

turned his back upon classic Edinburgh and his native heather; the disciple of St. Patrick forgot the Hill of Howth; and John Bull exiled himself from the sound of Bow Bells—that they might gather gold from beneath the mansanita bushes, and by the brink of Californian rapids. From the climes of Kamehameha, from the land of the Cid, from the gold-ribbed realms of Montezuma, and the silver-veined hills of the Incas they came; the tappa-clothed Otaheitan and the fur-clad Russ, the Creole dweller by the St. Lawrence, and the Ganges-worshipping Hindostanee, the discomfited adherents of Kossuth and Mazzini, battalions of the Garde Mobile, and squads from the rabbles of General Flores, the imported Coolie and the transported “Sidney Duck,”—all turned their faces toward the land of bright gold and brighter hopes—gold often “hard to get and hard to hold”—hopes ever easy to come, and ready to leave. Thus was San Francisco peopled by such a human mosaic as never before had been wrought into a harmonious society. All creeds were represented. The devotee of the Prophet of Mecca side by side with the disciple of the Cross. The enthusiastic followers of Budh, Brahma and Vishnu, and the undoubting believer in St. Peter’s Apostolic succession. Brethren of the creeds of Calvin, Luther and Penn, and members of Loyola’s Society of Jesus; fellow-scoffers of Voltaire, and fellow-thinkers of Tom Paine. Gold is the great leveler. Gold is the great human amalgam. It draws all castes and creeds, religionists and sects into the congregations of its worshipers. So was it in the great Hegira for California. The turbaned Turk and the pig-tailed Chinese, the red-capped Malay and the “stove-piped” heads of whiter nations, joined the train and bowed in its presence. All moral codes and immoral, had their representatives. The Fourierite and the Turner, the wifeless Shaker, and the well-wived Mormon, the non-resistent and the believer in the code of honor, the debt-payer and the sponge, the spendthrift and the miser, the free hand and the sordid heart. From all points of the compass, all quarters of the globe, all nations and tribes, they converged toward this golden magnet like rays of light, and shadows mixed together.

To those who think, the knowledge of these things must operate as a preventive of astonishment that so anomalous a collection of humanity should result for awhile in an anomalous state of society, morals, government, politics and trade. For in this strange admixture of men, there could be said to exist but one reliable element of order. The Anglo-Saxon race formed the nucleus around which the elements of religion, morals and enlightened progress were to gather and crystallize. For, passing by the earlier history of San Francisco, its native condition, of which little is known and nothing remains save some of its hills and the debris of its Indian *rancherias*; its discovery—probably in 1769—its settlement at the Mission Dolores in 1776, by the Missionaries of St. Francis, and the dreamy life of clergy, laity and neophyte which succeeded, the acquisition of California by the United States is the period when the history of San Francisco properly commences, and from that time its prevailing principle of order, progress and prosperity has been found in the races which peopled the eastern side of North America. In properly estimating the condition of the city in all its aspects and stages during its short but stirring history, it is necessary to understand the character of the population thus assembled, from which ingredients the compound of society was to be formed. No chemist’s laboratory ever contained a greater variety of materials for analysis, admixture, or solution, perhaps never so