

changed for frescoed and pictured walls, wigwams to marble facades, air-bound council halls to churches and courts of justice, Indian tracks to busy streets, war-paths to avenues of trade, war-dances to Christian worship; to see the frowning face of nature changed by the wooing touch of human industry and intellect into a picture which greets the visitor with a smile and lives in the minds of the absent a pleasant memory; to see the triumphs of trade and commerce succeed the trophies of barbarian warfare, rustling silk instead of the bloody scalp, and to hear the worship-moving organ where the death song has so lately been heard—this it is to watch the birth and early growth of a city, this peculiarly the fortune of those who have for a few years helped watch over the cradle of San Francisco. They have seen all this, and more. They have witnessed scenes such as perhaps no other place or time has furnished. For never before had human passions been so strongly appealed to, and left so free to act, as here. Never before had such a promise of gold been sounded forth to the adventurous of all nations and so few restraints placed upon its acquisition. Upon the ear of the fainting toiler the cry of measureless gold fell like an annunciation from pitying and blessing Heaven. Ancient myths became realities, the caves of romance were open, El Dorado was found. The great, deep, universal passion was aroused, the love of wealth had a promise of gratification. Gold had taken voice and spoken to the world. This modern "Peter the Hermit" had entered upon its mission, and cold were the harangues of the enthusiast monk compared with the soul-thrilling appeals which were heard in the ringing promises of gold. The appeal found ready and anxious listeners. The crusade was inaugurated. A new Jerusalem was to be invested, its golden temple despoiled, its golden sepulcher seized, its scoffing inhabitants driven out, its treasures appropriated. And with a wild worship of what lay buried in the mines of California, not inferior in intensity to that religious enthusiasm which swelled the hearts of the knights and retainers of Richard I., Phillip II. and Lewis IX., in swarms they moved toward the promised land. Like Jason and his Argonauts, they traversed the waters in search of the golden fleece. Like Atilla and his Huns they crossed the plains and left no blade of grass where the hoofs of their horses trod. Like the early voyagers, they doubled Cape Horn in crafts little better than hulks. Like Cortes, they plunged into the unknown tracts of Mexico; like Pizarro, they traveled the isthmus, and catching a view of the Pacific, stood as did he, gazing

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

From the four quarters of the earth, they came, and the isles of the sea kept not back. The five great races were all represented. The Caucasian, traveling on the track of empire, and the Mongolian with his face against it; the Malay, leaving his piratic freedom, and the Negro escaping from his bondage, met upon the shores of the American Indian, all except him, worshippers at the same shrine, all anxious to bow in reverence to the same god, all crusaders in the cause of Mammon, all sinking for a time the arrogance of blood and caste and color in the universal passion which sought its gratification here. From that "Northern Hive" which had poured its swarms of conquering Goths, Huns and Lepidæ over the fertile plains and proud cities of classic Italy fourteen centuries before, came the plodding, industrious, educated emigrant from northern Europe. The descendants of the countrymen of Brennus, forgot Napoleon and the "Barricades," for the time, intent upon storming the rocky ramparts which concealed nature's army-chest in the fastnesses of the Sierras. The Scot