, 1875. That is a catalogue of stars. It has taken a strong and an able man ten, fifteen, twenty years to make, and he is proud of it, and glad to sacrifice his ease and his life to it. But how disappointing all this is! What has become of the romantic aspect of that dark and silent room, with its roof uncovered to the stars, with no sound heard but the monotonous beating of the clock; with no light but the feeble glimmer of the astronomer's lamp? Do you think the dignity and romance is all gone? Vanished into two columns of figures? Let us see. First, let me tell you that many and many an astronomer has been content to look no further than this himself; to leave all beyond to others. There have been others, too, who made *their* catalogues of these same stars, it may have been fifty, it may have been 100 years ago. If we compare two catalogues of the same stars made fifty years apart, we shall find that the positions of the fixed stars are not fixed at all. Just such observations as these were made by Hipparchus 2,000 years ago, and were fol-

lowed by the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes; by the Moors in Spain 1,000 years ago, leading to the determination of the laws of astronomical refraction; by James Bradley, the discoverer of aberration, 140 years ago at Greenwich; by Herschel, a century since, who not only discovered the *Georgium Sidus*, but also showed the movement of the entire solar system; by living astronomers not more than eight years ago, who deduced a motion of all the stars in the sky in a grand vortex, parallel to the milky way itself; and by other giant minds, to whom 'the fates are known of orbs dim hovering on the skirts of space.'

"Just such conclusions as these are at the end and on the way in every one of the myriad series of observations that will be made at Lick Observatory, and all other observatories, this year, this decade, this century; next year, next decade, next century. The day of glaring discoveries, startling announcements *may* be over; but the reward of patient, continuous, faithful, intelligent labor is just as sure now as it has been — as it always will be.

"There is no way in which an appreciation of the *art* of the practical astronomer can be so quickly and so thoroughly gained as by looking through a large telescope at a planet like *Mars*, for example, and seeing how almost infinitely little detail can be made out in any one view of this minute flaring disc, and then to examine carefully the maps that we have of the surface of *Mars*, where hundreds and hundreds of particulars have been carefully and correctly recorded, as the results of thousands and thousands of hours' work. The first feeling of an amateur, in looking at such an object, is invariably one of utter disappointment. Where is the promised glory of the heavens? It is not here. Whose fault is it? Should we blame the telescope? our eyes? our minds? or the canopy of heaven itself? Wordsworth has asked these — and other — questions in his poem *Star-Gazers*, and he goes on to say: —

> Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry and pore
> Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than before.
> One after one they take their turn, nor have I one espied
> That does not slackly go away as if dissatisfied.

"This is the dissatisfaction of inadequate knowledge. More knowledge brings more light, and more light brings deep pleasure and deep satisfaction. As it is with simply looking through the telescope, so it is with our spectroscopic observations. It is not the rainbow tinted beauty of the spectrum that we admire, but the minute displacement of its lines that we *measure*, and measure with pain and labor and fatigue, with faithful, conscientious, endless care. Again, in photography, what do you think it costs to produce a map of the stars with our immense camera? It is not simply to point the telescope, to prepare the plate, to expose it and develop it, for no instantaneous exposures will do here. Our exposures must be for two or three hours successively, and during this whole time the telescope must be made to follow the stars, from rising to setting, with perfect precision. During all this period the astronomer's eye must be there to see, and the astronomer's hand must be there to correct the slightest deviation in the pointing of the telescope itself. Three hours of exposure will give us a map of four square degrees in the sky. There are more than 40,000 square degrees in the whole sky, so that 10,000 maps are needed to cover it. Say twenty-five long years, 200 nights in each year, must be spent to cover the sky once only. Art *is* long and life *is* short.

"The American public is deeply interested in all scientific results which can be stated in popular form, including those in astronomy, but there is almost only one point where the work of astronomical observatories touches the business interests of communities directly. This point is in the distribution of time by electric signals from an observatory to railroad and

telegraph companies, to city and tower clocks, to private business firms, and to manufacturing and other corporations, for commercial purposes. Nearly every observatory of importance takes great pains to see that the cities and individuals in its vicinity are fully supplied with correct time. The advantages of these observatory time-services are manifold, and scarcely need be pointed out. A high degree of accuracy and uniformity is secured by them, and an immense amount of petty vexation is spared. Anyone who has looked at the public clocks of San Francisco, which often vary five to six minutes between themselves, and especially anyone who has lost an appointment through this variation, can appreciate this point. In all sea-ports the chronometers of merchant vessels can be well regulated and rated by the dropping of a time ball by an observatory; and this is a valuable indirect aid to navigation. A less obvious, but not less important, consideration is the connection thus formed between the more abstruse work of the observatory and the ordinary affairs of every day life, which brings continually before the public mind the practical application of astronomical science, and inspires it with confidence in the precision of scientific methods. The increased punctuality which is insured by the knowledge of the correct time is a positive moral benefit to the community. Punctuality is one of the minor mechanical virtues, but it is no less a virtue. It has been said that punctuality is the politeness of kings; if so, it is positively obligatory upon us common people.

"It is not so very long since the regulation of time in the United States, and indeed all over the world was considered a very minor matter. I have been informed by a naval officer now living, that when he was on duty at the Norfolk Navy Yard, the only time-piece depended upon to regulate the hours of hundreds of Government workmen was a sun-dial situated in the grounds. As is well-known, a sun-dial gives apparent solar time, which is sometimes fifteen minutes fast of mean time — the time ordinarily used — and sometimes sixteen minutes slow. This variation of half an hour apparently made no difference to the officers of a government service only a few years ago. The introduction of railways, the growth of large cities and the increasing value of the moments of men of business, have created quite another state of things. The public has been educated by these means; but perhaps more rapidly and effectively by the use of the telegraph between cities separated by many degrees of longitude. A telegram from the House of Commons, in London, at one o'clock in the morning, reaches San Francisco in time to be printed in the later editions of the evening papers of the day before. Railway travelling, which is so common in America, where distances are large and the public highly intelligent, has also familiarized us with the fact that there are different standards of time and that these change from place to place. In November, 1884, all the railway times of the United States were suddenly changed from their old local values to one set of uniform standard values, and this was done without any apparent friction or annoyance; yet the interests of thousands of citizens were directly affected."

We learned that the Observatory Buildings are open to visitors during office hours, every day in the year.

An hour or so can be profitably occupied in viewing the different instruments, and the rest of the stay can be well spent in walks to the various reservoirs, from which magnificent views of the surrounding country can be had. At least an hour and a half of daylight should be allowed for the drive from the Summit to Smith Creek.

Visitors are received at the Observatory to look through the great telescope every Saturday night, between the hours of seven and ten, and *at these times only*.

Whenever the work of the observatory will allow, other telescopes will also be put at the disposition of visitors on Saturdays between the same hours (only).

Usually three telescopes are available for this purpose — a 6-inch, a 12-inch, and the 36-inch equatorial. These will each be under the charge of an astronomer, and each will be kept directed at a different object in the sky. The visitor will be shown through the various buildings, and will see the various instruments, and will hear their various uses described. With these three telescopes he can see three different and interesting objects, and in a short time he can gain some individual and real knowledge concerning the heavenly bodies.

James Lick was born in Fredericksburg, Penn., Aug. 25, 1796, and died in San Francisco, Oct. 1, 1876. He learned and practised the trade of organ and piano making in Hanover, Pennsylvania, and in Baltimore. In 1820 he was in business in Philadelphia. From there he went to Buenos Ayres, making and selling pianos. From the east coast of South America he came to the west, and finally in 1847 he drifted to San Francisco.

Successful in business, but far more successful in his investments in land, he became rich and died, leaving an estate of some $3,000,000. This was all devoted to public uses. His deed of trust charged the Board of Lick Trustees to expend: —

For a monument in San Francisco, to Francis Scott Key (author of the Star Spangled Banner), the sum of $60,000. This monument has been made by the celebrated American sculptor, William W. Story, and it was dedicated in Golden Gate Park on July 4, 1888.

For statuary to be placed in front of the San Francisco City Hall, and to be emblematic of three significant epochs in the history of the State of California, $100,000.

For a Home for Old Ladies in San Francisco, $100,000.

For Free Baths in San Francisco, $150,000.

For a California Institute of Mechanic Arts — a manual training school for the boys and girls of San Francisco, $540,000.

For the Lick Observatory, to contain the most powerful telescope in the world, $700,000, besides many other important bequests, to the Society of California Pioneers, to the California Academy of Sciences, and other beneficiaries.

His exact provisions in regard to the Observatory were: —

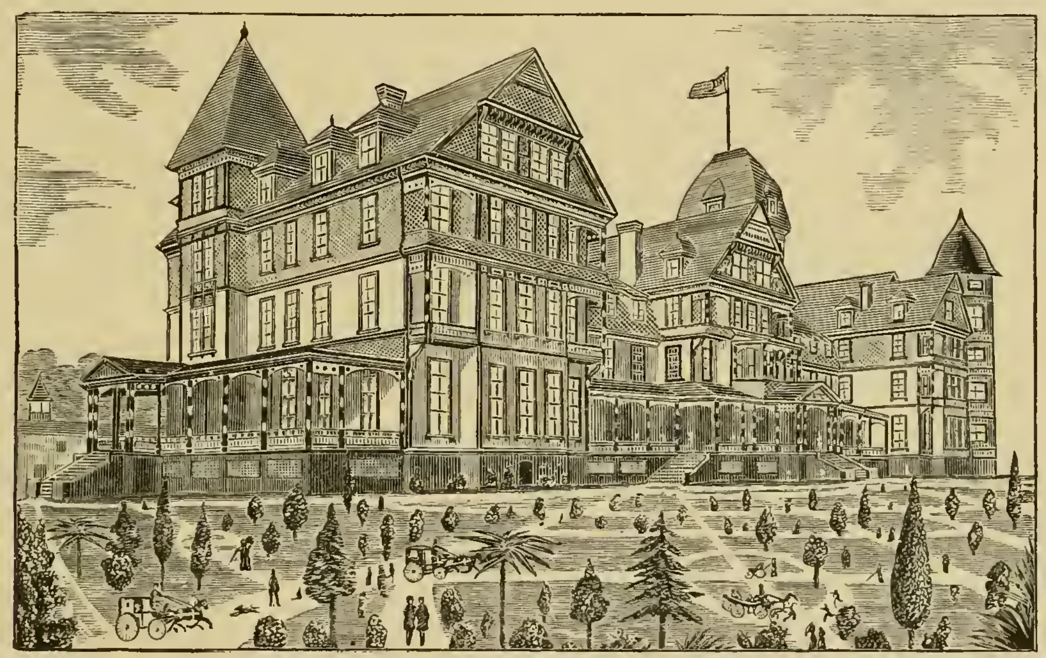
EXTRACT FROM MR. LICK'S SECOND DEED OF TRUST. (SEPT. 21, 1875.)

"*Third* — To expend the sum of seven hundred thousand dollars ($700,000) for the purpose of purchasing land, and constructing and putting up on such land as shall be designated by the party of the first part, a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made, with all the machinery appertaining thereto and appropriately connected therewith, or that is necessary and convenient to the most powerful telescope now in use, or suited to one more powerful than any yet constructed; and also a suitable observatory connected therewith. The parties of the second part hereto, and their successors, shall, as soon as said telescope and observatory are constructed, convey the land whereupon the same may be situated, and the telescope, and the observatory, and all the machinery and apparatus connected therewith, to the corporation known as the 'Regents of the University of California;' and if, after the construction of said telescope and observatory, there shall remain of said $700,000 in gold coin any surplus, the said parties of the second part shall turn over such surplus to said corporation, to be invested by it in bonds of the United States, or the city and county of San Francisco, or other good and safe interest-bearing bonds, and the income thereof shall be devoted to the maintenance of said telescope, and the observatory connected therewith, and shall be made useful in promoting science. And the said telescope and observatory are to be known as the 'Lick Astronomical Department of the University of California.'"

Among his favorite books were those of Andrew Jackson Davis, and Edgar A. Poe.

At one time he thought seriously of building a marble pyramid larger than that of Cheops, on the shores of San Francisco Bay, but the fear that it might be destroyed in a possible bombardment of the city, led him to erect the observatory instead, use taking the place of beauty only.

Mr. Lick several times expressed his desire to be buried at Mount Hamilton, near his great observatory, when it should be complete. During the summer of 1886 the brick foundation for the iron pier of the great equatorial was built by Mr. Fraser, and a suitable vault was prepared directly under the spot where the great telescope was to be and now is. In January 1887 the Lick Trustees invited a number of representative gentlemen to act as an escort of honor during the transfer of Mr. Lick's remains from their temporary resting-place in San Francisco to their final tomb on Mount Hamilton.



HOTEL VENDOME, SAN JOSE.

At San Jose the *cortège* was met by a delegation of citizens, headed by the mayor of the city; and the coffin was transferred from the cars to a mountain wagon, and covered by the star-spangled banner. Mr. Fraser, who had been Mr. Lick's confidential man of business, and who was then superintendent of construction, conducted this wagon in the lead, and the body was followed by the escort.

At the observatory, the procession was met by Captain Floyd, the president of the trustees, and, after a simple and impressive ceremony, the coffin was opened, the remains identified, and the casket sealed within a leaden case, and cemented beneath the massive blocks of stone which form the foundation of the great telescope which Mr. Lick has given to his fellow-citizens.

Before the close of the ceremonies, Professor George Davidson, President of the California Academy of Sciences, read to the escort, and had signed by them, the following admirable *document of identification* which had been drawn up by him.

This document was engrossed on parchment, placed between two fine tanned skins backed

with silk, placed again between two leaden plates, soldered securely in a tin box, and finally deposited within the coffin itself.

DOCUMENT OF IDENTIFICATION.

This is the body of

JAMES LICK,

who was born in Fredericksburg, Penn., Aug. 25, 1796, and who died in San Francisco, Cal., October 1, 1876.

It has been identified by us, and in our presence has been sealed up and deposited in *this Foundation Pier of the*

GREAT EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE

this ninth day of January, 1887.

The base of the great pier bears a simple bronze tablet with the inscription —

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

JAMES LICK.

His true monument is the Observatory which he reared, and his lasting memorial will be the results of those astronomical observations which his generosity has instituted and endowed.

CHAPTER XX.

SAN JOSE TO SUMMIT.

O 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, O panther of the splendid hide, to know thy master's will!

* * * * * * * * *

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine, thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine, persuade thy sons to 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!

—Bayard Taylor.

DANIEL A. CLARK and family branched off at San Jose, and visited the Yosemite and Mariposa. Leaving Raymond by stage in a rain storm, which changed to one of snow as they crossed the divide, they drove through drifts from two to seven feet deep. Another storm at Inspiration Point added a foot of depth to the snow on the mountains, giving all the experience in this line they desired, and later, as it melted, all the mud that heart could wish. When the clouds lifted, and revealed the whole valley, and the mountains in all their beauty and majesty, with the roaring torrents pouring from the lofty crags, and the interminable stretch of snow-clad peaks, all combining in a picture at once glorious and awe-inspiring, they uncovered their heads in reverence to Him who called it all into being. Three days were spent in the valley. At Wawona the flats and slopes were covered with the pretty flower, "Baby Blue-eyes." With Stephen Cunningham, guardian of the grove, they spent a day among the big trees, having barley bags tied to their feet to keep them from sinking in the snow, which was here very deep. They reached Mr. Clark's old mining camp at Mariposa just as a Mexican was reading the burial service of the Indian chief, Captain Jack. The warriors gathered around the grave, and kept up a peculiar, slow-moving dance and chant for nearly an hour. Blankets and other articles were buried with the chief, but he was in a modern coffin. The beauty of Mariposa remains, though its placer mines are things of the past. Mr. Clark found a number of old mining friends, however, and had a very pleasant visit.

At eleven o'clock P. M. Monday, May 5, our party started northward from San Jose, passing through Oakland and Benicia in the night, and arriving at Sacramento at five o'clock the next morning. After breakfast many of the party paid a farewell visit to the Crocker Art Gallery, wherein are stored so many interesting relics of the past. Here we saw, under a large picture of the Yosemite cataract, the beautiful tie of California laurel, the four rails, and the golden spike which were made famous at the completion of our first transcontinental railroad, at Promontory, May 10, 1869. A few sat for photographs at the studio of Mr. Hodson, whose

work I have never seen excelled. On nearly the same spot, in 1853, I paid half an ounce in gold dust, or $8, for a daguerreotype, which represents me in mining costume with a sombrero on my head. At eleven o'clock our train starts, and we have nothing to do but to enjoy the

scenery, and tell how different things were when we started for home in the fifties. Then we had to sell out our claims, if they were worth anything, dispose of our outfit, and go to San Francisco, whence we took passage for home by way of Panama; for few who had succeeded in the mines were willing to make the long trip around Cape Horn. Men would submit to

delay when going to the mines, but when returning to their friends, the most direct route was none too short.

Mr. A. C. Ferris, of Hackensack, N. J., in the *Century* for April, 1891, well describes the hardships of the Isthmus: —

"Late in the month of November, 1849, I reached San Francisco on my way back from the mines to the States. Two hundred sail of vessels were anchored in the bay, and many thousands of gold seekers who had returned from the fields, fortunate or desperate, were waiting to secure homeward passage.

"I had taken the precaution to secure a berth on the old steamship *Unicorn*, commanded by Captain David D. Porter, U. S. N., and carrying the United States mail. In hunting up a quantity of perishable goods, which had been sent to me by Wardle & Co.'s Express, I met their San Francisco agent, Mr. Wadleigh. My goods I found 'stored away' in a vacant lot, exposed to wind and weather, and gone to utter wreck and ruin. Just at this time, by one of the compensations of fortune, Mr. Wadleigh found himself in a difficulty. The young man, in whose care a valuable package of express matter,— gold dust, etc.,— was to be taken to New York, became suddenly very ill. Without further knowledge of me than that I purposed to sail on the *Unicorn*, and had had goods consigned to his company, Mr. Wadleigh offered me liberal compensation, if I would take charge of the gold and valuables, and deliver them in New York. I undertook the commission, and the *Unicorn* sailed on December 1.

"Twenty-eight days from San Francisco, we anchored off the City of Panama. Boats put off from the shore for us, and while the cathedral's bells were ringing, for one dollar each we were carried ashore on the backs of strong porters. The valuable packages of which I had charge were also safely deposited on the sands. At that early period there were no transportation facilities for crossing the Isthmus of Panama, except such as were supplied by native carriers, boatmen, and the owners of mules, who had begun to find in this business a new and profitable industry. Consequently we were met by a number of natives, some with 'cargo' mules, and others with mules for riding; still others offered their own broad shoulders, rigged with a sort of chair, on which one could sit high above their heads, or upon which, with equal security, a trunk or a bale of merchandise could be freighted.

"My express matter was securely packed in a strong box, and needed two men to handle it. Its value amounted to a considerable sum, and was betrayed by the weight of the box. I could not carry the box myself, and I did not dare to take my eyes off it, as the natives, I knew, were neither honest nor trustworthy. I then and there realized, for the first time, the grave responsibility I had taken upon myself; for, if the native carriers should appropriate the package, or a band of robbers should attack us and capture it, how could I return to New York with the explanation that it had been stolen? Who would believe me? If I were murdered, and never heard of again, would it not be reported that I was a defaulter?

"For my breakfast I had only three crackers which I had brought from the ship; and, having hired two dark-skinned natives at $16 each, and two mules at $5 each, one to carry my package and the other for me to ride, I set out, keeping all the while a sharp eye on my muleteers and the cargo mule.

"The limited supply of clothing with which I had embarked on the *Unicorn*, the fragmentary remains of a wardrobe that had been six months in contact with dirt, mud, and water in gold digging and gold washing, had been gradually thrown into the Pacific Ocean, as it became the home of the pestiferous insects from the cracks and crannies and joints of the old emigrant ship. As I started from Panama, my attire was a pair of much much worn stout leather slippers, the remnant of a dirty straw hat, a thin summer coat, and trousers much worn and much

be-patched, and so discolored that the original hue was lost, and a blue woolen blanket that had also seen hard service. This airy costume did very well for the alternate showers and sun of the Isthmus, but I found it rather inappropriate when I landed in New York in midwinter. I was, however, not alone in this experience.

"The climate of the Isthmus proved very trying. The sun would seem to me to be putting forth its best efforts to bake my head and to blister my body, and not without some success, when a sudden change would come, and the rain — no, the rain cloud — would drop down upon me. A few minutes later the sun would again obtain the mastery, and the steam would arise from my heated and saturated clothing, only to be drenched by another deluge of rain.

"The first part of the trail was over water, stones, and mud — mostly mud. The mule, stumbling along over the hidden stones, would first pitch me over on his head; then his hind feet sinking deeply in the mud would throw me back toward his tail. Not being pleased with my evolutions, every now and then the mule would suddenly lie down under me, and plunge me knee-deep into the mud.

"After having passed this first section, which was a trail through chaparral, we came to the old Spanish route, worn down to a depth of from eight to twelve feet into the very rocks, from having become a water-course in the rainy season. The attrition of the feet of the mules had formed holes in the rocks to the depth of a foot or more at regular stepping distances apart; and as a mule lifted each foot out of one of these holes, and placed it carefully into the next, his body would sway from side to side, knocking, thumping, and scraping the rider against the rocks that fenced him in on each side. Through all these athletic and gymnastic exercises I never dared to take my eyes off my cargo mule and his drivers. In many places the passage was so narrow that two mules could not pass; and at the entrances to such defiles my drivers would halt, and, giving a yell like an Indian war-whoop, wait for an answering yell from any muleteer who had already entered the defile at the other end. If one had entered, they waited until he emerged. By nightfall I safely reached the few huts called Cruces, tired, wet, hungry, and bruised. Having paid my muleteers, and deposited my treasure inside a hut, I asked the *hombre* who acted as proprietor for a cup of coffee. '*No hai, Señor*,' he replied. There was nothing to be had to eat. My three crackers were all the food of that day.

"It was hot, misty, and muggy, and the air failed to satisfy the lungs. I sat astride that package all night, trying to sleep, with my wet blanket around me for protection against the swarming insects. The next morning I made an early start for the river, still fasting, and hired a bungo or dugout, with a crew of three natives, who agreed to pole me down the river to Chagres, for the sum of $25. Perched upon my treasure package, I began my downward passage. The second day was not much of an improvement on the first. The sun and rain were no less busy. I could watch the treacherous boatmen better than I had been able to watch my muleteers; but I never lost consciousness during the long, wearisome trip, knowing that at any time they could upset the canoe, drown me, let the package of gold sink, and recover it at their leisure. Just before nightfall we landed upon a low bank where stood a small native hut of brushwood and leaves. Here the boatmen procured some rice, which they boiled in a pot, but they could not be persuaded or bribed to share any of it with me. They were hungry, as they had eaten nothing since we started, and the supply was very small. I was hungry — more than hungry; I was ravenous. Close by stood another little hut, and to it I went in eager pursuit of something to eat. I found there a small boy, who, for a dollar, offered to sell me two sections of a lizard, or iguana, which he had skinned. He also offered to lend me a tin cup in which to boil them. I was hungry enough to devour almost anything,

but I had seen these disgusting looking creatures, a foot or more in length, running up and down the trees, and I declined the purchase. The boy then produced an egg — an egg of uncertain parentage, to be sure; but without a thought of the laws of evolution I bought it. I placed it in the boatmen's pot of boiling rice; but it must have been to them forbidden food, for they objected, and their outbreak was quieted only when I pointed to my revolver. All that dismal night was spent in slowly descending the river amidst the swamp vapors, and the poisonous miasma of the lowlands. The noises made by the occupants of the muddy jungles, that spread over the submerged land on each side, were at times perfectly appalling, often seeming to proceed from the spreading branches directly over our heads; and insects both small and great kept up such an incessant clatter and rattle that nothing in the way of conversation was possible.

" About nine o'clock the next morning we were landed in good order, or rather disorder, on the deck of a small river steamer, brought from New York for communication between the shore at Chagres and the steamers at anchor in the roadstead. I reached the steamer none too soon, for I was physically exhausted. Never before or since have my vitality and physical endurance been so tried. Having stored my express matter safely on this little steamer, I was at last at liberty to search for food.

" Two or three little huts that I visited could furnish me nothing; but an enterprising Yankee was already erecting a 'hotel' not far from the landing-place, and, speedy application having been made there, I was told that at eleven o'clock the proprietor would be ready for his clamorous and hungry patrons. This hotel was built simply of boards, and was only one story high. It consisted at that time of but one unfinished room, about 100 feet by twenty, used for a dining-room. The kitchen was an arrangement of stones, out of doors but near by. The building had been put up by five young carpenters, who had been induced by the high wages offered to defer their trip to California, whither they were bound, until they had erected it. Four of them had been buried at Chagres; the fifth returned to New York sick with Chagres fever, and died as the steamer was entering the harbor.

" I waited anxiously for that breakfast, and at eleven o'clock it was served. The hotel was closed till the bell rang, and then there was a rush and a jam to find places upon the rough board seats at the long pine table. The bill of fare was hard bread, boiled mackerel, and coffee without milk. I was one of the first at the table. The hunger that I had, after all the anxiety and exposure and sleeplessness of more than forty-eight hours, made this a breakfast that will never be forgotten. Never have I since enjoyed a 'Pioneer' dinner at Delmonico's or Martinelli's with half the relish with which I enjoyed that boiled salt mackerel and that muddy coffee. One dollar was charged for the meal, and over a thousand persons partook of it. That night we spread our blankets on the deck of the small steamer, which was literally covered with tired humanity, but we were all roused out of our deep sleep by a wretch who flashed a lantern into our faces and demanded ten cents tribute from each for our lodgings. The air was blue with profanity, but the fee was paid, and then we gathered our tattered blankets about us and lay down again, too tired to dream. The next day the sick and debilitated arrived, some on stretchers, some on mules; others had been left to die in Panama, and now lie with many other gold-hunters in the American burial-ground. The appearance presented by these invalids caused a number who had started for the gold mines to return home with us on the *Chesapeake.*

" We reached the North River pier in New York on a Sunday morning, about the 14th of January, and the *Chesapeake* was at once placed in the dry-dock, as a storm off Cape Hatteras had so battered her that she could no longer be kept afloat. It was a cold morning, and the

change from the tropics — we were still wearing slippers, thin clothing, and battered straw hats — caused us to wrap ourselves again in our well-worn blankets. A crowd soon collected on the wharf and received us gaily and cordially, greeting us with cheers as we landed, the small boys running after our carriages and shouting "Californians!" as they ran. Although it was Sunday morning, clothing stores were readily opened for us to obtain more seasonable apparel, for were we not disbursing gold from California?

"I lost no time in depositing the express matter safely at the office of Wardle & Co., and I rested well in the consciousness that the responsibility so thoughtlessly assumed was at last faithfully discharged."

Every member of our party had an interesting collection of specimens of minerals, programmes, newspaper clippings, and souvenirs. Among the most beautiful mementoes I saw, were two badges of eighteen-carat gold. Each had in the centre a grizzly bear, of *repoussé* gold, with a single star above and the word "Pioneer" below. On the other side was "The Society of California Pioneers to Mrs. W. H. Thomes, 1890," on one, and "to Mrs. B. F. Whittemore" on the other.

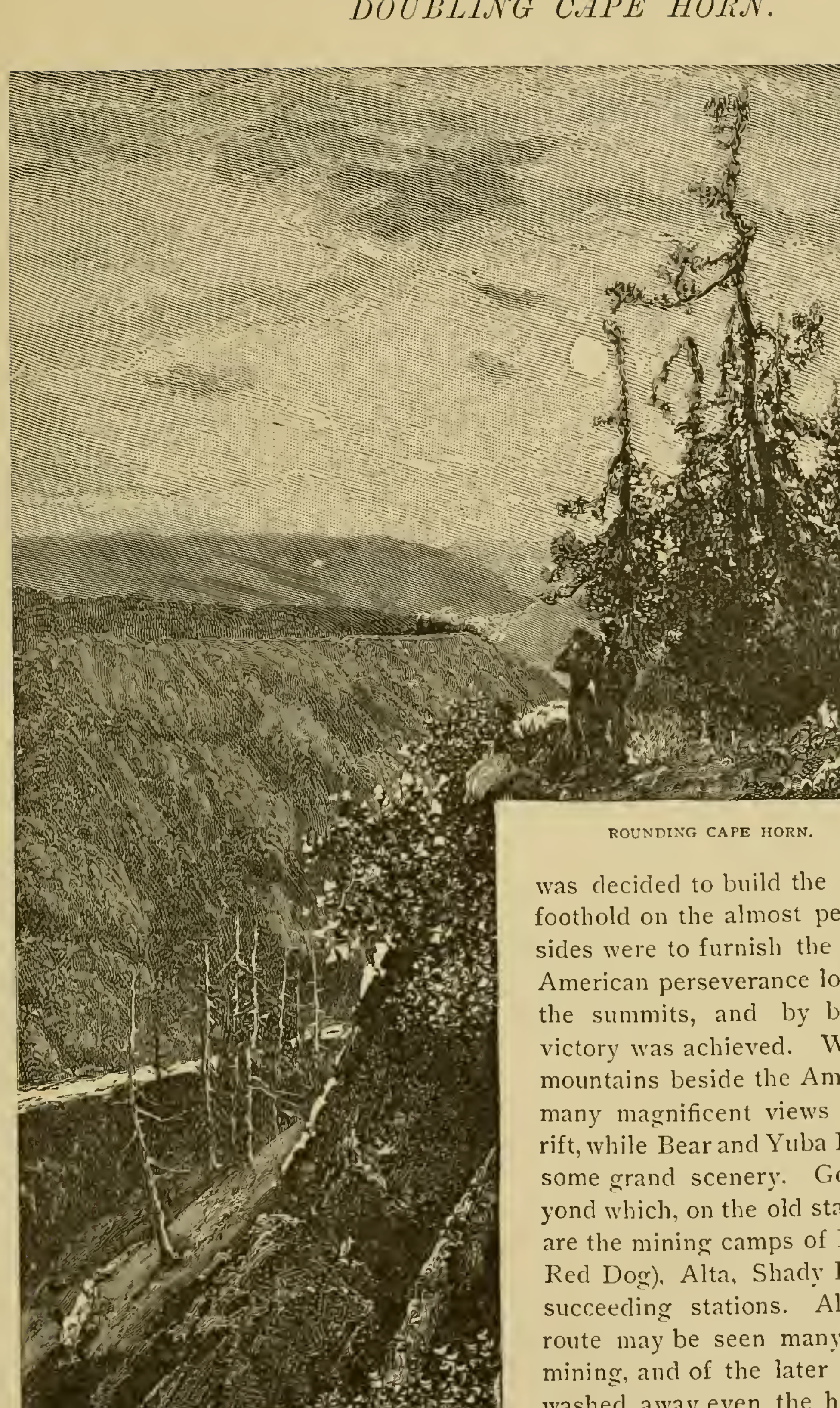
We are on the Southern Pacific Company's Ogden line, and are passing through a section wherein every hill and valley, every rock and river flat have been examined by one or another of our party in our prospecting tours. But some of the old hills have been washed away, and some of the valleys filled by the hydraulic miners: and even where the country is unchanged in its topography, it appears in such a strange new dress of fruit trees, vines, and flowers, that we have to look closely to recognize localities once almost as familiar as the homes of our childhood. As we pass rapidly through Rocklin, Penryn, Newcastle, Auburn, Clipper Gap, and New England Mills, many of us look out at the places where we camped in '49, and wonder if we shall ever gaze upon them again.

At Colfax, where we halted half an hour for wood and water, we improved the time in looking around Illinoistown, as the place was formerly called. Attracted by the sight of so many men with gray heads, a crowd of the inhabitants collected, and asked us questions in genuine Yankee style until the thing grew monotonous, and Captain Thomes decided to give them their desired measure of information pressed down, heaped up, and running over. "I suppose," said a citizen, "that you all made your fortunes in the mining days, and that you return rich to look at the old places." "Yes," replied Captain Thomes, "of the 160 people on our train, 125 are men; and of these there is hardly one that is taxed for less than $500,000." Just then Patriarch Browne was seen approaching. "I wish," continued the captain, "I had one hundredth part of that man's wealth." "Who is he?" was eagerly asked by several bystanders. "Abraham Lincoln Rothschild." "Will he speak to us?" "Oh! yes, most certainly! He is a perfect gentleman, and a nephew of Baron Rothschild."

Captain Thomes and the rest of us were annoyed by no more questions, but Patriarch Browne found himself the lion of the hour. But he had had a hint of what was coming, and was equal to the occasion. He shook hands with the people with a benignity that is probably often spoken of at Colfax, in terms highly creditable to the family of Rothschild.

From Colfax we continue the ascent of the Sierra Nevadas. On the slopes, here and there, can still be seen the wooden tunnels formerly used to carry water to the mines.

A few miles beyond Colfax the railroad "doubles Cape Horn." The road here rounds a mountain promontory on a little shelf 2,000 feet above the bed of the American River, which appears at this height like a slender thread of silver. Stretching away to the right is a deep ravine, bordered by mountain walls, along which may be seen the stage road, which leads to the old mining town of Iowa Hill, where S. W. Foster, of the Boston *Journal*, was located in


ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

1854. The train was stopped at Cape Horn to give us time to enjoy the picturesque view. The river roars and foams as it rushes along its rock bed far below. We can sit in the cars and let stones drop almost perpendicularly into the water. Now we cross the American River by a strong bridge, and roll along the road bed of solid rock, just wide enough for our train. When it was decided to build the road here, there was no foothold on the almost perpendicular cliffs whose sides were to furnish the necessary support. But American perseverance lowered men in slings from the summits, and by blasting and picking the victory was achieved. We are now ascending the mountains beside the American River Cañon, and many magnificent views are had of that gigantic rift, while Bear and Yuba River Valleys also furnish some grand scenery. Gold Run, Dutch Flat (beyond which, on the old stage route to Nevada City, are the mining camps of Little York, You Bet, and Red Dog), Alta, Shady Run, and Blue Cañon are succeeding stations. All along this part of the route may be seen many traces of the old placer mining, and of the later hydraulic process, which washed away even the hills themselves. We are meanwhile climbing the steep walls of the Sierra, and snow sheds become familiar. These wonderful wooden tunnels cover over forty miles of the railway, and cost from $8,000 to $12,000 per mile. In places where masonry was needed, the cost was

$30,000 per mile. They were suggested by the practical mind of Vice-President Charles Crocker, recently deceased. Precautions against fire are very thorough. Corrugated plates of iron separate the buildings into sections, and in the great ten-mile shed there are automatic electric fire alarms. At the summit, a locomotive, with a tank of water, is kept fired up, in readiness to flood any section at a moment's warning.

We are now in the arms of winter and not a bare spot of earth can be seen beyond our tracks. At one place we stopped near the house of a farmer, who said the snow was six feet deep on the level, on his farm, fourteen feet deep on some of the mountains, and forty feet in some of the cañons. Yet that same morning we passed through fields and gardens radiant with summer bloom and bright with the hues of the semi-tropics. Truly, great are the snow-sheds of the Sierras!

From Sacramento to Summit, 107 miles, the ascent is 6,987 feet, and of this 5,258 feet — twenty-two feet less than a mile — is made in sixty-two miles, from Clipper Gap to Summit. The ascent from Shady Run to Summit, a distance of thirty-one miles is 2,881 feet, or over half a mile. On the eastern slopes the grades are lighter.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DONNER PARTY.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the winds bring down,
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold Nevada's crown!

— WHITTIER.

My sky is black and lowering, and seems closing about me like the grave. I tunnel through the days in total darkness.

— POE.

Just east of the summit, towards the north, we caught sight of "one of the fairest, and most picturesque lakes in all the Sierras. Above, and on either side, are lofty mountains, with castellated granite crests, while below, at the mouth of the lake, a grassy, meadowy valley widens out, and extends almost to Truckee. The body of water is three miles long, one and a half miles wide, and 483 feet in depth.

"Tourists and picnic parties annually flock to its shores, and Bierstadt has made it the subject of one of his finest, grandest paintings. In summer its willowy thickets, its groves of tamarack and forests of pine are the favorite haunts and resting places of the quail and grouse. Beautiful speckled mountain trout plentifully abound in its crystalline waters. A rippling breeze usually wimples and dimples its laughing surface, but in calmer moods it reflects, as in a polished mirror, the lofty, overhanging mountains, with every stately pine, bounding rivulet, blossoming shrub, waving fern, and high above all on the right, the clinging, thread-like line of the snow sheds of the Central Pacific. When the railroad was being constructed, 3,000 people dwelt on its shores. The surrounding forests resounded with the music of axes and saws, and the terrific blasts exploded in the lofty overshadowing cliffs, filled the cañons with reverberating thunders, and hurled huge boulders high in the air over the lake's quivering bosom.

"In winter it is almost as popular a pleasure resort as during the summer. The jingling of sleighbells, and the shouts and laughter of skating parties can be heard almost constantly. The lake forms the grandest skating park on the Pacific coast.

"Yet this same Donner Lake was the scene of one of the most thrilling, heart-rending tragedies ever recorded in California history. Interwoven with the very name of the lake are memories of a tale of destitution, loneliness, and despair which borders on the incredible. It is a tale that has been repeated in many a miner's cabin, by many a hunter's camp-fire, and in many a frontiersman's home, and everywhere it has been listened to with bated breath."

Although others traveled with them part of the way,— and some of these were not with them at the start,— the genuine Donner party, so far as its experience was peculiar, consisted of George Donner, Tamsen his wife, Frances E., Georgia A., and Eliza P., their children; also Elitha C. and Leanna C., children by a former wife; Jacob Donner, brother of George, Elizabeth his wife, George, Mary M., Isaac, Lewis, and Samuel, their children; also Solomon

GENERAL VIEW OF DONNER LAKE.

and William Hook, children of Elizabeth by an earlier marriage; James Frazier Reed, Margaret W. his wife, Virginia E. (now Mrs. J. M. Murphy), Martha F. (called Patty, and now Mrs. Frank Lewis), James F., Jr., and Thomas K., their children; also Mrs. Sarah Keyes, mother of Mrs. Reed; Baylis Williams and his half-sister Eliza, John Denton, Milton Elliott, James Smith, Walter Herron, and Noah James, the above all from Springfield, Ill.; Franklin Ward Graves, Elizabeth his wife, Mary A., William C., Eleanor, Lovina, Nancy, Jonathan B., F. W., Jr., Elizabeth, Jr., and Mrs. Sarah Fosdick, their children, the last accompanied by her husband, Jay Fosdick, and a friend of Jay, John Snyder, all from Marshall county, Ill.; Patrick Breen, Margaret his wife, John, Edward J., Patrick, Jr., Simon P., James F., Peter, and Isabella M., their children, from Keokuk, Ia., as also Patrick Dolan; William H. Eddy, Eleanor his wife, James P. and Margaret, their children, from Belleville, Ill.; Lavina Murphy, a widow, John L., Mary M., Lemuel B., William G., Simon P., Mrs. Harriet F. Pike, and Mrs. Sarah A. C. Foster, her children, Mrs. Pike accompanied by her husband William M., and their children, Naomi L. and Catherine, and Mrs. Foster by her husband William M., and their infant son George, the Fosters hailing from St. Louis and the others from Tennessee; William McCutchen, Amanda M. his wife, and Harriet their child, from Ray county, Mo.; Lewis Keseberg, Phillipine his wife, Ada and L., Jr., their children, also a Mr. and Mrs. Wolfinger, Joseph Rhinehart, Augustus Spitzer, and Charles Burger, from Germany; Samuel Shoemaker, Springfield, O.; Charles T. Stanton, Chicago; a Mr. Halloran, from St. Joseph, Mo.; a Mr. Hardcoop, from Antwerp, Belgium; Antoine, from New Mexico; John Baptiste, a Spaniard; and Lewis and Salvador, two Indians sent to relieve the party by Captain John A. Sutter, Sacramento,—ninety persons.

Nearly all came from localities then but sparsely settled, affording abundant opportunities to "grow up with the country;" yet, tempted by the fame of the fruitfulness, the healthfulness, and the almost tropical beauty of the land bordering the Pacific, and impelled by the restless, adventurous spirit of the pioneer, they raised the cry, "Ho! for California!" and with hearts beating high with hope, set out from Springfield, Ill., early in April, 1846. There were old men, with trusting families around them; mothers, whose very lives were wrapped up in their children; men, in the full strength of manhood's prime; maidens, in all the freshness and sweetness of budding womanhood; laughing children, and babes at the breast. Their road was difficult, little known, and in places almost unbroken, beset by wild animals and savage men; hunger, thirst, and fever were imminent; and trackless mountains were to be crossed, where, if belated, they must encounter biting cold, blinding snows, and utter destitution. But they felt no presentiment of coming doom, and gathered the sweet wild flowers of the prairie, as they marched, and passed many an evening in singing, dancing, and innocent plays.

On the fourth night out, a fire started somehow about half a mile from camp, and the west wind, blowing fierce and strong, carried the flames in great surging gusts through the tall prairie grass. It was very dark, and resin weeds, which here grow in bunches to the height of four or five feet could be seen between the fire and the guards. As the flames swayed past the weeds, the impression was very naturally produced that the latter were moving in the opposite direction. Believing that the Indians had set fire to the grass, and were moving in immense numbers between them and the fire to stampede the cattle and massacre the entire party, the aroused camp, armed to the teeth, marched out to give battle. It was a good joke, but the fact that it was bandied for weeks shows that the party was unusually light-hearted.

Near Manhattan, Kan., on May 30, they buried Mrs. Sarah Keyes, their first loss, in a coffin carefully fashioned from the trunk of a cottonwood.

With 150 pounds of flour and seventy-five pounds of meat apiece, and plenty of rice, beans, and corn meal; with game abundant, and thus far no scarcity of water; with wood for fuel usually at hand, and in its absence dry "buffalo chips" for the gathering, they had felt no pressing need, but that of having their wagon tires set, up to July 3, when a portion of the party reached Fort Laramie, and on the morrow gaily celebrated the national holiday. Nothing could seem more auspicious than their experience thus far, but appearances are deceptive, and in this very freedom from trouble and care lay, no doubt, the germ of all their future misfortunes. Toil, danger, and privation bind men together; while ease, security, and plenty, too often breed dissension. Already signs of disagreement could be noted, which increased until, owing to slight differences of opinion as to the best route and the want of strict obedience to the captain they had chosen, the party broke up into five companies, and remained separated for a day or two, the five camps being pitched one night within a space five miles in diameter. Brought together by necessity at the ford of a wide river, they "made up," and shook hands with the utmost good feeling. Yet the very next morning they were late in starting, delayed by a long argument as to the best plan for the day. These dissensions began under Captain Russell, their early leader, and continued under George Donner, who was chosen captain July 20, at Little Sandy River. From travelers meeting and overtaking them, they learned that 538 wagons were on the plains that summer, bound for California and Oregon. Why did they separate so widely?

At Fort Bridger, Messrs. Bridger and Vasquez, who had a direct interest in furnishing the supplies that would be needed, urged them to turn from the old Fort Hall road, and take the newly-discovered "Hastings Cut-off" by Salt Lake, which latter, they said, could be reached in a week. Most of the emigrants went on by Fort Hall, but eighty-seven chose the "cut-off," which, pleasant at first, proved so rugged from high mountains and precipitous cañons that a month was spent on the way to the lake, twenty-one miles of the journey requiring twenty-eight days. Encamped at last near the shore September 3 and 4, Mr. Halloran, a poor consumptive seeking health, died, and was buried in a bed of salt. A day or two later they halted in the valley called "Twenty Wells," where good water and green grass were abundant; and then, without seeing either, they struggled for seventy-five miles, across —

"A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears to refresh the aching eye,
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round
Spread, void of living sight and sound."

James F. Reed's eighteen oxen, wild with thirst, stampeded and left nine persons destitute, 800 miles from California, with only one cow and one steer to draw their load. Carrying the children in their arms, the adults toiled over the burning sands until they reached the camp; when, for a week, the whole Donner company made unavailing search for the lost cattle. At last F. W. Graves and Patrick Breen each lent an ox; the cow and the steer were yoked; and such property as the Reeds could not carry was "cached" or buried. A careful inventory of the provisions of the whole party showed that there was not enough to last until California could be reached, even with pleasant weather; while that night the snowflakes, falling silently and soft and slow on the hills around them, came heavy and chill upon the bravest.

hearts as they thought of the lateness of the season with the mountains yet to be crossed. In solemn council it was decided that their forlorn hope lay in having one or two push on with prayers for relief to Captain Sutter, and return with supplies. For this perilous task Wm. McCutchen and C. T. Stanton volunteered, and immediately started.

Of many interesting love episodes, the tenderest was the betrothal of handsome, strong John Snyder, twenty-three years old, and the life of the party, to Mary A. Graves, nineteen, tall and stately, with classic Grecian features, and a disposition that endeared her to all. One day it seemed as if nothing went right, and at last even pleasant John Snyder took umbrage at what he considered Milton Elliott's gross fault in handling cattle, and used some very bad language, at the same time beating his own oxen terribly. Just then James F. Reed, returning from hunting, remonstrated with Snyder, and offered the use of his four cattle, but met a harsh refusal. Reed tried to calm the excited man, but both were quick-tempered, although usually warm friends; and as words rapidly multiplied on both sides, Snyder struck Reed three heavy blows on the head with the butt of a whipstock. Mrs. Reed sprang between, as the stick was raised again. Her husband, although blinded by blood, and dazed and stunned, still knew that his wife was in danger, and cried appealingly, "John! John!" but down came the stroke full upon her head and shoulders. The next instant Reed's hunting-knife fell, and Snyder staggered, speechless and death-stricken. Immediately regretting the deed, despite the provocation, Reed threw the knife away, and, pushing aside his wife and daughters, who sought to staunch his wounds, went to aid the dying. John lived but fifteen minutes, and his burial was followed by a council, at which the feeling ran so high that, although the act had been one of self-defence, a wagon-tongue was propped up by an ox-yoke, with the intention of hanging Reed then and there; but calmer counsel finally commuted the sentence to banishment without food or weapons. His daughter Virginia, however, managed to follow him, and carry his faithful rifle, with powder and lead in abundance. Leaving her in tears, he set out, accompanied by Walter Herron, at the wish of the latter. His family, left almost without a team, without husband and father, and but scantily supplied with provisions, followed the party in gloom, lightened only when occasionally they would find a letter left in the top of some bush, or in a split stick by the wayside, or feathers which he would scatter when he killed a goose or a duck. But at last a time came when these were found no more, and Mrs. Reed had already begun to fail, dying of a broken heart; when suddenly all her life, and energy, and determination were again aroused into being by the danger, the fear, the certainty that, but for almost superhuman efforts, her children must starve before her eyes.

Only enough to support life was allowed now to any one, the cattle, too, finding only scanty grass of poor quality. The water was filled with alkali and other poisonous deposits, and oxen and horses died. Indians, too cowardly to attack by day, would shoot arrows into oxen by night. One morning they stole twenty-one head during the temporary absence of the guard at breakfast. Men, women, and children had to walk all day, and carry heavy loads besides; and only the sick, the little children, and the utterly exhausted were ever allowed to ride. Mr. Hardcoop, sixty years old, became sick, feeble, and almost helpless, yet he staggered on until his swollen feet actually burst, when his only companion pushed on to catch up with the train. It was too late then for succor, and the poor old man was left to die of his sufferings, of cold and hunger, or by wild animals, or Indians,— whichever in mercy should afford most speedy relief. Five days later, October 14, Mr. Wolfinger got behind, and was murdered. Keseberg was suspected, but later Rhinehart made partial confession. Mrs. Wolfinger supposed the Indians had killed her husband, and hired Charles Burger to drive the team thereafter.

On October 19, C. T. Stanton of the forlorn hope was met with seven mules, five loaded with flour and dried beef from Captain Sutter, who sent them to total strangers, together with two Indian vaqueros for guides, without the slightest compensation or security. McCutchen had been severely ill, and was unable to return. The situation of affairs was now completely changed, and by a prompt advance the party could have passed the summits before the storms began; but for some reason it was decided to rest the cattle three or four days near the present site of Reno, before ascending the difficult Sierras.

Apprehensive, however, of further scarcity, it was decided to again send two men to Captain Sutter for aid; and two brothers-in-law, William Foster and William Pike, volunteered, and had already begun to clean an old-fashioned "pepper-box" pistol to take with them, when wood was called for to replenish the fire. One of the men offered to get it, and, in order to do so, handed the pistol to the other. Somehow, in the transfer, Pike was wounded, and died in twenty minutes, leaving a widow, a daughter of three, and a babe of a few months.

ENCOUNTERING THE BLIZZARD.

To the Donner party this death seemed ominous of an overshadowing fate. In sullen sadness they resumed their journey. What was their dismay, as they caught a glimpse of the mountains, to see the storm clouds of winter already assembling around the loftier crests! October 23, they became thoroughly alarmed at the constantly darkening clouds, and pushed forward with all haste, but too late; for on the 28th, at Prosser Creek, three miles below Truckee, they found themselves encompassed with six inches of snow, with the mountain

summits buried from two to five feet. In consternation and wildest confusion they tried to cross the mountain barrier, but without concert of action or even harmony of plan the thing was impossible; and on the 31st, baffled, wearied, disheartened, the party met at the foot of the lake to which their sufferings were to give a name.

At last, after many desultory efforts, a systematic and determined attempt was made to cross the summit over the trackless drifts; and, through a dismal, drizzling, discouraging rain, they toiled amid large boulders and irregular, jutting cliffs, along dizzy precipices and yawning chasms, and through, across, or around deep cañons, until, just before nightfall, they reached the precipice where the present wagon road intercepts the snow-sheds of the Central Pacific Railroad. Here, for the first time since they chose the Hastings Cut-Off, the great and overwhelming danger made them forget their petty animosities, and all agreed upon a plan for the morrow. The mules and cattle were to be slain, and their meat stored for emergencies. The wagons, with their contents, were to be left at the lake, and all were to cross the summits on foot. Encouraged, they sought their weary couches; but that night "He, who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them" upon the devoted company in large, steady masses. One of the Indians silently wrapped his blanket around him, and, in deepest dejection, seated himself beside a tall pine, moving only to keep from being covered. Mrs. Reed spread a shawl, placed her four children in it, put another shawl over them, and sat by their side through the long hours of darkness, occasionally shaking the upper shawl. The storm continued several days, with but slight interruptions. The mules and oxen, blinded and bewildered, strayed away and were buried. The mules were never found. Such of the oxen as were found alive were killed, and the meat of those found dead was carefully collected, preserved by the cold. Brush sheds were built, covered with pine boughs, coats, quilts, and the like, and in these they prepared to pass the winter,— eighty-one persons. It was resolved, however, that, at the earliest possible moment, the strongest should try to cross and reach the settlements. November 12, a dozen or more made the attempt, but had to return. Most of these were unmarried men, with no one in the camp dependent upon them. They made the first attempt to escape, and, failing, most of them never again rallied or even struggled for existence. On the other hand, the heads of dependent families hoped against hope, and struggled to the last. Mr. F. W. Graves, who was from Vermont, was the only one who knew how snow-shoes were constructed. He made fifteen pairs of the ox-bows and rawhide, and with these, after various unsuccessful attempts had been made without such aid, a party of fifteen succeeded. Who were they? Mothers, whose babes would starve unless they went; fathers, whose wives and children would perish otherwise; and children, whose aged parents could not survive unless the children, by leaving, increased the parents' share of food; the two Indian guides; the brave C. T. Stanton, who said, "I will bring help to these famishing people, or lay down my life;" and the Irishman, Patrick Dolan, who in order that his beef, of which he had enough to last him until spring, might be used for the destitute Reed family.

They traveled at best but four to six miles daily, suffering from hunger, exertion, and snow blindness. Stanton suffered worst of all; he would fall behind all day, and come into camp late. On the fifth morning, noticing that Stanton sat smoking by the smouldering fire, as the company started, Mary Graves went up to him, and kindly asked if he were coming. "Yes," he replied, "I am coming soon;" but he did not overtake them again. They would have returned for him, but they could not carry him through the deep snow, and the failure of their food supply, together with the darkening clouds, warned them not to delay. The long, pitiless storm came, and there, in the desolate waste the idea was first advanced that life might be sustained if some one were to perish. For a week they had eaten one ounce of meat each meal,

and for the last two days nothing. Foster and others opposed drawing lots, but slips of paper were prepared, and the longest — the fatal slip — fell to Patrick Dolan. Who would take the life of the man who had given up his abundance of food, and joined a forlorn hope that others might live? With one accord all rose to their feet, and staggered forward, as if to flee from their horrid thoughts, floundering two or three miles, when they pitched the "Camp of Death," Friday, Dec. 25, where they remained until the 29th, while most of the time there raged one of the most furious storms ever witnessed in the Sierras. On the second night they lost their only hatchet in the loose snow, while trying to kindle a fire; and, after having succeeded with the greatest difficulty, their fire, which had melted the snow under it, suddenly disappeared altogether, and through the round opening they could hear far down in the darkness, during a lull of the storm, the sound of rushing waters. The wind increased to a tornado, chilling to the marrow. About midnight Antoine ceased to breathe, and F. W. Graves, dying, urged the others — pleaded with them — to support life from his body; but they could not yet. With two of their number dead, and Patrick Dolan fast failing, W. H. Eddy saw that warmth must be obtained speedily, or all would perish. He spread a blanket on the snow, huddled his companions on it in a circle, with their heads outward, spread another blanket above them, and then crawled into a place he had left vacant. The snow soon covered them, and they were comfortably warm, it being necessary merely to take care not to be buried alive. The next day Dolan died. When the storm broke away at last, December 27, they had been more than four days without food, and two and a half without fire. The next night Lemuel Murphy breathed his last. Who shall judge them harshly for divesting the four dead bodies of flesh, satisfying present hunger, and drying the rest? The emaciated bodies yielded but a scanty supply, which was exhausted by the 31st, and on New Year's morning they ate moccasins, and strings from snowshoes. The two Indians, Lewis and Salvador, would not partake of this food, but built their fire apart, and starved in silence until they heard their names mentioned ominously, when they fled in the darkness. January 4 a deer was shot, and body, head, feet, and hide were all eaten. That night Jay Fosdick died, and his widow, although she would not touch it herself, consented that others should use the body. January 6 they were again out of food, and on the 7th they found bloody tracks, which they knew had been made by Lewis and Salvador, who had not eaten for nine days, and had been without fire or blankets four days.

They were unable to move when the seven famished whites overtook them and passed on, unwilling to deprive the faithful fellows of life. But soon they could go no further without nourishment, and William Foster, who alone could do it, returned and told the Indians that he felt compelled to take their lives. They did not moan or struggle, or appear to regret that their lingering pain was to cease. Two reports of a gun followed; the wasted flesh, dried, afforded food for a few days; and the party, sliding down deep cañons, plunging out of sight in the snow at the bottom, toiling wearily up the other side, and clambering over mountains, their shoes almost rotted from their frozen feet, had at last found the snow growing less deep until it disappeared, or lay only in patches; but they were again starving, and about to give up hope, when some one cried, "Here are tracks!" Encouraged, they hurried on as fast as they could, and soon came in view of an Indian rancherie. In abject fear of the tattered, disheveled, skeleton creatures, the savages ran and hid; but soon, understanding that they were starving men and women, the Indian women and children cried at the sight, and the braves offered acorn bread, all they had. They ate eagerly, and after resting, pressed on, the Indians leading and supplying them with the bread. Their joy at escaping, as they supposed, and at being able soon to relieve those at Donner Lake, was soon turned into horror, however, when they learned that, while this bread would relieve the pangs of hunger largely, it would

not long sustain life, debilitated as they were. They were obliged to lie down and rest at frequent intervals — soon every hundred yards — and, at last, after being with the Indians seven days, they lay down, feeling that they should never have strength to to take another step. With the broad, beautiful, long-looked-for valley of the Sacramento before their eyes, and the ever-pleading faces of their starving dear ones behind, yet vividly present to their minds, they sank, apparently to rise no more alive.

But the Indians, seeing that William H. Eddy was hardly so near death's door as his companions, lifted him from the earth, supported him on either side, and fairly carried him along. His feet moved, but they were frozen and blistered and cracked and bleeding.

Reasin P. Tucker, who, with his family, had accompanied the Donner party as far as Port Bridger, had taken the Fort Hall road, and reached Johnson's Ranch, Cal., Oct. 25, 1846. One evening, about the last of January, an Indian led in a white man, emaciated, haggard, and debilitated, apparently, to the limit of human endurance. It was Eddy, who told how, thirty-two days before, he had left the party at the lake, and described their condition and that of his six friends a few miles back. With three others, and the Indian as guide, Tucker at once started with provisions, found the six that night, and brought them in next day, Mrs. Amanda M. McCutchen, Mrs. Harriet F. Pike, Mrs. Sarah Fosdick, Mrs. S. A. C. Foster, William M. Foster, and Mary A. Graves.

There were but three or four poor families at Johnson's Ranch, and a rainy winter had flooded Sacramento plains into a vast quagmire, while relief could not be sent without help from Sutter's Fort: but John Rhodes volunteered, and on two pine logs lashed together with rawhides and for miles on foot through water from one to three feet deep, reached the Fort that night. Generous Captain Sutter and Alcalde Sinclair gave provisions without stint, and in about a week the first relief party, John Rhodes, Daniel Rhodes, Aquilla Glover, R. S. Mootrey, Joseph Foster, Edward Coffeemire, M. D. Ritchie, James Curtis, William H. Eddy, William Coon, George W. Tucker, and Adolph Brueheim started from Johnson's Ranch with R. P. Tucker as Captain; and after a fearful journey of two weeks through drenching rains and floods in the valleys, and drifted and drifting snows in the mountains, reached Donner Lake seven strong, the others having to return, unequal to the task.

Jacob Donner, Samuel Shoemaker, Joseph Rhinehart, and James Smith had died within one week, about the middle of December; Baylis Williams had starved in the Graves cabin; and later Charles Burger, Lewis Keseberg, Jr., John L. Murphy, Margaret Eddy, Harriet McCutchen, Augustus Spitzer, Mrs. Eleanor Eddy, Milton Elliott, and little Catherine Pike had succumbed, the last having held out on snow water and flour only to die after relief had come. George Donner's family had only a single ox-hide for food, and the others were on very scanty allowance, They took courage, however, and celebrated February 22 by starting for California, the seven, and all who could walk or be carried, twenty-three more — Mrs. Margaret W. Reed and four children, Virginia E., Patty, Thomas, and James F. Jr., Elitha C. and Leanna C. Donner, William Hook and George Donner, Jr., William G. Murphy, Mary M. Murphy, and Naomi L. Pike; William C., Eleanor and Lovina Graves; Mrs. Phillipine and Ada Keseberg; Edward J. and Simon P. Breen; Eliza Williams, John Denton, Noah James, and Mrs. Wolfinger. Patty and Thomas Reed proved too weak and weary to walk, and had to be sent back. Ada Keseberg died that night and was buried in the snow. The next day John Denton was missed, found, and brought in; the next he could not walk; so his companions built a fire, fed him as best they could, and at his request continued their sorrowful march. Tucker's party had left part of their provisions in Summit Valley, tied up in a tree. Returning, their food exhausted, they entered the valley with rejoicing, but only to find that

wild animals, gnawing the ropes, and lowering the provisions, had destroyed all. Death seemed inevitable.

Meanwhile, for weeks, James F. Reed had not been idle. He and Herron almost starved on the Sierra Nevadas, at one time considering themselves providentially saved by finding five beans in the road, one after another, and again some rancid tallow in a tar bucket under an old wagon. When they arrived at Captain Sutter's, they found all astir in the effort to enlist a company to go to Los Angeles, as we were at war with Mexico. Reed was asked to

LEAVING THE WEAK TO DIE.

be captain, but declined, as he would have to stay; but he did accept a lieutenancy, and on the way up Bear valley enlisted a dozen men. With flour and beef from Sutter, and joined by McCutchen, who had recovered, they tried to cross the mountains, but failed; succeeding, however, in rescuing a Mr. Curtis and wife, who had got snowed in almost within sight of the settlements. It was an unfortunate time to seek for aid of the kind needed, with war raging; but at Sacramento, San Francisco, Sutter's Fort, and Johnson's Ranch provisions were contributed, with $1,000 from the people of San Francisco and $300 from the sailors of the fleet in the harbor; and after great hardships Reed, with Charles Cady, Charles Stone, Mr. Clark, Joseph Jondro, Mathew Dofar, John Turner, Hiram Miller, William McCutchen, and Brit. Greenwood met Tucker's party just as the latter were about to abandon all hope. The provisions brought, and others cached at Bear valley and unmolested, saved all but one.

William Hook, not satisfied with the small amount given out at first for prudential reasons went slyly to the food, ate until hunger was appeased, and died in a few hours.

Advancing toward Donner Lake, Reed's party found John Denton lying dead, a pencil by his side, and on the leaf of a memorandum book near, the lines: —

"Oh! after many roving years
How sweet it is to come
Back to the dwelling-place of youth,
Our first and dearest home;
To turn away our wearied eyes
From proud ambition's towers,
And wander in those summer fields,
The scenes of boyhood's hours.

"But I am changed since last I gazed
Upon that tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old witch elm
That shades the village green;
And watched my boat upon the brook,—
It was a regal galley,—
And sighed not for a joy on earth
Beyond the happy valley.

"I wish I could once more recall
That bright and blissful joy,
And summon to my weary heart
The feelings of a boy.
But now on scenes of past delight
I look, and feel no pleasure,
As misers on the bed of death
Gaze coldly on their treasure."

At the cabins, about the only food for several days had been hides. The dead bodies had been talked of, but not touched. A solitary Indian, passing, had left half a dozen roots resembling onions. Clark, Cady, and Stone were left to aid the emigrants, and the others of Reed's party started with Patrick Breen, Mrs. Margaret Breen, John, James F., Peter, Isabella M., and Patrick Breen, Jr., Patty and Thomas Reed, Isaac and Mary M. Donner, Solomon Hook, Jonathan, Mrs. Elizabeth, Nancy, and Elizabeth Graves, Jr. Three days of forced marches brought them to Summit valley; but that third night a mountain blizzard, cold and cutting, swept sullenly down upon them.

"Exposed to the fury of the wind and storm, shelterless, supperless, overwhelmed with discouragement, the entire party sank down exhausted upon the snow. The entire party? No! There was one man who never ceased to work. When a fire had been kindled, and nearly every one had given up, this one man, unaided, continued to strive to erect some sort of a shelter to protect the defenceless women and children. Planting large pine boughs in the snow, he banked up the snow on either side of them so as to form a wall. Hour after hour, in the darkness and raging storm, he toiled on alone, building the sheltering breastwork which was to ward off death from the party who, by this time, had crept shiveringly under its protection. But for this shelter all would have perished before morning. At midnight the man was still at work. The darting snow particles seemed to cut his eye-balls, and the glare of the fire,

and the great physical exhaustion under which he was laboring, gradually rendered him blind. Like his companions, he had borne a child in his arms all day over the soft, yielding snow. Like them he was drenched to the skin, and his clothing was frozen stiff and hard with ice. Yet he kept up the fire, built a great sheltering wall about the sufferers, and went here and there amongst the wailing and dying. With unabated violence the storm continued its relentless fury. The survivors say it was the coldest night they ever experienced. There is a limit to human endurance. The man was getting stone blind. Had he attempted to speak, his tongue would have cloven to the roof of his mouth. His senses were chilled, blunted, dead. Sleep had stilled the plaintive cries of those about him. All was silent save the storm. Without knowing it, this heroic man was yielding to a sleep more powerful than that which had overtaken his companions. While trying to save those who were weaker than himself, he had been literally freezing. Sightless, benumbed, moving half unconsciously about his work, he staggered, staggered, staggered, and finally sank in the snow. All slept! As he put no more fuel upon the fire, the flames died down. The logs upon which the fire had rested gave way, and most of the coals fell upon the snow. They were in almost total darkness. Mrs. Breen awoke, and aroused the camp. Hiram Miller's hands were so cold and frosted that the skin on his fingers cracked open when he tried to split some kindlings. Meantime, he who had been working throughout the night was found — lying cold, speechless, and, apparently, dead upon the snow. Hiram Miller and William McCutchen carried the man to the fire, chafed his hands and limbs, rubbed his body vigorously, and worked with him as hard as they could for two hours before he showed signs of returning consciousness; but at length they restored — James F. Reed,"—*the man they had banished weeks before.*

The relief party, seeing that they could not take the others along, left them at "Starved Camp," carrying Thomas Reed, while Patty Reed and Solomon Hook walked; and found Past-midshipman S. E. Woodworth, who had been sent with abundant supplies, lying idly in camp at Bear Valley, just as William M. Foster and William H. Eddy, survivors of the "Forlorn Hope," came from the opposite direction. Learning the state of affairs, these two, with Hiram Miller and Charles Stone, who had just returned, fatigued and almost starved, from the second relief, and William Thompson, John Stark, and Howard Oakley, at once set out, and, at the end of nine days, found two who could walk, nine others alive, and Mrs. Elizabeth Graves, Franklin Graves, and Isaac Donner dead. It was agreed that Stark, Oakley, and Stone should remain with the sufferers at "Starved Camp," supply them with food, and conduct them to Woodworth's Camp, the others going to relieve those at Donner Lake. Stone and Oakley, afraid of being overtaken by a snow storm, thought they should take the three Graves children and Mary Donner, leaving the others for a future relief party. A vote was taken, which was "aye" until Stark said: "No, gentlemen, I will not abandon these people. I am here on an errand of mercy, and I will not half do the work. You can all go if you want to, but I shall stay by these people while they and I live." The others left him, as voted, but Stark actually conducted the five, carrying one or two a short distance, and returning for others, although loaded with the provisions and most of the blankets, and at last reached Sutter's Fort.

Jacob Donner's widow, Elizabeth, at Donner Lake, had devoted all her energies to her children, sending them forward with relief parties as opportunity offered. But her two youngest boys were too small to walk; and, although well able to go herself, Mrs. Donner would not desert her children. She died soon after the second relief left, Lewis about the same time, and Samuel, who had been taken by Tamsen Donner, a few days later, George Foster and James Eddy dying about the same time.

The third relief arrived about March 15, and left as soon as possible, taking Georgia, Frances, and Eliza Donner, and Simon Murphy on their shoulders, John Baptiste and Clark of the second relief accompanying; and all reached Sutter's Fort in safety. They left George Donner, who had injured his hand before reaching the lake, with his arm mortified to the shoulder, and death imminent; his wife Tamsen, a woman of rare ability and noble traits of character, able to go herself, but unwilling to leave her dying husband; Lavina Murphy, too feeble to walk; and Lewis Keseberg.

The fourth relief, Capt. Fallon, W. M. Foster, John Rhodes, J. Foster, R. P. Tucker, E. Coffeemire, and Mr. Keyser, arrived April 17, and found only Keseberg alive. On their return Keseberg was boiling snow water for coffee one night, when, noticing a little piece of calico protruding from the snow, he pulled it, half thoughtlessly, half out of idle curiosity. As it did not come readily he pulled strongly, and held in his hands the body of his child Ada, whom he supposed to be alive in the settlements. Out of ninety but forty-eight reached California; the remainder of the Donner party died as described.

I have written the above outline from the story told us by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Murphy at San Jose, supplemented by quotations from the History of the Donner Party, by C. F. McGlashan, who says: "The delirium preceding death by starvation is full of strange phantasies. Visions of plenty, of comfort, of elegance, flit ever before the fast-dimming eyes. The final twilight of death is a brief semi-consciousness in which the dying one frequently repeats his weird dreams. Half rising from his snowy couch, pointing upward, one of the death-stricken at Donner Lake may have said, with tremulous voice: "Look! there, just above us, is a beautiful house. It is of costliest walnut, inlaid with laurel and ebony, and is resplendent with burnished silver. Magnificent in all its apartments, it is furnished like a palace. It is rich with costly cushions, elegant tapestries, dazzling mirrors; its floor is covered with Oriental carpets, its ceiling with artistic frescoings; downy cushions invite the weary to repose. It is filled with people who are chatting, laughing, and singing, joyous and care-free, There is an abundance of warmth and rare viands, and sparkling wines. Suspended among the storm-clouds, it is flying along the face of the precipice at a marvelous speed. Flying? no! it has wheels and is gliding along on a smooth steel pathway. It is sheltered from the wind and snow by large beams and huge posts which are bolted to the cliffs with heavy iron rods. The avalanches, with their burden of earth and rocks, and crushed pines, sweep harmlessly above this beautiful house and its happy inmates. It is drawn by neither oxen nor horses, but by a fiery, hot-breathed monster, with iron limbs and thews of steel. The mountain trembles beneath his tread, and the rocks for miles re-echo his roar."

The vision would apply well to our magnificent train, as we rolled down the cañon of Donner Creek into Truckee, the last California town of importance.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM TRUCKEE TO SALT LAKE CITY.

Buzzing over mountains, whizzing through the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant — riding on a rail.

— SAXE.

IT was eleven o'clock P. M. when we reached Truckee, and supper was most welcome. Here we said good-by to Dr. W. B. May, of San Francisco, a Southern Pacific Railroad passenger agent, who joined our party when we entered California at "The Needles," and accompanied us to all our principal stopping-places, introducing us, giving information, and aiding us by every means in his power. We were, indeed, sorry to part with one to whom we were indebted for so much enjoyment and instruction.

This place, as far as we could see, reminds one of an Alpine village. There is a large machine shop here, and millions of feet of lumber cut near by are shipped yearly.

That night, as the first rain we had had for weeks pattered upon the roofs of the cars, more than one dreamed of the wonderful Shady Run, through which we passed the day before. For miles this gorge extends with walls 2,000 feet high, and so perpendicular that it is said that the river, which flows so grandly below, has never been ascended. But if the depths are so grand and mysterious, what shall be said of the mountain sides which rise thousands of feet above the railroad, with other summits beyond piercing the clouds? It is a railroad journey along the pathway of the eagles, with apparently but a span between earth and heaven.

About a dozen miles from Truckee we entered Nevada, near the little station of Bronco, and soon after reached Reno, one of the liveliest and most flourishing towns of the Silver State. Nevada has an area of 104,125 square miles, and is therefore nearly as large as Colorado. The Southern Pacific Company's Ogden line traverses it for 456 miles, and the route presents all the characteristic scenery for which this State is famed, comprising bold and rugged mountains capped with snow, and wide stretches of desert plain. Wadsworth, Humboldt, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Carlin, Elko, and Wells are places of more or less importance. Indians, generally Shoshones or Piutes, are frequently seen about the stations, and now and then a squaw brings her papoose for inspection. There are several Indian villages near the railway. One of the wonderful natural features of the great Nevada and Utah Basin, sometimes called the great American desert, is found in the numerous "sinks," where rivers disappear in the sandy or gravelly earth. The Humboldt, Carson, Truckee, and many other streams empty into lakes that have no visible outlets.

Another feature of the Humboldt desert is the alkali dust, which reminds me of a good story by Major Truman: —

Andrew Jackson Hathaway, in 1849, was a well-to-do young farmer of Iowa, with a wife precisely such as a thriving young farmer should possess; a bright boy of twelve, and a sweet-tempered daughter of between ten and eleven years of age, constituted the two domestic idols of the Hathaway altar. Their names were, respectively, William Henry Harrison Hathaway

and Janet Dalrymple Hathaway. The father of the elder Hathaway had served as a lieutenant under Jackson at New Orleans, and belonged to a prime family, of Davidson county, Tennessee, which had formerly lived in Virginia, and had good revolutionary blood in its veins. Andrew Jackson Hathaway's father's helpmeet came from a representative Rhode Island family, and, according to the archives of Providence plantations, a family renowned for its deeds of valor during the "times that tried men's souls." This little bit of pedigree has nothing much to do with the sketch that follows, although pedigree sometimes helps a man as it almost always does a horse. And, again, it is as well to show that our Hathaway family had a pedigree that any American might be proud of; for Mrs. Hathaway, too, came from good revolutionary stock, with an even division of Massachusetts and South Carolina in the make-up. Her name was Vashti, she having been christened after an old maiden aunt of Fall River, Mass. Andrew and Vashti grew up on neighboring farms in Ohio, where both William Henry and Janet Dalrymple were born. It may not be uninteresting right here to state that the young love that existed between Andrew and Vashti was not entirely uninterrupted — on account of the youth of the parties, however — nothing else; and, whether they cared or not if the "man in the moon was looking," they each kept an eye upon the nocturnal movements of "the old stormer" (as Andrew felicitously nicknamed his sweetheart's suspecting sire), as night after night they exchanged sentiments, and something else, over the front yard gate.

It was upon one of these delightful occasions that Andrew and Vashti had plighted their troth, as had Lucy Dalrymple and Lord Rutherford almost two centuries before, by breaking a silver coin between them, and had mutually invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false to the compact.

The reader will perceive now why the Hathaways named their daughter Janet Dalrymple. And it may not be out of place — indeed it isn't — to state that, of all Scott's heroines, the "Bride of Lammermoor" is perhaps the most widely known. Her sad story, you know, is, in the main, true. The maiden's name was not Lucy, as Sir Walter has it, but Janet — Janet Dalrymple — who was a daughter of Lord Stair. She and Lord Rutherford had plighted their troth, had broken a silver coin between them, and had invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false to the compact. The parents of Lady Janet vehemently insisted on her marrying Dunbar, of Baldoon. The mother acted in the most cruel manner in forcing her daughter to this match. Janet, broken-hearted and helpless, managed to perfect an interview with her lover, and sobbed out a text from Numbers XXX., 2, 5, as an excuse for her obedience to her imperious and unrelenting parents' commands. The lovers parted in sorrow — Rutherford in great anger, and Janet overwhelmed with grief. The former had not in him the spirit of Young Lochinvar, nor the latter the wit to run away with him. The poor thing was, in fact, badly frightened. She was carried to church to be wed in a semi-crazed, certainly in a half-conscious, state. At night a hurricane of shrieks came from her bridal chamber, where the bridegroom was found on the floor, profusely bleeding from a stab, and the bride sat near, in her night clothes, bidding those who had rushed to the scene, "Take up your bonny bridegroom!" Janet died in three weeks, insane. Dunbar, of Baldoon, recovered, but never opened his lips on the causes which led to the tragedy. Lord Rutherford, the lover, died childless in 1685. It was a queer fancy of the Hathaways, this naming of Janet. Calling the boy after Harrison was entirely proper, and extremely American. It is as well to state, to keep up the connection, that Andrew and Vashti were married at the home of the latter in Ohio, in 1835. Andrew's father and mother both died in 1840, and Andrew inherited the Hathaway farm. In 1846 he and his family moved to Iowa, and here Hathaway farmed it until the winter of 1849–50.

It was a bitter cold day in December, 1849. The snow was piled six feet deep on a level, and the mercury marked 24 degrees below zero. That day Deacon Hathaway — for Andrew had joined the village church and had been made a pillar thereof — had two logging chains snapped into pieces by the intense cold; and the realization of some other mishaps made him red hot, although the atmosphere was unmistakably Siberian. Deacon as he was, Hathaway expectorated a multiplicity of Flanders oaths that day, and his arrival home was marked by no distinguishing exhibitions of serenity. Indeed, so exercised was Hathaway, that, while in the act of pulling off his boots, he got enraged and kicked one of them clean through the window. This little episode elicited a broad grin from William Henry, and the remark that he thought Jackson — a white mule, not the head of the family — had kicked over the corn crib; Janet glanced sympathetically at her mother — who had burst into tears simultaneously with the flight of the boot aforesaid — and then joined that good woman in her demonstration of grief. Andrew took in the domestic tableau at once; and dispatching William Henry for the boot, patted Vashti upon the forehead, and said: —

"I'm not mad at you, my dear, so don't cry."

"I know you're not mad at me, Andrew," responded Mrs. Hathaway, "but you lose control of yourself so much lately, that you make things very unpleasant at times. You ought to be ashamed of yourself — I say this very feelingly, Andrew, for I love you, oh, so very, very much — but here are Billy and Janny growing up so fast; and, my dear, you ought to at least set them no bad examples. Only a week ago you came home in another just such a fit, and ripped off both your back suspender buttons in your anger."

"But, Vashti — "

"Oh, you always have some excuse. I know things don't go always as you would like to have them; but there is no use in your getting mad,— and especially before the children. It nearly breaks Janny's heart to see you in a passion, and Billy, as you must have noticed, has already commenced to make fun of you. Another thing,— now that we are on the subject,— let me tell you, Andrew, that you are not only violent, and very violent, too, in your temper, at times, but you are very obstinately set in your ways. You never consult me, either, in any of your movements, and, when you make up your mind to do a thing, nothing except disappointment or disaster can change you. Don't you think it would be better, first, to make me acquainted with your projects, or some of them, and let me put my little stock of wisdom and womanly plans together with your hopes and undertakings? Two heads, you know, Andrew, are said to better than one, and it strikes me that husband and wife should be full partners; and it would be so pleasant, too. I want to share with you, as you ought to know, in all your pleasures and griefs, in all your prosperities and adversities. I want to be a part of you in all things, and at all times and places. I know you love me, and I know we get along *pretty* well, generally. And, were it not for your quick temper and obstinacy, we would be the happiest couple in the world. Now, I say this from the most loving standpoint, Andrew, and I say it for your own good, and for the happiness and future prosperity of you, my dear husband, myself, and our dear, loving children."

During this speech, Mrs. Hathaway and Janet had prepared the evening meal; William had plugged up the hole in the window with some cast-off garments, and the family sat down to supper.

The silence which followed Mrs. Hathaway's speech was broken by Janet, who inquired: —

"Papa, mamma says we are going to start for California in the spring. Is that really so?"

"That is really so," responded Mr. Hathaway.

"Yes, dear girl, we start for California in the spring," interrupted Mrs. Hathaway. "Your father apprised me of his intention a few days ago, and that settles it. Neither of us knows anything about that far-off country, although the St. Louis papers are full of glowing descriptions of the beautiful land of flowers and gold. Lots of Iowa folks are going through in the spring, and I don't mind breaking up and going west once more."

"They tell me that you can pick up gold in the rivers and on the roads out there in California," said William. "I don't believe that, but I do believe it's a better place than Iowa. It is too cold here. I don't like the winters here at all."

"You are right, William," remarked Mr. Hathaway, "the winters in California are as mild as they are in Florida, so Fremont says, and that is one reason why I want to go there. It is an old saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss, I know, and it may be a true one; but I have rolled so long and so often that I am going to try it once more. From the little I can glean from the newspapers, and from other sources of information, I am of the opinion that it is just the country for us to go to."

Spring came, and May found the Hathaways, with two good teams and wagons, half a dozen steers, two or three cows, two saddle horses, and a good stock of provisions, on their way to California.

The little party had good luck, losing none of their stock except the cows, and meeting neither hostile Indians nor thieving white men.

From the moment the party crossed the Missouri river, however, Hathaway's mode of action was never interfered with with any degree of success. He consulted neither Mrs. Hathaway nor any other living person. He made and broke camps when and wherever he pleased; watered his stock whenever he saw fit, and sought advice of no one or no thing except a map and a dial.

Upon leaving Salt Lake, Mrs. Hathaway hazarded a suggestion touching a choice of roads, and William Henry rallied to the support of his mother; Janet, however, stood by her father, and the mother and son yielded. But Mrs. Hathaway said:

"As we are evenly divided in our opinion as to which is the best road, Andrew, I will yield, as I always do; but I would like to ask you one question: Suppose I had *not* yielded my preference, and suppose Billy and Janny had preferred *my* road, what would *you* have done under the circumstances?"

"What would *I* have done? Why, my good woman, I would have gone right on just as I am — just as if no one were here but myself. I am the *head* of this expedition, and it *must* go my way. I don't propose to take advice from an old woman and a couple of children in this section of the wilderness — not as the roads are. I don't consider your judgment good in the premises, however much you may consult authorities. I have got a map and a general description of the country through which we are traveling, and I am going to stick to that compass if I never reach California."

"Why, Andrew!"

"No, there's no why, Andrew, about it. It is common-sense decision, and there can't be any appeal. I 'll say this, though: whenever, in *your* wisdom, you deem my course of pilgrimage uncertain or unsatisfactory, you can go some other way or take the back track altogether; and you may take the whole outfit with you, except the poorest saddle horse you can pick out. Now, I want you to remember, once for all, Vashti, that I am infernally tired of your fault-finding and suggestions. I am determined to have my own way. Whenever you want to go contrary to *my* way, let us separate."

"Why, Andrew Hathaway, what a speech!" ejaculated the wife. "Why, the children

themselves are amazed at you." And all sobbed bitterly except that obstinate man, Andrew Jackson Hathaway.

It was several days before perfect harmony again prevailed in the Hathaway camp, which, however, when it did set in, lasted until the party arrived at a point on the Humboldt desert, where the Lassen trail intersects that of the Carson.

At this point there had congregated some forty persons, of whom all but Hathaway had concluded to take the Lassen trail. Mrs. Hathaway was aware that her husband's map pointed out the Carson road as the one to be followed. She, however, preferred the Lassen trail, for the reason that a good crowd was going that way; and, further, because both William and Janet had besought her to prevail upon their father to change his mind. Thus fortified, Mrs. Hathaway approached her husband, who was seated upon a pile of blankets, repairing a bridle.

It was a lovely morning in September, and all things in nature seemed to smile. The imperial orb rode up the eastern sky and flung its splendors upon the majestic Sierra, which rose like battlements before it. There was inspiration in the scene and sublimity in the solitude of that vast landscape, untouched by hand of art.

Mrs. Hathaway opened the conversation by saying, in dulcet tones: —

"Andrew, I was just thinking, as I gazed upon those magnificent elevations before us, of the greatness of God. I have been in the most perfect state of enchantment for an hour, not only in surveying the mountains before us and the desert behind us, but meditating upon the conspicuous creations of our Heavenly Father. I never felt my littleness so much before; and, in the contemplation of the mysteries which transcend the scope of earthly penetration, I recall an anecdote of your father's, the effect of which has for many years been engraved upon the tablets of my heart — I mean the one he used to tell of old John Randolph of Virginia. Randolph was walking, one evening, accompanied by a favorite boy, you remember. All at once, arrested by a magnificent sunset in that incomparable section of Virginia known as the Shenandoah Valley, he violently seized the negro and said: 'Sam, if any man ever tells you there is no God, tell him that John Randolph *says he lies!*' The same sentiment seems to take possession of me as I gaze upon the Sierra Nevada mountains. By the by, Andrew, there is a man in the party here who has made the trip over the Sierra several times. He calls the mountains before us the rim of the golden valley, but says there is no time to be lost in getting over them, as the snow generally commences to descend in October, and sometimes falls to a depth of twenty odd feet. I wish you would have a little chat with him after you have mended that bridle, as he is greatly opposed to the Carson road. He says it is all dust and alkali."

"He does, eh? Well, you just tell Mr. Knows-It-All that I like dust and alkali, and for that very reason, if for no other, I am going to take the Carson road. I half thought your John Randolph story and other utterances were a blind to get at the softer part of me, but you can't do it," replied Hathaway, roughly.

"But," said Vashti, feelingly, "Billy and Janet both want to go by the Lassen trail. The whole party, in fact, start off in that direction in an hour."

"All right, let them start; that don't interfere with my plans in the least. My map directs me to go by the Carson road, and I am going that way if I go alone."

"Then you *may go alone*, Andrew Hathaway!" said Vashti, with unmistakable force and composure.

"What! you take the Lassen trail, and I the Carson?"

"That is precisely the situation, unless you consent to yield for once in your life, Mr. Hathaway," rejoined Vashti.

"And William and Janet, they ——?"

"Go with their mother by the Lassen trail," added Mrs. Hathaway.

"But you will become the laughing-stock of the whole party."

"You are the laughing-stock of the whole party, and I am heartily ashamed of you."

"But this is a serious turn affairs have taken, and you may regret it," said Andrew.

"It is most serious, Mr. Hathaway, and I regret that circumstances force me to act as I do," replied his wife.

"Then do as I want you to. I would rather stay right here all winter than take the Lassen trail."

"And I would remain right here all winter, and the summer following, rather than go one foot by the Carson road. My mind is made up. I propose to start in an hour. What do you say?"

"I say you go your way, and I will go mine."

In less than an hour Mrs. Hathaway, and her two children were on the Lassen road, and Andrew, astride of an old saddle horse, moved off sorrowfully in another direction.

Neither party looked back until a gap of many miles had been opened, each expecting that the other would yield. At last Andrew turned his animal about, and, to his utter astonishment, no living object met his gaze in that vast expanse. His heart sank within him. Great scalding tears chased each other down his rugged cheeks. Despair took possession of his soul, and the miserable man cried in agonizing accents: —

"*Divorced on the desert! My God! what have I done?*"

Then he wheeled about and pursued his course, the very incarnation of misery. Once he turned and rode a mile or two on a canter the other way. But the mountain breezes blew the dust before him, and he at times became completely enveloped in clouds of alkali sand and other sedimentary matter. With nerves and reason almost shattered, he went into camp weary and alone the first night of the separation. In the meantime, Mrs. Hathaway and her children had joined the party that had started in advance of them, and had got along as pleasantly as could have been expected under the circumstances. William firmly believed that his father would join them during the night, and when morning came and found him not, he burst into tears and wept bitterly. The mother was overwhelmed with grief, but only once did she give way to her feelings, and that was when Janet, at breakfast, said:

"I dreamed so much of my papa last night. Oh, my poor dear papa; I wonder where he is?"

These words went like daggers to the wife's heart, and then she wished to God that she had taken the Carson trail. She even went so far as to consult with her son upon the feasibility of returning; but William opposed such a course as adding folly to folly.

In about a month Mrs. Hathaway and her children arrived at Sacramento in good health, and without the loss of an animal. She sold her entire outfit for several hundred dollars; which amount, added to the thousand odd that she had safely tucked away in the lining of her dress, she invested in furniture, etc., and at once set up business as a hotel keeper. By dint of industry and perseverance, coupled with flush times in and about Sacramento, Mrs. Hathaway not only made lots of money, but really amassed a fortune. Up to 1852 both William and Janet assisted her in her household duties. Then she put them both to school, where Janet remained until she was graduated with honor. In 1857 William, who had clerked it with success at Marysville, went to San Francisco and engaged in the hardware business for himself, and married a Boston lady the following year. Janet, in 1858, married a rich farmer from Santa Clara county, and has lived to see children and grandchildren grow up around her. Mrs. Hathaway still lives, residing with her daughter at San Jose.

Andrew met with hard luck from the start. The third day after his separation his horse fell down and died, and he footed it into the mines of Northern California, taking out his first dust on the Feather river. Once he accumulated $5,000, and built a saw-mill, which was in a few months after destroyed by a storm. Then he again got together a few thousands of dollars, and commenced merchandising in Grass Valley; but a fire soon swept all of his property away. Then he went down into Southern California, and from there he drifted into New Mexico. At the commencement of the late hostilities between the North and the South, Hathaway was driving a stage coach in Texas. He at once joined the Confederate army, and was severely wounded at Pea Ridge while commanding a company in a regiment under Ben McCullough. He was again wounded at Chickamauga, under Longstreet, and was subsequently taken prisoner in Virginia, and sent to Columbus, O. In 1866, although fifty-one years of age, he joined the 14th United States Infantry as a private, and once more went to California. For twelve long years Hathaway again drifted about on the Pacific coast, never hearing a word of his family — William having retired from business, and gone to Europe a long time before — until one day in September, 1878, when he saw some mention of his wife's name in a San Jose paper.

As may be imagined, he made no delay in ascertaining the whereabouts of his long-lost beloved, and, on the 19th of September, 1878, just twenty-eight years from the day he was "divorced on the desert," his feeble steps carried him to the house that contained his wife. He rang the bell, and old Mrs. Hathaway answered the summons herself. Mutual recognition was instantaneous, and, without explanations, the aged couple hugged and kissed and blessed each other.

Then they rehearsed their histories from the time they broke camp in the Humboldt desert, twenty-eight years before. Andrew told in detail the stories of his unfortunate career, and Mrs. Hathaway briefly recited her successes, not forgetting to inform her husband how she had never retired at night without praying God to return him to her once more.

"And, now that we are reunited," said Mrs. Hathaway, with an affected air of earnestness, "I want to ask you one question."

"What is it, my darling, what is it?" cried the old man, in accents of tenderness and love.

"*How did you find the Carson road?*"

"*Miserable, Vashti, miserable,— all sand and alkali!*"

Then they embraced each other again, and were again united, after having been, twenty-eight years before, "Divorced on the Desert."

The Territory of Utah is reached just east of Tecoma, 679 miles from San Francisco and 155 miles from Ogden. The scenery is similar to that of Nevada, and, in fact, Tecoma is about in the centre of the desert. We approach the shores of the Great Salt Lake, about ninety miles west of Ogden, just beyond the station of Kelton. This remarkable inland sea covers about 3,000 square miles, its greatest length being ninety-three miles, and its greatest width forty-three miles. The elevation of the lake above the ocean is upwards of 4,200 feet, or higher than the top of the Alleghany Mountains. Its mean depth is about sixty feet, and there are numerous small islands, with one or two of considerable size. While the Atlantic Ocean contains 3½ per cent of solids, Great Salt Lake has 14 per cent, or only 10 per cent less than the Dead Sea. Promontory Point, where the last spike uniting the iron bands, which had stretched out from the Atlantic and from the Pacific, was driven May 10, 1869, is fifty-two miles from Ogden. Promontory is a small station, and is notable chiefly as being the place of meeting of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads. This event is commemorated in Bret Harte's poem, under the title of

WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

What was it the Engines said
Pilots touching — head to head,
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back?
This is what the Engines said
Unreported and unread:

With a prefatory screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the West
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And if altitude's a test,
Why, I reckon it's confessed,
That I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the East:
"They who work best talk the least.
S'pose you whistle down your brakes;
What you've done is no great shakes,—
Pretty fair,— but let our meeting
Be a different kind of greeting.
Let these folks with champagne stuffing,
Not their engines, do the *puffing*.

"Listen! Where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats;
Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the woods with wampum dyes,
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon,
Blessing all that he has blest,
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest
And before my flying feet
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"
And a long, low whistle blew.
"Come now, really that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest,—
You brag of your East! *you* do?
Why, I bring the East to *you!*
All the Orient, all Cathay,
Find through me the shortest way,
And the sun you follow here
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really,— if one must be rude —
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director."
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific,
But, when riled, I'm quite terrific,
Yet, to-day we shall not quarrel,
Just to show these folks this moral,
How two Engines — in their vision —
Once have met without collision."

That is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread;
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

Since the building of the Central Pacific Railroad, the population of California has increased at least 500,000, of whom probably more than half came by this route, at a saving of fully $100 to each one over the expense of travel by the old methods. For each one, too, there is a saving of time and a lessening of danger which it would be difficult to compute. In 1862 the Comstock Company paid $15,000,000 for transportation of freight from Virginia City to Sacramento. The year following the completion of the railroad, a larger amount was carried by rail for $1,250,000. In 1862 the United States government paid, for transporting mails, troops, and supplies to California and neighboring territories, $9,000,000, and for a greater service the next year, $1,500,000. But for the building of the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads it is probable that the other Pacific roads would not exist. Without these the fruit trade of California, as we know it, would be impossible. These are but a few of many facts tending to show that the building of these roads has already effected a saving of expense which, added to the resulting increase in the value of tributary territory, would far more than pay the cost of construction.

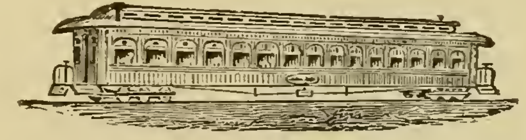
We should not forget, however, that, like many other blessings we enjoy, these roads are at our service only because, in the face of ridicule, discouragement, and danger, men were not wanting to plan and toil, dare and suffer, until success was at last achieved. *Then* everybody knew the road could be built, and only wondered it had not been constructed long before. Major Truman says: —

"Every new railroad in the far West has been full of cost to human life. First come the engineers, daring the perils of Indians and the wilderness. Then follow the gangs of 'navvies,' who build the dump, and lay the ties and rails.— a rough, wild set, the refuse of cities. With them come swarms of bloodsuckers, gamblers, thieves, and keepers of dance-halls, careless whether they win a man's money by a rigged faro bank, or 'hold him up,' or shoot him in the back on a dark night. No one knows their origin. They disappear on the completion of the railroad, and no one knows where they go. They leave a few graves behind them, and these deep woods are shadowed by many an unknown tragedy. The laborers are a source of profit to everyone except themselves. They eat and sleep in long trains of freight-cars; and their eating and sleeping fill the pockets of some contractor. They build the road, and receive their wages, and the wages are promptly transferred to the keeper of the gambling-tent, groggery, or dance-hall. Finally they are discharged. They return cooped up like cattle in freight-cars, they make for the mining-camps, or, provided with a 'tie-pass,' they pack their blankets on their backs, and set out on the tramp along the track. The best of them are kept for the section-gangs; the others vanish utterly away. With their departure and that of

their attendant evil spirits, a calm succeeds the storm. The stranded gambler talks mournfully of 'the lively times when the road was here;' but the Eastern visitor possesses his soul in peace, and no longer fears being 'held up' in the street."

The mountains surrounding the Salt Lake Basin are quite lofty, and upon near approach the Giant wall of the Wahsatch range, which rises on the east side, presents a very picturesque appearance.

Corinne and Brigham City are the chief towns passed through before reaching Ogden, which is the most important place in the Territory, after Salt Lake City. We here diverge from the direct eastern line, and proceed thirty-seven miles south by the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway, for the purpose of visiting the capital of Mormondom.



CHAPTER XXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY.

> Columbia, weep for the heartlessness, the selfishness, the pride,
> That bridge thy billowy waves of life and scatter their surges wide;
> Thy triumph waits on the farther shore, but oh, till thy conquest comes
> Mix not the tremble of ivory keys with the passionate throb of drums!
>
> SARAH CARMICHAEL.

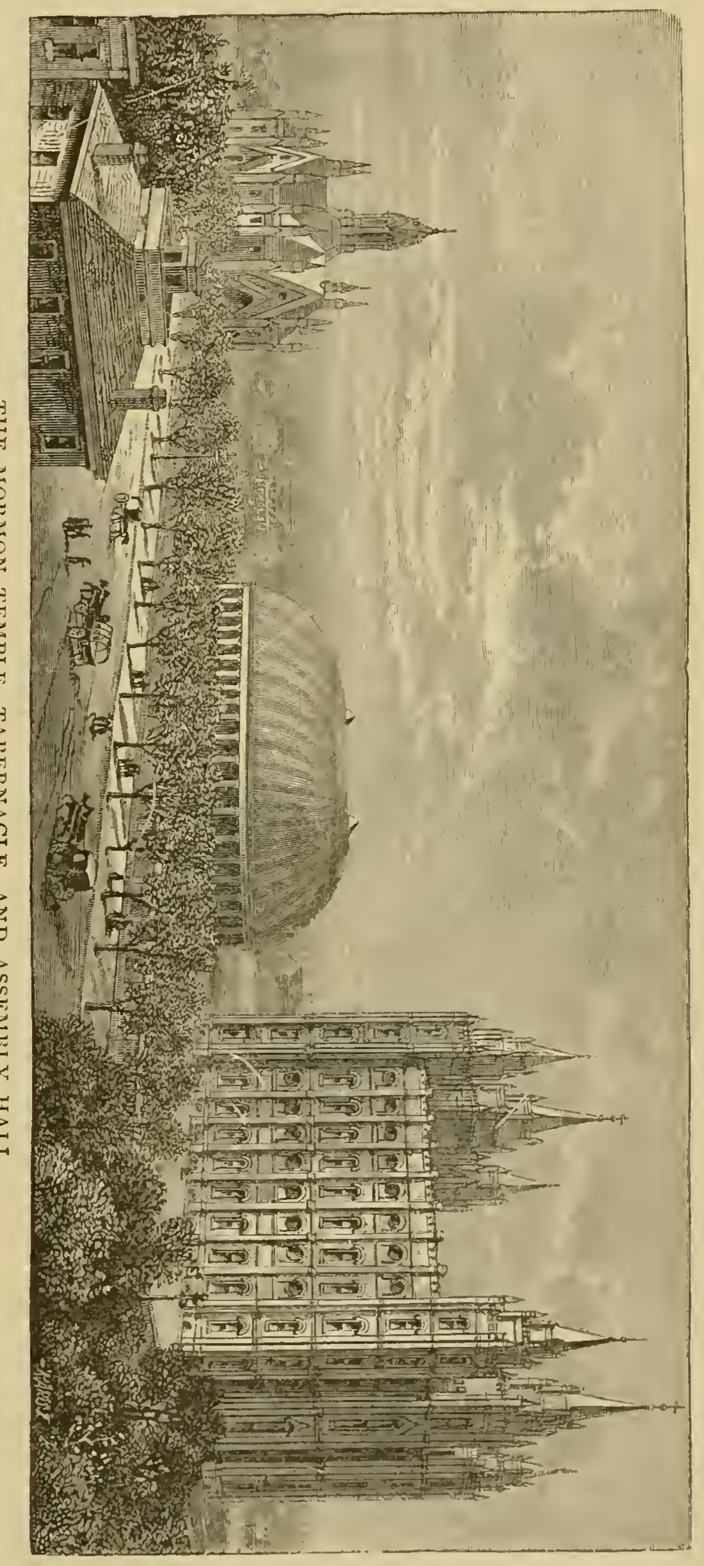
FOR two days and two nights we had been riding through some of the grandest scenery of the Sierras when, on Thursday, May 8, we reached Salt Lake City, where we were to stop one day.

When, July 24, 1847, the leaders of the Mormon People settled in the Great Salt Lake Valley and began the up-building of this territory and its great central city, they little dreamed of the future possibilities of their new home. It was not long, however, before they began to realize that the resources of this country far exceeded their most sanguine expectations and accordingly, under the leadership of Brigham Young, (who was an organizer and an executive officer of great ability,) was laid the foundation for a city, upon a scale which is to-day the admiration of all who visit it. They laid out the city in blocks, 660 feet square, with streets 132 feet wide. Along either side of these streets were planted shade trees, which now make Salt Lake City lovely in the summer season, with streams of water running down either side of these broad avenues from a splendid system of water works, fed by pure fresh mountain creeks. There are beautiful drives in the spacious Parks. The whole city, with its rich lawns, fragrant flowers, gardens and stately shade, is one veritable bower, nestled at the foot of a range of mountains whose picturesque grandeur enhances the beauty of the scene.

A place of great interest to all people, whether of a religious turn of mind or not, is the great Tabernacle of the Church of Latter-day Saints of Jesus Christ, or, as it is ordinarily termed, the Mormon Church. Each Sunday afternoon at 2.00 o'clock this immense structure, which is one of the largest auditoriums in this country, and possesses acoustic properties unequalled by any other structure in America, is crowded to its utmost capacity, which is 13,462. It is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, 80 feet high, oval-shaped, with an arched roof unsupported by columns. This is the largest span of unsupported wooden roof in the world. The interior construction is so perfect that the dropping of a pin can be heard in any part of the immense auditorium. A whisper can be understood from one end to the other. We exemplified both these facts. The ceiling was draped in evergreens, and, as it is thought that this gives a better effect to the voice, the drapery is left long after the occasion has passed for which it was provided.

The grand organ in the Tabernacle, the second largest in America, has 3,000 pipes, and is used as an accompaniment for a well-trained choir of 200 voices. Large numbers of Gentiles attend these services, we were told. In the same square of ten acres is the Temple, a beautiful structure of native gray granite. The corner-stone of this building was laid April 6, 1853.

The structure is 186½ feet long, 99 feet wide, and has cost up to date $3,500,000, and will require $1,000,000 more to finish it. The Assembly Hall, in the same block, is also of white granite. It is 120 by 68 feet, has a seating capacity of 2,500, cost $150,000, and has the most elaborately decorated interior of any building in the West. The Endowment House, where the marriage, baptism, and endowment ceremonies were performed previous to the completion of the temples in the Territory, stood in the same square. The Lion House, opposite the Amelia Palace, was known as the residence of ten of Brigham Young's wives. It is located in the same block with the Bee Hive, which was Brigham Young's Executive Building of the Church. Next to this is the president's office. The Tithing House, where are collected the tithings, is in the same block with the Bee Hive and the Lion House. Across the street, in front of the Bee Hive, is the Amelia Palace, or the Gardo House, which was built by Brigham Young as a residence for his favorite wife, Amelia Folsom Young. The Eagle Gate is an archway surmounted by a large eagle, and spans First East street, or State road, as it is called. Fort Douglas is a regimental post, situated three miles east of the centre of the city, and is at an elevation of about 400 feet above the city proper. The site is beautiful, and affords a lovely view of the entire valley, city, and lake. The post and grounds are regularly irrigated, and accordingly kept in beautiful condition.



THE MORMON TEMPLE, TABERNACLE, AND ASSEMBLY HALL.

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, called for short the "Big Co-op.," was organized by Brigham Young, Oct. 16, 1868, and now does a yearly business of $5,000,000, carrying a stock of goods valued at $1,500,000. It has branches in nearly every Mormon settlement. Its main building, four stories high, is 319 x 98 feet in size.

The Warm and Hot Springs are located in the north part of the city, and are greatly prized

for their curative qualities. Water from these springs is piped to the city, where baths are provided in a large Natatorium, centrally located.

At the Chamber of Commerce, which has temporary rooms while waiting for the completion of its new building, there is to be seen a very fine collection of the mineral, agricultural, manufacturing, and other resources of the Territory of Utah, and of Salt Lake City.

Utah's total land area is 52,501,600 acres; water area, 1,779,200 acres. The Uintas, the Wasatch, and the High Plateaus constitute a considerable part of the total area. The Territory is exceedingly interesting, geologically, and has been very thoroughly examined, mapped and described by the Powell Survey. In 1877 officers connected with the Survey measured the streams, and the lands they can be brought upon; and, calculating the irrigating duty at 100 acres per cubic foot per second, limited the irrigable-arable lands to 2,262 square miles. Later estimates place the area at 3,000 square miles. A certain 40 square miles in Valencia, Spain, under the canals of the Furia, sustain 70,960 souls. At one-fourth of this density of population these 3,000 square miles would sustain 1,323,000 people.

The population of Utah is estimated at 215,000, of which nearly if not quite one-third are non-Mormon. The assessed valuation for 1888 was $46,379,969, about 40 per cent. of the real value, namely, $115,949,920. Add to this 20 per cent. for mines, which are not taxed, and it appears that property worth $139,139,984 has been created in Utah in forty-one years. The products of the Territory for 1888 are fairly estimated as follows (first two items not estimated): —

Item	Value
Gold, silver, lead, copper, Salt Lake prices	$ 7,557,241
Coal, 253,000 tons, $2.10 at the mines	531,300
Agricultural and horticultural, about	8,000,000
Dairy, eggs, poultry, etc., about	1,000,000
Increase of live stock at 30 per cent	5,000,000
Wool, 9,000,000 lbs. at 12c. per lb	1,080,000
Lumber, hides, and pelts, salt, brick	1,000,000
Other manufactured articles, about	5,000,000
Total	$29,168,541

On investigating the mineral resources of the Territory, I was so much surprised at their variety and extent that I think a list of the principal minerals will interest others: —

Alum, aluminum, antimony, agate, arsenic, albertite, baryta, bismuth, cadmium, copper, copperas, coal, carbonate of soda, chalcedony, chrysolite, cinnabar, quicksilver ore, embolite, chlor-bromid silver, fullers' earth, garnet, geyserite, gold, granite, graphite, or plumbago, gypsum, hornblende, iron, magnetic and hematite, jasper, jet, kaolinite, or China clay, manganese, malachite, marble in varieties, mica, nitre, oolite, opal in varieties, ozokerite, or mineral wax, rock salt, saltpetre, silver, sulphur, white, yellow, blue topaz, tourmaline, talc, zincblende and sulphide.

In addition to the above, the following rarer minerals are found in greater or less quantities: —

Actinolite, alabaster, almandite, amethyst, amphibole, anglesite, anthraconite, apatite, aragonite, argentite, arsenolite, arsenopyrite, asbestos, atacamite, augite, azurite, barytocalcite, basalt, biolite, bitumen, bog iron, bole, bosjemanite, calamine, calcspar, cats-eye, cerargyrite, cerussite, chalcanthite, chalcocite, chalcopyrite, chalybite, chessylite, chromite, chrysocolla, cuprite, dendrite, dolomite, epidote, epsomite, erubescite, feldspar, floss ferri, franklinite, freieslebenite, galenite, glauberite, hydrargillite, hydrosteatite, hydrosiderite, lignite, limonite, linarite, magnesite, magnetite, miargyrite, molybdenate lead, nitrocalcite, nitroglauberite,

obsidian, various ochres, olivine, onyx, phosgenite, phenacite, pickeringite, pisolite, prase, proustite, pyrargyrite, pyrites, pyrolusite, pyromorphite, pyroxene, quartz, rad. calcite, ribbon jasper, rose quartz, ruby silver, ruby copper, sal ammoniac, sard, sardonyx, satin spar, selenite, siderite, smithsonite, specular iron, sphalerite, spinel, stephanite, sulphur, trachyte, tremolite, tufa, tetrahedrite, witherite, wulfenite, zeolite, zincite.

Of the above products, many exist in such vast quantities as to be practically inexhaustible. Iron is found in every part of the Territory, but especially in Iron County, where several parallel belts of remarkably pure ore exist, the largest being three miles wide and sixteen miles long, with 500,000,000 tons in sight.

It is said that the coal fields of Utah would be merely developed by a century of solid work.

One bed of sulphur has been found six miles long and one mile wide, and smaller deposits abound.

The fertility of Utah is probably nowhere exceeded. The yield per acre is very large of most of the grains, vegetables and fruits. The various manufactures have a total value of $10.000,000 yearly. When we remember that the resources of the Territory are comparatively undeveloped, even with all the labors of the busy Mormon hive for nearly fifty years, it is easy to see that this section will have a wonderful future.

A real estate boom seemed to be at its height in the city, and the hotels were well filled with investors. In the afternoon we rode out to Salt Lake, stopping at Garfield Beach, eighteen miles from the city. There is an elegant pavilion at this beach, built on piles over the lake. One can take his choice of hot, cold, or lukewarm baths, as Nature affords water of almost any temperature.

The Great Salt Lake is 120 miles in length by sixty miles at its greatest width. It is surrounded by beautiful mountains, and dotted with picturesque islands of various sizes, the largest containing about 30,000 acres. Pleasure boats of all sorts and descriptions ply upon the lake, and afford diversion for visitors. The popularity of the resorts along its shores is evidenced by the fact that more than 250,000 people avail themselves of the pleasures of a bath in Salt Lake during the season, between the middle of May and the middle of September. The specific gravity of the water is about 17 per cent greater than that of the Atlantic Ocean, and it carries in solution, according to the season of the year, from 18 to 22 per cent. of salt. During midsummer afternoons and evenings the water is almost lukewarm, and a bath after the labors of the day must be restful and invigorating.

The lake has an area of 2,500 square miles, and its surface is higher than the Alleghany Mountains. Its mean depth is about sixty feet, and numerous small islands ornament its bosom, the principal of which are the Antelope and the Stanbury. At different periods the level of the lake has changed perceptibly, which has led scientists to conjecture that the shore is by no means stable.

We were much interested in this strange body of water, which was navigated by Fremont as early as 1842. We were charmed with the great beauty of its environment, the exquisite coloring of the far-off mountains that fringe its western shore, and rise, mellowed by distance into softest tints, from its cool, iridescent depths. We were impressed by the massive grandeur of the nearer snow-capped range that stretches from the northern to the southern horizon, and shelters the fertile valley from the blasts of winter and the heat of summer,—with green, inviting cañons seaming its sides, and leading upwards through the mighty hills to a fairy-land of eternal verdure, rushing streams and waterfalls, and cool, shady groves.

Our return was a brief but interesting ride, through a beautiful country covered with the verdure and bloom of spring. We saw many cattle, horses, and sheep, sleek thrifty animals,

apparently appreciating the long range of rich pasture granted them. Two cowboys, with long whips and coiled lassoes, were guiding a drove of wild horses from the plains on their way to

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

the railroad station for shipment. The fine herds of cattle raised their heads at the noisy approach of the cavalcade, looked for a moment, and continued grazing. On our right, plainly

seen from our observation cars, were the tall peaks of the mountains. A soft fog from the lake had gently stolen around the loftier crests, whose rugged pinnacles seemed like sharp cones piercing the sky. The sun was setting, and a faint rainbow was thrown upon the fog clouds which wrapped the cliffs, suggesting the thought of Jacob's ladder seen among the mountains of Holy Writ.

That evening we looked about the city, and were impressed with the general quiet and the absence of women from the streets and public buildings. The dry goods stores all close before dark. One merchant was just locking his door when Mrs. Ball and I got there, intending to make a few purchases. He went in, however, to accommodate us, and in the dim light sold us among other articles, half a dozen handkerchiefs which he guaranteed to be of the finest quality of linen. They proved to be made of unadulterated cotton.

As the hotels were filled with "boomers," we slept on board our train.

The *Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* were given thus:

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that these ordinances are: first, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God by "prophecy and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church; viz. apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the Word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the Ten tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed, and receive its paradisaical glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to *all men;* indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

JOSEPH SMITH.

We often hear that polygamy is at last abolished in Utah. A writer for Kate Field's *Washington*, October 15, 1890, said among other things: —

"There may be shrewder politicians than the Mormons. If so, they can give Satan fifty and beat him in a game of one hundred. 'How not to do it,' has, so far, been the system adopted in regard to legislating for Utah. Instead of taking the bull by the horns, instead of treating Brigham Young's hierarchy as a treasonable political organization — which it always has been and is — and disfranchising all Mormons as was done with the ex-Confederates in the South, Congress has undertaken to supervise the morals of a great Territory, and for years has been successfully defied.

"Morals never can be reformed by law. No government on earth can prevent polygamy if the people choose to practise it. The first anti-polygamy law was passed in 1862 — a farce. The second law was passed in 1874 — another farce. A third law was passed in 1882. It disturbed the saints because it *disfranchised polygamists.*

"What happened? For the first time in Utah's history a monogamic legislature assembled, but President John Taylor and his polygamic priesthood sat in the background and pulled wires to which their minions danced, while receiving pay from Washington.

"More Saints went into polygamy than for many a year. John Taylor had a revelation commanding the faithful to 'to live their religion,' and at a secret meeting held in April, 1884, the revelator and his counsellors proceeded to lay down the law thus:

"'You Bishops and Elders who have been preaching that man can be saved with one wife, have preached what is false. He who says a man can be saved with one wife is a liar. The United States Government has disfranchised us from holding office because we have entered into the celestial order of marriage. Now, I will disfranchise from ecclesiastical office all who do not enter into this celestial order.'

"The controlling spirit of the Mormon presidency was then, and still remains, George Q. Cannon, the cleverest man in the hierarchy — so clever as to have sat as a Territorial delegate in Congress for years, though an alien and a polygamist. He denied in Washington that he had more than one wife, but denial is a means of grace to Latter-day saints. It helps them through many troubled waters. Cannon's false swearing was eventually found out, even in Washing on; whereupon this apostle was sent home. In Assembly Hall, Dec. 3, 1883, he said: —

"'Strip us of our union, and what is there among 200,000 Latter-day saints worthy of notice? Two hundred thousand people cut no figure in this world; but you unite 200,000 souls, and let them be of one heart and of one mind, and let them be increasing, and there is a power manifested by them that impresses men with its grandeur and greatness. God has said there was but one channel through which his commandments should come to his people. It was not to be *Vox populi vox Dei*, but it was to be *Vox Dei vox populi.* From God downward to the people, and not from the people upward to God. God has chosen but one man to counsel his people, and by obeying him they have been successful. I am willing to stake my reputation as a prophet that, if you abide his counsel, you cannot be overcome. Our enemies' — Congress — 'hope to divide us. They have, by their laws, deprived the leaders of this people of those rights that belong to us as much as to them. They have sought to humble the élite of this people. They have sought out the enterprising men, the chiefs, the ruling men. . . . They have deposed them' — all polygamists — 'and another class of our people' — monogamists — 'have been told that they might come to the front and enjoy the privileges that rightly belong to others. . . . It rests with the saints to say whether the Edmunds law shall take away the power of the men whom God has chosen as our leaders.'

"Of what power were the chiefs deprived?

"The power to vote and hold civil office. It is God, then, who chooses the civil and political rulers of Mormondom, and not the people themselves; and God has chosen polygamists for these positions, and it is His will that they shall enjoy civil power.

"The Edmunds bill consolidated the Saints. Their beloved leaders were martyrs. They avenged them by secretly going and doing likewise. The fox shorn *a tergo* advised all the other foxes to follow his example, and they followed. This known defiance of law led to passing in 1887 the Edmunds-Tucker bill, whereby all women were disfranchised, and the illegal temporal possessions of the Church escheated to the Territorial school fund.

"Here *was* a blow. Women had been given the ballot to keep up Mormon supremacy in the face of Gentile accessions to the population. Their disfranchisement was unjust, inasmuch as it punished the accessory and let the principal go free. *All* Mormons should have been disfranchised on the ground of belonging to a treasonable theocracy — an empire within a republic — and then the law would have been impartial. It scotched the snake, but did not kill it. Nevertheless, it enabled Gentiles to hope for the gradual Americanization of Utah, and the result was an influx of loyalists which nearly doubled the population of Salt Lake City, increased its wealth many fold, and, at the last election, placed it under Gentile control.

"Well, the Utah Commission, composed of five men, appointed specially by the President to report the condition of the Saints, have lately told the Secretary of the Interior that polygamy is not dead. Governor Thomas, as loyal an American as lives, upholds the Commission, and both advocate male disfranchisement as the only remedy for the disease. For six years I have argued on this basis, and on no other. At last the Commission unanimously advises what heretofore has only been the advice of the majority.

"This unanimity bestirred the Mormons. Last spring President Woodruff told the Saints, in conference, that there would be no more revelations. As the mouthpiece of the Almighty he ought to know, and this fiat meant that *the revelation anent polygamy held good for all time.*

"But 'the Lord allows his priesthood to lie in order to save his people,' and as soon as it was known to the *elite* that Governor and Commission had joined forces, and asked for universal disfranchisement, something had to be done, so President Woodruff, on the 24th of September, telegraphed a manifesto which his servant, Delegate Caine, circulated in Congress just before adjournment. Therein the Lord's Mouthpiece wrote as follows: —

"'*To whom it may concern:* —

'Press dispatches having been sent from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published for political purposes, to the effect that the Utah commission, in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, allege that plural marriages are still being solemnized, and that forty or more such marriages have been contracted in Utah since last June, or during the past year; also, that in public discourses the leaders of the church have taught, encouraged, and urged the continuance of the practice of polygamy: —

'I, therefore, as president of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby, in the most solemn manner, declare that the charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice; and I deny that either forty or any other number of plural marriages have, during that period, been solemnized in our temples, or in any other place in the territory.

'One case has been reported, in which the parties alleged that the marriage was performed in the Endowment House, in Salt Lake City, in the spring of 1889, but I have not been able to

learn who performed the ceremony. Whatever was done in this matter was without my knowledge. In consequence of this alleged occurrence the Endowment House was by my instructions taken down without delay.

'Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress, forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the Court of last resort, I do hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use all my influence with the members of the church over which I preside to have them do likewise. There is nothing in my teachings to the church, or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can reasonably be construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy, and when any elder of the church has used language which appeared to convey such teaching, he has been promptly reproved; and I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-Day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land. WILFORD WOODRUFF.

President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.'

"This is a wonderfully ingenious paper, which means nothing to those acquainted with Mormon ways.

"The Endowment House has long been out of employment, as the lately completed temples at Logan and Manti do its work. It was a makeshift even in the beginning, and since 1883 has been too near Gentile eyes to be safely used. When Wilford Woodruff states that whatever was done in the Endowment House was done without his knowledge, he belies his church, which insists that the prophet must sanction plural marriages. If he doesn't know who performed that ceremony, it is because he does not want to know, and to tell Utah Gentiles that he is unable to find out the officiating priest is an insult to their intelligence and experience. President Woodruff does not expect to be believed in Utah. He is playing a game of bluff.

"By advice of George Q. Cannon he, the Lord, is merely trying to deceive Congress, press, and public; and with that intent the last act is for him and the rest of the Apostles to sign a document and present it in conference, requesting their people to obey the laws of the land!

"How complacently press and public fall into the trap set for them!

"They at once assume that honest Governor Thomas, and the Utah Commission are liars, and proclaim to the world that 'polygamy is abolished!'"

In another column the editor says: "For many years a man of undaunted courage, generous no less than loyal, has sat in a dingy back office of the *Salt Lake Tribune* making American history. The name of this man, born in New York State, is a glory to journalism. As an editor C. C. Goodwin deserves to stand beside Horace Greeley. When few in Utah dared to uphold the republic, Judge Goodwin's leaders told the story of its enemies, regardless of threat and violence, with an earnest eloquence inspired by conviction. Step by step he has fought the good fight, sometimes single-handed, calling upon the Gentiles to redeem Utah, calling upon the Mormons to redeem themselves. In the whole of the Great West there has been no such factor in its civilization as this noblest Roman of them all, for the *Salt Lake Tribune* invades every mining camp and town of the Pacific slope.

"Virtue occasionally is rewarded. With Zion at last under their municipal control, the Gentiles of Utah aim to Americanize the Territory, and have nominated Judge Goodwin for Delegate in Congress in opposition to John T. Caine, Mormon."

It is certainly to be hoped that means will be found for eradicating polygamy and disloyalty from the Territory, without abridging in any way the religious liberty and political rights of its people. We cannot tolerate an empire independent of, or hostile to, our government,

within the limits of the United States, any more than we could in the days of Aaron Burr, whose fond dream it was to found such an empire. But, on the other hand, we honor the people of Utah for their industry, and hope that their prosperity may continue and increase when they shall have been brought fully under the sway of the common law of our land. There is among the people of Utah a strong latent feeling of loyalty, I believe, which will yet be developed, as is shown by their literature. One good illustration is afforded by the poems of a Mormon girl, Sarah Carmichael. A committee at Washington awarded her a medal for the finest poem on the funeral of Lincoln, of which two stanzas are: —

"Strongest arms were closely folded
Most impassioned lips at rest;
Scarcely seemed a heaving motion,
On the nation's wounded breast.
Tears were frozen in their sources,
Blushes burned themselves away,
Language bled through broken heart-threads,
Lips had nothing left to say.
Yet there was a marble sorrow
On each still face, chiseled deep;
Something more than words could utter,
Something more than tears could weep.

Let him rest! it is not often
That his soul hath known repose;
Let him rest! they rest but seldom
Whose successes challenge foes.
He was weary—worn with watching;
His life-crown of power hath pressed
Oft on temples sadly aching—
He was weary, let him rest."

The following, by the same author, will interest Pioneers: —

"The Fallen looked on the world and sneered;
'I guess,' he muttered, 'why God is feared;
For eyes of mortals are fain to shun
The midnight heaven that hath no sun.
I will stand on the height of the hills and wait,
Where the day goes out at the western gate,
And reaching up to its crown will tear
From its plumes of glory the brightest there;
With the stolen ray I will light the sod
And turn the eyes of the world from God.'

"He stood on the heights when the sun went down—
He tore one plume from the day's bright crown;
The proud orb stooped till he touched its brow,
And the marks of that touch are on it now;
And the flush of its anger forevermore
Burns red when it passes the Western door.
The broken feather above him whirled,

In flames of torture around him curled,
And he dashed it down from the snowy height
In broken masses of quivering light.
Ah! more than terrible was the shock
When the burning splinters struck wave and rock;
The green earth shuddered and shrank and paled,
The wave sprang up and the mountain quailed.
Look on the hills, let the scars they bear
Measure the pain of that hour's despair.

"The Fallen watched while the whirlwind fanned
The pulsing splinters that plowed the sand;
Sullen he watched, while the hissing waves
Bore them away to the ocean caves;
Sullen he watched, while the shining rills
Throbbed through the hearts of the rocky hills;
Loudly he laughed: 'Is the world not mine?
Proudly the links of its chain shall shine;
Lighted with gems shall its dungeons be,
But the pride of its beauty shall kneel to me.'
That splintered light in the earth grew cold,
And the diction of mortals hath called it 'Gold.'"

Besides the Latter-Day Saints, or "Mormons," and the Reorganized Church of the same name, which differs from the original congregation by its rejection of polygamy, and one or two minor matters, nearly every Christian denomination has churches and schools scattered throughout the Territory, and perfect religious as well as social freedom is enjoyed. The following are the principal churches in Salt Lake City:—

Episcopal, St. Mark's Cathedral and St. Paul's Chapel; Catholic, St. Mary's Cathedral; Congregational, First Congregational and Phillips' Congregational; Presbyterian, Second East Street; Methodist, Episcopal and Scandinavian; Baptist, First Baptist: Swedish, Lutheran Evangelical.

In Salt Lake county there are forty-eight District Schools, undenominational in governance, and conducted on precisely the same system as prevails throughout the United States. Apart from these there are many denominational schools carried on in connection with the various churches.

There is also the University of Deseret, non-sectarian, under the direction of a Chancellor and Board of Regents, elected by the Territorial Legislature.

Among the many stories told by members of our party none was called for more frequently than the following:

In 1873, then a resident of South Carolina and temporarily at Columbia, the capital of the State, Mr. Whittemore was, with a select party of gentlemen, invited to a dinner given by one of the leading bankers and merchants of the city. After the feast, such as the generous host knew how to prepare and bestow, to Mr. Whittemore's surprise, being personally addressed, he was presented with a very valuable Masonic ring, in which were inscriptions setting forth the reasons for the gift and showing also the estimate which the donor placed upon the favored recipient. It is needless to say that the friendship which then existed between Mr. Solomon, (for that was the giver's name) and Mr. Whittemore had been of long duration: and, although the two friends had not seen each other for eleven years, the ring which was presented in 1873, in 1888 brought them together again.

And herein lies the chief romance of the story. In July 1886, Mr. Whittemore crossed the continent with his family and en route tarried at Salt Lake City awhile. During his stay there he visited Salt Lake and while bathing lost the ring. Of course, there could have been no possible hope of its recovery and Mr. Whittemore regarded his treasure as irretrievably lost. But he was again to be surprised and by the same friend, Hardy Solomon, who, fifteen years before, had given him such a token of regard. In a letter dated Wichita, Kansas, August 25th, 1886, was the following:

Hon. B. F. Whittemore, East Woburn, Mass.: —

My Dear Old Friend: — Not having heard from you for a number of years, a peculiar coincidence induces me to hunt you up, and renew our acquaintance. Do you remember the Masonic ring I presented to you in Columbia in 1873? Well, it is through this ring that we are brought together again. Mr. G. A. Berg, of Columbia, sent me a copy of the *Daily Register* dated the 22d inst., which contains a letter from Christopher Deibl, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of A. F. & A. M. of Utah, to Grand Master Auglesby, of South Carolina, saying that a little Mormon girl while bathing in Salt Lake, had found a Masonic ring, and he goes on briefly to describe it, saying that the inside bears the inscription, "Gratitude of Solomon to a worthy brother," etc. There is no doubt of the ring being the one I gave you, for the inscription identifies it. By writing to Mr. Deibl you will be enabled to place it upon your finger again, and recall to your memory some of your old southern friends. Write me all about how you lost the ring, whether it was stolen from you, or if you lost it while bathing in the lake. Yours,

Hardy Solomon.

It is needless to say Mr. Whittemore immediately opened correspondence with the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Utah, and, after learning the name, and generously rewarding the little Mormon girl, Sarah Ann Hughes, who found the ring that had been "buried in the sands of the great salt sea" for over two years; through the kindly service and fraternal offices of Grand Secretary Deibl, the ring has been returned to, and is worn again by the fortunate owner.

Previous to our arrival in Utah Mr. Whittemore notified Secretary Deibl, of the Grand Lodge, when we would reach Salt Lake City, and asked him to aid in finding Miss Hughes. When Mr. Whittemore appeared, Mr. Deibl dropped all business, and aided in the search. Following the directions obtained through a German Mason named Uhl, they started for the house of Mr. Hughes. Meeting a young lady on the street, Mr. Deibl asked her name at a venture, and the reply was, "Sarah Ann Hughes." Explanations followed, and the Mormon maiden led the way to her father's house, where a pleasant call was made. Her explanation of how the ring was found showed her to be an expert swimmer and diver. Mr. Whittemore persuaded her mother to let Sarah and an older sister go to the city, and sit for a photograph, which is now shown with pride to '49ers calling at the office of Whittemore & Thompson, in Boston.

While we were standing on the platform, ready to enter our cars when the conductor should give the signal, a fast express train from the East arrived, and a lady of middle age, probably a spinster, hurried down the steps, apparently anxious to improve every moment of her limited stop in obtaining information about the Latter-day Saints. The first person she accosted was Captain Thomes. "Excuse me, sir! are there any Mormons around here?" "Yes, madam, I have the honor to be one." "May I ask your name?" said the lady, producing a note-book and pencil. "George Q. Cannon," replied the captain, with great

suavity. "I know you will excuse the curiosity of a stranger, sir, but may I ask if you — if you are a believer in polygamy?" "Certainly, madam, in common with all good members of our church. I have thirteen wives and twenty-two children. But you will excuse me, for I must attend to my duty. I am stationed here to see that no suspicious characters get off the train. Here is my oldest son, who is home on a vacation from Harvard, where he is a professor and is making money, who will give you any information desired." But the lady was not to be put off thus. "Just one moment, sir,— excuse me,— but are there no difficulties, no disagreements, in your household?" "None, whatever; I live in perfect peace and harmony with my wives." "But how about the children? I should think they would have preferences that would often lead to misunderstandings, to say the least." "This is a total misapprehension, madam, as I will show you. Charles (addressing a brother Pioneer, whose locks are still dark), which of your mothers do you like best?" "I am unable to tell, father," replied the pretended Charles. The subject seemed about exhausted, and we expected to see the lady withdraw; but she appeared determined to improve the opportunity of a life-time, and consulted her guide-book a minute or two. Then, in a lower tone, she inquired: "Are there any Danites here?" "Yes, there is one (pointing to Patriarch Browne), and all those you see standing back, and watching so closely, are members of that order. You will find them everywhere in Salt Lake City. Wherever you go, you will be followed. See! (pointing to Manson Perkins, who was looking towards them), you have caught the attention of one of their leaders. How he watches your movements! He thinks you are writing down some of our secrets, and it is his duty to investigate." "Oh! excuse me; I must return to the train. We make but a short stop." "Don't go, madam; if you will wait but a moment for me to signal for some one to take my place, I shall be happy to give you all the attention in my power." "I don't want any of your attention," was the sharp reply, and the lady left as hurriedly as she came. As their train moved out, we could see her pointing out Messrs. Thomes and Browne to several friends, who stared at them in apparent wonder. Had this lady given but half a minute's attention to the badges which covered the lapels of our president's coat, she would have seen that he was not even a citizen of Utah; but she seemed to have eyes and ears for nothing except what was distinctively Mormon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SALT LAKE CITY TO MANITOU SPRINGS.

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,—
Our God, our fathers' God!
—MRS. HEMANS.

ABOUT noon Friday, May 9, we left Salt Lake City by the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, having exchanged our Pullman train for narrow-gauge cars in order that we might enjoy the best of the wonderful scenery of this route. The company has now two lines between Grand Junction and Salida, the broad-gauge or direct route affording magnificent views, said to be unequalled on any other railroad in the world, but still greatly excelled by the narrow-gauge path with its various branches. Heretofore we have ridden on the sides of mountains, the roadbed for miles being cut along their flinty precipices; but we are now to climb to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, where our elevation will be more than two miles above sea level. But first for many miles we ride past the beautiful and thrifty farms of the Mormons, whose contented herds give evidence of the prosperity of their owners.

In many respects Utah is the most unique and inviting field open to settlement in the world to-day. The gathering together in the great Salt Lake Basin of attractions in the way of climate, lakes, valleys, mountains, medicinal waters; the manifold advantages offered to hundreds of new industries; the wealth that awaits in metal-ribbed hills and fertile vales — these are a few of nature's lavish gifts. Utah is on the eve of a transfiguration. One by one those great natural divisions of the "New West" are being closed in upon by the resistless tide which has rolled westward since the birth of the world. Utah is almost the last; in fact, a mighty army has swept by, intent only on the Golden Gate, and its rear guard is now on the return march to attempt to gain a foot-hold in the before neglected interior region. All these strangers who are to come will find more clear days in the year than they ever saw before; they will find an atmosphere in which the very highest achievement of brawn or brain can be realized; they will find a natural sanitarium, with every existing auxiliary known in nature; they will find mines as rich and varied as were ever opened to human eyes, and they will never know what a hot or cold day is, as understood in the East.

As our meals must be taken at stations, we stopped for lunch at the beautiful town of Provo, whose altitude is 4,517 feet above the ocean. The placid surface of Utah Lake mirrors the fleecy clouds and the peaks of the Oquirrh range of mountains,—

"So blended bank and shadow there,
That each seemed pendulous in air."

We continue our journey through a wild country with mountains towering above us, here and there, from 1,500 to 2,000 feet; then we rise and wind around the peaks as on a shelf, whence a furious river with cascades and cataracts is seen now and then far below. We are told for the hundredth time that the culmination of mountain scenery and of eerie cañon views is yet to come, and we wonder if it *can* be much better. There is nothing common-

place here. Nature has been careful to avoid duplication, hence the landscape seems as novel as on our first day's ride in the Sierras.

At Soldier Summit, forty-five miles beyond Provo, the elevation is 7,464 feet, or 3,237 feet above the level of Salt Lake City. Between Clear Creek station and the summit, a distance of seven miles, there is a rise of 1,236 feet, or 176 1-2 feet to the mile. The scenery in the Spanish Fork Cañon is bold and striking, but less so than in Castle Cañon, on the easterly side of the mountains. At the summit the view is not extended, as the mountains rise higher on either

CASTLE GATE.

side; but frequent glimpses of snow-clad peaks are had through the openings, Mount Nebo, 11,922 feet high and one of the loftiest peaks of the Wahsatch range, being especially prominent. The road descends on the east slope by the side of the North Fork of the Price River, which it follows down to the main stream, continuing thence to within about twenty miles of the junction of the Price with the Green River, at the Azure Cliffs.

Pleasant Valley is indeed well named, and thirteen miles further on, at the entrance of the Price River Cañon, the train enters the massive portals of Castle Gate.

The two huge pillars or ledges of rock composing it are offshoots of the cliffs behind. They are of different heights, one measuring five hundred and the other four hundred and fifty feet from top to base. They are richly dyed with red; and the firs and pines growing about them, but reaching only to their lower strata, render this coloring more noticeable and beautiful. Between the two sharp promontories, which are separated only by a narrow space, the river and the railroad both run, one pressing closely against the other. The stream leaps over a rocky bed and its banks are lined with tangled brush. The turreted rocks, the rushing stream and the darkling cañon bring forcibly to mind that wonderful dream of Coleridge: —

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree;
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea.
> So twice five miles of fertile ground
> With walls and towers were girdled round;
> And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
> Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
> And here were forests ancient as the hills,
> Infolding sunny spots of greenery."

Once past the gate, and looking back, the bold headlands forming it have a new and more attractive beauty. They are higher and more massive, it seems, than when we were in their shadow. Huge rocks project far out from their perpendicular faces. No other isolated pinnacles in this region approach them in size or majesty. They are landmarks up and down the cañon, their lofty tops catching the eye before their bases are discovered.

We arrived at Green River at 10.30 P. M., where dinner awaited us.

The Colorado State line is reached about 270 miles from Salt Lake City. After crossing the Grand River, the railroad follows up the valley of the Gunnison, one of its main tributaries, for a considerable distance; and then, leaving it to the east, skirts the Uncompahgre plateau, returning once more to the Gunnison in the upper part of the Black Canoñ. The road reaches the Black Cañon through an entering cañon that admits Cimarron Creek. We breakfasted at Cimarron, where an observation car was put on the rear of our train, for the convenience of those who wished to enjoy the scenery to the best advantage. The up grade is now so steep that two engines are necessary.

For a distance of nine miles the railway pursues its way by the side of the river, and between towering walls which are from 1,000 to 2,000 feet high. In places the walls recede from the river, leaving little basins; and there are transverse cañons through which small streams enter the Gunnison.

Along many miles of this grand gorge the railway lies upon a shelf that has been blasted in the solid walls of God's masonry; walls that stand sheer 2,000 feet in height and so close together for most of the distance through the cañon that sometimes, even in broad daylight, only a streak of sky, spangled with stars, is seen above.

> "I'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

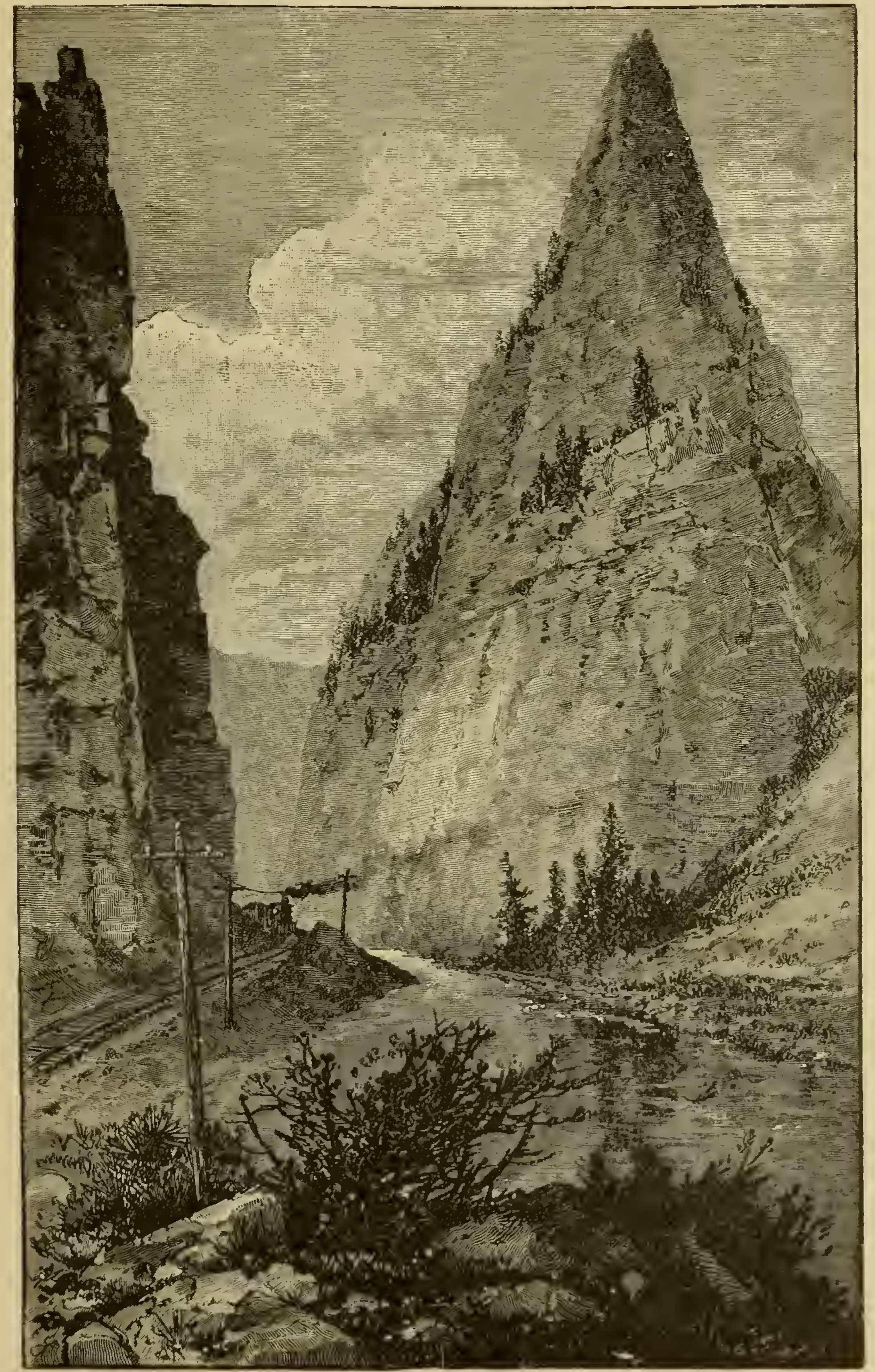
Unlike many of the Colorado cañons, the scenery in this one is kaleidoscopic, ever chang-

ing. Here the train glides along between the close, regular, and exalted walls, then suddenly it passes the mouth of another mighty cañon, which looks as if it were a great gateway to an

CHIPPETA FALLS IN THE BLACK CANON.

unroofed arcade, leading from the abode of some monstrous giant. Now, at a sharp turn, Chippeta falls, a stream of liquid crystal, pitches from the top of the dizzy cliffs to the bosom

of the sparkling river, which dashes beside the road. Chippeta was the widow of Ouray, a chief of the Utes, who befriended the whites in Colorado's early days.



THE CURRECANTI NEEDLE.

Next a spacious amphitheatre is passed, in the centre of which stands Currecanti Needle. solitary and alone, a towering monument of solid stone, which reaches to where it flaunts the

clouds, like some great cathedral spire. This huge obelisk is nearly 1,500 feet in height. We were told that it was first climbed by a sailor, who drove iron spikes or rods into the almost perpendicular walls as he ascended, and left the American flag flying from a rod at the summit. The spikes, and the rod at the summit, could still be seen, but the flag had disappeared. This Needle "is red-hued from point to base, and stands like a grim sentinel, watchful of the cañon's solitudes. At the junction of the Gunnison and the Cimarron, a bridge spans the gorge, from which the beauties of the cañon are seen at their best. Sombre shades prevail; the stream fills the space with its heavy roar, and the sunlight falls upon the topmost pines, but never reaches down the dark, red walls. Huge boulders lie scattered about; fitful winds sweep down the deep clefts; Nature has created everything on a grand scale; detail is supplanted by magnificence, and the place is one appealing to our deepest feelings. It greets us as a thing of beauty, and will remain in our memory a joy forever. Long ago the Indians of this region built their council fires here. By secret paths, always guarded, they gained these fastnesses, and held their grave and sombre meetings. The firelight danced across their swarthy faces to the cliffs encircling them. The red glow lit up with Rembrandt tints the massive walls, the surging streams, and clinging vines. They may not have known the place had beauties, but they realized its isolation, and, fearing nothing in their safe retreat, spoke boldly of their plans."

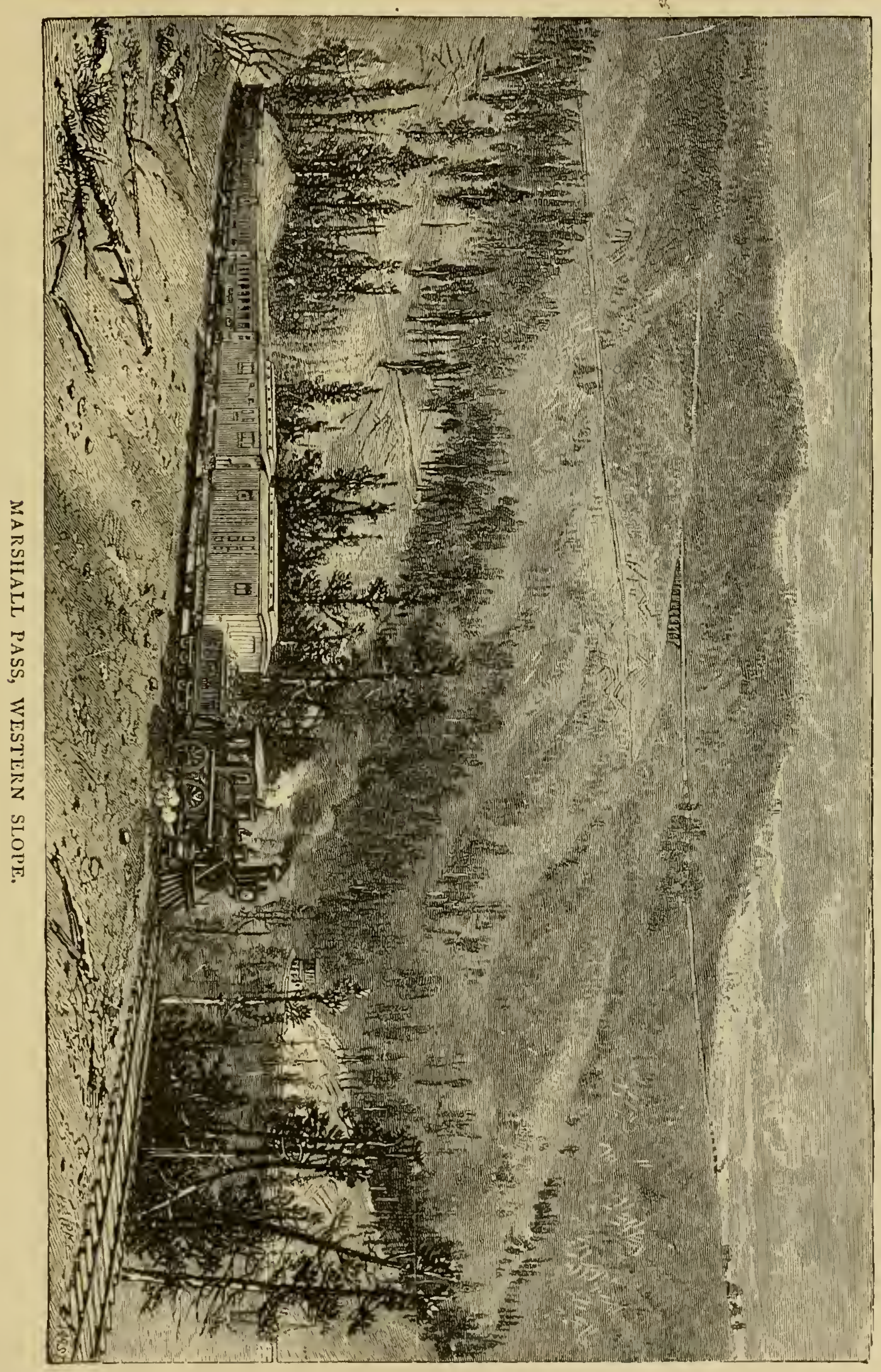
We move on where the river is in places rapid and lashed into foam, and again calm and placid as a mirror, in which the great rock masses are repeated with an effect that makes the chasm seem twice as deep. Emerging from the upper end of the Black Cañon, the railway comes into a broad basin, in the centre of which stands the flourishing city of Gunnison, the centre of a famous mining district. Here we halted an hour for lunch, and found it ready, well served, and composed of an excellent variety of dishes, such as trout, salmon, quail, duck, and frogs' legs. Indeed, we enjoyed the best of hotel fare on this trip on the narrow gauge cars, and we were greatly interested as well as amused in observing how the commissary department was managed. Mr. E. A. Thayer is proprietor of the Union Depot Hotel at Pueblo, Black Cañon Hotel at Cimarron, Monte Cristo Hotel at Saiida, and other houses. After we finished a meal, Mr. Thayer, the landlord, with half-a-dozen or more dining-room employés, would accompany us on the train to the next of his chain of hotels, where, in response to a telegram, another meal would be ready, and would be served to the satisfaction of all. The extra help that came with the excursion relieved those regularly employed at the various houses from any embarrassment from so large a party.

From the time we left Green River it seemed as if we crossed the Grand or the Gunnison, or some of their numerous tributaries, about once in five miles. Near Gunnison we again heard the rumble of our train on a bridge, and as we looked down upon the seething torrent below, some one started and all sang with a will—

> "One wide river to Jordan,
> One more river to cross."

East of Gunnison the road approaches the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and climbs to the summit of the Marshall Pass, which has an elevation of 10,852 feet — over two miles — above the level of the sea. This is the highest point crossed by any railroad inside the limits of the United States. Mr. Webber, the traveler, states that in Thibet he has lived for months together at a height of more than fifteen thousand feet above sea level, and that the result was as follows: His pulse, at the normal heights only sixty-three beats per minute, seldom fell

below 100 beats per minute during the whole time he resided at that level. His respirations were often twice as numerous in the minute as they were in the ordinary levels. A run of 100



MARSHALL PASS, WESTERN SLOPE.

yards would quicken both pulse and respiration more than a run of 1,000 yards at sea level, and he found that the higher the level the greater the difficulty of running or walking fast. He

crossed the Gurla Mandhata Mountain at a height of 20,000 feet, and found that he had the utmost difficulty in getting his breath fast enough. Webber also says that the native guides of the mountains suffered as much as, if not more than he.

The distance from Gunnison to the summit is forty-eight miles, and the difference in elevation 3,278 feet. The climb does not begin in real earnest, however, until Sargent, thirty-one miles from Gunnison and only 798 feet above it, is passed. Here our train was divided into two sections, with two engines on the first part and one on the second, and as the two sections crossed and recrossed each other's paths on the serpentine route, towels and handkerchiefs were waved with a jollity that showed the youthfulness of our party.

For seventeen miles the average grade is 140 feet to the mile; and for nine miles of this distance, from Siding No. 10 to Siding No. 7, there is a continuous grade of 211 feet to the mile. The train winds its way up the mountain steeps in many twists and zigzags, and, arriving at the top, descends by a course equally sinuous. On the east slope the maximum grade is 211 feet to the mile (between the pass and Tollgate), and the curves reach 24 degrees in 100 feet. At one place the train goes five or six miles, and is then just opposite its former position, but 1,000 feet lower. A day or two before, one of the party, who was familiar with this part of the country, had emphasized the crookedness of the road, and added that there were times when a passenger on the rear car could hand a cigar to the engineer. Near Tollgate a young man remarked that he had not yet seen any such place, although the road was certainly very crooked. "Gunnison was one place, where we stopped a whole hour, and Sargent another. Try it the next time we stop," said the man of experience, explaining that it is a joke often played upon travelers here.

We passed through eighteen snow-sheds, and when we came out of the last, those in the observation car looked as if they had been working in coal-pits. The views in ascending and descending are grand beyond description, those upon the east side being the most extended and interesting. At the summit of the pass we are upon a shoulder of Mount Ouray, which towers to the height of 14,055 feet — over 3,000 feet above us; and Mount Shavano, which is 194 feet higher, comes into sight when we reach the eastern slopes. On the opposite or south side of the pass are the snowy domes of the Cochetopa Hills, which are from 10,000 to over 13,000 feet high. In front, and stretching away into the southern distance, are the lofty snow pinnacles of the beautiful Sangre de Cristo range. The scene is grandly impressive. We are far above many of the surrounding hill-tops, and the vision extends for 100 miles and more to distant peaks. There is an oppressive stillness in the air about us, and we seem lifted beyond the busy and noisy world. The air is chilly, and our surroundings are those of winter. At the same time we may peer down into the summer of the valleys and plains.

Descending through Poncho Pass, with many varied views of the mountain, the train, at 6 P. M. reaches Salida, a bustling town situated upon the banks of the Arkansas River, and at the junction with the Leadville line.

Here we remained all night, taking supper and breakfast at the Monte Cristo Hotel. Mr. Thayer was about fifty rooms short, but I was fortunate in securing one; doubly so, in fact, for I was one of the observation car "coal-heavers," and was glad of a chance to use soap and water freely. Liquor saloons and dance halls were numerous here for a small place. The chief industry is mining.

We left for Pueblo at nine o'clock, and soon began to enjoy the marvelous scenery of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. For nearly 100 miles the river and the railway keep close companionship, and the course of the former afforded the only practicable route for the latter through this mountainous region. Following down the valley between the towering range of

Arkansas hills upon the left and the magnificent line of lofty, snow-clad peaks forming the Sangre de Cristo range upon the right, the grandest and most impressive scenery is found in the portion of the cañon known as the Royal Gorge, some ten miles in length.

THE ROYAL GORGE.

When first examined it seemed impossible that a railway could ever be constructed through this stupendous cañon to Leadville and the west. There was scarcely room for the river alone, and granite ledges blocked the path with their mighty bulk. In time, however those obstructions were blasted away, a road-bed closely following the contour of the cliffs was made, and to-day the cañon is a well-used thoroughfare. But its grandeur still remains. After entering its depths, the train moves slowly along the side of the Arkansas, and around projecting shoulders of dark-hued granite, deeper and deeper into the heart of the range. The crested crags grow higher, the river madly foams along its rocky bed, and anon the way becomes a mere fissure through the heights.

The river, sombre and swift, breaks the awful stillness with its roar. Soon the cleft becomes still more narrow, the treeless cliffs higher, the river closer confined, and where a long iron bridge hangs suspended from the smooth walls, the grandest portion of the cañon is reached. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and Nature exhibits the power she possesses. The crags menacingly rear their heads above the daring intruders, and the place is like the entrance to some infernal region.

Far above the road the sky forms a deep blue arch of light; but in the Gorge hang dark and sombre shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless gulf of air with solid walls on either side. Here the granite cliffs are a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub and there a pinnacle soars skyward for thrice that distance. No flowers grow, and the birds care not to penetrate the solitudes. Such magnificent scenery

as that of the Black Cañon, and that of the Royal Gorge, I have never seen elsewhere. But Marshall Pass finds two formidable rivals, so far as its slopes are concerned, in the route from

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Locarno to Lucerne and the Summering Pass in the Noric Alps, although one loses much of his enthusiasm in going to Lucerne as he passes through the forty-nine tunnels, one of which,

St. Gothard, is nine and one quarter miles long. At Marshall Pass we "beat" up the mountain, as sailors say, and look up at the lofty, snow-clad peaks towering above us; while in the Alpine passes named, we climb by circling the mountains and look down upon pretty lakes and villages far below. But when the summit is attained, I think Marshall Pass affords a finer view than the others named.

We emerge at last from the great rock portals of the Royal Gorge, and see the Colorado penitentiary on our left as we approach Cañon City. Here we made a short halt and arrived at Pueblo, forty miles further, at noon. It was very hot here, about 90 degrees in the shade I should think. Mr. Thayer was ready with dinner, and we were soon moving on again to Colorado Springs, so named on account of the springs which are at Manitou, six miles distant, whither we proceed by a branch road, arriving at two o'clock.

At one station where we stopped for coal and water several of us went to the platform where sat a warrior and squaw about forty years old. The man spoke English well enough for us to understand him, but the squaw said nothing, although she seemed very much interested when we addressed her husband. The latter showed his teeth as he spoke, and I called attention to how perfect they were. D. C. Allen asked the squaw if hers were as white and nice looking, and made motions by showing his own. She looked, but neither spoke nor gave any sign of comprehension. Mr. Allen then showed what nice ones he had, and to see if she could not be made to open her mouth, took out his false set and showed her first his gums, then the teeth. I never saw greater astonishment depicted on two human countenances: the squaw looked horrified, but only closed her mouth more tightly. "All aboard" was the call, and we left; but the two watched us as long as they could see us, and seemed to be talking about the wonderful man whose teeth could be taken out and put back at pleasure.

INDIAN STOREHOUSES.

CHAPTER XXV.

MANITOU SPRINGS — DENVER.

In short — as it goes in the world — they eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo, they sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance (with other unspeakable things);
They pray, and they play, and they pay, and that's what they do at the Springs.

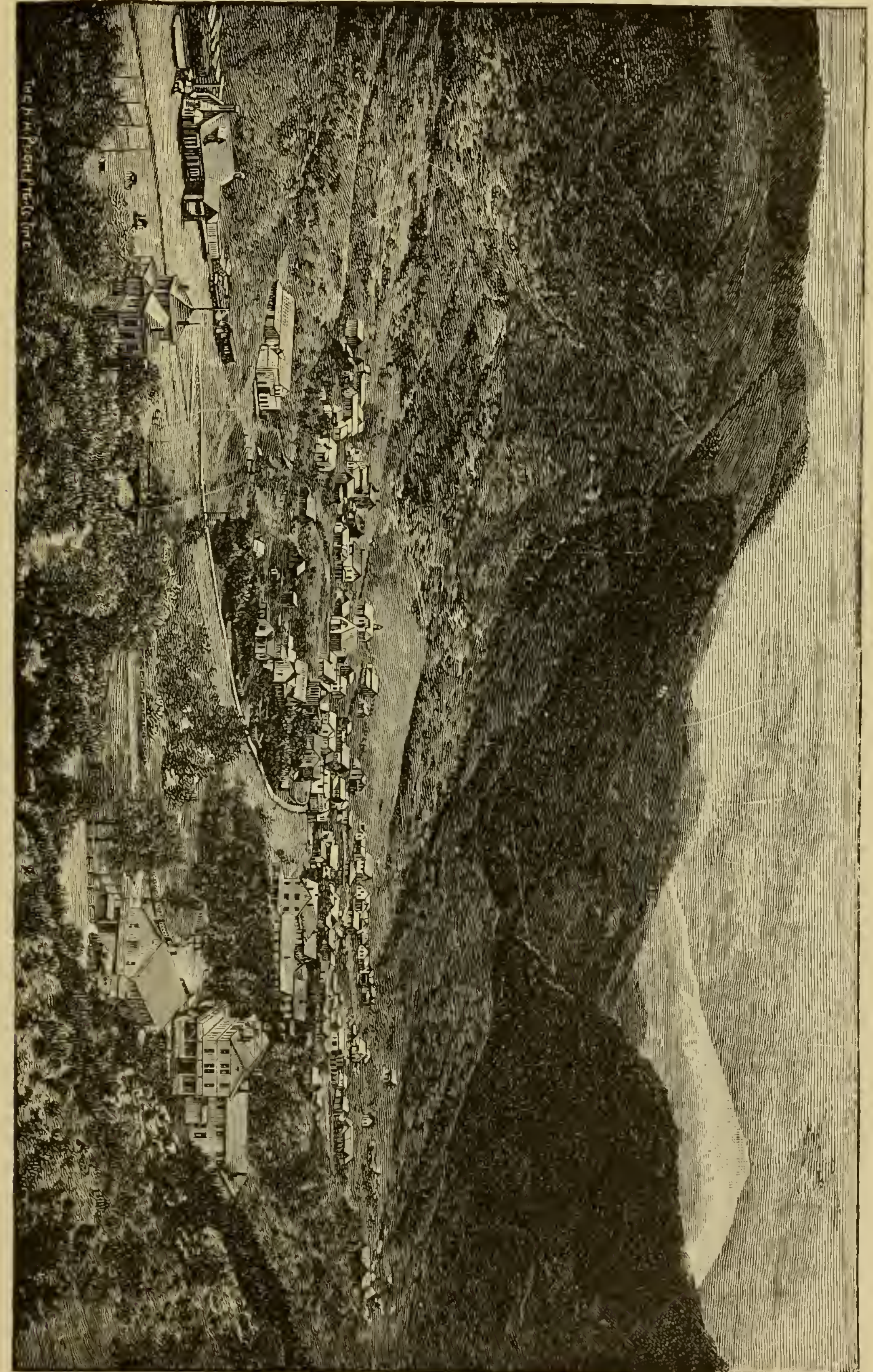
— Saxe.

MANITOU Springs is situated in a narrow valley penetrating the main range through the foot-hills. The red rocks of the neighboring elevations give the surroundings a very singular aspect. The town is invisible until a low ridge extending across the valley is passed, and then the white houses, and large hotels come suddenly into view. The most prominent buildings are the new and elegant bathing-establishment, and the pretty stone station. Through an opening in the hills the snow-white crest of Pike's Peak is seen. The principal springs, six or seven in number, are situated on the banks of Fountain Creek, a swift mountain stream which flows through the centre of the village, or on Ruxton's Creek, which flows into the other from Engleman's Cañon, just below the Ute Pass. The Navajo, Shoshone, and Manitou Springs are within one minute's walk of the hotels, as is also the splendid bathing-establishment opened in 1884. Manitou Springs has an elevation of 6,297 feet, but is nevertheless surrounded by high hills. Pike's Peak is 14,134 feet high. Cameron's Cone has an elevation of 11,560 feet.

We were quartered at the Cliff and the Barker Hotels, both well kept. I should think that this would be a good place for one who likes to sleep under blankets the year round, with days warm enough to make out-door life enjoyable. The weather here reminded us of New England; a hot noon, an afternoon thunder shower and a snow storm being followed by a night so cool that ice formed. We found many guests here from all parts of the country,— some with health or wealth, or both, and some without either. The invalids are as regular in their visits to the clear, bubbling springs as is a toper at the bar of a saloon. The water is pleasant to the taste, and reminds one of Apollinaris water.

As soon as we arrived, I spoke for a good team and driver for the morrow, and fortunately secured both. In the morning Captain Willis and his wife and Colonel Browne accompanied Mrs. Ball and myself through the Garden of the Gods, and around through Colorado Springs and Colorado City, back to Manitou. On our return we urged the driver to move a little faster, as we were going down hill. He looked at us with an air of surprise, but said nothing, and continued to jog along at the same gait. Hereupon I spoke with a little more emphasis, when he pointed in silence to a stream near which we happened to be moving, which was dancing merrily along *in the opposite direction.* We were deceived by looking at Pike's Peak and other mountains in the distance. This peak has deceived many in regard to heights and distances, ever since the day when Zebulon Pike, finding himself, as he thought, close by it, started for a short stroll to its summit; and then, after toiling wearily along for many hours,

without apparently getting any nearer, concluded that it was unapproachable, and postponed the attempt. Now, however, the journey can be made by the Manitou & Pike's Peak Railroad in a few hours.



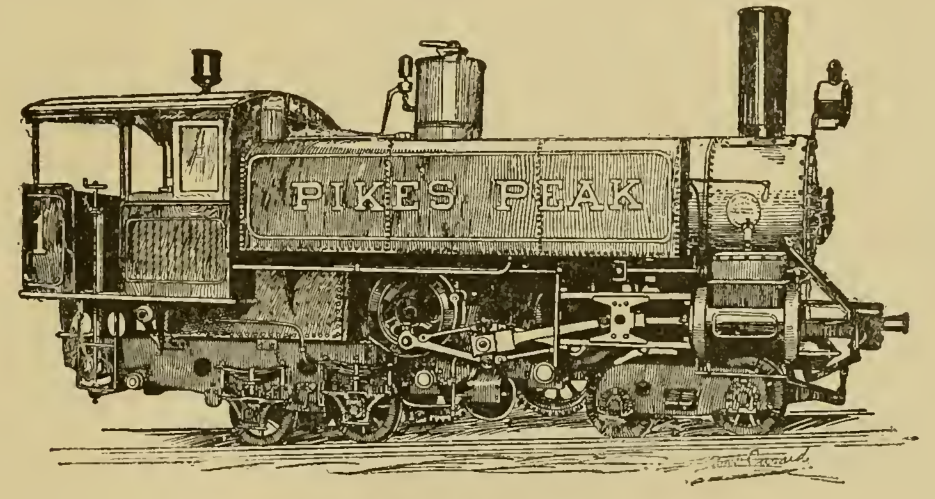
MANITOU SPRINGS AND PIKE'S PEAK.

The entire length of the road is eight and seventy-four one-hundredths miles. The full description, obtained from President Hurlburt and Chief Engineer Richardson, is as follows: —

PIKE'S PEAK RAILWAY THROUGH HELL GATE.

The road-bed is fifteen feet wide. Every two hundred or four hundred feet, according to grade, are sunk cross-sections of masonry, to which the track is tied, so that absolute rigidity

is secured. There is not a single foot of trestle-work on the entire line, and only three short bridges, these being constructed in the most substantial manner, entirely of iron. The maximum curvature is only 16 degrees, which gives a radius of 359 feet. The average ascent per mile is 1,320 feet. The total rise from base to summit is 7,525 feet. The cost of grading alone will be over $120,000. The road will be standard gauge, and laid with forty-pound steel rails. Between these, in the centre of the track, are placed two cog-rails, made of the finest Coca steel. A special chair has been manufactured for these rails, at Abt's great foundry, in Germany. On the Mount Washington road, and on that up the Rigi, the middle rail is constructed upon the principle of a ladder. This is cumbersome, provocative of great noise, and only allows a speed of two and three-fourths miles an hour. The speed attainable on the Pike's Peak road will be seventeen miles an hour, but the maximum rate will not be over eight miles, and the average not more than four miles. One cog-rail would be amply sufficient to do all the work, but two are inserted to insure safety. The cogs are fitted with such nicety that the variation of a fiftieth part of an inch in one of them will cause the whole rail to be rejected.



THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

The engines are built by the Baldwin Company, of Philadelphia, and are of the latest pattern. When on a level track, they will stand at an 8 per cent. slant, and thus when the cars and engine are on a 16 per cent. grade, they will be level. There are three wheels on each side of the engine, which revolve on the axles and merely act as guides, and to sustain the weight. There are three driving cog-wheels which interdigitate with the cog-rails, and thus when the engine is in position, the track is in reality *a part of the engine.* The weight of the engine is thirty-two tons. Two of the cog-drivers will be in constant use, and the third will be reserved for emergencies. The cars are building at Springfield, Mass., and will be arranged on a "slant" corresponding with that of the engine, and each one is fitted with an independent cog-brake. The engine will push the cars up the mountain, and will be in front of them in making the descent. No coupling will be used, and each car will be entirely independent of the other. The descent could be made in perfect safety without an engine. The cars will seat fifty passengers each, though nearly twice that number can be accommodated in case of necessity.

"The 'Peak' is the barometer for all the country round about and is a great puzzle to the uninitiated, for though the sky be as blue and clear as on a midsummer day, if a little cloud no bigger than a powder puff rests on its summit there is sure to be a blow or a snow, and on the

other hand, a leaden sky, however dark and threatening, means nothing if the giant mountain stands out clearly defined.

"Mrs. Touzalin, the daughter of the late Mr. Justice Miller, owns a ranch about ten miles south of the springs, and a more ideal spot it would be hard to find. The place stands on high ground right at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain and in the midst of a beautiful grove of pines. From the southeast piazza of the cozy house there is an unbroken view of the plains, which seem to stretch on and on to the very end of the world. The silence is so intense and so soothing that you feel as if under a spell, and sit and gaze at the wonderful sun-flooded expanse with the shadows of clouds flying across it, until the meaning and the delight of the '*dolce far niente*' is borne in upon your soul. Behind you rises the rugged mass of mighty Cheyenne with 'its jagged top cutting into the vivid blue of the sky. The wind sweeps through the pines, and you close your eyes and imagine that the prairie sea is breaking in surf at your feet. The crested bluejays flit through the branches with almost startling flashes of brilliant color, and your whole being is steeped in content. A magic place is that Touzalin ranch."

IN CHEYENNE CANON.

Cheyenne Mountain is one of the most prominent peaks in the foot-hills surrounding Manitou, and, aside from the massiveness of its form, the beauty of its cañons, the charm of its waterfalls, has the interesting but sad association of being the burial-place of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, the poet and *littérateur*, known to the world under her *nom de plume* of "H. H."

> "Such graves as these are pilgrim shrines —
> Shrines to no code or creed confined,
> The Delphian Vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

"For here in Nature's arms there lies asleep
One who loved Nature with a passion deep,
Who knew her language, and who read her book,
Who sang her music, which the bird, the brook,
The winds, the woods, the mountain, and the seas
Chant ever in commingling harmonies."

The entrance to the Garden of the Gods is a massive gateway, whose portals are of rock rising 330 feet from the almost level path. The outer parapet is white as snow, while the huge perpendicular rocks glow with red and pink coloring. It is difficult to persuade one's self that a master sculptor has not preceded us, and labored assiduously to produce the most wonderful effects in architecture and statuary. One is reminded of Palmyra and the Nile, Athens and Rome, Venice and Milan. Here are a "Statue of Liberty," a "Cathedral Spire," a "Lion," a "Griffin," and other curious figures. As Charles Dudley Warner says of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado:—

GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

"Human experience has no prototype of this region, and the imagination has never conceived of its forms and colors. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it by pen, pencil or brush."

The rocks are of granite and red sandstone; the former so hard in places as to almost turn the edge of a good steel drill, the other soft enough, here and there, to be whittled with a jackknife. The images vary in height from 100 to 200 feet.

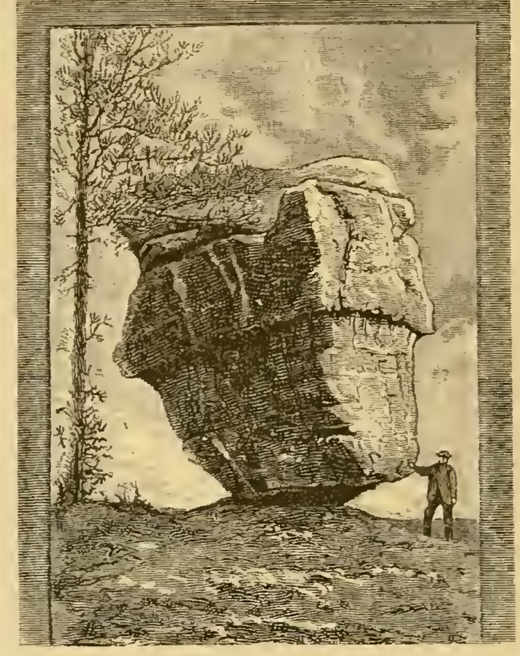
Balanced Rock is a boulder, weighing about 275 tons, thirty-five feet in diameter near the top, and resting upon a base four feet across,—

"As if an infant's hand might urge
Its headlong passage down the verge."

The Manitou *Journal* says:—

"The Grand Caverns were accidentally discovered by their present owner, Mr. George Snider, in the spring of 1881, while hunting deer, but were not opened to the public until 1885, since which time thousands of visitors have passed through them. They are located one and a half miles from Manitou amid some of the most diversified scenery. The drive up Ute Pass, along the mountain side, is pleasant and picturesque. The view to be obtained

from the entrance to the cavern is fine, indeed. Away in the distance, proudly rearing aloft its snow-capped head, is Pike's Peak, the 'lone sentinel' of the Rockies, frowning down upon us; nestled in the quiet vale below is Manitou; on the plain beyond, glittering in the sunlight, rise the spires and steeples of Colorado Springs.



BALANCED ROCK.

"Falling into Indian file, we march through the avenue or entrance into the Vestibule or Rotunda. There are three hallways or corridors leading from here to the different chambers or departments. The Vestibule is by no means void of interest, the rock-ribbed walls, the high-arched, frescoed ceiling, the diversified stalactites and stalagmites, all blend in strange harmony. In one end of this chamber stands a monument to Grant. It was built from loose stone at hand, each visitor putting a single stone in place.

"Leaving the Vestibule, we pass through Canopy Avenue, in which we find fossils, bones, teeth — relics of human beings and wild animals, to Alabaster Hall, and on to Stalactite Hall, where it terminates, after passing up a stairway of ten steps, the only one in the entire route. Here we find stalactites and stalagmites in almost countless numbers, and grotesque figures in every conceivable form and position, among them being representations of a Texas steer, silver cord, white owl, the broken column, wax candle, duck's head, horse-shoe tunnel, ape, etc.

MANITOU GRAND CAVERNS.

"Returning to the Vestibule, we pass through the Narrows and enter the Opera House, the most wonderful structure, so to speak, of all the wonders. The ceiling is fifty or sixty feet in height. There are regularly-formed galleries. The floor of this great chamber, and also of Concert Hall, with which it is connected, is level; the walls are draped with fine curtains, and the ceilings are gorgeously frescoed. In the farther end of Concert Hall is the Grand Organ. The keys are composed of musical stalactites and give forth sweet sounds. Our guide, an accomplished musician, assigned us seats in the parquet and discoursed some very beautiful music on this wonderful organ, wrought and fashioned by the Great Architect. Fine statuary, symmetrical in form and graceful in appearance as though carved and chiseled by a master hand, which has been forming throughout the countless ages by chemical processes, heightens the effect and makes com-

plete the scenic grandeur which reminds one of the Coliseum at Rome. This room, or amphitheatre, is almost five hundred feet long.

"Passing on, we come to the Jewel Casket, which contains some very fine specimens, which have been growing under the ground, like coral in the sea, for ages and ages. Here on the walls are card racks, there being a separate division for each State, and all being well represented. After passing through Lover's Lane, we beheld Grandma's Churn and a flock of crystal sheep, besides other noted curiosities. In a recess in one tunnel is a perfect natural dungeon. Beyond this is a petrified cascade. Then comes the Bridal Chamber. Here is a whole museum of wonders. There is more to dazzle and astonish the beholder than in any other chamber. Translucent stalactites still forming, with a tiny drop of water trembling on their tips, glistening and glittering like a dew drop in the morning sun. This cavity appears to have been designed as a receptacle in which Nature would treasure her gems and jewels. Artistic formations of skill and grace are here deposited. Tiny flowers of crystal, gorgeous to behold, skillfully wrought, are interlaced and entwined into floral wreaths, which rival the regal diadem in splendor and dazzling brilliancy."

Manitou Springs is often called the "Saratoga of the West"; but it is something more than a fashionable resort, where the giddy hold festivity the season through: it is a place of health and recuperation. A noted writer, who has passed a season here, says: —

"In short, it is the mellow sunlight ever streaming down, the scenic, cheerful surroundings, the temperate clime in a northern locality, the healing waters of the Chalybeate Springs all combined that make this the matchless resort, and sanitarium of the continent. There is here a golden harvest of mellow autumn days throughout the winter. The harmonious surroundings, the vitalizing mountain air, the tinctured, effervescent waters make a magic tonic, prepared in Nature's great laboratory, which will soothe and heal the overtaxed system, and impart vitality and energy to all; for all the conditions that are required to promote life and health, pleasure and recreation, are clustered around this proud and peerless resort of the Rockies."

THE GRAND ORGAN.

Near the Garden of the Gods is a village of prairie-dogs. The town is situated on the road which passes through the Great Gateway to Colorado City, and may be seen on a little plateau to the left. Here are a great number of little hills of sand and gravel thrown up by the dogs around their burrows. The little fellows can be seen at work around their dwellings, or sitting on their haunches sunning themselves, and chattering gaily with some neighbor.

The burrow has an easy incline for about two feet, then descends perpendicularly for five or six, and after that branches off obliquely. It is often as large as a foot in diameter. The dogs at home are neat little fellows, and allow no litter to accumulate around their doors. They go to bed early, and never go around disturbing their neighbors before daylight.

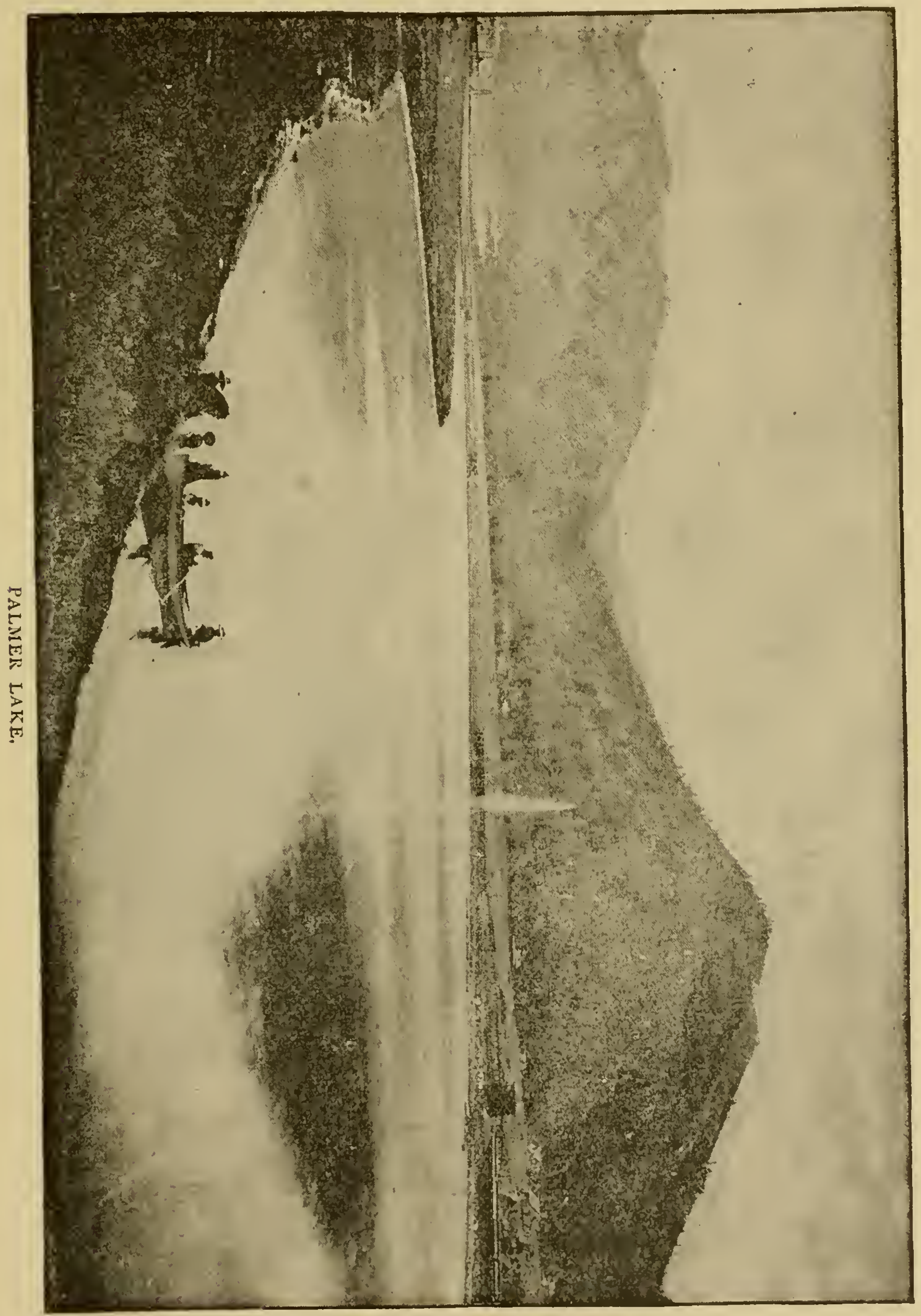
Tuesday morning, May 13, we left Manitou on our own broad-gauge Pullman train, which we could now appreciate fully, after our long ride in the observation car. We passed through Colorado Springs again, where we were shown house-lots that sold five years ago for $600, which are now held at $25,000. At Divide, twenty-three miles further north and fifty-two miles from Denver, is Palmer Lake, with an elevation of 7,544 feet. At times of high water the flow from the lake is in both directions — southward to a tributary of the Arkansas, and northward into the South Platte. The natural discharge is into the latter stream. Near the station of Castle Rock, nineteen miles beyond Divide, there are some bold rock formations on the right, one of which has given the place its name.

ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

We arrived at Denver about noon, and dined in the large hall of the Union Depot, which is one of the finest buildings for railway uses in America. We spent the afternoon in drives about the capital, which Stanley Wood so well describes: —

"There are only a few cities in the world that please at first sight. Denver is one of this favored few. The liking one gets for Boston, Philadelphia, or London, is an acquired taste, but one falls in love at once with Paris, Denver, or San Francisco. It does not follow that, because the cities mentioned are immediately pleasing, they must of necessity resemble each other, any more than that a peach, an apple, and an orange should have a similar flavor. We like the fruit and we like the cities intuitively, but not for the same reasons. One feels a sense of exhilaration in the atmosphere of the capital of Colorado. The grand view of the Snowy Range of mountains to the north and west, and the broad expanse of horizon-bounded plains to the east and south, exalt the spirits, the bland but bracing breezes cool the fevered pulse, and the abundant oxygen of the air thrills one like a draught of effervescing champagne. A beautiful city, beautifully situated, is Denver, with broad, tree-shaded streets, along each side of which flow streams of sparkling water, necessary to the growth of vegetation in a country where the annual rainfall is less than fifteen inches, with public buildings of massive proportions and attractive architecture, with residences erected in accordance with the canons of good taste, with innumerable lawns of shaven grass, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, with charming suburbs and an outlying country, studded with fertile farms and flowering or fruiting orchards, peace is within her dwellings, and plenty within her palaces. It has now seventeen railroads, two cable roads constructed, three motor lines, one circle or belt railroad, sweeping around the southwestern segment of the city's circumference, and thirty-two miles of first-class street railway, which is being rapidly replaced by the extension of the cable road. The town is lighted by gas and electricity, has paid fire and police departments, and obtains its water from mountain sources, and from over 300 artesian wells, varying in depth from 350

to 1,600 feet. The public buildings, exclusive of churches and schools, cost $4,000,000. The real estate belonging to the city is worth $2,000,000, the bonded debt is only $400,000, and the



PALMER LAKE.

assessed valuation is $37,500,000, while its commerce is now annually not less than $100,000,-000. Denver is situated at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River, and, in addition

to being the capital of the State, is the county seat of Arapahoe County. All the railroads which centre here land their passengers at the Union depot. The street leading from the main entrance of the station up town is Seventeenth street, and on this, just outside of the depot park, is situated the central station of the City Street Railway Company. The street and cable cars pass directly by the leading hotels. Prices for carriage transportation are regulated by ordinance, and extortion prohibited by law. There are many objects of interest: the smelters, the public buildings, the Grand Opera House — which is the handsomest in the world, with the sole exception of the Grand Opera House in Paris,— the system of irrigation, the magnificent private residences, the homes of mining princes and cattle barons, the lovely suburbs, and the United States military post. The hotel accommodations of Denver are probably the most complete of any city of its population in the country. There are six first-class hotels provided with all modern improvements, to say nothing of some forty odd less pretentious ones." The Union depot is 503 x 69 feet, and its tower is 165 feet high. The capitol is 295 x 192 feet, and 325 feet high to the top of its dome. The Tabor Opera House cost over $900,000 for the site and building.

We saw but one thing of importance to criticise. It had been raining not long before we arrived, and, as the soil is a reddish clay and the streets not paved, we had a splendid chance to show the younger members of our party what miners meant by "slumgullion."

The city was born of the Pike's Peak gold excitement in 1858–59. In 1860 it was a straggling camp, consisting principally of log cabins and tents. In 1870 it had 4,579 inhabitants; in 1880, 35,719; and within the succeeding year over 600 buildings were erected, while the population increased to over 40,000. The present number of inhabitants is estimated at between 80,000 and 90,000.

Wm. M. Thayer, in "Marvels of the New West," writes: —

"At the banquet of 'Pioneers' in Denver, Sept. 13, 1883, — an association of men who settled in Colorado previous to 1861, — Governor Steele, who was one of the members, said:—

"'I landed in Denver on the 4th of May, 1859. There was nothing but tents and cabins about here. We had fought our way against the current that had turned back, who told us the country was a barren land; that we would starve to death; that Green Russell had not found anything; and that the reports we had heard were lies. We dared not oppose them, nor declare that we intended to come on to the end, because they were so determined not to allow any one to sacrifice himself, as they called it, that they were ready to mob and hang us if we did not yield. We had to steal away from them in order to go on.'

"No persons are more amazed over the growth of Denver, and, indeed the whole New West, than the ''59ers' (as they have been called), who made fortunes when they struck the junction of Platte River and Cherry Creek."

We were introduced to a number of prominent '59ers, and an enterprising set of men they seemed to be.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEBRASKA — PORT HURON — NIAGARA.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn, which God hath planned;
To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder, whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder, its dome the sky.

— Horace Smith.

WE proceed at 6 P. M., and enter the State of Nebraska, not far from Julesburg, and continue along the banks of the South Platte River until it unites with the North Platte, eighty miles farther east, from which point the railway follows the main Platte nearly to its mouth. Nebraska has an area of 75,995 square miles,— a greater area than England and Wales possess, or some 11,000 more than the six New England States combined,— and yet it is said that few States have so little waste land. The section of the State we enter first is in the centre of the cattle region. Both Ogalalla and North Platte are large shipping points. Near the latter place Hon. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," has a fine horse ranch. Colonel Cody's popular name is suggestive of the rapid disappearance of the bison. In this connection a recent article in the *Chronicle* is suggestive: —

"'Their masters have no other riches or subsistence. Of them they eat, they drink, they apparel, they shoe themselves, and of their hides they make many things, as houses, shoes, clothing, and ropes; of their bones they make bodkins; of their sinews and hair, thread; of their horns, maws, and bladders, vessels; of their dung, fire; of their calves' skins, budgets, wherein they draw and keep water. To be short, they make as many things of them as they have need of, or as many as suffice them in the use of this life.'

"So wrote Castenado, the historian of Coronado's famous march in search of the 'seven cities of Cibola' across the great central plains of North America, only forty-eight years after the discovery of the New World by Columbus. So wrote Castenado of the American bison and the American Indian.

"It almost seems trite to say that the miscalled buffalo is rapidly disappearing from the plains they once roamed in herds so vast and mighty that coming suddenly upon an immigrant train in their trail the men, women, horses, wagons and everything belonging to the train have been literally trampled into so much dirt and debris by the mad rush. Yet the assertion is ventured by way of introduction to the following figures which have recently been compiled by Henry Inman: In the thirteen years from 1868 to 1881 — during which the buffaloes were indiscriminately slaughtered for the sake of their hides — in the State of Kansas alone the sum of $2,500,000 was paid out for the bones of dead buffaloes gathered on the prairies. They were used by the various carbon works of the country, principally those in St. Louis. But the significance of these figures is not fully revealed till it is explained that the price paid averaged only $8 a ton, and that it took the bones of 100 carcasses to make a ton. Thus in Kansas over thirty-one millions of buffaloes were killed in only thirteen years.

"In 1889 thirteen buffaloes were discovered in Wyoming. Eight of these were captured, but five of them died in a few months. For all practical purposes — save the one to be herein explained — the American bison is as much an extinct species as the dodo or great auk, and only in menageries and zöological collections of considerable pretensions are specimens of the buffalo still to be seen.

"The ancient historian seems to have enumerated nearly every use to which the dead bison may be put, but he could not possibly foresee that in modern times, when the species should be almost extinct, it would be used to improve American beef. Yet that is what is being done now. There are several so-called buffalo farms in different parts of the western States, where the bison is raised for the sole purpose of mixing their blood with that of the ordinary cattle.

"And the reason is obvious. All the choice meat from cattle is cut from the hindquarters, while the choice cuts in the bison are in the shoulders. It was the Hon. C. J. Jones of Kansas who first thought of crossing the breeds for the purpose of increasing the quantity of choice cuts. More than this, the crosses with black cattle have produced exceedingly fine robes, which are as handsome as sealskins. Although not so fine and delicate, they are far superior to the best of buffalo robes and they have brought in market as high a price as $280.

"When properly crossed they carry at least 200 pounds of the choicest meat on the hump. This is cut into sirloin and porterhouse steaks and brings fifty cents a pound quite readily. The great advantage in crossing the breeds is their subsequent hardiness and capability of caring for themselves in all kinds of weather. The blizzards of Manitoba, with the thermometer at 50 degrees below zero, do not disturb them in the least. No one who has ever seen a fine specimen will deny that they are well proportioned for meat-bearing animals, and it is thought that the experiment will result in a race of cattle fitted for our vast arid plains, where experience has taught that the native cattle cannot succeed.

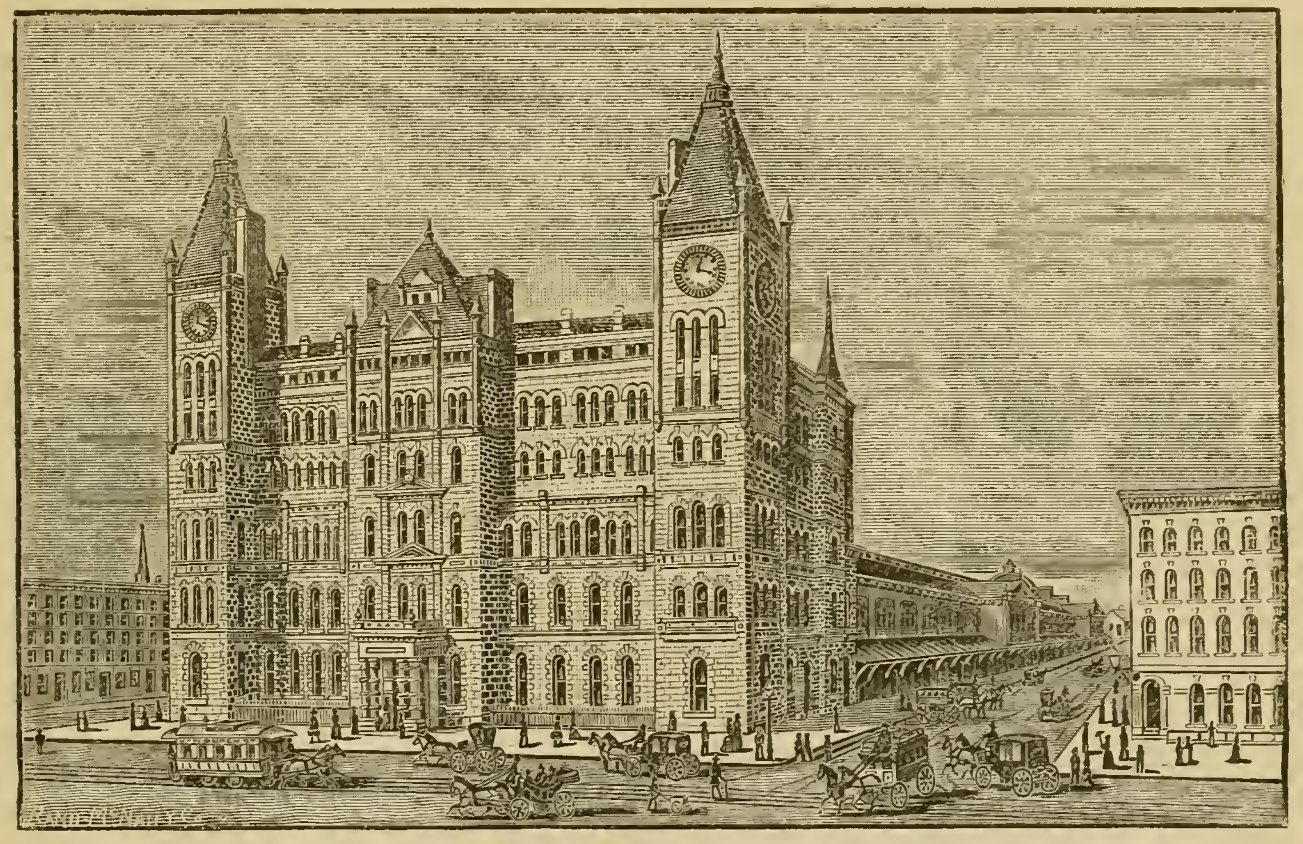
"The fact that buffalo meat was in former years condemned does not imply that by domesticating and keeping them quiet on plenty of good pasture, they will always yield the old tough beef, full of muscles, sinews, and cords. In fact, it has been demonstrated that by making steers of the calves they grow up to magnificent oxen with meat as tender as any known, and very delicious. By crossing the buffalo with the various strains of domestic cattle, five distinct breeds have so far been created whose hardihood is remarkable. They care no more for the most violent blizzard than the mild-eyed Jersey, basking in the shade of the home lot, does for the gentlest June zephyr. Thus has been initiated a revolution in stock-raising in the high latitudes of the central continent that will be marvelous in after years."

At Kearney I met my old friend, Dr. O. S. Marden, but only had time to shake hands, as the whistle blew too soon for me to get a good look at this young and enterprising city. We dined at Omaha, at the eastern end of the Union Pacific Railway, a lively and flourishing city of over 50,000 inhabitants, finely situated on the western shore of the Missouri River.

This is a great railroad centre, is encircled by a belt line, has over twenty miles of horse railroads, and is well laid out, its wide streets being paved with stone and blocks of asphalt. The wholesale business here is over $75,000,000 yearly. We were told that there are in the city sixty churches, thirty school buildings, and two or three academies and colleges. Water from the Missouri River is filtered and used. There is a military post near the city, where soldiers are stationed by the government as reserves in case of Indian hostilities further north and west. In relation to the troubles which were then brewing with the Sioux, and which caused so much anxiety during the winter of 1890–91, I give the following quotations from well-informed writers: —

Father Craft, the Indian missionary, who was wounded in the fight at Wounded Knee Creek,

wrote thus to the *Illustrated American:* "I authorize you to contradict for me in my name, through the press, the reports in circulation that blame the army for the sad tragedy at Wounded Knee Creek. Those reports do grave injustice to our soldiers, and are instigated by those adverse to an honorable settlement of the present trouble, and hostile to the desire of every true friend of the Indians, that they be permanently transferred from the charge of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. It is only by such a transfer that the Indians can expect just treatment. The whole trouble originated through interested whites, who had gone about most industriously and misrepresented the army and its movements upon all the agencies. The Indians were, in consequence, alarmed and suspicious. They had been led



RAILROAD STATION AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.

to believe that the true aim of the military was their extermination. The troops acted with the greatest kindness and prudence. In the Wounded Knee fight the Indians fired first. The troops fired only when compelled to. I was between both, saw all, and know from an absolute knowledge of the whole affair whereof I say. The Indians state the case just as I do. I have every proof at hand, and when able will forward full statement and documentary evidence."

Frank C. Armstrong, a United States Indian Inspector, wrote from Pine Ridge Agency, April, 1890, predicting the outbreak, and added: —

"In former years this agency was allowed five million pounds of beef. This year it has been reduced to four million pounds. These Indians were not prepared for this change. No instructions had been given the agent that one million pounds of beef would be cut off from the Indians this year. Consequently, issues were made from the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1, 1889, until the date of the final delivery of beef, about October 15, 1889, on the basis of five million pounds for the year. This necessitated a large reduction in the beef issue after-

ward, to catch up with the amount, and came just at the worst season of the year. The Indians were kept at the agency between three and four weeks in the farming season of 1889, when they should have been at home attending to their corn. Their enforced absence attending the Sioux Commission caused them to lose all they had planted, by the stock breaking in on their farms and destroying everything they had. They have been compelled to kill their private stock during the winter, to keep from starving, and, in some cases, have been depredating upon the stock of white people living near the line of the reservation. A bad feeling is growing among the Indians out of this, and may lead to trouble between the settlers and the Indians. The killing of a hog made the Nez Percés war, with Indians far more advanced than these people. The full allowance of beef should be given them. They complain, and with good grounds, that they were told by the Sioux Commissioners that their rations, etc., should not be reduced; that while this very talk was going on, the Department in Washington was fixing to cut off one-fifth of their meat supply, but did not let them know it, nor did the agent know it until they had signed the Sioux Bill. They had a good start in cattle, but have had to kill over three times as many of their own cattle, old and young, as they did the year before; that they have been deceived by the Government doing as it has done; and that they don't get as much now as they did before. I think cutting off this one million pounds of beef, and thereby forcing them to kill their own young cattle, has put them back two years or more in raising stock, and has created a feeling of distrust, which, unless something is done to repair it, will lead to trouble and bad conduct. They have now killed many of their own cattle, and will next commence to kill range cattle. Already hides and other evidences of this are being found on the reservation borders. Men will take desperate remedies sooner than suffer from hunger. Not much work can be expected with the present feeling. The Indians who advocated signing are now laughed at and blamed for being fooled. The Government must keep faith, as well as the Indians."

The Indian chief, American Horse, said: —

"It has been two years since this trouble started. General Crook and two commissioners came up here to make a treaty for our land. Red Cloud objected to selling. I was in favor of selling, or doing anything the Great Father wanted. Then they called us all into the agency, and kept us there for seven days. When we got back, our stock and everything about our houses was gone. Then our rations were cut down. From that day our people have been divided. Some were so excited they could hardly be controlled. I labored to keep them all together, and to have them do as the white man wanted. When our rations were cut down, some of our people died. They had nothing to support life. The medicine was powerless. It was like the seed for our land — very poor. And the doctor was no better than our old women. Of course, we blame much of this on the agents, for many of them have been bad. We complained, but it did not avail us. Thus it was many became so discouraged that they were easily led away by bad men. I say again, and will say it to the Great Father, that my people were nearly starved these last two years or more. And we were not clothed. Look at us. We are like men pulled out of the ditch — nothing but rags to cover us. They send us books, and give us good advice, but paper and wind will not keep life together. If the people of the East heard the way we were treated, they would refuse to believe it. The agent may cause a good deal of this, but why does the government fail to keep the treaties? It is cold weather, and yet our winter clothing has not come."

The Denver *News* published this editorial: —

"The old trouble, as old as the history of Indian wars on the frontier, has come to the surface at Pine Ridge. The Interior Department, through its thieving rings and contractors,

make the trouble, and the War Department, through its troops, is obliged to settle it. The Interior Department is responsible for the death of hundreds of settlers and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property. It never neglects an opportunity to handicap the troops, and is always on hand to gather up any spoils which may exist in the way of contracts. Its Indian Bureau is rotten to the core, and no change for the better can be hoped for or expected until the whole management and control of the Indians is turned over to the War Department. Of course, the hangers-on of the Interior Department are blind with rage at the action of General Miles in displacing the civil agents; but the people of the West, who understand the situation, will approve it, and they will also approve the position taken by President Harrison in sustaining General Miles."

We crossed the Missouri River by the magnificent Union Pacific bridge, 2,750 feet long, which cost, it is said, $3,500,000, and halted at Council Bluffs. The population here is about 25,000. The city is built upon a plain, and the low bluffs along the river give it its name. In the electric cars we took long rides, and saw many fine residences, good school houses and churches. We spent seven hours at Omaha and Council Bluffs, and then on the Chicago Rock Island & Pacific Railway, sped eastward, outriding a threatening storm. We stopped for breakfast at Davenport, where the keeper of the restaurant, a man weighing 350 pounds but spry as a boy, brought proudly in a huge dish of baked beans, New England style. He doubtless expected to see the beans disappear rapidly; for, when no one took any, he stared at us in blank amazement. This is a very handsome city: it was settled, we were informed, in 1830, and has a population of 25,000.

Now for hundreds of miles we seem to sail across the evergreen sea of the prairie, in which like waterfowl, we see large numbers of cattle, horses, and sheep. Iowa and Illinois are crossed, and we enter the port of Blue Island Junction, where we had asked the World's Fair Committee to meet us. They had not arrived, however, so each put $100 back into his wallet. I fear our contributions will have to be forwarded through the Treasurer of the United States and the gatekeepers of the exposition.

As we ride from Denver to the Great Lakes, we are forcibly impressed by the wonderful fertility of the prairies. These rich fields produce a great variety and abundance of food supplies, which if of much value, would enrich the hard-working farmers. But we are assured that all of these things are of but nominal value here, and that it is very expensive to get them to market. The railroads and traders are not always satisfied when they have skimmed off all the cream of profit, but they often dip a little lower into the milk of cost. This, however, in a country whose population is increasing like ours, will change soon for the benefit of the farmer, who will then be independent as in former years.

On the way we were amused by the waiters of our dining cars, who furnished an entertainment of no mean order; as, indeed, they had at several other places during our excursion. One of them quoted, as a sly hit at the men who handle whisk brooms and brushes: —

"He who across our wondrous nation
Within a sleeper takes a trip,
And wins the porter's admiration,
Won't find it far from tip to tip."

We arrived in the evening at Port Huron, where we set our watches ahead one hour, to agree with Eastern Standard, or "home standard" time, as some one called it. The other changes were made at Ogden, Utah, and North Platte, Nebraska. We were delayed two hours in getting our cars across the ferry, and, although the place is pleasantly situated, and

has many fine buildings, we were most interested in the tunnel, since completed, of which I give a description from the Narragansett *Herald* of Nov. 22, 1890: —

" The United States is now connected with Canada by an avenue under the St. Clair river. It is in several respects the most notable and successful engineering feat of its kind on record. It is the longest river tunnel in the world, being 6,050 feet in all, 2,300 feet of which is under the river bed. Its outside diameter is twenty-one feet. It is the first cast-iron tunnel of its kind. It has been constructed at an unprecedented rate. Its prosecution has been attended with fewer casualties than any other similar work, one broken leg being the extent of the accidents, excepting two deaths of workmen, indirectly due to disregard of the company's orders regulating the use of air pressure.

" What is perhaps yet more remarkable, the cost of its construction will come within the first estimate of three million dollars.

" It is a little more than one year since the tunnel proper was begun, the steel shields having been lowered down inclines into the cuttings in August, 1889. Work on the cuttings, however, was begun in January, 1889, and test shafts were sunk on both sides of the river in 1887. The St. Clair Tunnel Company was formed in the year 1886.

" From the American cutting to the river's edge is 1,800 feet; from the Canadian cutting, 1,950 feet; under the river, 2,300. The approaches will be on the Canadian side 13,000 feet, on the Michigan side 9,000 feet. For the tunnel proper 2,196,400 feet of soil have been excavated. The cast-iron lining has required 55,962,500 pounds. There have been used in securing this lining 859,242 bolts.

" The walls of the tunnel are formed of thirteen cast-iron segments and a key. These segments are cast with thirty-two holes in them, twelve in each side-flange and four in each end. The inside diameter of the tunnel is twenty feet.

" The shield, which is operated simultaneously from each end of the tunneling, consists of a strong cylinder somewhat resembling a huge barrel with both heads removed. The front end of the cylinder is sharpened, so as to have a cutting edge to enter the earth. The rear end of the cylinder for a length of two feet or so is made quite thin, and is called the hood. Arranged around the main walls of the cylinder, and longitudinal therewith, are a series of hydraulic jacks, all operated from a common pump, each jack having cocks whereby it may be cut off from the pump whenever desired.

" Within the shields are vertical and horizontal braces and shelves. When at work the iron plates or the masonry of which the tunnel is composed are first built up within the thin hood of the shield; the hydraulic jacks are then made to press against the end of the tunnel plates or masonry, which has the effect to push the shield ahead into the earth for a distance equal to the length of the pistons of the jacks, say two feet, or not quite the length of the hood, and as the shield advances, men dig out and carry back the earth through the shield. By the advance of the shield, the hood, within which the iron or masonry tunnel is built, is drawn partly off from and ahead of the constructed tunnel, thus leaving the hood empty. The pistons of the hydraulic jacks are then shoved back into their cylinders, and a new section of tunnel is built up within the hood as before described. The shield is then pushed ahead, and so on.

" Each shield is circular, 21 feet 7 inches in diameter, 16 feet long, and is built of plate steel one inch thick. It is divided into twelve compartments by means of two horizontal and three vertical stays, which are built up to a thickness of two inches. These stays have a knife edge in front, and extend back ten feet, leaving six feet of clear cylinder, into which the end of the tunnel extends. Ten of the compartments are permanently closed, and bracings of angle iron placed across them. The other two are provided with heavy iron doors, which can

be closed at once in case of accident or danger. These doors are situated at the bottom in the centre, and through them is passed all the excavated matter.

"As soon as the present tunnel is in running order, another alongside of it will be begun, using the same machinery, with the exception of the shells of the pair of shields, which it was impossible to remove."

The Providence *Sunday Journal* thus describes the locomotives for this tunnel: —

"The big Baldwin engine was built for the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and is probably the largest locomotive in the world. It has a guaranteed hauling capacity of 760 tons of 2,240 pounds up a 2 per cent. grade, and will be operated in the recently completed tunnel under the St. Clair river. At either end of the tunnel, both under the river and in the cuttings of the approaches, there is about 5,000 feet of 2 per cent. grade. This is considered a particularly handsome engine, and is well fitted to stand as an example of the best American practice in the design of an economical type of heavy freight engine. It will be noticed that the run of these engines, for four of them are to be built, will be comparatively short, and the engine is to be run without a tender, three tons of coal being carried in the bunkers built at the rear, and the water being carried in the side tanks, directly over the wheels. Every pound of weight in the machine is available for adhesion, as every wheel is a driving wheel. The general dimensions of this engine are: Cylinders, 22 inches diameter, by 28 inches stroke; driving wheels, 50 inches diameter; tires, 3 inches thick, the middle pair blank and the rest flanged, all tires secured by Mansell retaining rings; boiler of 5-8 inches steel, 74 inches in diameter, probably the longest ever built for a locomotive, to carry 160 pounds steam pressure; tubes 281 in number, of iron, 2 1-4 inches in diameter, 13 feet 6 inches long; firebox 132 1-2 inches long by 42 1-8 inches wide, with fire-brick arch and radial stays; water tube grates with drop bars, for burning anthracite coal. The boiler fronts are of pressed steel, guides are of Laird type, side rods have solid ends, crossheads are of solid steel with phosphor bronze bearings, the tanks have a capacity of 1,800 gallons, and the coal storage is three tons. The cab is located on the middle of the engine, where the runner can see to advantage, while running in either direction. Westinghouse-American brakes, operated by air, are applied to the fronts of all wheels. There are two sand boxes for running either way, and a steam bell ringer. The weight of this engine in working order is 195,000 pounds. A co-efficient of friction on the rail of 600 pounds per ton is figured to give a hauling force on the draw-bar of 58,500 pounds. The resistance of a train of 760 tons on a grade of 2 per cent. is about 38,400 pounds. Add to this the resistance of the engine itself — about 5,000 pounds — and the total resistance to overcome is about 44,000 pounds. The engine, therefore, has considerable margin in which to work with a clean rail. The rails used will weigh 100 pounds per yard."

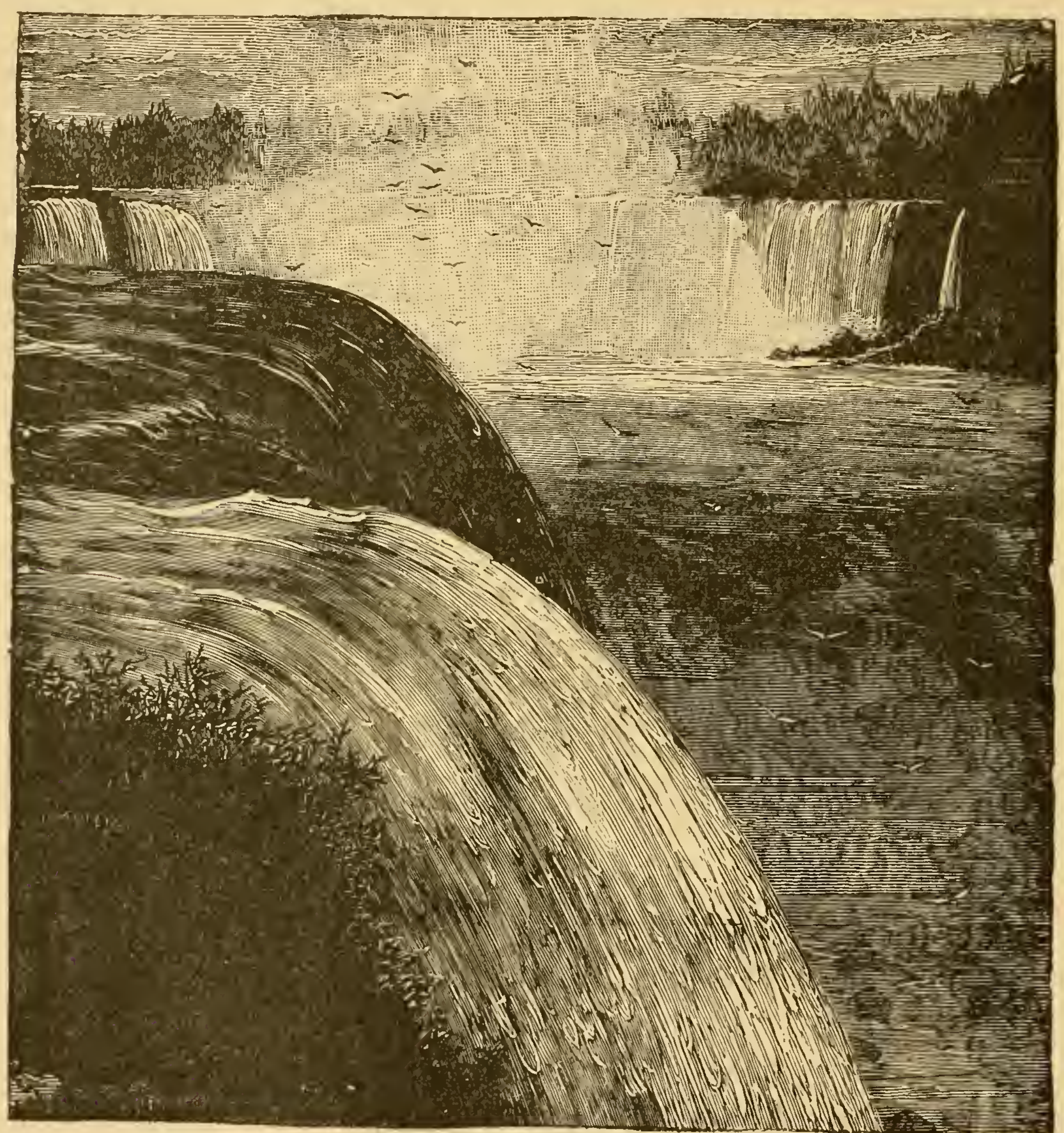
We sleep as we journey through Canada, until within about 150 miles of Niagara Falls, where we arrive at 11.00 A. M. Friday, and remain five hours.

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* says: —

"Many minds have essayed to reproduce Niagara literally; many pens have recorded the impression of visitors respecting it, without even faintly describing it: for there is no known rhythm whose cadence will attune itself to the tremendous hymn of this 'sound as of many waters,' neither will blank verse serve to rehearse its attributes in song. The best specimen of the latter was written by a gifted poet, who visited this locality especially to set forth its beauties in verse, but who recorded only the following words: —

'I came to *see!*
I thought to *write!*
I am but *dumb!*'"

With the experience of this writer in mind, I shall not attempt a description of the scenic features of the locality, but give instead some facts and figures gathered from the *Gazette*, the *New York Herald*, *Power-Steam*, and the *Scientific American.*



NIAGARA FALLS,— WEST SHORE RAILWAY ROUTE.

Niagara Falls are in latitude 43 degrees 6 seconds north; longitude, 2 degrees 5 seconds west from Washington, or 79 degrees 5 seconds west from Greenwich.

The dividing line between the United States and Canada runs through the center of the Horseshoe Falls and up and down stream through the center of the deepest channel of the river.

Niagara Falls are located in what is known as the Mile Strip — a strip of land one mile in width along the whole length of the American Bank of the Niagara River, reserved by the State of New York in its early sales, and sold by the State about 1800. According to the State divisions, there were 107 lots in this strip, lot number 42 being located at the Falls.

In its course the Niagara River falls 336 feet, as follows: From Lake Erie to the Rapids above the Falls, 15 feet; in the Rapids, 55 feet; at the Falls, 161 feet; from Falls to Lewiston, 98 feet; from Lewiston to Lake Ontario, 7 feet.

The Horseshoe or Canadian Falls are 3,000 feet wide and 165 feet high. The American Falls are 800 feet wide and 160 feet high. Over Niagara pour 58,000 barrels of water per second, 3,480,000 per minute, 208,800,000 per hour.

From records kept, a rise in the height of water of one foot above the Falls, will by actual measurement, raise it 17½ feet below.

Between the Falls and the Whirlpool, the depth varies from 75 to 200 feet. At the Whirlpool Rapids, it is estimated at 250 feet; in the Whirlpool, at 400. But it should be recalled that this is the depth of the water alone. The mass of stone, gravel, shale, etc., which in one way and another has been carried into the channel, lies below the water and above the original bottom of the gorge, which, therefore, is probably as deep again.

The name Niagara is supposed to be borrowed from the language of the Iroquois, and means "The Thunderer of the Waters." It was the name of a tribe, for it was an Indian custom to call their tribes from the most important natural feature of the country they inhabited, or to give the tribal name to such feature.

Within the memory of men now living the Falls have receded 100 feet. This naturally prompts the question, Where did the retrocession begin? Geologists tell us, and their answer is accepted as conclusive, at the mountain near Lewiston. The whole waters of the lakes there foamed over this dam, which was several miles in width. This accounts for the shells, etc., which have been found on Goat Island, it having been submerged; also for the shells found on the land along the river up-stream — shells which enabled Lyell, Hall and others to prove that the Niagara once flowed through a shallow valley.

Various estimates place the number of years required by the Falls to have cut their way from Lewiston to their present location at from 35,000 to 72,000. The latter number is probably but a fraction of the great age of the coralline limestone over which the water flows.

After the freedom of the United States had been recognized, a dispute arose as to who should own that part of Western New York lying West of Seneca Lake. Commissioners finally gave New York the jurisdiction, and Massachusetts the ownership. The land was first sold to Phelps & Gorham, and as they failed to fulfil their agreement, Robert Morris acquired it, and afterwards sold the western part to the Holland Land Company, though the Mile Strip was not included in any of the above sales. The part purchased by the company is known as the Holland Land Purchase.

The Niagara Falls reservation — sometimes loosely denominated the Niagara Falls Park, and improperly so, as it is in no sense a park in the usual acceptation of the term — is the outcome of a prolonged and laborious agitation. The first public step was the message of Governor Lucius Robinson to the New York Legislature in 1879. Referring to a conference between Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, and himself in the previous summer, the Governor urged the enclosure "of a suitable space on each side of the river from which annoyances and exactions should be excluded."

The Legislature by joint resolution referred the matter to the Commissioners of the State Survey, by whom a very rough examination was made. They recommended the acquisition by the State of a limited area about the Falls. Memorials to the Legislature, bearing the endorsement of a host of distinguished men, both here and abroad, urged immediate action. An association of the most prominent men in the country was formed to enlist the sympathy of

the people and rouse them to an adequate sense of the importance of speedy action in order to save Niagara.

The first Niagara bill, passed April 30, 1882, provided for the appointment of a commission by the Governor to locate, survey and appraise the lands necessary for such a reservation. Gov. Cleveland appointed five commissioners, and this commission proceeded at once to fix upon an area sufficient to secure the free enjoyment and proper protection of the Falls. The area included Goat Island, The Three Sisters, Bird Island, Luna Island, Chapin Island, and the small islands adjacent to them in the Niagara River, and also a strip of land on the shore, beginning at Port Day and running to and including Prospect Park. This latter strip is from 100 to 200 feet wide through the greater portion of its length. The whole area included 107 acres.

On September 22, 1884, the appraisers made their report, which was subsequently confirmed. Setting aside the claims of the land-owners for water-rights in the stream, they awarded a total sum for the entire area of $1,433,429.50. On the presentation of the commissioners' report, the acquisition of the reservation was authorized by the Legislature. An act was passed appropriating a sum sufficient to pay the awards, and authorizing an issue of bonds for the purpose.

On July 15, 1885, the reservation was declared open, with impressive and appropriate ceremonies. The governor of the State, with many distinguished guests, was present. The administration of the reservation is under the charge of five commissioners.

The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, on the Canadian side of the falls, was opened to the public May 24, 1888. It covers an area of 154 acres, and embraces the land adjacent to the falls, and also a considerable territory above and below them.

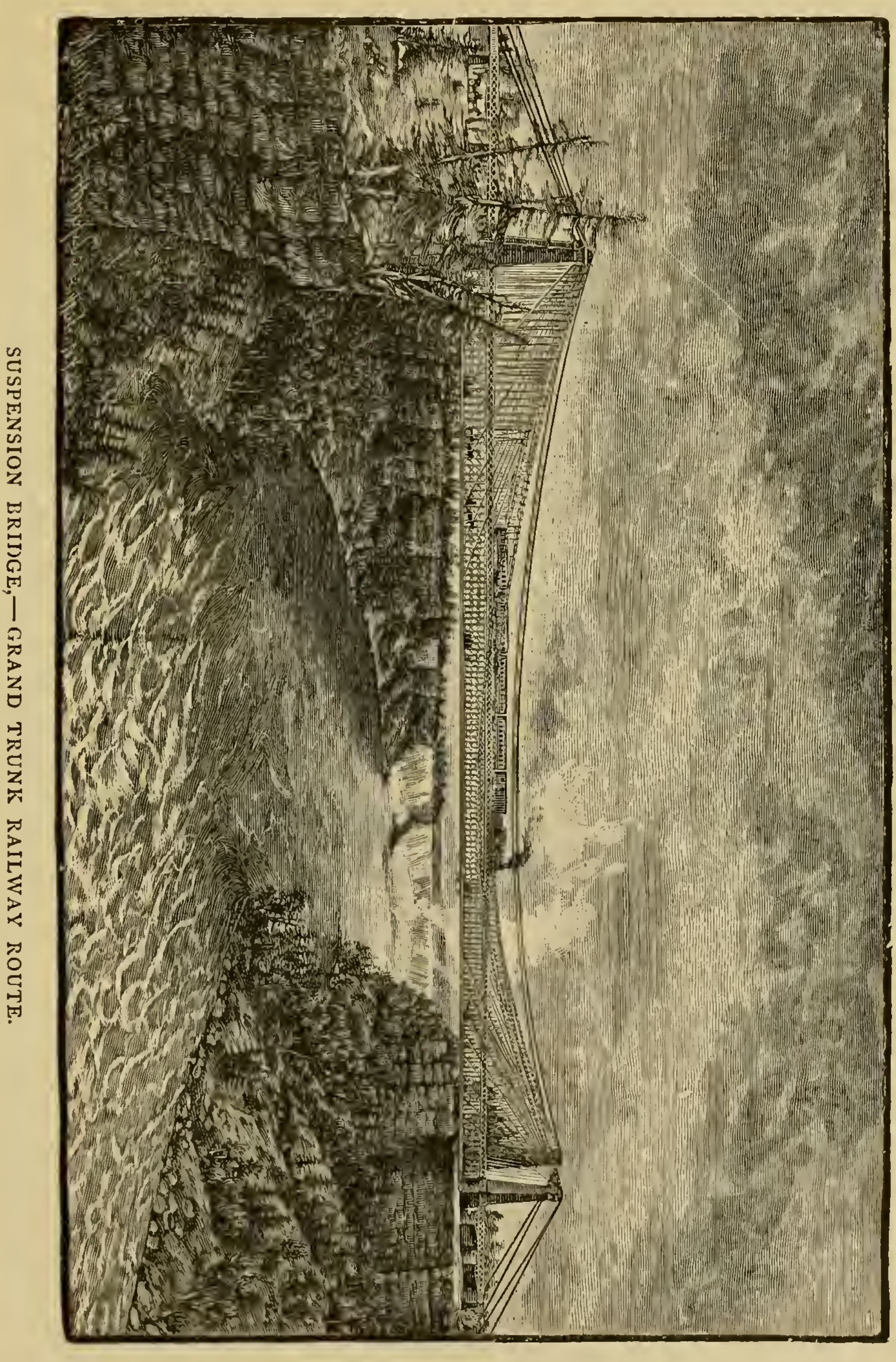
For many years it was a matter of frequent comment that at Niagara there existed an enormous water-power not utilized. Foreigners visiting the locality expressed their astonishment that a people so inventive and enterprising as the Americans should allow the unlimited power of Niagara to be wasted, without attempting to divert a fraction of the force flowing by their doors to increase the natural prosperity of their country.

The feasibility of applying a portion of the power of the cataract to the comforts and necessities of mankind, has been discussed for many years by the scientists and manufacturers of America, and several undertakings for the utilization of so much as the immediate locality required were carried out by local enterprise, but the limited demand in a comparatively new and undeveloped country, and the existence of many small water-powers in the New England States and other sections of the country permitted the great natural reservoir at Niagara to remain practically untouched, until the removal of the forests impaired, and in many instances destroyed, the water-power at other places.

The early French explorers and traders, impressed by the magnitude of Niagara's strength, built a mill beside the Rapids above the Falls. In colonial times the British selected a site in the same neighborhood, and erected a mill, used for preparing timbers for fortifications along the river. Immediately below, directly behind the Cataract House, on what is now the State Reservation, were subsequently erected the Stedman and Porter mills, the first structures of the kind on the Western Frontier. These were soon followed by the construction of the two large race-ways, which are still in existence, and which were occupied by manufacturing establishments, as was also Bath Island, situated in the rapids above the American Falls.

The water-power at Niagara was first utilized, on a large scale, by the construction of the Hydraulic Canal, about three-quarters of a mile in length, commencing at a point on the shore of the river, above the Falls, where the river is deep and navigable, and terminating on the high bank of the gorge below the Falls.

The sudden change of level in the Niagara River, constitutes a natural dam over whose crest is discharged the surplus water of the most magnificent series of mill ponds in the world, comprising Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, Georgian Bay and Lake Erie, a total



SUSPENSION BRIDGE,—GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY ROUTE.

of 87,600 square miles of reservoir surface, into which is drained 241,235 miles of watershed, a territory double the area of Great Britain and Ireland. With this immense reserve the level of the river is practically constant, and it simply remains to work the water from the level of

the river above the Falls to that of the rapids below in such a manner as to utilize the energy of its descent to control a source of power which shall be constant year in and year out and every day in the year, at no expense beyond the maintenance of the machinery of transformation and transmission, and the interest on its cost.

On March 11, 1886, by act of the New York Legislature, the Niagara River Hydraulic Tunnel Power and Sewer Company was incorporated. The plan of this company is to bring the differences in level in a vertical plane, not by the construction of a long canal from the river to below the falls and a short tail race to the lower river as is usually done, but by the opposite method of a long tail race from a point below the falls back to a point upon the river above, where the power can be advantageously utilized, and a short canal to convey the water from the river to that point.

A tunnel 29 feet in height and 18 feet in width is to be excavated from a point on the river bank just below the foot bridge on the American side, and carried back over 200 feet beneath the village of Niagara Falls, commencing at such a level that 14 of the 29 feet in height of the mouth of the tunnel are submerged, and extending with a rising grade of seven-tenths of 1 per cent. to a point about a mile and a fourth above the falls, where it will still be about 165 feet below the level of the river. Here a canal will be built directly over the line of the subterranean tunnel, and drawing water from the river will discharge it with a head of 165 feet into the tunnel below through water-wheels.

The flow of the Niagara River at the falls equals 12,785,455 cubic feet total flow per minute, or about 213,000 cubic feet per second. Measurements by the Lake Survey Board indicate the average flow of the river to be 265,000 cubic feet per second. The *New York Herald* of a recent date says: —

"When brought to its conclusion, the plan proposed will develop 120,000 horse-power, and there will be then drawn from the great stream only four tenths of 1 per cent. of the volume of passing water. In other words, the change in the condition of the falls by the diversion of this microscopic volume of water will not differ materially from that produced by an ordinary change of wind from northeast to the southwest, or *vice versa*, by its pressure of water into or back from Niagara River at its lake inlet."

The sources whence come the water that pours over Niagara are: —

	Miles long.	Miles wide	Feet deep.
Lake Superior	355	160	1,030
Lake Huron	260	100	1,000
Lake Michigan	320	70	1,000
Lake St. Clair	49	15	20
Lake Erie	290	65	84

Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world. Several smaller lakes, with 100 rivers, large and small, pour their waters this way, draining a country of more than 150,000 square miles. This is the drainage of almost half a continent, and its remotest springs are 2,000 miles from the ocean. With such a supply, it is not surprising that the volume of Niagara River is never noticeably diminished.

There are now in successful operation at the falls, the works of three flour-mill companies; one brewery; two manufactories of pulp, two of paper, and one of pulp and paper; two cooper-shops; one check-book manufactory; and the Oneida Community's establishment for making plated-ware and chains. Railroad sidings have been laid to every mill-door, and over 30,000 car-loads of mill freight are now handled in a year.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOME STRETCH.

> "Yet unto thee, New England, still, thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
> And thy rude chart of rock and rill seem dearer than the land of palms;
> Thy massy oak and mountain pine more welcome than the banyan's shade,
> And every free, blue stream of thine, sound sweeter than the music made
> By Oriental waves, which glow and sparkle with the wealth below!"

THE speech of John F. Nickerson, in handing two fine views of Niagara Falls to Miss F. M. Gleason, is given in illustration of the friendships formed on our excursion:—

DEAR MISS FLORA: Five weeks ago we left Boston for the Golden West, and most of the passengers on the Allende met for the first time. Very many things have tended to make our trip one of great pleasure,—the beautiful valleys of California with their snow-covered peaks, and the kind hospitalities everywhere showered upon us,—but most of all has been the formation of new and dear friendships. To yourself is due the credit of adding greatly to our enjoyment by your many little acts of kindness, and your bright and cheerful manner, always ready in your sweet, kind way, to help one and all. As this is the twenty-first anniversary of your birthday, your associates on the Allende have requested me to present you with this slight token of our love and esteem for you, which you will not value for its intrinsic worth (as our pocket-books are nearly dry), but for the kind feelings which in this way we express. We hope the future of your life may be one of happiness, and in years to come, if you or yours should look upon this gift, we trust your memory will recall the happy twenty-first anniversary, May 16, 1890,—on the Allende,—*en route* for Boston.

About this time two ladies entered our car, attracting no particular attention, even when it was noticed that they stopped and apparently examined the ticket-book of every passenger, as if they were deputy conductors. But when they were followed by others who repeated the examination, while those interviewed began to rise and join in the novel proceedings, our curiosity was roused to the highest pitch. Had an epidemic of very contagious lunacy broken out, had there been some loss, some theft, or what was the matter? Our train was going fifty miles an hour, and we could not escape, so we awaited mysterious fate with outward calmness but inward trepidation, as the increasing crowd moved down upon us. The foremost lady stretched out her hand containing a ticket book, with all the dignity of an accusing angel, and said: "Will you please give me your autograph on one of these stubs?" The craze raged like a prairie fire while it lasted, but to those who signed their names a hundred times or more, no serious harm resulted.

Our next halt was for an hour and a half at Syracuse, which we reached at 9.00 P. M., but it was too dark to see much; so we retired, to awaken next morning at the Fitchburg tunnel. It was decided not to wait until we reached Boston to say farewell amid the hurry and confusion

incident to the return; so we all gathered on the platform at Fitchburg and sang the following: —

PARTING SONG.

HON. B. F. WHITTEMORE.

Air — Home, Sweet Home.

We have passed o'er the mountains,
The valleys and the plains,
Where grandeur and beauty
And fruitfulness reigns.
We've traversed our country
From the sea unto the sea,
And with pride we sing its praises
Wherever we may be.

CHORUS — Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

With joy we shall remember,
In days of new lang syne,
The friends and dear companions
Of the men of '49;
The happiness and pleasures,
As we have journeyed on;
The scenes and many treasures
Of friendship we have won.

CHORUS — Home, home, etc.

God bless each one that's with us,
And make us friends for life;
And may the precious moments
We've passed, come woe or strife,
Bring cheer in all the future,
Whatever may betide,
And help us when at last we cross
Great nature's dark Divide.

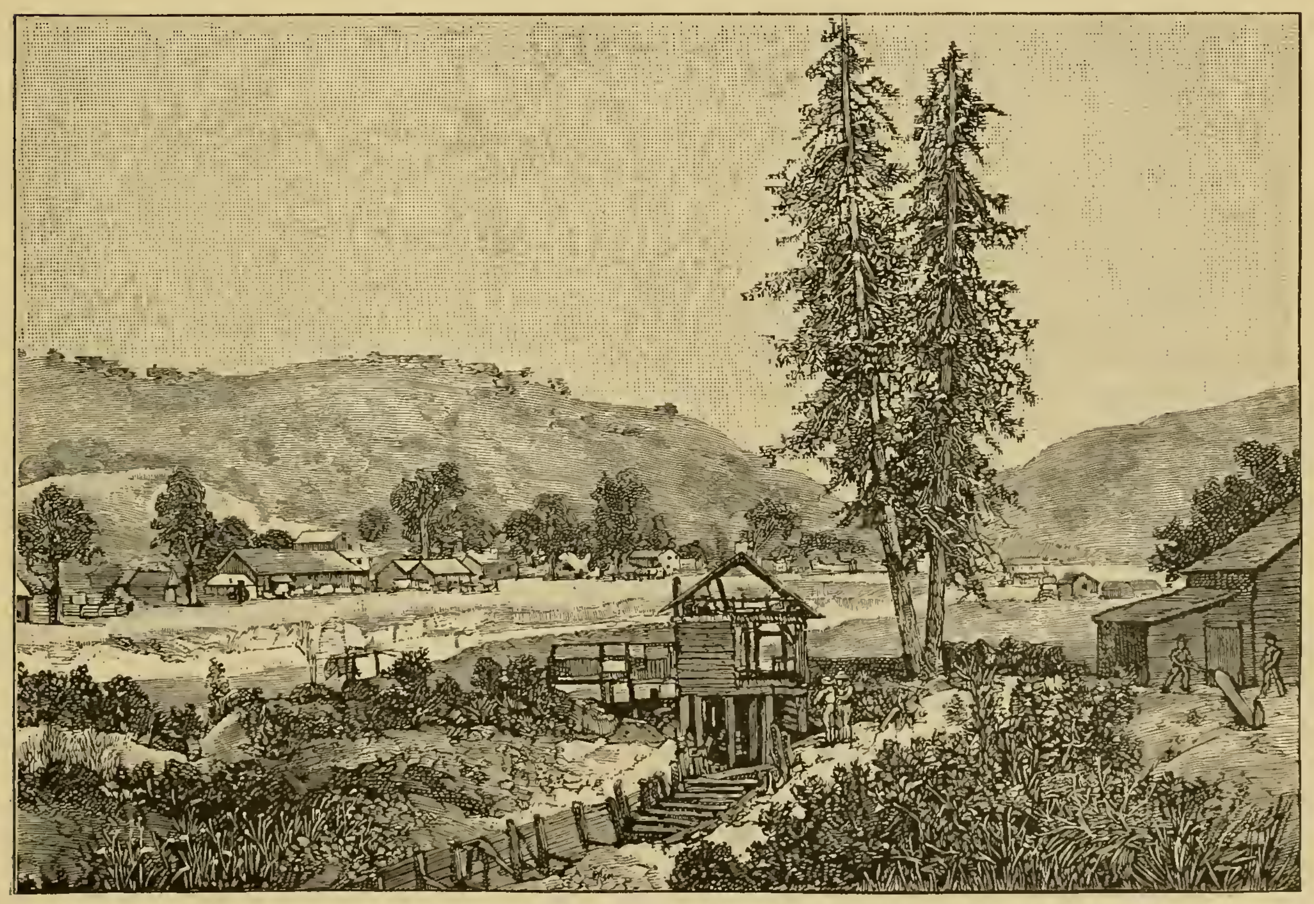
CHORUS — Home, home, etc.

Then cheers were given for "all hands," and especially for Dr. V. L. Owen of Springfield, who had ministered gratuitously to any one indisposed during our entire trip.

At 11 A. M., Saturday, May 17, our train entered the Fitchburg station in Boston. As we left the palatial cars that had been our homes for a month and a week, we thought of the kind Providence that had watched our roving feet, and brought us safely back — all but one. We remembered that, thanks to the assiduous care of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, there had been no plans to make, no expenses to discuss; but everything was arranged with intelligent forethought, and nothing was considered too good for their patrons. We were frequently told by our conductors that, if we did not get the best of everything, we must let them know and the matter would receive immediate attention. Everything seemed to yield, if possible,— railroads, hotels, and carriages,— to the wants of one of their parties. President Thomes and Secretary Whittemore were also tireless in making necessary arrangements for the thousand

and one details of our various receptions. Indeed, after it was all over, as we looked back and saw what a magnificent excursion we had enjoyed, and what an immense amount of work it had required to make it so successful, we felt that we returned not only with increased knowledge and a store of pleasant memories, but also with a burden of regret that we had not more fully appreciated on the way the kind forethought that had so constantly anticipated every reasonable wish.

"Thus ended," wrote S. W. Foster of the Boston *Journal*, "the most memorable excursion ever made to the shores of the Pacific. Long live the 49ers, East and West!"



SUTTER'S MILL. — See page 173.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING AND BANQUET.

And now my classmates; ye remaining few that number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet the fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again, the joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.
Where are the others? Voices from the deep caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss, for every heart best knoweth its own loss.
I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to each a tender thought, and pass out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet when we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

— LONGFELLOW.

AT one o'clock P. M. Tuesday, September 9, there assembled in Odd Fellows Hall, Boston, a company of 125 Pioneers with their wives and children. President W. H. Thomes presided, and enforced order with a stout staff having a buckhorn handle. His coat front was ablaze with badges and medals received while the Boston Pioneers were on their recent visit to California.

The death of George C. Clark of Salem was announced. By the roll of membership it is shown that there were also 12 other deaths during the year 1889-90, the names and residences of the deceased being as follows: Daniel R. Arnold, Pawtucket, R. I.; William H. Benton, Woonsocket, R. I.; Samuel A. Chapin, Norton, Mass.; Richard Chenery, George A. Cushing, Weymouth; Olney Dodge, Plainfield, Conn.; Hosea B. Ellis, Quincy; George Emerson, Dorchester; Edwin Gage, Haverhill; Lewis C. Peck, Lewiston, Me.; M. D. Spaulding, Boston; William Johnson Towne, Newtonville.

Ex-Senator Conness of California, but now of Dorchester, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously agreed to: —

Resolved, That, in the retirement of our worthy and efficient President, Wm. H. Thomes, from his official connection with the Society of California Pioneers of New England, after three years of diligent and untiring service, the thanks of its members are gratefully rendered him for the effective work he has accomplished, the zeal he has shown in all that pertains to the reputation, growth, and prosperity of the society, as well as the able manner with which he has presided over its deliberations.

Resolved, That this resolution be entered upon the records of the society, and a copy of the same presented to comrade Wm. H. Thomes.

Comrade Conness also offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: —

Resolved, That, the Board of Directors of the Society of California Pioneers of New England wish to testify, specially, their approval of our retiring Secretary, Hon. B. F. Whittemore,

who has, within the past two years, performed his arduous duties in the most efficient and acceptable manner.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Board are hereby voted him, with the assurance that he will be remembered as one of the faithful builders and maintainers of our Society.

The report of the Committee on Nominations was then received and adopted by acclamation, as follows: President, Frederick Pease, of East Boston; first Vice-president, William H. Thomes, of Boston; second Vice-president, Richard Harrington, of Salem; Secretary, E. D. Wadsworth, of Milton; Treasurer, Josiah Hayward, of Boston; Directors, Henry J. Wells, of Cambridge; Charles T. Stumcke, of Boston; Nicholas Ball, of Block Island, R. I.; C. H. Fifield, of Salem; John Conness, of Dorchester; Isaac S. Pear, of Cambridge; F. B. Mower, of Lynn; Elias J. Hale, Foxcroft, Me.; Roscoe G. Smith, Cornish, Me.; B. F. Whittemore, Montvale; John C. Gleason, East Warren, Vt.; S. W. Foster. Boston; E. O. Carpenter, New York; Peter Peterson, South Boston. The meeting then adjourned to Sept. 9, 1891.

On a plain, slender table, at one end of the convention hall, were two old-fashioned punch bowls. One was filled with a delicate pink-colored liquid, while the other contained amber-tinted decoction. The old Forty-niners found their way to these receptacles as if by instinct. In less than ten minutes the two little cakes of ice in each of the vessels were conspicuous by their loneliness.

It was precisely two o'clock when Thomas' Orchestra, of Cambridge, struck up a lively march from behind a row of palms on the stage in the great dance hall of the building. This was the signal that the feast was in waiting. Line was formed, headed by President Thomes, upon whose arm leaned Governor Brackett. Six tables had been laid, five running the length of the hall, and one at right angles thereto. There were accommodations for 500, and not a seat was vacant. Behind the chairman's seat was the association's coat of arms, a golden circle surrounded by stars, and in the centre two clasped hands. Above was a glory of flags, while the national colors were gracefully festooned on either side. Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Wheeler.

At the head table were: President Thomes, His Excellency Governor Brackett, Hon. B. F. Whittemore and wife, Hon. John Conness and wife, Charles A. Dole and wife, of Somerville, Richard Harrington and wife, of Salem, Josiah Hayward and wife, Hon. Henry J. Wells and wife, of Cambridge, Captain E. D. Wadsworth and wife, of Milton, and Charles H. Fifield and wife, of Salem.

The president, in opening the literary exercises, said: "Comrades, I welcome you for the third time to the banquet board for the purpose of comparing notes of the present and looking back upon the past. For the last three meetings we have exchanged confidences, gazed into each other's faces, and renewed those bonds of friendship we all feel one for the other." The president was of opinion that the members each succeeding year gave evidences of growing younger, and that some of them looked even more youthful than they did forty years ago. He made a hasty retrospective survey of the principal events which have taken place since 1849, and then alluded to the circumstances attending the admission of California into the sisterhood of States. The speaker continued by saying that those present helped to frame the constitution of the young State, and it was through their verdict that the evil of slavery was subdued. The attempt to make northern California a free State and the southern portion a slave State failed through the influence of those he was now addressing. The perils of the pioneers in their efforts to return home were then graphically described. "Peter the Hermit could not have found such recruits as you proved. With your Bibles in one hand, or in your knapsacks to have them handy in case of need, you endured the privations of camp life, and

laid the foundation of a great commonwealth." The speaker closed by referring to the marvellous growth of the State, both in wealth and education, and introducing Governor J. Q. A. Brackett.

When the Governor arose the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the audience rising and giving three cheers. The Governor said he wished he had been forewarned of the very eloquent introduction of the presiding officer. It dealt so much in the past, however, that his memory was at fault in determining how much of it was history and how much romance. The Governor was present to pay the compliments of the State to those assembled. It was not his fortune to be a 49er, and even if he had faced the hardships of that eventful period, he had doubts of his fortitude in carrying him through. He referred to the letter of introduction he had given the association to the Governor of California when it started on its pilgrimage to that State April 10, 1890, saying: "It is not a usual thing for the Governor of the Commonwealth to give a letter of this kind, but I knew this society would not do anything that would cast discredit upon Massachusetts. I can conceive of the great pleasure that that trip must have given all who made it, and the great changes which had taken place during the time intervening between their first visit and the last one. The part you took in laying the foundation of that great State has been made manifest to those who have come after you." The Governor did not believe that the sole purpose of the Pioneers was to get at the wealth that was buried in the State, as they were impressed with a higher motive than the possession of worldly goods. It is stated that the love of money is the root of all evil, and when it makes of a man a miser and sinks out of sight all his higher qualities, then our condemnation is put upon it. But much can be said in favor of money getting. It has been a great spur of effort in all conditions of life, and in all sections of the world. It has extended civilization; it has enlarged the domain of knowledge. The possession of wealth is not a motive to be disparaged, but when it is pursued with no thought of rendering an equivalent of some kind to humanity, it becomes an evil. Those present did not pursue it in that way. They were willing to endure all the hardships of pioneer life in the light of a duty, and now they were enjoying the rich fruitage of that early heroism and privation. At the conclusion of the Governor's remarks, the audience arose and sang "1849-1890" to the tune of "Beulah Land," the band playing an accompaniment.

Secretary Whittemore was the next speaker. He said there was no organization in the world that he felt more attached to than to the Society of Pioneers. He then referred at length to the excursion to California, and the irresistible influence under which he found himself, when confronted by the hospitality of their friends on the Pacific coast and their tempting wines. He partook of the latter, but not to such an extent that prevented him from coming home sober. He closed by reading a poem, which had been written for the occasion of their reception at Los Angeles, the concluding line running: —

"O, olden days, O, golden days, come back to us again."

Ex-Senator Conness gave a reading of a poem cut from the *London Times* during the heat of the California fever, in which the English author ridiculed the glowing stories, which were being circulated about the vast wealth said to be contained in that part of the new world. New England had her high qualities, which excited the admiration of the speaker, but, next to life here, California would be his first choice. To have lived there, to have grown up there, to have fought for her, can never be forgotten. He said the president should feel just a little humiliated, in that for three years he has been so stupid as not to have provided for the wives and daughters of the members at the annual banquets. It has taken three years to discover

what is best for these festivals. He said the mining of gold was a perfect poem, and, when engaged in taking out the virgin metal, it seemed as if he must awake, and find it all a dream. He related some of the privations of the pioneers, saying that old hard tack, which had been discarded by sailors, was sold at $1.50 a pound, and that each biscuit was bored through and through by bugs and worms, until it looked like perforated cardboard. With these and some very black molasses and rancid pork, the miners managed to keep alive. These ingredients were made into a dish known as lobscouse, and it was eaten with as much relish as the banquet they had just partaken of.

The president then announced that the Sacramento society was making an effort to preserve the old Sutter fort at the mouth of the American River, and called upon those present to subscribe to the fund being raised for that purpose. A committee was appointed to take up a collection, and they succeeded in getting $50.

The secretary read a number of letters from those who were unable to attend the banquet, and also others from members of like organizations, all of which were freighted with good wishes for the Boston society and hopes for its future welfare. Comrade Wells, treasurer of the Republican State Committee, President-elect Pease, Comrade Walton of the Salem Register and Comrade Burdick of Providence made speeches replete with reminiscences of the days of the Pioneers. The proceedings were closed by the audience rising and singing to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," the parting song by Mr. Whittemore and sung on our return, May 17.

Two paragraphs from the secretary's record will appropriately close this chapter.

"For the memories which will cluster around the days and the weeks of the pilgrimage of members of 'the Society of California Pioneers of New England' to the places and the scenes of forty years ago,— for the associations formed with men, who, always remaining in California, stood ready to welcome their comrades back to the bounties of the State and her munificent hospitalities,— for the kindly words, the generous acts, the unstinted gifts, the untiring and always gracious attention, the wealth of flowers and fruits, and vintage sweet, continually bestowed,— for the acquaintance which the excursion of 'the New England Pioneers' has secured, never to be forgotten, the thanks of all the participants are given, and only one regret can be expressed, that there were any of the members of the society who were so unfortunate as not to be among the recipients of so much royal favor, and hearty good will.

"Our society now numbers in active and honorary membership nearly 400, which is an increase of almost 100 in the past year. Never since its formation has there been more interest manifested in its meetings or among its members, which argues well for the future. The ties that unite us seem stronger and more enduring, and the acquaintances made, the friendships formed, will cause the sunset of our lives to be more radiant and golden. Like the Grand Army, there can be no recruiting of the ranks of the Pioneers. As they fall out, one by one, when the roll is called, the answer only can be —'Present and accounted for.' Let us, then, stand closer together, each feeling a touch of the other's condition, until we reach the golden shores of the looked-for 'Beyond.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

CELEBRATION OF ADMISSION DAY AT SAN FRANCISCO.

So shall the northern Pioneer go joyful on his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain;
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train:
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call, PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE!

—WHITTIER.

WHILE we were holding our third annual meeting at Boston, San Francisco was closing a five days' celebration, with an enthusiasm worthy the metropolis of the Pacific. As the event celebrated was of so great importance to us in 1850, and we all would have liked to see the city decorated as never before, and alive with a procession heretofore unequaled, I will describe the closing holiday pageant, quoting two editorials and paragraphs from the news columns of the *Chronicle*.

The editorial of September 9 was as follows:—

"On the 9th of September, 1850, Millard Fillmore, the then President of the United States, appended his signature to the bill which had passed Congress two days before, admitting California as a State of the American Union. We of the present day, who get our news from Washington in the twinkling of an eye, find it difficult to realize that the news of the admission of California was not known in this city until the 18th of October, when, by the arrival of the steamer *Oregon*, the glad tidings were first known.

"But there is little difficulty in reconstructing the picture of the mental attitude of the people of San Francisco as it was forty years ago to-day. We know by the testimony of witnesses still living that the people of this city were a unit on the question of admission, and we know, too, that an overwhelming majority was unalterably opposed to any compromise with the pro-slavery element which would have liked to call the roll of its slaves upon the soil of California. Our people knew the contest that was being waged in Congress, and we can readily believe that the news brought by the *Oregon* was a great relief to those who had hoped for the admission of California as a free State, and yet who dreaded the influence of the Southern oligarchy in Congress.

"Forty years ago to-day the citizens of San Francisco did not foresee the events of 1861, when impious hands were raised against the temple of liberty and human freedom erected by the fathers of the republic, but when the stress came California showed by every means in her power that the same spirit which moved for her admission into the Union, burned as brightly for the preservation of the integrity of that Union, and that the sentiment of secession had found no lodgment in loyal California.

"Should occasion arrive, the young men of to-day would show that they are worthy sons of noble sires, that the first forty years of the State's existence have only cemented more firmly

the bonds which were sealed on the 9th day of September, 1850, and that the young men of California know no North, no South, but only one common country, united and indivisible."

THE WELCOME ARCH, SEPTEMBER 9, 1890.

"The 9th of September has come and gone, and last night San Francisco slept in the proud

consciousness of having passed through the greatest celebration ever held on the Pacific coast.

"If a procession, the largest ever seen in this city — over five miles in length and numbering 16,000 individual participants, witnessed by nine-tenths or more of the 300,000 inhabitants of the city and by tens of thousands of visitors, welcomed with a continual round of cheers from one end of the route to the other — be sufficient to base the assertion upon, then yesterday's celebration was certainly the grandest and most successful ever seen in this city. There have been several occasions upon which San Francisco has endeavored to do her best in honoring noted guests or in commemorating important events. Among these may be mentioned the Grant celebration of ten years ago, the Knights Templars Conclave and the Grand Army Encampment. Up to yesterday the procession on the occasion of the reception of General Grant has been accorded the palm as the largest ever seen in this city, 10,000 persons having taken part in it.

"There had been some apprehension lest the five days set apart for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of the State might be marred by unseasonable rains. But that apprehension proved ill-founded. As usual at this season, during the morning the sky was slightly overcast, but the sun came out early, the last vestige of fog was dissipated, and from 9 o'clock until sunset a fairer day was never seen in this or any other city.

"Before 8 o'clock people began picking out choice spots from which to view the procession, and very quickly these were taken possession of, and the lucky pre-emptors sat down to wait the lapse of the three or four hours that must pass before the column could possibly reach their locality. Wagon-loads of visitors from across the bay and from the towns on the San Mateo peninsula arrived in numbers, and sought stations from which the line of march could be commanded, while every express wagon, carriage and other vehicle in the city seemed to have been called into service.

"The Chinese seemed to take as much interest in the affair as any one else. They flocked in thousands to watch the procession. A prominent corner on Market street was fitted up for the sole accommodation of a party of shiny-haired Mongolian matrons and children, while that portion of the line of march that lay near Chinatown was packed with Mongolians. Squads of Chinese were in the crowds in all parts of the city, and they might have been seen here and there studying the decorations and gravely discussing the merits of each among themselves.

"From the time the head of the procession passed until the last vehicle made its appearance, fully three hours elapsed. Making due allowance for stoppages, fully two hours and forty minutes were actually consumed in marching, and, as quick time was kept, this will serve to give a fair idea of the immense size of the procession.

"First came the regulars of the First Infantry, marching with admirably even step, their bayonets glistening in the bright sunshine. Behind the bronzed soldiers of the line came a battery of artillery, their heavy gun carriages lumbering over the pavements and the rattle of their accoutrements and the glitter of their polished guns adding to the martial character of the head of the pageant. A troop of United States cavalry next swept into view, their chargers stepping with the regularity of trained soldiers and keeping an unbroken front that won the plaudits of the thousands of spectators.

"The Second Brigade of the National Guard followed the regular troops and suffered nothing by comparison with their soldierly-looking predecessors. This completed the peculiarly military division of the splendid pageant, and the picturesque presentation of the remarkable history of California began. There were floats with tableaux illustrating the historic scenes of

the early days of California, when the ox team was the most luxurious mode of transportation between the cities of the Atlantic coast and the gold fields of the new El Dorado. Miners' prospecting trains, thoroughly realistic, and emigrant outfits of the days of '49, with travel-stained and grim-looking Pioneers in command, moved along in the strangely diversified procession.

"There was no flagging of interest for the spectators, for each part of a division was a fascinating chapter of the excitements of a decade of California life condensed into as many minutes. After the spectacular illustration of the earliest phases of Pioneer life came the living representatives of a later epoch in the history of the nation, the Veterans of the Mexican war, and the grizzled Pioneers who have survived the labors of the establishment of a great State and founded a society known throughout the civilized world. The California Pioneers and the Territorial Pioneers rode past in carriages preceding the Exempt and Veteran Firemen, who drew along the machines that in the bygone days had been such an important factor in the politics and the architectural development of San Francisco.

"If the artistic tableaux were suggestive of the rapidly changing phases of life in California, the contrast of the veterans whose brows were seamed with the toil and cares of half a century, and their locks whitened with the snows of added years, was even more impressive. The past and present could not have been thrown together in a more conspicuous manner. Behind the aged firemen, whose stout hearts have outlasted the energy of their once powerful frames, came a detachment of the firemen that now guard the interests of the city. The well-appointed conveyance of the fire patrol, with its staff of young fellows full of life and ambition, and the modern chemical engine and water tower, drawn by magnificent horses, were strange contrasts to the old-fashioned and now useless appliances of the veterans, who walked slowly and somewhat painfully over the rough pavements.

"The ever-changing order of life could not have had a more forcible illustration, and, when the young life of the Golden State began to march past in the next division, and streamed by for hours, full of life, of hope, and all the enthusiasm of early manhood, there was no mistaking the fact that the pageant was one of the most significant demonstrations that ever passed through the streets of San Francisco. It was, in a manner, the farewell appearance of old favorites that have trod the boards of public life for a quarter of a century, and the introduction to the stage of new actors in the eventful history of the Golden State."

Twenty-one divisions were in line, the first composed of the officials of the State, the county, and the city, and consuls from leading foreign powers, escorted by United States troops and California militia. Every division was well worthy of a detailed description, did space permit; a part of the second was so suggestive of our experiences that I give it.

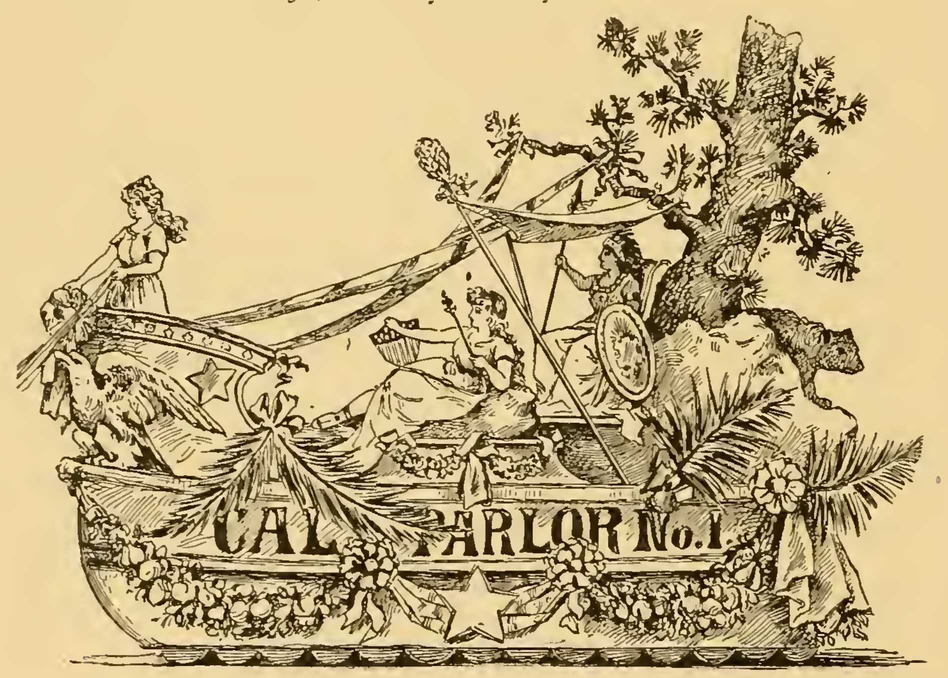
"Driven by John Knight, a member of Colonel Stevenson's first California regiment, came a unique and significant float representative of an Indian camp as it was when the first Pioneers broke the peace of Northern California. With twelve Russian river Indians, seven men, three women and two children arrayed in their curious and fantastic garb of skins, ornamented with beads and strangely carved jewels, and with head-dress and band of feathers, the living picture was one natural and true. In the background stood the miniature wigwam constructed of odds and ends of patched cloth wrapped on three large branches, at whose top were the horns of a deer. The primitive but deadly bow and arrows rested in the hands of each painted and copper-colored savage.

"Next came two horn-hooked oxen dragging a carreta, the primitive traveling carriage, made entirely of wood, axles of tree trunks, stem a heavy branch, the large wicker basket of tree branches. It was used half a century ago by Mexican travelers. The driver was George

Hedges, and the family of Pedro Ordega stood in the carriage. Behind this curious vehicle rumbled Jim Bridges' emigrant train of three teams from Old Missoury, in charge of Captain H. A. Dana, in gray slouch hat, blue woolen shirt, trousers and top boots. Great lumbering wagons they were, with huge coverings patched and mended, with all the detailed equipment for the dreary journey, the tar bucket, the extra bow, hatchets and axes, shovels and battered utensils, and a hide taken from a buck killed just as they crossed the California line.

"Behind were the laden mules of the miners' prospecting pack train, loaded down with bacon, flour, hard tack, refreshment in bottles, and ore taken at some point on the route. With the party were the armed scouts guiding the destiny of the little band.

"Chips, the pioneer express messenger of 1848, gray-bearded, smiling, coatless, and with the old blue jean shirt he wore in '50, followed, mounted on his long-eared animal, which bore the mail bags. On the route he distributed souvenir papers, containing an interesting comparison drawn from the celebrations of 1850, and of yesterday.



FLOAT OF CALIFORNIA PARLOR NO. I.

"Next in order was a float representing the next stage in Californian history—the miners at work. In a rocky pass, with pick and spade, they delved for the precious ore. The miners at home in camp, seven bearded, red-shirted, hardy men, and the watchful scout, next found presentation. Resting in the shade of their roughly constructed log cabin, smoking as they watched the cooking food, and lounging on tree stumps here and there, the scene after the day's work was significant and attractive. With Old Bach, Captain Adams, and the original Calaveras county miner, with his kit, closed the descriptive scenes of the early days in this division.

"At the van of the Veterans of the Mexican war, who, numbering forty-six, rode next in fifteen carriages, under command of Marshal W. G. Lee, was the carriage containing the President, Colonel Andrews, and ex-President, Captain Knipe, Judge W. L. Burnett, W. L. Duncan, and United States Marshal Hopkins. At their side, the carriages forming a double rank, rode Colonel J. D. Stevenson's command of California volunteers.

"In over a hundred carriages, double-ranked and bearing the rich banners, ensigns and emblems of the order, came the Society of California Pioneers, Alexander Montgomery, presi-

dent. They were a band of splendid looking men, and all along the route cheer after cheer signaled their approach. Following them, in some instances riding parallel, was the Society of Territorial Pioneers, and visiting Pioneers from Santa Cruz, San Mateo, San Joaquin valley, San Jose, Sacramento, and other interior towns and localities. From the San Joaquin forty-two responded and paraded in gayly decorated busses, the first bearing a rich satin banner. From San Mateo came thirty-two, under Marshal George W. Fox.

"Dr. J. L. Cogswell, of the Pioneers, carried the 'liberty bell.'

"After the Pioneers came 'Old Tuolumne,' Captain Alonzo Colby, a wagon representing Pioneer pocket mining in California, with the rocker and crude implements of the time. With him was another emigrant wagon and attendant scouts.

"Preceded by the Fifth Infantry Band marched the Junior Pioneers under Marshal Dixie W. Thompson. They were also a party of men who excited admiration and applause along the march.

"Succeeding the Junior Pioneers came a float of horticulture, one of the most magnificent of the individual displays.

"Led by Special Aid Joseph Figel, and escorted by the members of the Harmonie Française Band, followed the Exempt Fire Company, under command of President H. D. Hudson. Ninety-four men, in their characteristic uniform of brown long coat and trousers, bright red shirt, white ties, and large black fire hats, constituted the central division, which drew the little fire engine, manufactured in New York in 1820, and brought to California in 1849. Charles Plum and John L. Derry were at the tongue. Next came the magnificent engine Exempt, upon which were seated in a chair of state Miss Annie Barrow, and others. Miss Daisy Cresson, the pride of the old firemen, was also there.

"Two divisions had passed, when suddenly Governor Waterman, surrounded by his staff, was seen fighting his way through the vehicles and people crowding the sand lots. It took over half an hour for the governor of the State to drive a distance that ordinarily would have been covered in half a minute, and fully another quarter of an hour was consumed in reaching the stand after the carriages had arrived at a point opposite the stand across the sand lots.

"The Governor's appearance on the stand was a signal for cheers from the crowd, and the societies at the moment passing in the procession.

"A few minutes later, Mayor Pond fought his way to the stand, and was received by the multitude with cheers. From 1 until 2 o'clock the governor and the mayor remained on the stand, nearly every organization stopping a second to cheer and salute them. At two o'clock the end of the procession seemed as far away as ever, and, as both Governor Waterman and Mayor Pond were down on the programme of the literary exercises for speeches, they left the governor's staff to do the reviewing, and repaired to the Grand Opera House."

At two o'clock the doors were thrown open, and, owing to precautions in distributing tickets, the house was comfortably filled, without inconvenience or crush of humanity. After a festival overture by Noah Brandt's augmented orchestra, all arose and repeated the Lord's prayer. Rev. Charles L. Miel, of St. Peter's Episcopal church, then besought God's blessing upon State and Nation. Grand Marshal Charles L. Tilden introduced William H. Miller, president of the day, and grand president of the N. S. G. W., who said: —

"*Friends, Californians, all:* Our city to-day is crowded with men and women eager to see California's Pioneers and their sons and daughters combinedly celebrate the fortieth anniversary of our State's admission into the American Union. And from every eminence the auspicious bunting utters its voice in eloquent unison with the general scene, and all citizens have caught the inspiration of the hour and are here to honor the cause we espouse, for it is a

just cause, a noble cause, a love for our State and native land. Yet, my friends, vast as is our number here to-day, immense as is the array, with all its gorgeousness, commanding as is the glitter and splendor of the spectacle, and beautiful as is the moral which underlies the scene, it but faintly displays the magnitude of the offering which our united homage this day offers to the loving God for having given to us this glorious California, this land of the Golden West.

"We to-day show our reverence for daring and dauntless Pioneers who left their homes where they were born, bade adieu to the hills and dales through which they roamed in childhood's happy hours, and casting a last long look at the quiet churchyard, where perhaps father and mother, or sister and brother, were quietly sleeping, they set their faces toward the West. Though their eyes were dim with tears, their hearts beat high with fond hopes of prosperity to come; braving all hardship, fearing no danger, and laboring with courage that knew no faltering; believing what is said by Robert Burns: —

> 'To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her;
> And gather gear by every wile
> That's justified by honor —
> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Not for a train attendant,
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent.'

"And every man who sought this western land desired to be independent; and though they left happy homes and all that man holds dear on earth, they received no welcome upon these shores; yet with manly vigor they began their labors, hoping, trusting and believing that in the El Dorado they would be able to accumulate a large amount of gold, and that it would compensate them for the lack of welcoming friends and for the toil and suffering which they were forced to undergo; for they believed that this gold — which was the idol that animated their flagging energies, enticed them by day and haunted them by night — was the wherewithal to return and receive a royal welcome from the loved ones who were watching and waiting their happy return. Some achieved their ambition and returned to their homes; but others, after years of trial and privation, and passing through suffering and distress, had their hopes of home cast down, their ambitions unfulfilled; the grim reaper claimed them for his own, and in the language of the old song,—

> 'The angels did stand
> On the snow-white strand
> And sing their welcome home.'

"Others are still with us, represented here to-day by the Society of California Pioneers, their president, Alexander Montgomery, sitting beside the grand officers of the Native Sons and Daughters, and with these Pioneers we to-day work hand in hand for this glorious celebration. They are proud of their adopted State, and they say to us, their sons, be proud of your State, it deserves your love; let your loyalty to it be a part of your religion; regard the title of American citizen as a title of nobility, and bear it proudly as did the lords of the earth long ago bear their title of Roman citizen as their right to command the respect and homage of mankind.

"Keep high your standard of personal honor; do your duty always, wherever and whatever it be, and leave the rest to the guidance of that supreme and sovereign will whose mandates the

richest and poorest, the highest and lowest of all the children of men are bound with equal resignation to obey.

"And to keep alive their love for these Pioneers, and show their loyalty to this State and the American Union, the young men of California have formed the Society of the N. S. G. W., to perpetuate in the minds of all native Californians a profound veneration for the men and memories of the days of '49, and to unite them in one harmonious body throughout the State by the ties of a friendship mutually beneficial to all, and unalloyed by bitterness of religious or political differences, to rejoice with one another in prosperity, and to extend the 'Good Samaritan' hand in adversity, and, by the aid of a divine Providence, everything of a religious or political nature, and all class distinction shall ever be left without our door, and our hall shall be as sacred to us as is the temple of worship to the faithful in the far East, and all Native Sons shall ever leave all things political outside the threshold, as do the worshippers cast aside their sandals upon the threshold of their religious home.

"Our loyalty is founded upon the sentiment expressed by Daniel Webster in his speech upon the admission of California into the Union, saying: 'Mr. President, I wish to speak, not as a Massachusetts man, not as a Northern man, but as an American.' And we to-day, celebrating as Californians, are Americans, and revere the name of Washington as the father of our country, and to-day above us are the Stars and Stripes, the proud emblem of the free.

"We have a Memorial day for the heroes who died for our Union, and 'tis just, 'tis fitting that those heroes who gave up life upon the field of battle should be revered, and their graves annually decked with the fairest flowers of the country which they died to save from disruption. So is it also just and fitting that those heroic Pioneers, who settled and laid the foundation of this Golden State, should, for this bravery and generosity, have their names enshrined in the hearts of all true Californians, and, as a living, beautiful, and useful monument to the Pioneers, the order of Native Sons will stand forever. Monuments of stone will crumble and fall, and be lost to memory, but the brave and noble deeds and heroic sacrifices of the grand California Pioneers have become graven in all patriotic hearts with reproductive power, transmitting an impression to posterity. And to the Native Sons, who live after us, their memories will be dear as our great State goes on to prosperity, and, though amid pleasant scenes and thrilling memories, they look in vain for the Pioneers who are represented here to-day, they will remember their brave deeds; and, with feelings of brotherly love and patriotic pride, all Native Sons will work shoulder to shoulder under the principles of friendship, loyalty, and charity for our order as a fraternity, our country as a Union, and our State north to south as one California."

Mayor E. B. Pond was warmly greeted, and spoke briefly as follows:

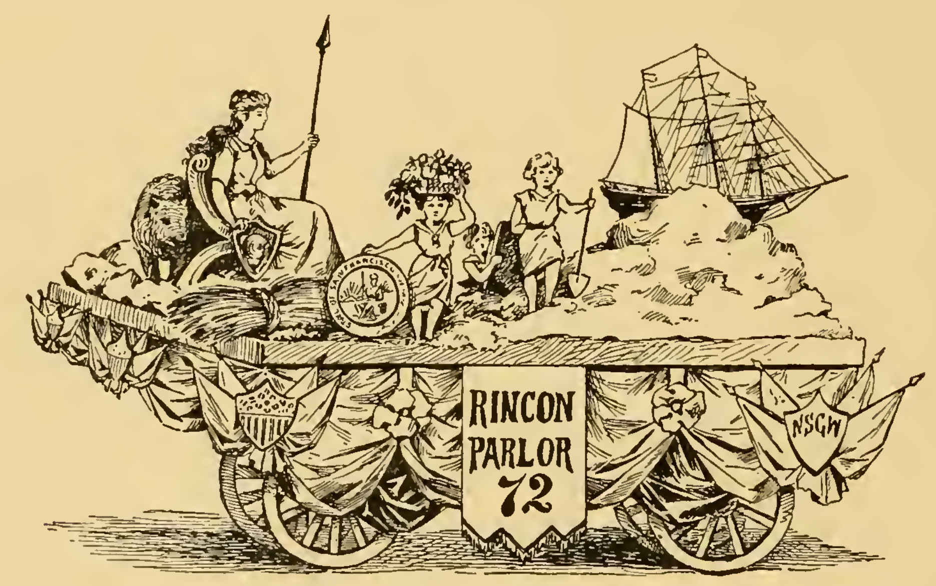
"*Sires and sons, honored Pioneers and Native Sons, founders and builders of our great Commonwealth:* I greet and welcome you in the name of the people of San Francisco. You have seen them to-day on your line of march crowding the thoroughfares and swarming upon the housetops, all eager to do honor to you and welcome you. They speak with no uncertain voice, for their hearts are in the greeting and they are proud of you.

They are mindful, too, of the day you celebrate — the birthday of our State, when she entered (the peer of the oldest and greatest) in full fellowship into the grandest confederacy the world ever saw. Not a loose confederacy held together by slender ties, but now, thank God, a compact nation, welded by the heat of conflict into one homogeneous and loving brotherhood.

Sons, remember what you are to-day our Pioneers were forty years ago — young, full of spirit and of adventure. The flower of the youth of every State, they dared the dangers of the stormy cape and of the desert plains, beset with lurking foes. An army of hardy and

valiant spirits, with scarce a gray beard among them, they came to carve out homes from the wilderness and to form a State. As the children of Israel in all their wanderings bore with them the sacred Ark of the Covenant, so did these Pioneers bring with them their inheritance of freedom, of order, of justice and of faith, the timbers of a State already fashioned and ready to be set up into an American commonwealth. 'They builded better than they knew,' for many live to see their State the admiration and the envy of the world, and sons ready to take their places worthy of their gallant sires.

"In truth, my friends, we of California have much to be proud of — our territory, our dominion, our genial climate, our varied scenery, our great resources, our splendid products; but of all our products, the choicest, and that of which we have most reason to boast to-day, is our Native Sons and our Native Daughters."



FLOAT OF RINCON PARLOR, NO. 72.

Governor R. W. Waterman read his response from manuscript as follows: —

"*Mr. President, Fellow-Citizens:* Forty years ago to-day the population of the United States numbered 23,000,000 souls; that of California could almost be counted on the fingers — 92,000. To-day the nation stands before the world panoplied in the strength which the loyal hearts of 65,000,000 of people give her; and California, then an infant, is to-day a giant in her strength, in her prosperity, progress and future hopes. I rejoice that I have been permitted to live to witness the grand and imposing sight that has been presented on this occasion, sufficient to inspire the enthusiasm and commendation of the most indifferent. Well indeed have you done your part, worthy of yourself, and worthy of the great State of which you are native sons. This is a proud day for the country, and a still prouder one for California; and I hope the day is not far distant when in every State in our glorious country, impelled by your example, a banner will be unfurled, upon which shall be inscribed the words, "Native Sons."

It was one of the pleasantest privileges of my administration that fell to my lot to sign the bill making the 9th of September (Admission Day) a legal holiday. No man takes a deeper or more abiding interest in the young men of our State than myself, and my name being associated in that act with your association confers an imperishable honor upon me, which I thoroughly appreciate, and I am most grateful to you for all the marked courtesy you have

extended to me, and the opportunity offered thus to express my admiration for your association. Again I thank you for your courtesy."

Pioneer Highton, in behalf of the State society, spoke eloquently, saying, among other things:—

"We are carried back to the trials and privations of the 33,000 Pioneers who, forty-one years ago, streamed through the defiles of the Sierras and over the table-lands of New Mexico, and of the 38,000 who broke their way through the billows. We see reproduced the stirring incidents of that early period and the linked events which have brought us to the proportions and to the conspicuousness to which we have now attained. The long procession which has moved through our thoroughfares was in itself an epitome of the past, a representation of the present, a prediction of the future.

"I must not fall into lengthy eulogy, but I must not omit to notice the melancholy truth that the original Pioneers are swiftly vanishing from the earth. Of the overlooked and unrecorded dead I cannot speak. On the mortuary record of the society, however, there are already 7,332 names. Of the original Pioneers known to the society but 1,313 remain. They will be perpetuated directly through their descendants, of whom 362 are now upon their roll, while hundreds more are or hereafter will be found among the Native Sons of the Golden West. Still within another generation, at the furthest, the original Pioneers will be extinct. Those yet left, with few exceptions, possess greater vitality, energy, and capacity for endurance and for labor than many thousands of younger men. They were among the strongest representatives of the strongest race; they were inured to hardship, and forced to moderation in their youth; they acquired and have retained the faculty of work, and, taken as a whole, they are among the best living specimens of men from the meridian of life to old age.

"I am earnestly convinced that California is to become the most densely populated State in the Union. With her internal resources she can support at least 20,000,000 of men and women. With competing systems of railroads, with ship canals across the Isthmus of Nicaragua and the Isthmus of Darien, and with ocean cables beneath the Pacific, she would occupy the most central position in the northern hemisphere toward Central and South America, toward Asia, toward Polynesia, toward Australasia, and perhaps even, for commercial purposes, toward Europe. The character of her productions will render her an enormous exporter; for she produces what the world requires, and her resources are scarcely opened, and are practically inexhaustible.

"San Francisco, virtually the geographical centre of the Union, occupies nearly as commanding a place in the world of traffic and consumption, and, however lightly the prediction may be regarded, she is destined to become a centre of commerce and of exchange. All we lack to-day is competition from without and cosmopolitanism within.

"And now, Pioneers, my last words must be addressed to you. This celebration, in its striking local features, is distinctive, and it has harmoniously united the organizations of which you are so justly proud and the Native Sons of the Golden West. It is also broadly American in its character and it includes all our citizens, while it commands general sympathy and respect, not only throughout the Union but wherever the controlling ideas of modern civilization prevail. To you, however, it has a peculiar significance, which we should recognize as we part. It brings home to you personal recollections. It revives your treasured memories. It reanimates your hopes and your aspirations. It vindicates the principle of association.

"When the last Pioneer falleth, may he clasp the hand of a Native Son and transmit to him, unimpaired and in sacred trust, the fraternal inheritance which, for us, will then have ceased to exist upon the earth."

From the finished address of Mrs. C. S. Baker, in behalf of the N. D. G. W., I quote:

"To you, oh, Pioneers, whose silvery locks are dearer to us than all the silver of the rugged Nevadas — to you, oh, Pioneers, I bring the veneration of our young minds, that in the pages of history have followed your heroic footsteps to these golden shores. To you, patriots and sires, I bring the filial love and duty of our young hearts, the romance and realism of our ripening minds, and the respect and veneration of our mature years — you, toiling behind your patient oxen through the heavy sands of the great desert, hewing your way through the mysterious forests of the mountains, forsaking the lullabys of those dearer cradles in the East to rock the muddy cradles in the cold waters of the Sierras, flinging broadcast the first grains of wheat on the barren plains — doing all things without love and rest and home — you, by those heroisms, won for us our nativity, that we might in these valleys of exceeding great beauty twine the flowers of woman's duty around our homes of peace and prosperity.

"Have the daughters of the West hearts of tenderness, have they burning words of love, have they offerings of gratitude, let them lay these offerings of appreciation at the feet of them who walk the steep path of life's decline, and whose faces are furrowed with the great thoughts and great works of the Western Pioneer. Elevate the Pioneer with woman's devotion, provide for him with woman's care, and bestow upon him all that is due him before the aureole of fame is hung over his silent grave. Is Fremont dead? He who gave to us the vast domain from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, and saved California from the grasp of England. He who found the paths through the wild and unknown mountains that the argonauts might follow them to find the golden fleece and fling its glittering promises over the amazed toilers of the East.

"Who is that fair and gallant figure dashing his way through the hostile councils of the stern and vengeful red men, brushing aside all obstacles, pushing into the dangerous defiles of the great unknown and only reining in the famous steed Proveau, to climb on, footsore and dauntless, to clasp with bleeding hands the jagged ice on the highest peak of the Rockies? Through the clear skies of the summer I see that undaunted spirit now animating the heart of the West from the rolling Oregon to the sun-dyed Arizona, leading us on to great achievements, pointing the way where steam shall place its iron foot and inspiring the hand that shall bid the mountain torrent roll down its living waters to the broad and fertile desert. The Native Sons will follow his spirited command till California amasses labor unto labor, achievement unto achievement, till she enrolls her name first, and richest, and greatest, among the bright sisters of the republic. Go reach the bay and wreath the laurels high, true daughters of the West, those brave old Pioneers shall never die.

"The Native Daughters of the West are asked to contribute some offering to the birthday festivities of the Golden State. Not with arms of steel, and warlike tread, and crash of martial music; not as the lawgivers and defenders of our State, do we come to the natal feast, but with gentler hands, whose weakness is their strength; with feet that never beat to the sounding drums of glory, with eyes that weep, with hearts that fear, we lay our offering on the altar of our native land. But not with any feelings of unworthiness are we represented before you to-day. Fearing hearts pray most, silent footsteps are most faithful, and gentle hands wait upon the destinies of our country with some of the most practical services of our social and national statehood.

"Our lamentations of sorrow are loudest to-day over the destruction of our wonderful Sequoia groves. We want them saved from the spoilers' axe, and set aside, a crown of wonder to our State forever. We are pleading for all our forests, and for all the streams that take their sources under their heavy and protecting branches.

"California has not yet numbered her own resources, and her gardens yet unplanted will make her famous in the markets of the Old World. See how the blessed olive lifts up its fair head among our verdant hills! It is the venerable bequest of ancient and forgotten nations, and is our new heritage of long life and imperishable riches. Our cereal harvests from Shasta to Tulare murmur in the yellow fields of our pride and strength; our miners telling over their old fame and story thrill with living hope. Our fruits lift up their brimming cornucopias to all the East, and the genius of the world comes here to inspire her art and song and literature. There is no hope or promise that California does not claim, and her sons, and daughters' honest hands are ready to follow her commands and enrich her, with all that industry and invention can supply. California is the queen bride of the Pacific; and the proud ocean, worshiping at her feet, begs her to bestow upon his world-bound navies the gold of Tarshish, the cedars of Lebanon, and the corn and wine and oil of the promised land. Her crown is the emerald band of her evergreen forests set on high with the diamond of the eternal snows; her breast is hung with necklaces of gold and clasps of silver; her wide flowing skirts are fringed with rivers that will equal the splendor of old Nile; her hands are full of benefactions, and in all her smiling face there is no frown of discontent or sorrow. Roll on, great murmuring ocean, in the rapture of thy love! Tell her beauties to the lonely isles, and sing her praises to the mighty winds that will bear back to us all the gifts of thy devotion. Wherever thy loving waves play upon the sunlit beaches, where thy cool zephyrs clasp the stately redwoods, wherever thy balmy sigh is felt, the sons and daughters of thy beloved will meet to sound her matchless charms, to call her the mother of the brave and beautiful, and to name her the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely."

James I. Boland, grand orator of the Native Sons, delivered an elaborate and forcible address which I quote verbatim, as it is the best presentation of the subject I have ever seen: —

"*Ladies and gentlemen:* Forty years ago California was wedded with our great republic. She was wrested from the arms of her Spanish kindred and united with the American Union. The alliance has proved to be a most happy one. It has blessed California and the republic alike. Ever since she has been elevated to the proud position which she now occupies she has contributed with a lavish hand from her vast treasures for the advancement of the nation, and for the preservation of its honor and its integrity. Before the eyes of any European ever beheld her, romance had clothed her in a mantle of gold and crowned her with jewels.

"A short time after Cortez landed in Mexico, he heard a strange story of an Amazonian isle not far distant which was rich in gold and precious stones. No story could be told about the wonderful country of Asia, which was supposed to be close at hand, which was too extravagant for belief. From the earliest times the most exaggerated reports had existed in reference to its wealth, the grandeur of its courts and the extent of its kingdoms. Although Cortez may not have believed this story in all its minutest details, still it can hardly be doubted that it produced a deep impression upon his mind. Strange as it may appear, it was such idle fancies as these that led him on, and finally resulted in the discovery and exploration of California. While the search for the mythical Straits of Anian was a matter of considerable importance, still Cortez was undoubtedly impelled by the vain hope of finding great treasures and winning magnificent kingdoms. Although he did not return laden with spoils or behold the vast empires which his fancy had painted, yet the intrinsic wealth and resources of California more than equalled all that his vivid imagination ever conceived. Notwithstanding the fact that the Spaniards and their immediate successors failed to discover the great wealth or to appreciate the vast resources that were latent in its climate, its waters, its hills, and its valleys, still its

treasures were but awaiting the magical touch of the finger of enterprise to expose them to view.

"The American Pioneer had no sooner put his foot upon the soil than he recognized its vast capabilities, and had scarcely acquired its possession before he had built it up into the proud commonwealth of the Golden State.

"According to an old romance of chivalry there was an island "on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the terrestrial paradise," which was called California. It was filled with gold and precious stones, and was peopled with amazons, who were ruled by a young, brave, and beautiful queen. During her reign an attack was made upon the city of Constantinople, which was then in the possession of the Christians, and she allied herself with the infidel powers in making the assault. All the princes of chivalry rallied to the support of the city, and finally the besiegers were repulsed, and the Queen of California was taken prisoner. She fell in love with one of the princes, and subsequently became his wife, and thereafter she was one of the staunchest supporters of the Christian cause. This was one of the popular romances, over the pages of which Balboa, Pizarro, Cortez, and other Spanish officers were wont to while away the weary hours of their camp life. This romantic fiction, together with the story of the Amazonian isle, which was related to Cortez in Mexico, to which the former probably gave rise, and the belief that the country was an island not far distant from the Indies, undoubtedly suggested the name of California.

"The first mention of the name of California occurs in Preciado's diary of the voyage of Ulloa, when it was first discovered that it was a peninsula. The colony planted by Cortez was a failure, and it is not improbable that the name was applied ironically by some of the disgusted colonists on their return. The name thus applied to the peninsula, or supposed island, was subsequently used to designate the country extending indefinitely northward. After the failure of a number of expeditions the Spanish government acknowledged its utter inability to settle California. At last it had recourse to the spiritual power of the Jesuit missionaries, and where the sword had been vanquished, the cross was triumphant. It is not unlikely that if the soldiers of the cross had not raised once more the standard, which had been lowered by the Spanish crown, California would have fallen a prey to some other European power, and might never have become one of the States of this glorious Union. A few years afterward, when the Jesuit missionaries were succeeded by the Franciscans, they had converted the entire people of the peninsula, and established missions from Cape San Lucas to the Colorado.

"Over two centuries had passed since Cabrillo, the Spanish explorer, had entered the waters of Upper California, never before disturbed save by the Indian canoe. Since the voyage of Viscaino, made sixty years afterward, no ship had entered the northern waters from the south, and the Spaniards had done nothing toward founding a settlement on the coast. The existence and location of the ports of San Diego, Monterey and the old port of San Francisco under Point Reyes, and the general trend of the coast, had been known to them for many years.

"Suddenly the fear of foreign encroachments caused a partial awakening from this apathy, and the Government at once determined to occupy Upper California. The accomplishment of this resolution was intrusted to Franciscan missionaries, who displayed the same untiring zeal and exhibited the same spirit of self-denial that had been shown by the Jesuit missionaries in Lower California. The leader of the Franciscans was Father Junipero Serra. The results accomplished by this missionary priest for the Indians of California have placed him in the front rank of the Pioneers of the Golden State. After founding the first mission of California at San Diego, the brave missionaries pushed on toward Monterey. When they

reached that port and looked out over the waters of the bay, in search of which they had come so far, they failed to recognize it, and passed on wondering where it was. In pursuing the search from the summit of the hills, they beheld a great inland sea stretching as far as the eye could reach, and thus it was while searching for the port of Monterey that European eyes first beheld the waters of the San Francisco bay. It was a most remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the many voyages that had been made in its vicinity, this beautiful bay should remain so long undiscovered. It seemed as if a magic veil had been drawn across the Golden Gate, screening the bay from the eyes of the Spanish navigators.

"The old port of San Francisco under Point Reyes had been known to the Spaniards for many years. It was their intention to found the mission of Saint Francis at this port, but when they found they could not go to San Francisco by reason of the intervention of the Golden Gate, they decided that San Francisco should come to them; and accordingly they transferred the name southward to the peninsula and bay that now bear the name. Several years afterward the Mission of San Francisco was founded on the Laguna de los Dolores, which site was subsequently known as 'The Willows.' But strange as it may appear that the existence of the bay of San Francisco was unknown for such a length of time, it was still more surprising that after its discovery it should remain so long unappreciated. Its discovery produced little or no effect, and no one seemed to realize its importance. When the news of the discovery of the bay reached Mexico, together with the information that Monterey had subsequently been identified and a settlement effected, three guns were fired, the bells were rung, and there was great rejoicing over Monterey, but San Francisco was almost too insignificant to be mentioned.

"No sooner had the American Pioneer beheld the beautiful bay than he at once foresaw that it was destined to be the site of the queen city of the Pacific. After having converted thousands of natives, and founded nine missions, the missionaries of California suffered a great loss in the death of their illustrious leader. Few had ever labored with so much zeal for so long a time, or accomplished more under such adverse circumstances. After fifteen years of arduous labor, privation, and exposure, Father Junipero Serra felt that nature could no longer bear the strain, and that the hand of death was upon him. He wrote to each of his beloved companions, inviting those who were near by to come and visit him before he passed away, and bidding those who were far distant a fond farewell. He then lay down to rest, and though he seemed to sleep, it was the sleep that knows no waking. He was laid to rest with military honors, amid the tolling of bells, and the booming of cannon, but he was much more honored by the tears of the neophytes who came to cover his remains with flowers, by the love and esteem of his comrades, and by the respect and veneration of the people who crowded to look for the last time upon his face. After his death his companions continued the good work that he had so auspiciously begun. They did not rest from their labors until they had completed the spiritual occupation of the entire territory from San Diego to the Golden Gate. This work was accomplished about the time that the country was in the throes of a revolution, which resulted in its separation from the Spanish crown, and the establishment of a republic. This was soon followed by the secularization of the missions, and the emancipation of the Indians by the government. While it required some years to completely destroy the missions, still this was the beginning of the end. The law that made the Indians free simply proclaimed their ruin, because they did not possess the qualifications for liberty which was construed by them to mean the license of vagabondism. Now that they were free they would labor no longer, and they abandoned the missions, and wandered off to the mountains. Their flocks and their herds soon perished from neglect, and their vineyards, their orchards, and their fields

of golden grain were bowed down with sorrow. The stroke of a pen swept away the results of the many years of labor of the missionaries, and desolation usurped the throne of industry. The officials who were intrusted by the government with the administration of the properties of the missions simply enriched themselves, and the poor Indians for whose interest the government professed to act in secularizing the missions, were left a naked band of homeless wanderers. Although the object of the secularization was to transform the missions into pueblos, still they were never organized as such, and thereafter they occupied the anomalous position of being neither mission nor pueblo. When the government beheld the ruin that followed its policy of secularization, it attempted to restore the missions to their former condition, and ordered them to be again transferred to the missionaries. But the day of their glory had passed, their spirits had been crushed out, and it was impossible to restore life to the inanimate body. The power that gave the death blow to the missions did not survive them long. It had come with the missions, and it had been decreed that it should go with them.

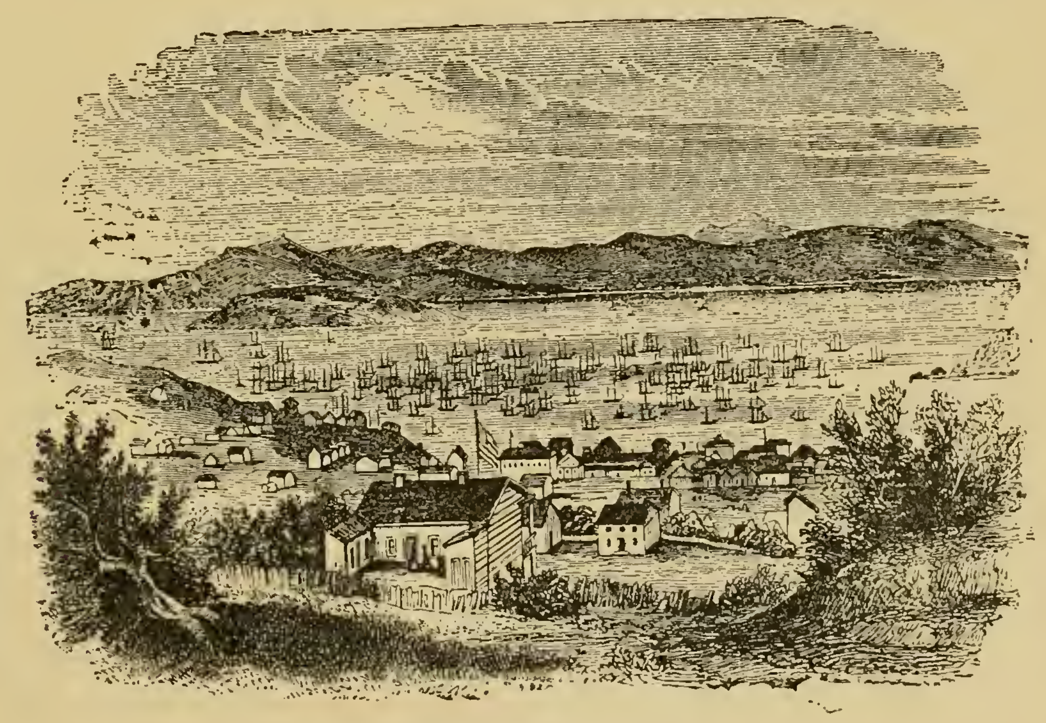
"A new civilization was at last approaching from the land of the rising sun. Its representatives did not advance as their predecessors had done, by the power of the cross and the glory of the sword. They came slowly and silently, as weary and solitary wanderers in search of hospitality. The trapper and trader and the mariner came from every clime. Bands of restless frontier settlers appeared like magic across the borders. Beyond the mountains could be heard the firm and measured tread of the early Pioneers, who were the advance guard of the army of the American people on its triumphant march to the grand Pacific. They poured through the narrow defiles of the mountains in ever-increasing streams, at the sight of which a cry of alarm went up from the Mexican authorities. Although the strangers extended the hand of friendship, and came with words of peace upon their lips, yet the government could not forget that the Americans had crossed the Texan borders with the same friendly professions, and yet in a short space of time they had unfurled the banner of independence.

"The stream of emigration converged to a point on the frontier where John A. Sutter, the potentate of the Sacramento, held undisputed sway. He was one of the most prominent foreigners of those early days. He had been admitted to citizenship, was appointed a representative of the government, and had been intrusted with the administration of justice in the so-called frontier of the Sacramento. Still he was not over-enthusiastic in the maintenance of the integrity of the Mexican territory. He soon perceived that it was to his interest to welcome rather than to repel the newcomers. It was evident that they were destined in a short time to become the rulers of the country, and therefore their friendship was much more desirable than their enmity. The existence of his establishment was a great boon to the early Pioneers, who were always warmly welcomed and kindly treated at Sutter's Fort.

"War was imminent between Mexico and the United States by reason of the annexation of Texas when John C. Fremont appeared in California. Suddenly a revolt of the American settlers of the Sacramento and Napa valleys broke out owing to the presence and co-operation of that officer. The town of Sonoma was seized, several leading Californians were captured, the country was declared independent, the Mexican flag was hauled down and the Bear flag of the California republic was raised in its place. The revolutionists were not aware that war had previously been declared by the United States against Mexico. Very soon afterward the news reached Sonoma that Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag at Monterey. The Bear flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes run up in its place and the revolution was at an end. The American flag was soon waving over Yerba Buena and the San Francisco bay and throughout the country to the north of it, from Bodega on the ocean coast to Sutter's

Fort on the Sacramento. The banner of the free was carried in triumph to the south and at last floated victoriously over the Mexican capital.

"Almost contemporaneously with the treaty of peace and the transfer of California to the United States the attention of the entire world was suddenly attracted to the Golden Gate. Among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, a short distance up the south branch of the American River, there was a beautiful vale called Coloma. The solitude of the valley was never disturbed, save when the Indian, weary from the chase, sought repose upon the banks of the stream by which it was watered. At last the axe and the rifle of the stranger awakened the echoes, and the charred remains of the kings of the forest proclaimed that the sawmill men had come. It was here one morning that a woodman stood gazing intently into the tail race of his mill. His eyes were fixed upon a number of brilliant yellow particles glittering beneath the surface. The waters of that mountain stream had laid bare the bosom of the Sierra and exposed to view the secret that had been hidden there so long. This man was James W. Marshall, and he had discovered gold. The name of California was soon in every mouth.



SAN FRANCISCO — 1849.

The peace and quiet of millions of hearts all over the world were disturbed. Families were torn asunder, and men bent on a desperate struggle with fickle fortune left sorrowing mothers, wives and children. Some were successful, but many sunk by the roadside into nameless graves. The revelations of the little vale of Coloma stirred the world to its centre, and the thirst for gold directed a human tide from all parts of the globe through the Golden Gate, and sent hundreds of caravans over the plains and the mountains. It was fortunate for California that the large majority of these gold-seekers were Americans, imbued with American principles, and included some of the brightest minds and choicest men of every section of the Union. These were the men that amalgamated and combined to lay the foundation of the commonwealth and to initiate the Golden State upon its career of progress. California, the fair Queen of the Pacific, clad in her golden robes of freedom, now stood upon the threshold

of the Union and requested that she might enter. Despite her loveliness and grace she found a house divided against itself on her account.

"But notwithstanding the trying ordeal through which she passed, she carried herself with all the dignity becoming her noble station, and steadfastly upheld the honor and unity of the nation. Although she awoke deep and turbulent passions, and whilst dark and threatening clouds gathered about her head, still she pushed on unflinchingly to her destiny, and emerged from the storm more beautiful than ever into the sunlight of the American Union. Ever since the day of her initiation into this republic, the brave Pioneers who laid the foundation of the Golden State have directed her course onward and upward, and to-day no star shines brighter upon the flag of the free.

"In the evening of life well may the Pioneers look with pride upon the beautiful structure that they have reared toward the heavens. Ripe in years and rich in honors the Pioneers bequeath to a new generation the golden result of their labors. May the son prove worthy of the trust reposed in him by the father. May he ever defend the honor of the Golden State and transmit it to posterity as pure and spotless as it was upon the day that he received it from the hands of his father.

"May the God of nations watch over this fair land. May he protect it from all danger. May he guide its sons in the path of rectitude, and forever preserve to it the blessings of peace and of freedom."

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"After the members of the Society of California Pioneers passed into Fourth street, from Market, those who had bravely walked over the cobbles and the others who had occupied seats in carriages, about 300 in number, filed from the line into Pioneer place and disbanded as quickly as possible. The lower hall was decorated with flags, banners and shields, but the main attraction was eight long tables, on which were cold meats, salads, sandwiches, and light California wines. The Pioneers were there in much greater strength than in the procession, and relatives were there by the hundred.

"After its weary march through the streets, the Exempt Fire Company celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the Volunteer Fire Department at the banquet hall in the second story of the company's house, on Brenham place. As soon as night fell, thousands took their way to the vicinity of Sixteenth and Folsom streets, where a display of fireworks had been announced. The hills in the vicinity were covered with crowds, while every roof and other point from which a view could be obtained was occupied with its quota. The night, like the day, was perfect, and the fireworks were set off without a hitch and with the most perfect satisfaction to the thousands who witnessed them.

"The greatest social event of the five days' celebration took place in the evening, when the grand ball was given at the Pavilion. The sons and daughters of California were in their bravest attire, and looked their handsomest, making the Pavilion a scene of beauty long to be remembered. Some of the Parlors gave balls and receptions in the evening independently of the event at the Pavilion."

The day was generally observed throughout the State. I close with the *Chronicle's* editorial of September 10:—

"Yesterday will live in the annals of California so long as this grand and beautiful State of ours shall hold its place as one of the bright stars in the constellation of the American Union. Children will live to tell their grandchildren of the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of California, and though some who saw yesterday's festivities may live to see the State's centennial, the celebration of yesterday will not suffer by the contrast.

"Now that the parade of the Native Sons of the Golden West is over, let us take breath a moment and consider what it was all about. While the enthusiasm of the moment was upon us, while music filled our ears and the gleam of waving banners and the rainbow of brilliant colors intoxicated our senses, it was not easy to reach a correct conclusion or form a delicate judgment. We knew, of course, that the institution of the order of the Native Sons meant something, but we hardly stopped to ask ourselves what it was.

"The simple fact of one being born in one State or another is in itself an insufficient foundation for the creation of an order which shall have any permanency. Obviously, in a few years at most, all the citizens of California, roughly speaking, will be native sons, and then the seeming object of the order will be gone.

"There is, however, an underlying sentiment which justifies the formation of the order, and to which it must look for its preservation. It is not easy to formulate this sentiment, but it may be phrased in some such way as this: California is indebted for her admission into the Union to the pioneers and argonauts, the men of '49, who created a commonwealth under adverse and discouraging conditions. To testify to their appreciation of the services of these patriarchs of the commonwealth, and to pledge the fidelity of the present generation to the maintenance of that commonwealth, and its adherence to the principles of liberty, freedom, equal rights, and loyalty to the Union on which it was founded, is the fundamental idea of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

This was what the gorgeous spectacle of yesterday meant, and this was the feeling that actuated the marching thousands. The Native Sons might well adopt as their motto the third section of Article I of the State Constitution, which declares that "the State of California is an inseparable part of the American Union, and the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land," for it was this principle which was testified to yesterday, and which justifies and makes praiseworthy the order of the Native Sons.

"For these reasons we may well remember yesterday as a glorious day. It was typical of the loyalty of California to the Union, and a pledge of the devotion of her sons to the great idea of nationality. In no sense was it sectional or narrow, for every California boy who marched in the ranks would spring to the call of duty were his country threatened by foes without or foes within. What the fathers built, the sons will maintain; and woe to the impious hand which shall seek to loose the ties which bind California to the greatest and most glorious country on earth — the United States of America."

CHAPTER XXX.

SURPRISE PARTY AND REUNION.

" Friends and old companions dear, tho' far, far away,
In our dreams you oft appear, tho' far, far away!
Think not we can e'er forget the pleasant hours when last we met,
For oh! dear friends, we love you yet, tho' far, far away!"

ON Friday evening, Feb. 13, 1891, a party of ladies and gentlemen called upon Rev. P. M. Macdonald, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Boston, arriving at eight o'clock, as nearly as possible in a body, totally without his previous knowledge of their intentions. The *Herald* contained the following, the next morning: —

" They were friends who were first brought together in close companionship last April, during the excursion to the Pacific coast under the auspices of the Society of California Pioneers of New England. This trip was a great moulder of friendships.

"'A year ago,' said one of the ladies last evening, 'we were strangers to one another, and now we are like brothers and sisters, members of one family.'

" The party was the first social gathering of the California excursionists since their return last spring. It was brought about chiefly through the efforts of Mr. E. B. Wadsworth, Mrs. H. N. Rowell, Mrs. David Hall, and Miss Nellie McAvoy.

" In order that the gentleman who was the willing victim of their hospitality might not be caught quite unprepared, his brother, Dr. A. Macdonald, was let into the secret and became an accomplice of the ladies.

" The residence of Rev. Dr. Macdonald is at 124 West Concord street. The ringleaders were the first to demand admittance to his astonished household last night, and they were followed in a few minutes by the others.

" Out of 60 persons invited to take part in the surprise, about 40 responded in person. Some of those who could not attend wrote pleasant letters, expressing friendship for Rev. Dr. Macdonald and the Society of Pioneers, and contributed to the purchase of a magnificent basket of flowers, inscribed '49,' to beautify and sweeten the pastor's home.

" A collation was served during the evening from the stores of good things brought with them by the guests. The ladies furnished the cake, and the men did the rest.

" Music was provided by Mrs. B. F. Harriman, wife of Judge Harriman of Wellfleet, who accompanied her to the party, Miss Gertrude Stetson of Charlestown, and Mr. E. S. Binford of Pawtucket, R. I.

" The promoters of the party were delighted to have with them Hon. Frederick Pease of East Boston, and Capt. E. D. Wadsworth of Milton, president and secretary, respectively, of the Society of California Pioneers of New England.

" Among the other persons present were, Capt. and Mrs. David Hall, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fifield of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Boynton of Lynn, Mr. Wm. H. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McAvoy, Mr. Frank Hammond of Clinton, and Mr. W. B. Fisher of New Bedford."

On Friday evening, April 10, 1891, there assembled, by invitation, at the elegant residence of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Browne, 433 Beacon street, Boston, more than 100 members of our excursion party of the year before. Nearly all the gray heads were present, including the president and the secretary of 1890 and of 1891. "Patriarch Browne" looked and acted like a man in the early prime of life, so far as one could judge from his sturdy form, flashing eye, ringing laugh, distinct voice, and quick motions,— nothing but the snow-white locks told the story of the many winters through which he has passed. It was difficult, too, to believe that his wife has passed the allotted limit of life. And, indeed, although in lesser degree, every forty-niner present was a good example of early vigor retained at an age at which we are accustomed to see men and women begin to grow old in appearance and actions as well as in years.

Letters of regret were read from Governor William Russell and others unable to be present, after which Hon. B. F. Whittemore read a long original poem, replete with sympathetic feeling and telling points. I give the opening and concluding stanzas.

"Good friends, occasions such as this keep recollections green;
And, if we would, from bygone days, our thoughts or longings wean,
We could not, for the outstretched hand calls back the memories sweet,
So full of life and incident, with happiness replete,
Of things we saw while traversing the continent so wide,
One year ago. How time flies on! yet do we not with pride
Refer to what we then enjoyed, and tell the story o'er
Of how we journeyed from 'the Hub' to California's shore?
Of what ovations we received, the generous welcomes, too,
Where'er we came as on we went to greetings warm and new?

* * * * * * * * * *

One other word before I close, this meeting tells me, too,
How on our pilgrimage were formed sweet friendships strong and true;
More lasting, yes, than are the sweets of orchards or of vines,
More precious, far, than all the wealth of rivers or of mines.
And our good friend who bids us here, this anniversary eve,
Will find that all the friends he made will ever to him cleave.
His silver locks, and stalwart form, his gracious, manly mien,
Will in our memories be kept, forever fresh and green.
God bless the men of '49, and keep them in his charge!
God bless each one who went with them, and may the ties enlarge
That bind us in this social bond, and as we travel o'er
The continent of coming years toward the Golden Shore,
Oh, may the friendships here begun, continue without end,
And may we on the other side, rejoice as friend with friend."

The Pioneer chorus was then sung, to the tune of "Beulah Land," as at San Bernardino, the following new stanza being added: —

"So let us now while gathered here,
To celebrate a passing year,
In memory our friends enshrine,
Who gave us corn, and oil, and wine."

Hon. Henry B. Metcalf told of receiving a bouquet of flowers at San Bernardino, bearing a card on which was written the name, "Louis Rochet." Mr. Metcalf said he had made the acquaintance of the young man by mail, and read an interesting letter from him, and added that he wished others of the party could have enjoyed a similar experience. No one replied, but the smiles on nearly a dozen countenances showed that we were not all devoid of experience in the same line.

Rev. L. B. Hatch made a happy address, saying among other things that, if the young man who gave Mr. Metcalf a bouquet should ever wish to marry the young lady who found Mr. Whittemore's ring, he would be only too glad to officiate at the wedding.

Piano selections by Mr. C. S. Johnson, and harp solos by Mr. Rogers were features of the reunion. The collation, and a royal one it was, was followed by all signing a letter to Louis Rochet; and soon the company dispersed, bearing many pleasant recollections in their hearts, and hoping that the strong fraternal feeling now existing in the Society of California Pioneers of New England may tend to bring and keep us together in a journey to a country wherein even the streets are paved with gold.

One of the poems of Edna Dean Proctor is an appropriate valedictory for "The Pioneers of '49"; —

The winds that once the Argo bore have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea floor, though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew in every isle, fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But out of their sleep no charm can wile Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's voice is heard no more by windy Ilium's sea-built walls;
From the washing wave and the lonely shore no wail goes up as Hector falls.
On Ida's mount is the shining snow, but Jove has gone from its brow away,
And red on the plain the poppies grow, where Greek and Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth! Are thy heroes dead? Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red all that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought, far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught? Mother Earth! are thy heroes gone?

Gone? In a nobler form they rise. Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their glorious eyes, and wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done, there are the souls of our heroes stirred;
Wherever a field for truth is won, there are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field than Greek or Trojan ever trod,
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield, and the light above them the smile of God!
So, in his isle of calm delight, Jason may dream the years away,
But the heroes live, and the skies are bright, and the world is a braver world to-day.

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