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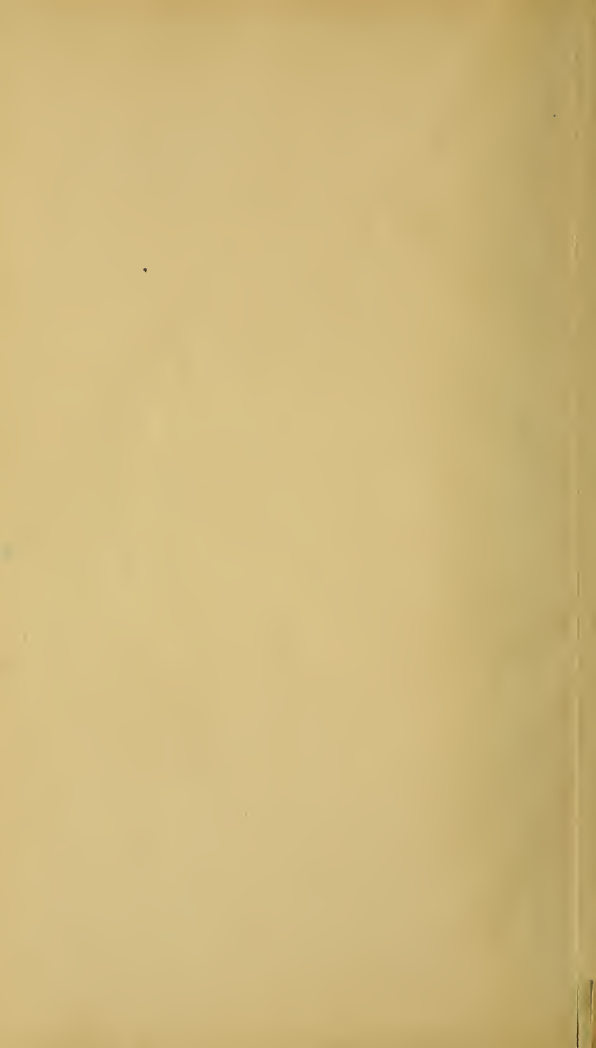
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THE "CITY GUARD"

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A HISTORY

OF

✓  
COMPANY "B"

FIRST REGIMENT INFANTRY, N. G. C.

---

DURING THE SACRAMENTO CAMPAIGN

JULY 3 TO 26, 1894

---

INCLUDING

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE COMPANY SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION

MARCH 31, 1854, TO JULY 3, 1894



FILMER-ROLLINS ELECTROTYPE CO.  
TYPOGRAPHERS, ELECTROTYPERS AND STEREOTYPERS  
424 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO

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*To the members of the "City Guard," past, present, and to  
come, this, our Company's maiden effort, is  
respectfully dedicated.*

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## PREFACE.

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ON September 1, 1894, shortly after the return of the company from its campaign at Sacramento, a committee of four was appointed, to be known as the history committee, to gather as much material concerning that campaign as possible, and to put it in a readable and concise form. The following were appointed: Lieutenant George Filmer, Corporal A. McCulloch, Privates W. J. Hayes and Wm. D. O'Brien.

The committee began its work enthusiastically and at once, as they believed that the most beneficial results could be attained by "striking while the iron is hot." Their progress was necessarily slow; but when taken in connection with the circumstances, that the committee were engaged in earning their livelihood during the day, and thus limited in their work upon the history to their spare moments, and further, that they also took great care to prevent inaccuracies from creeping into their labors, the progress made, when viewed in this light, cannot be said to be unusually slow.

The idea of publishing a history was not an original idea, but rather it is the result of the gradual development of an incipient idea by a process of evolution containing three distinct steps. First it was only intended to have a short account written of the campaign and pasted in the company's scrap-book; then, with this as a basis, the idea developed into the form of a printed pamphlet, and finally blossomed into the shape in which it now appears.

It was the intention of the committee to have the entire book set up by members of the company who were compositors by trade, and who had kindly volunteered their services. But, on account of the limited time that the volunteer compositors could bestow upon the work, it was found necessary, after about one-half the book had been thus set up, to give the

work to an outside publishing house, in order to present to the company a complete history of the campaign before the memory of this memorable event would be beyond the "time of which the mind of man doth not run." And even though the members of the company were unable, through no fault of their own, to set up the entire work, the committee desires to acknowledge its appreciation of the kindness and the valuable assistance given by these members, viz: George Clausenius, W. L. Overstreet, Wm. McKaig, J. Brien, and R. E. Wilson.

The committee further desires to thank Lieutenant Hosmer, Adjutant First Battalion, First Regiment Infantry, N. G. C., and Sergeant H. B. Sullivan, "of ours," for the kind assistance they rendered the committee in making negatives of each tent crowd of the company.

It may be well here to mention the fact that at the request of the committee, Captain I. B. Cook consented to write the brief history of the Company. For this work and the thoroughness with which it is done, the committee extend to him its sincere thanks.

The committee do not pretend to uphold the book as a work of any great literary merit; and, while they do not propose to offer any excuses for the book, still they hope at least that it is free from any obvious signs of crudity or provincialism: it stands upon its own merits.

The work is largely of a personal nature, and, as such, has made the introduction of personalities unavoidable; but while this is so, the committee have tried to eliminate every thing of such a character which, in their judgment, would offend the most sensitive nature. In case, however, their judgment has erred at times, and things do appear which wound the feelings of some, the committee trust that the attempted witticism, for it is nothing more, will be received in the same spirit that it is offered, namely "peace, goodwill to all."

In judging the results of their labor the committee beg that those judging will say, in the words of Miss Muloch:

"Not that they did ill or well,  
But only that they did their best."







B COMPANY IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER, SACRAMENTO, JULY, 1894.

1074-  
J.C.



THE CAUSE (?)

## CHAPTER I.

### THE STRIKE AND ITS EFFECT.

**A**S the tiny stream that wends its course down the mountain slope on the way to the sea grows gradually larger and deeper by the successive uniting with it of similar streams until at last it becomes the mighty river in which its identity is completely lost, so a small labor movement springing up in a little town named Pullman in the vicinity of Chicago, and spreading out westward and southward, became larger and greater at each successive juncture with it of the employees of the railroad until at last, when its progress was stopped by the cool waves of the Pacific, it had grown to be a movement of gigantic proportions, stupendous in its effects, in which the primal cause of the movement was lost. California was particularly affected. Never before in the history of the State had she experienced such a movement as this. Traffic was completely stopped. Business was paralyzed. Goods could neither be received nor sent away. Merchants were laying off their employees and getting ready to close up their houses. Not a wheel of the Southern Pacific Company was turning in the State.

This movement had its source in a disagreement between the managers and the employees of the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company. By successive reductions the wages of the employees had become greatly reduced, far below that which the existing condition of affairs would seem to justify.

This, considered with certain other circumstances, caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the men of the works. The accompanying circumstances, which served to intensify the dissatisfaction, were of a nature peculiar to the town of Pullman itself. A fair estimate would place the inhabitants of this town at about four thousand, all of whom are directly or indirectly dependent for subsistence upon the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company. Not only are they connected with the company by bond of employer and employee, but also are they related as landlord and tenant, and as creditor and debtor. Pullman has been nicknamed "the model town." But there is more than one way of looking at this model town, just as there is more than one way of looking at a model jail. To a man like Carlyle, who had no sympathy for transgressors of the law, a jail like the famous Cherry Hill prison of Pennsylvania would be a model jail; for here a prisoner is confined in a single cell for the entire term of his confinement, with no other occupation than that of picking jute. But to the prisoner himself who is incarcerated there, it is a model jail, where he "who once enters leaves all hope behind." So with the town of Pullman. To the stockholders of the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company, who see in its organization innumerable opportunities for enriching themselves at the expense of the workman, it is a model town. But to the poor employees, who encounter at every turn the grasping hand of the monopoly, it is a model town symbolical of all that characterizes slavery. In the hands of the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company resides the entire property of the town. They not only own the water and gas works, and the houses, but also sell to their employees the very necessities of life. All the inhabitants of the town are tenants; none are freeholders. From this it is easy to imagine the situation when a large cut was made in the wages. The corporation, you may be sure, never thought of making a corresponding reduction in the rent of the houses, or in the water and gas rates, or in the price of food. With greatly reduced wages, reduced to considerably less than what the artisans engaged in similar crafts were getting in the adjacent municipality of Chicago, and with rents and water, and gas rates correspondingly higher, the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company expected its employees to adjust themselves to the new condition of affairs. The chasm, however, was altogether too wide to be bridged. The men were compelled by the force of necessity to resist the reduction.

About the beginning of May, 1894, a committee of thirty-nine, representing every department in the works, waited upon Mr. Pullman, president of the company, and laid the case before him. They asked that the old rates, which were one-third higher than the present rates, be re-established. In spite of the fact, that at about the time the committee waited upon Mr. Pullman the company was paying large dividends, and had an enormous reserve fund, and further still, in spite of the fact, that Mr. Pullman had enough of spare cash to donate one hundred thousand dollars to a church, the petition was denied. The plea given was, that the state of business would not stand the increase of wages. The matter did not stop here. The car company was very indignant at the apparent intrusion of the workmen into the affairs of their business. How dare employees suggest to them how they shall conduct their business. The outcome of it was, that the men who formed the committee were individually discharged from their service. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. The entire body of workmen struck. This was the direct strike.

A new element now enters into the strike. The employees of the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company, as a body, were affiliated with an organization known as the American Railway Union. The constitution of this latter organization was of such an elastic character as to be capable of being stretched so far as to include not only those who worked for the railroad proper, but also all who were employed upon any kind of railroad work whatsoever. The strike was referred by the workmen of Pullman to this higher body for settlement. The American Railway Union investigated the grievances of the men, and concluded that the strike was a just one; one worthy of their support. On June 23d, after having tried for a period of six weeks to adjust the difficulties between the men and their employers without success, the Executive Board of the Union gave notice to the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company, that, unless they agreed to the terms of settlement by the 27th of June, a boycott would be placed upon all Pullman cars. In other words the members of the union would refuse to handle any trains to which were attached Pullman cars. The 27th of June coming around with no signs of compliance on the part of the Pullman Company the threat of the union was put into execution. The entire Santa Fé System, comprising about seventeen different lines

and operating throughout that part of the country southward of Chicago to the Gulf and westward to the Pacific, was affected. This new phase of the strike, known as the sympathetic strike, was destined to be the greatest labor movement that America had ever experienced.

This is the method by which the American Railway Union undertook to bring the Pullman corporation to terms. In their letter to the public they stated that it was not their intention to tie up the railroads. They were willing to handle trains, provided Pullman cars were left off. This was, they said, the only means they had of striking the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company. In case a quarrel arose between them and the railroad companies it would be a quarrel that was forced upon them, and not one of their choosing. The railroad companies, on the other hand, were unable to separate their interests from the interests of the Pullman Car Manufacturing Company, so they took the quarrel upon their own shoulders. They were determined to send trains out with Pullman cars attached, or else they would not send any at all. On the 27th of June, the day that the boycott was placed upon Pullman cars, traffic over the entire Santa Fé system came to a standstill. The railroad employees, that is, those employees who were engaged in the strike—the firemen, switchtenders and switchmen—refused to move trains with Pullman cars attached, and the railroad companies refused to send out trains without them. And so began the sympathetic strike.

Every State, in which the lines of the above-mentioned system operated, was severely affected. In the East the unique position held by Chicago with regard to the different lines of railroads made it the hotbed of the strike. Seventeen different lines meet in Chicago. These being tied up, Chicago became the congregating point for many thousand strikers, some of whom were exceedingly desperate characters. Chicago, in the course of the strike, was the scene of many aggressive operations, and numerous were the conflicts between the troops and strikers, of which some resulted in fatalities. In the West the strike presented some features which were not manifested in the East. No State suffered more severely from the strike than did California. That the effect was so severe on California was due probably to its isolation; to its entire dependence upon railroad transportation, and to the fact that a great part of its produce consisted of fruit, which has

to find a ready market in the East. These facts, coupled with the fact that the tie-up came at that time in the year when the fruit was ripe and ready for shipping, and thus dependant upon rapid transportation for its value, are evidence enough of the injurious effects of the strike upon California. And yet, in spite of the ruinous consequences, it is strange to say that the sympathy of the people was almost unanimously with the strikers. The press of California has been severely criticised by the Eastern press for the manner in which it espoused the cause of the strikers. Yet the California press was only reflecting the opinions of the people.

The first scene of act one of the strike in California took place on the 27th of June. The overland trains, which are the only trains that carry Pullman cars with the exception of the Yosemite, did not leave the Oakland mole that day as usual. Throughout the 27th and part of the 28th all other trains ran as usual. But on the 28th President Debs of the American Railway Union telegraphed from Chicago to the heads of the local unions to tie up the entire Southern Pacific Company. The strike now began to operate in California with full force.

In such railroad centers of California as Los Angeles, Oakland, and Sacramento the strike assumed threatening aspects. In Sacramento the aspect was particularly alarming. Los Angeles and Sacramento are the two controlling centers for all lines that leave the State. The strike in neither Los Angeles nor Oakland reached the importance or received the attention that it did in Sacramento. This was due to the fact that in Los Angeles it was brought under control before it gained much headway. While in Oakland, though Oakland was invested by a large number of strikers who managed to do a good deal of mischief and damage, such as cutting the air-brakes on freight trains, and even going so far as to stop the entire local system, thus compelling the residents of the bay towns to resort to a provisional ferry; yet even while they did all this, it made little practical difference to the outcome of the strike whether the strikers reigned there or not as long as Sacramento or Los Angeles remained under their control. Sacramento and Los Angeles therefore were the backbone of the strike in California.

As the time wore on a peaceful settlement of the strike seemed to grow less. The railroad company, on the one hand, was determined not to yield. The strikers, on the

other hand, were getting impatient and angry at the rigidity of the railroad officials, and with this, growing more conscious of their power, seemed ready to set aside all legal restraints and resort to violent deeds to force an acquiescence to their will. Sacramento, where the strikers held forth in full sway, was the point toward which the attention of the people was directed. Speculation became rife as to what would be the outcome. That things could not continue in such a state much longer was universally conceded. The seriousness of the affair, however, kept rolling on. Complaints of people tied up at the different places in the State were increasing every day. Baggage and freight was accumulating with wondrous rapidity. Delayed mail—and here is where the strikers came in conflict with Uncle Sam—was piling up on every hand. It was only a question of time when the dam would break.

It was on June 29th that the first rumors were heard about calling out the State troops. A situation like this cannot fail to be other than closely related to the life of the National Guard. While California had been hitherto practically free from movements of this kind the Eastern States had not been so fortunate. It seems next to an impossibility for a railroad strike of any size to occur without its being accompanied by violence and crime. Time after time had the Eastern National Guard been called out to suppress strikers, who had finally deteriorated into rioters. The one seemed to follow the other as effect follows cause. As soon as a strike was inaugurated the people of the East looked for the effect, namely the calling out of the National Guard. This mode of thinking influenced the thought of California. The people now began to look to the State troops. The members of the National Guard were especially interested in the situation, for when they joined they little thought that they would be called upon to face any real danger. A sham battle at camp was about as near as they ever expected to get to an actual engagement. But as things began to look serious, their interest in affairs grew in intensity. "Great Heavens! we might be called out." So they anxiously awaited further developments.





## CHAPTER II.

### THE NATIONAL GUARD CALLED OUT.

**I**N July 1st Uncle Sam took a hand in the game. Attorney General Olney sent instruction to the United States district marshals, whose jurisdiction was over that territory affected by the strike, to execute the process of the court, and prevent any hinderance to the free circulation of the mails. In accordance with these orders the United States marshal of the Southern District of California called upon General Ruger, commander of the western division of the Regular Army to furnish assistance at Los Angeles. Six companies, three hundred and twenty men, under the command of Colonel Shafter, were dispatched on July 2d for this place. They left San Francisco on the 10:30 p. m. train. To act in conjunction with the Regular Troops, Barry Baldwin, United States Marshal for the Northern District of California was at Sacramento with a large number of deputy United States marshals, sworn in for the occasion. The plan was to break, almost simultaneously, the blockade at these two places. The regulars experienced but little difficulty at Los Angeles. Not so, however, with the United States marshal and his deputies at Sacramento. The mob of strikers here was larger, more desperate, and better organized than at any other place in the State. On the afternoon of the 3d of July Baldwin attempted to open up the blockade. The operation of making-up the trains was calmly watched by the

strikers. Everything seemed to be going smoothly, when all of a sudden at a given signal the strikers rushed forward, and in a few minutes demolished what had been the result of several hours labor. At this the wrath of Marshal Baldwin knew no bounds. He attempted to force his way through the strikers, but was thrown several times to the ground. Regaining his feet after one of these falls he drew a revolver; but, before he could use it, he was seized and disarmed, and, were it not for the presence there of some cool heads, would have been severely handled. The marshal seeing the hopelessness of the situation withdrew, leaving the depot in possession of the strikers. That very afternoon, however, he called upon Governor Markham for military assistance to aid him in forcing and maintaining a free passage for the mails. In response to this call Major General Dimond of the National Guard of California was ordered to furnish the necessary assistance, using his discretion as to the number of men required. It was deemed advisable to call out a large force, as the experience of the Eastern militia in strike troubles showed that the display of a large force had a salutary effect. The following troops were ordered out: Of the Second Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Dickinson, the First Regiment Infantry, under the command of Colonel Sullivan, the Third Regiment Infantry, Colonel Barry commanding; one-half of the Signal Corps, under the command of Captain Hanks, and a section of the Light Battery, consisting of Lieutenant Holcombe, twelve men and a Gatling gun; of the Third Brigade, Companies A and B of the Sixth Regiment, under the command of Colonel Nunan; of the Fourth Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Sheehan, Companies A, E, and G; of the Second Infantry Regiment, Colonel Guthrie commanding, the Signal Corps and Light Battery B. In all about one thousand men. The following troops were ordered to hold themselves in readiness: The Fifth Regiment Infantry, Colonel Fairbanks commanding, consisting of two companies in Oakland, one in Alameda, one in San Rafael, one in Petaluma, one in Santa Rosa, and one in San Jose; the Second Artillery Regiment, Colonel Macdonald commanding, and the First Troop Cavalry, commanded by Captain Blumenberg. The San Francisco troops were ordered to be ready to leave that evening. Companies A and B of Stockton, under command of Colonel Nunan, were ordered to be ready to join the San Francisco troops as they passed through Stockton the

following morning. The Sacramento troops were to join the main body upon their arrival at the Capital City.

Colonel Sullivan received orders to assemble his troops at about 5:35 P. M. Colonel Barry was notified a little later. Both proceeded immediately to carry out their orders. The calling out of the troops had been anticipated by the officers of the National Guard. On Monday evening, July 2d, Colonel Sullivan called a meeting of the company commanding officers and arranged with them a plan that would insure the effective and rapid massing of the troops. The plan was this: The roll of each company was to be divided up into squads and a non-commissioned officer assigned to each squad, whose duty it would be, in case it became necessary, to see that the members of that squad were notified. Experience proved that the plan was exceedingly effective. Captain Cook lost no time in applying it to Company B. On the very same night he assembled the non-commissioned officers of the company, and assigned a squad of the company to each. Further, each non-commissioned officer, for the purpose of expediency, was given the following pre-emptory order:

“SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 3d, 1894.

“COMPANY ORDERS No. 8.

“You are hereby commanded to report at your armory immediately in service uniform upon reading this order. Bring your blankets, suit of underclothing, and two days' rations to pack in your knapsack. Report without fail. Let B Company be the first in line for suppressing riot.

IRVING B. COOK, Commanding Company.”

This was the plan by which the company was to be massed at short notice. When the time came to test its effectiveness it had been so well applied to the company that it was like pressing the button and the entire machinery started in motion. Within an incredible short space of time after Captain Cook received orders to assemble his company, non-commissioned officers in charge of squads were speeding on their respective missions of notification. Many members, hearing that the militia were called out, reported without receiving any official notice. Company B was not the only company, nor was the First Regiment the only regiment, that had taken time by the forelock and laid plans for the rapid massing of their men. Subsequent developments showed that

arrangements had been made beforehand in all the companies of both regiments and that these arrangements had well fulfilled their end.

Thus far we have but considered one end of the action. Let us therefore transfer ourselves to the other end, namely the thresholds of the homes of the members. Here scenes occurred the memory and influence of which will never be forgotten. What a feeling of gloom and of sadness settled upon that household after the notifying officer had hurried up the steps, rang violently the door-bell and notified him, who was both a member of the family and a member of the National Guard, to report for duty at the armory. We may now talk lightly of the things we have done. We may now laugh heartily over the experiences of those campaigns. The public may sneer at the results which we have accomplished, but who could say on the night we were called out that the duty which we were ordered to perform was not such that we had no assurance of ever returning again to the bosom of our families. Is there a man who would speak lightly of the tear that glistened in the mother's eye or the quivering of her lips? Who is there that would ridicule the sobbing of the sisters and of the wives, or sneer at the deep, heartfelt emotion of the father hidden beneath a gruff voice. Shame on him who has for these no thought but scorn! "Parting is such sweet sorrow," the poet sings. Until the night of the 3d few of us however recognized this truth. Parting is sorrow, but ah! how sweet it is to know something of that great affection with which we are held. Thank God there come such times as these when the mist of humdrum life is lifted and we behold our position in the hearts of our family.

Many of us still remember how, while in our boyhood days, our souls used to thrill and how inspired we were when we read that after the battle of Lexington, old Israel Putnam left his plow yoked in the fields, mounted his fastest horse, hurried to Boston and offered his services to his country. But when we left those happy days behind us and went out into the cold, prosaic, and selfish world, and thought of Putnam's noble and inspiring patriotism, a feeling of regret would arise within us to feel that there were no more Putnams. But during the late excitement we were undeceived. Right here among us we have such patriots. Patriots whose example ought to inspire and thrill every citizen. Like Old Putnam, they also paused in the midst of their toil and,

without waiting to be notified, hastened to offer their services to their State. Would that the grave could open up, so that Old Putnam might rest contented in the belief that the destinies of this Republic are presided over by young patriots worthy of their revolutionary sires.

To come back to the First Regiment Armory again. Throughout the evening it presented both inside and out an animated appearance. Fully five hundred people were gathered in front of the armory watching the course of developments. Inside of the armory men were hastening to and fro. Others were gathered into groups talking in an excited tone over the unusual event. In Company B's rooms members were busily packing their knapsacks, rolling their blankets, and getting into their uniforms. Every now and again some member who was notified late in the evening would come running in and endeavor to make up for lost time. The experience of being called out was to them a novel one. Whoever thought that they—the National Guard, the “tin soldiers”—would ever be called upon to do anything more arduous or dangerous than to parade the streets on a holiday for the sake of eliciting admiration from the fair sex. Here was an opportunity for them of a lifetime to dissolve forever the charge of the contemptuous wretch, who stands upon the edge of the sidewalk during a parade of the National Guard and sneeringly remarks: “If they only smelt powder, how they would run.” Every member of the Guard determined that they would on this occasion establish a reputation far beyond the possibility of ever being open to the charge of being “sidewalk soldiers” again. They would—and many a noble resolve was made that night. To those standing upon the street watching the preparations of the militia to depart and who derisively jeered, the men said nothing, but to themselves said: “You just wait a few days my fine fellows and we will show you what we can do.” But alas, who can ever tell what the wheels of time will bring forth. At the same time everyone was more or less excited. Some were gay, others were thoughtful, and again some probably felt a peculiar sadness, feeling perhaps as though they were taking their last leave of those persons and things which were closely associated with their lives. Even the turning of the key of their locker was done with tenderness. For who knew that this would not be the last time. All, however, were ready for orders.

At 9:40 P. M. the command was given to "fall in." Company B proceeded to the drill-hall, where they were formed by First Sergeant A. F. Ramm. On roll-call the following men answered to their names:

Captain I. B. Cook,	Private Hayes,
1st Lieut. E. C. Lundquist,	" Heeth, A.,
2d Lieut. Geo. Filmer.	" Heizman,
1st Sergt. A. F. Ramm.	" Kennedy,
Sergt. B. B. Sturdivant,	" Keane,
" A. H. Clifford,	" Lang,
" W. N. Kelly.	" Monahan,
Corp. J. N. Wilson,	" McKaig,
" B. E. Burdick,	" O'Brien,
" E. R. Burtis,	" Overstreet,
" A. McCulloch.	" Perry,
Musician Gilkysen,	" Powleson,
" Murphy,	" Radke, R.,
" Rupp,	" Radke, G.,
" Wilson.	" Sullivan, H. B.
Private Adams,	" Stealy,
" Bannan,	" Sieberst, V.
" Baumgartner,	" Shula, F.,
" Claussenius, G.,	" Sindler,
" Claussenius, M.,	" Tooker,
" Crowley,	" Unger,
" Flanagan,	" Wise,
" Frech,	" Wilson, R. E.,
" Fetz, A.,	" Williams,
" Gille,	" Warren,
" Gehret, A. C.,	" Wear,
	" Zimmerman.

Upon the completion of the roll-call the company was turned over to the command of Captain Cook. In five minutes the entire regiment was mustered and formed in a hollow square. The size of the companies spoke volumes for the reputation of the regiment. It was now a little over three hours since the non-commissioned officers started on their tours of notification, and probably not more than an hour since some of the members were notified; still, here was almost the full regiment, thirty officers and three hundred and forty-six men, prepared to march. The zeal and alacrity with which the orders were obeyed is worthy of commendation. The men as they stood in ranks, attired in their campaign uniforms, their knapsacks and blankets strapped

to their backs, presented a striking appearance. May their appearance that night never fade from our memories. Colonel Sullivan stepped into the center of the square and made the following remarks:

"Men, we have been ordered to Sacramento to preserve the peace and dignity of the State. This is not a picnic trip; it is a serious duty. I have confidence that every man will do his full duty. I hope that our members will impress the enemy with the fact that we mean business, and I hope that no other recourse will be necessary. But if it becomes necessary to give orders to use ball and cartridge you must do it. You must remember that your own lives are at stake, and you will fire low, and fire to kill. These are hard words, but they are necessary words. I hope that we will return with the full number assembled here, and with honor and credit to the regiment. Fours right!"

Each company executed the necessary movement, and marched out of the armory. The march was continued uninterrupted down Market street until Spear street was reached. Here a halt was made, and ammunition served out to the troops—twenty rounds to each man. The ammunition being distributed, the regiment marched upon the steamer *Oakland*, where they were joined shortly by the Third Regiment Infantry of twenty-six officers and two hundred and fifty-one men, and at ten minutes past eleven o'clock the troops bade farewell to San Francisco, and started for their destination.

The farewell reception the troops received from the public on their way down Market street, and while at the ferry, was one of a very mixed nature. Among the persons gathered to see us take our departure were a large number of men endowed with socialistic tendencies, whose view of the situation was so narrow that they viewed the calling out of the militia as an act of the Government's to abet the railroad company in oppressing its employees, and not as an act necessary to maintain the laws of the land which guarantee to all equal rights in the protection of their property. These men jeered and cast all sorts of slurs at the men as they marched along. They sincerely wished that the strikers would give the troops their quietus. This was one extreme. The other extreme was made up of men of equally as narrow a view. These seemed to think that the workman had no rights whatever, and above all things, not even a shadow of a right to strike. They believed, or, if they did not believe it, they certainly

acted as if such were their belief, that the workingman should submit to all restrictions placed upon him, and that, if he attempted to rise above his conditions, then the Government should force him back again. These are the men who called upon us to blow the scoundrels to pieces. Between these two extremes there was a third element, made up of men who had a true insight into the condition of affairs: men who fully recognized the place that strikes hold in the development of the human race; men who detect in these visible presentations of discontent the conscious awakening of the workingman to a noble conception of his place in the history of civilization. It was from this stamp of men that the militia received its real encouragement; for they saw plainly that the ends of the workingman could not be attained through the disregard of the laws, but it was only by his developing with them and through them that he could even reach his true plane. Therefore, above all things, they desired to see the supremacy of the laws maintained. Viewing the calling forth of the militia as an instrument by which this was to be accomplished, they cheered and urged the troops to do that duty they had sworn to fulfill.

Upon the steamer *Oakland* reaching the other side the troops disembarked and marched up the mole. They were wheeled into line and halted. The command "Rest" was then given. Here the first of a series of provoking delays took place. The trains, which were to bear the troops to their destination were not fully made up; consequently the troops had to remain standing, at the time they most needed rest, upon the cold asphaltum for fully an hour. This does not speak well for those who were managing the transportation of the troops. It was extremely aggravating to the men, fatigued as they were after their march down Market street laden with baggage, to feel that, had a little foresight been exercised, they, instead of being compelled to stand upon the pavement for over an hour, might have passed that time in resting. A soldier, even though he is of the rank and file, is a human being, and needs as much rest as any other human being. At 1 A. M., July 4th, the troops were ordered aboard the train, and a start was made for Sacramento. The train was divided into two sections. The First Regiment was on board the first section, while the Third Regiment, together with the section of the Light Battery, occupied the second, and which followed after the first at about an interval of ten



minutes. Major General Dimond and staff accompanied the troops, and took passage on the second section. Brigadier General Dickinson and staff journeyed on the first section.

Each company had a separate car assigned to them. The members of Company B lost no time in relieving themselves of their knapsacks and blankets. Some of the men made up berths at once with the intention of getting as much rest and under as favorable conditions as possible. Others however thought it a waste of time to go to all this trouble for what they supposed would be but a few hours rest; so they simply stretched their legs upon the opposite seat and thus went to sleep. Here was another mistake. How much better it would have been had the men been informed that instead of a three hours' journey before them they would be on the road eight or nine hours. The men then would have made due preparations for a good night's rest. The Keeley Club, of which more will be related hereafter, appropriated a section of the sleeper to themselves, and, not knowing but what the days of some of them were numbered, proceeded to have a good time while they yet lived, for they knew that if any of their number did fall in the conflict with the strikers, that they would be a long time dead. All the early hours of the morning sounds of revelry could be heard coming from their apartment. Every now and again some tired individual, whose repose was broken by these revelers, would impatiently demand in language more forcible and expressive than can be represented here why it was they could not keep still. Ever and anon Captain Cook's voice would be distinguished above the din. "That will do now, let us have more quiet." The effect of these commands was but temporary. A moment later they were at it again. And so passed the morning.

Precautions were taken to attract the least amount of attention possible. The window-shades were drawn so as to prevent the gleam of lights from tempting missiles from the strikers. In spite of these precautions, just after the train passed Sixteenth Street Station, a rock was hurled through the window of the cab of the second section narrowly missing the head of the engineer. Before the First Regiment left the armory, details were selected from each company to act as train guards, and placed under the command of Lieut. Thompson of Company G. Their special duty was to guard the

engine. Company B, Third Infantry, Captain Kennedy commanding, was detailed as train guard for the second section. Besides these guards sentinels were posted by the First Sergeants of each company at both ends of the cars. These men were stationed upon the platforms and relieved every hour. Their orders were of a twofold nature: First, they were to prevent anyone from leaving the car; Secondly, they were to alight whenever the train stopped and see that no one interfered in any way with it. Any person they saw approaching the train they were to call upon to "halt." If the order was not obeyed they were to warn him, and finally if this proved ineffectual they were to fire upon him. Each sentinel loaded his piece as he went on duty. No sentinel had occasion to carry out literally his orders as the journey to Sacramento was practically uneventful. At Sixteenth street, Oakland, the train was delayed for a short time. Here it was found that the Block switch system would not work, the pipes containing the wires having been cut, thus rendering the entire system useless. The nature of the damage having been ascertained, the train proceeded on its way.

When the train stopped at Sixteenth Street Station the sentinels alighted in pursuance of their orders. There were a considerable number of people gathered at this place. Here it was that an unknown person, who was evidently a striker bent on mischief, but who claimed to be a deputy marshal, was given an opportunity of measuring the caliber of the men of the "City Guard" and of the National Guard in general. This person emerged from the crowd and was approaching the train, when Private George Claussenius, noticing him, called upon him to halt. The fellow, not a bit disturbed merely said: "Oh, that's all right, I'm a deputy marshal." This explanation might have been accepted in some quarters, but this time he knocked upon the wrong door. Claussenius quickly threw up his rifle, and forcibly said, "I don't care who you are; Halt!" The man paused, undecided whether to advance or retreat. Lieut. Lundquist, who was standing upon the platform, took in the situation. "Claussenius," he quietly said, "if that man advances a step further shoot him." In an instant the man's indecision vanished. He turned and slunk back into the crowd. The man's identity was never ascertained. If he was a striker the reception he received was a proper one;

and if he was a deputy marshal he can thank his stars that his departure was not accelerated by the prod of a bayonet. These men, recruited in many instances from the scum of mankind gave themselves the airs of a Lucifer. But before the campaign was over more than one of them was taken down a peg or two by the different members of the National Guard.

At Tracy Private O'Brien had an amusing experience with a rustic. It was early in the morning. The sun had just begun to trace his westward course in the heavens. The fields, with one exception, seemed deserted, as far as the eye could stretch. The air held a deep stillness which was broken only by the sweet singing of the birds and disagreeable snoring of the soldiers. It was a beautiful opening of a Fourth of July morning. Crossing one of the fields at this time was a country rustic who, upon seeing the train, had his curiosity aroused; so, changing his direction, he advanced toward it. It so happened he approached the car that O'Brien was guarding. What a queer specimen! He was attired as the rustic is generally represented upon the stage. His trousers were drawn up almost to his neck by an abbreviated pair of suspenders. His head was covered by a well-battered straw hat, and his feet incased—O'Brien swears that they were number 14—in a cowhide pair of boots. O'Brien amusingly sized him up until he arrived within about four feet from the car, then suddenly stepping forward he brought his piece with a snap to the "charge bayonet," and cried out sharply "halt." Astonished at the unexpected sally, the rustic started involuntarily backward and exclaimed, "Why the gol darn thing's got stickers on 'em." A visible representation of the stickers was enough for the countryman. He did not approach closer.

The men as they awoke into consciousness that morning, but little refreshed by their short repose, were surprised to find that Sacramento was still a considerable distance off. It seems that those who were engineering the transportation of the troops thought it would be safer to proceed to the capital by way of Stockton, instead of going direct. The men now began to realize what a bitter teacher experience is. In their excitement and bustle over being called out, and also on account of the pretty general opinion that existed among the men that the service we were to perform would not last more than a day or two at the most, many of the men paid little attention to the order telling them to bring

rations and underclothing. As the morning gradually advanced unto noon their stomachs began to remind them that it was time to eat. They were ready to eat; but what? That was what troubled them. Fortunately the company is possessed of some far-sighted minds when the subject under consideration is the stomach. These men had brought with them a good supply of food. But even when these divided their supply in true Samaritan style, the quantity given to those that did not bring food was so small that it alleviated but slightly the pangs of hunger. Company B suffered less in this respect than did the other companies. A large number of B's men love their stomach too well to run the smallest chance of having it suffer. Future developments will disclose what dreadful effects the misusing of their beloved organ had upon the men. The hungry mortals looked forward longingly for their arrival at Sacramento. For here surely they would be adequately supplied. But they were doomed to disappointment. Adjutant General Allen worked upon this hypothesis, that if the men did not bring the rations he ordered them to, they themselves were to blame and must therefore suffer the consequences. But how foolish is such reasoning. What if the men are to blame? Is it not the duty of a general to see that his men receive the proper subsistence. It is indeed a poor commander who hopes for success and at the same time allows his men to suffer hunger in the midst of plenty. Happily the men did not know what awaited them, they were content to live in hopes.

The train passed through Stockton at about 6:30 A. M. Here Companies A and B of the Sixth Regiment were standing in line ready to join the San Francisco regiments and proceed to the capital. They were taken on board the second section. The journey from Stockton was soon finished, and at 8:30 A. M. the first section arrived in Sacramento, and stopped at Twenty-first street.







THE MOB IN FRONT OF THE DEPOT AT SACRAMENTO, JULY 4TH, 1894. (BARRY BALDWIN HANGING THE STRIKERS FROM THE TOP OF A PULLMAN CAR.)



### CHAPTER III.

#### FOURTH OF JULY AT SACRAMENTO.

"In war take all the time for thinking that the circumstances allow, but when the time for action comes, *stop thinking.*"

*Andrew Jackson.*

**S**A CRAMENTO at last! Ah, boys, little did we think when our section pulled in at Twenty-first street, that we were now on the future field of the great and glorious, but bloodless battle of "The Depot." The battle of strategic "co-operations" and still existing "truces," in which we were destined to take such a prominent "standing" part.

Sacramento! The scene of our future troubles and joys (much of the former but how very few of the latter). Our troubles began when the order came to sling knapsacks and form in the street. That never to be forgotten 4th of July was a banner day for heat, even in the annals of sultry Sacramento; and as we stepped from our car, tired, hungry, and oh, my! how hot, we were inhumanely confronted by a large sign on the side of a brewery, "Ice Cold Buffalo 5cts." The eye of many a brave comrade grew watery and his mouth dry as we stood there in the burning rays of the sun with our knapsacks and blankets on our backs facing that sign like a little band of modern Spartans and waiting patiently for the

order to march. Soon the "glittering staff," armed to the teeth, passed "gorgeously" by; the order "forward" echoed along the line, and the "army of occupation" was in motion.

We had arrived and formed at 8:00 and marched at about 8:30. The train stopped at Twenty-first and R streets, and our line of march to the armory was as follows: North along Twenty-first to P, along P to Eleventh, along Eleventh to N, along N to Tenth, along Tenth to L and along L to the armory on the corner of Sixth, in all fully three miles.

Never before did the Old City Guard participate in such a 4th of July "parade." After a long night of unrest, trudging along block after block through the sweltering heat, without the enlivening sounds of drums or fife, our heavy packs growing heavier at every step, the salt perspiration blinding our eyes, and looking up only to see the heat dancing along the road in front of us, we felt little inclination to joke or notice the open-mouthed wonder of many of the onlookers. Still we could hear the remarks of the bystanders, that they "guessed the strikers felt sick this morning," or of the apparently less impressed small boy who "reckoned de strikers would pop off dat fatty fust." The betting was even as to whether he meant Kennedy or Sieberst, but the rival claimants "co-operated" by rendering a decision.

Worn, weary, and hungry we arrived at the Armory at 9:15, and found the Sacramento troops, Companies E and G of the Second Infantry, already under arms. Stacking arms on L street, and a strong guard being left at the stacks, we were marched in column of twos into the armory drill-hall where the now world-renowned "ample breakfast" supplied by Adjutant General Allen, late Second Lieutenant Commissary Department Missouri State Volunteers, awaited us. This, according to General Allen, "ample breakfast," consisted of coffee strong enough "to run for Congress," and bread. Certainly a very "ample" breakfast for men who had been awake and traveling all night, many without dinner the evening before, and executed such a trying march that morning. Ample, too, when it is considered that this was intended to serve both as breakfast and lunch, and, it might be dinner.

Thus is a lesson in economy given by the military heads of this great State to the civil heads who may wish to profit thereby.



Thus is the frugality of our forefathers, in their great battle for home and freedom on the shores of the Atlantic, exemplified on the distant shores of the calm Pacific by our ever to be remembered Adjutant General, late Second Lieutenant Commissary Department Missouri State Volunteers.

However, despite our foolish doubts as to the amplitude and quality of our meal, the shade of the hall and the relaxation from the fatigue of the march were very welcome.

While we were regaling ourselves a shot was heard fired in the street in front of the armory; and the report quickly spread that the shot had been fired by a striker in the crowd, wounding a soldier on guard at the stacks. This, however, proved untrue, as it was found that a private of the Sixth, in loading, accidentally discharged his piece, the firing-pin of which seems to have been rusty, the cartridge exploding when he tried to force it home. The bullet struck the front rank man in the calf of the leg, wounding him severely. Passing through the guardsman's leg, it struck on a rock in the street and split, both pieces glancing into the crowd of sightseers. In the crowd four persons in all were injured, more or less severely; one of them, Mr. O. H. Wing, a citizen of Sacramento, being struck in the abdomen and killed. His death was deeply regretted by the soldiers; especially so as Mrs. Wing, his gentle, high-minded widow, wrote to the soldier, the unfortunate cause of her bereavement, exonerating him from all blame and assuring him of her deepest sympathy.

Having finished our ample breakfast the City Guard was marched from the armory in column of twos, and allowed to rest in the shade of an awning on the corner of Sixth and M streets.

Now and all during the campaign which followed the absurdly childish way in which the press and many of the people looked on the citizen soldiery, and on the work which they were doing at the call of their country, was both surprising and irritating to the men who had left their homes and business to protect the lives and property of their fellow-citizens. It is true this was no wild unled mob. It was worse; as was proven later by the most cold-blooded train wreck and murder ever perpetrated in the West, that of the 12th of July. A murder far beyond the abilities of our

ignorant Eastern mobs, planned by the leaders and executed by some of the most important members of the A. R. U.

The absurd position of antagonism to the soldiers taken by the people was instanced on this first morning in what now seems a rather amusing incident, though it needed but little more to make it very serious at the time.

When arms were stacked in the street in front of the armory guards were posted round the building; L street at its crossing with Sixth and for a short distance towards Fifth and Seventh streets being most heavily guarded. This of course stopped the passage of all teams over this street for about the distance of a block. As "B" was leaving the armory to make room for the less fortunate companies which had not yet been introduced to General Allen's breakfast, by this time reduced to bread and water, we saw an infuriated fool driving a wagon in which were seated two women and a child, lashing his horse at a furious pace through the line of sentries. He had passed several, but just at the crossing of Sixth street met men of sterner stuff. Two sentries, members of a Sacramento company, who happened to be close together and in the center of the street, decided to stop his mad career. One brought his piece to the "charge bayonets" while the other prepared to grasp the horse by the bridle. This he did, and did well, just as the horse reared at the pointed bayonet, carrying the soldier with him. Had he missed his leap for the bridle the horse would most undoubtedly have been impaled on the bayonet. The beast in the wagon became laughably furious when the beast in the shafts was stopped. He wasted his breath shouting out the usual jargon about "being a taxpayer," etc., but it was of no avail; he was led ignominiously back over the route over which he had made his glorious charge for principle, greeted by the laughing jeers of the crowd that cheered him but a moment before as he made his mad rush to get through. Such is the uncertainty of public favor.

Here in the shade we waited, amusing ourselves as best we could, our guards at the company stacks being relieved every half hour until at 11:15 A. M., we received the order to fall in, preparatory, it seemed to the unconsulted enlisted man, to moving on the depot. This was confirmed in our minds when, having formed at the stacks, we were relieved of the heavy burden of our knapsacks; these being placed on wagons impressed for the purpose.

The division formation was made on Sixth street, the boys of "B" feeling greatly chagrined when they saw Brigadier General Sheehan's four companies, "E" and "G," of the Second Infantry, and "A" and "B," of the Sixth Infantry of Stockton take the van; and surprise, too, thinking, as we did, that the lack of faith in the Sacramento companies at least was the real cause of our call for service. Later on that trying day our misgivings were justified.

The First Regiment under Colonel W. P. Sullivan fell in behind General Sheehan's command. The First Battalion, under Major Geo. R. Burdick, consisting of companies "A," Captain Marshall, "H," Captain Eisen, "G," Captain Sutliff, and "B," Captain Cook; and the Second Battalion under Major Jansen, consisting of companies "F," Captain Margo, "D," Captain Baker, and "C" under Lieutenant Ruddick. The Third Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Barry commanding, brought up the rear, and acted as guard to the baggage. General Dimond and staff, and the Second Brigade Signal Corps, Captian Hanks, marched in rear of the First Regiment.

The movement toward the depot commenced at about 11:45 A. M., the companies of General Sheehan's command marching in close column of company, and the San Francisco regiments falling almost immediately into street column formation; the Gatling gun section of Light Battery "A," under 1st Lieutenant Holcombe, taking position in the hollow of the First Battalion of the First Regiment.

To those in the ranks it seemed as though the large crowds of gayly dressed sightseers which followed us, looked upon our march as a Fourth of July celebration. This, without doubt, was the cause of the remarkable sight which greeted us, as the Sacramento and Stockton companies fell away from our front later in the day, and exposed to our view a motley crowd of men, women, and children. It seemed more like a Saturday afternoon crowd on Market street than a mob resisting the authority of a United States marshal. Still it took but a second glance to tell us that the great majority were strikers.

What interesting studies were our comrades as we marched quietly along toward the depot; how truly were the feelings of each depicted on his face. Here and there fear was to be seen, plainly mingled however, with a determination not

to yield to the feelings. Some, too, seemed to feel an elation at the approaching conflict, while by far the greater number marched along with an indifference surprising in men who were answering their first call for actual service, and that, too, against men as well armed as they, angry and determined not to yield a foot. The militia well knew that this was no beer-drinking, stone-throwing, leaderless mob, to which the East is so well accustomed; but, on the contrary, that it was a well-organized and coolly led mob, holding the advantage of position and determined to fight rather than yield.

As the column debouched from Second street into the open ground before the depot, men wearing the A. R. U. badge could be seen rushing in from all directions, summoned, by furious blasts on a steam whistle, a preconcerted signal used by the strikers as soon as the intention of our officers became apparent.

When the head of our column had almost reached the open west end of the depot the command was halted, our battalion still keeping its street column formation. Then commenced a trial far more trying in the minds of most of us than even the hot fight we had so surely expected, would have been. It was now high noon and the sun had reached its zenith, the heat being remarkable even for Sacramento; the road was covered with a fine dust, which, stirred by the restless feet of the waiting soldiers, hung in clouds in the warm air, making breathing almost impossible.

As the column halted, the crowd which had been following us and which gathered at the blast of the steam whistle rushed in around the four foremost companies, completely shutting them off from our view, except for the line of bayonets which glistened above the heads of the mob. Then commenced a scene of confusion almost indescribable. Shouts, cheers and hoarse commands mingling in an uproar that at times was deafening. The strain on the San Francisco troops now became intense; the lack of sleep and food, combined with the terrific heat and the excitement and anxiety of the occasion, began to have its effect; many of the men tottered and fell. They were quickly borne off by their comrades in the ranks or by men of the fife and drum corps, who did efficient service on that trying day, to the hospital, established temporarily in the pipe house of the water company, where the Hospital Corps of the First did heroic work; gaining, as of course, no recognition thereof by the press.

The uproar in front continued. Suddenly the glittering line of bayonets fell and shouts from the mob of "Fall in there!" "Get in front!" "Don't give a step!" resounded over the tumult. Anxiously we waited to hear the next order, which might ring the deathknell of many of our comrades, when shout after shout pealed out from the excited mob. A thrill ran along our ranks. "They had thrown down their arms." We gritted our teeth and waited breathlessly for the order to charge. But that order was not to come during that whole trying day. Three times did the report run along the line that the Sacramento men had thrown down their arms and then taken them up again at the entreaty of their officers. The men in our ranks began to feel disgusted. Was this to be the performance gone through by each company in turn? Were they to be cheered and argued with, coddled and cajoled out of the ranks? Standing there in the dust, burning with thirst for water we dare not touch, with the thermometer above one hundred and five degrees in the shade, watching the farce in front, and looking off toward the vacant unprotected south front of the depot, knowing well that a corporal's squad, if thrown in from the rear, could clear it, and yet powerless to move, it would have been little wonder if the best trained regular troops became disgusted. "Why do we not take the strikers in the rear while they palaver with the men in front?" "Where are our Generals, not a sign of whom have we seen since our arrival, and their staffs, numbering enough in themselves to clear the depot?" However,

"Their's not to reason why."

We must stand there and await developments. They were certainly improving our tempers to fight, for we would have fought an European host for the chance to get into that shady depot and escape the burning heat of the dusty road. The men continued to fall on all sides exhausted, and it seemed as if the laurels of victory would deck the brow of a third party — Old Father Sol. The uproar of shouts, cheers, and yells continued in front. Suddenly a wave of surprise, then of satisfaction, passed over us. The Sacramento troops were marching off the ground, followed by a frantic mob of men and boys. Our chance would come soon. Speculation now became rife. Would the Stockton men do the same, or would they press forward against the mob? A few minutes of tumult, mingled yells and cheers for "Stock" settled the

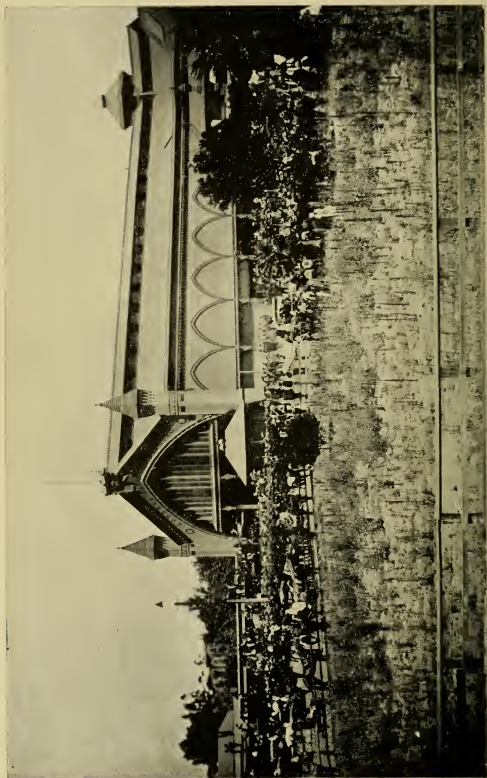
question for us. We saw the flash of the bayonets as the pieces were brought to the right shoulder; fours right, column right, and the Stockton companies marched by, cheered to the echo by the strikers.

Our turn at last! A yell of "Three cheers for the San Francisco boys" was answered lustily by the mob. But we had gone beyond that; we wanted that depot, and meant to have it if the officers would only give the order. We grasped our pieces ready for the order, "Forward," those who were growing sick and dizzy bracing themselves for a final rush. But the order never came. Cries for quiet and of "Baldwin" came from the mob nearest the Depot, and looking over the heads of the crowd we could see Marshal Baldwin mounting to the roof of the cab of one of a string of dead locomotives which stretched along the main line west. He was quickly followed by three or four leaders of the mob, who succeeded in quieting the crowd by assurances of "keep quiet"; "one at a time"; "you're next"; etc. Now began a novel scene indeed. Imagine a United States marshal, with six hundred soldiers at his back, pleading with a mob with, as it seemed to us, tears in his eyes, to disperse, to surrender the Depot, to return to their homes. From that moment the strikers knew that the day was won, that no troops, no matter how willing, would enter that building while commanded by Marshal Baldwin, without the strikers' own kind permission. How that mob enjoyed our humiliation and the scene of a United States marshal pleading with them like a child. We had been called from our homes for active service, and now stood, in all our useless bravery, the audience of a farce in real life.

The farce proceeded. The men on the cab draped the marshal's head with small American flags, exchanged hats with him, and indulged in a few other pleasantries for the edification of their friends below.

Failing in his first purpose the marshal now began to plead for time that he might meet Mr. Knox or Mr. Compton and talk it over with them; methods which were supposed to have been tried before the call for military aid. He begged for a truce until 3 o'clock. Oh, the irony of it! He, the aggressor, begging for a truce at the hands of a mob until then plainly on the defensive. They refused the truce, the time was too short, they said. "Then 5, 6 o'clock," appealingly spoke the marshal. Seeing plainly that the day was lost and that any





THE DEPOT AT SACRAMENTO, JULY 4TH, 1894.



greater delay would now only be injurious to his own men, Col. Sullivan of the First, who, by the way, appeared to be the ranking officer present, though there had been at least four general officers with us in the morning, stepped upon the cab and told the mob, not in tones of pleading, but decidedly, that this truce must be entered into; that his men were not used to such extreme heat, and that he intended to move them into the shade. Suddenly Knox, the leader of the strikers, escorted by a large American flag, emerged from the depot, cheered loudly by the mob. Now, it appears a truce until 6 o'clock was quickly entered into, and the men who had marched confidently through the town that morning were, amid the hoots and jeers of the people, led away, sullen and dispirited, to a vacant lot by the side of the depot. Here the men of the First were allowed to rest and take advantage of such shade as they could find. B and the section of Light Battery A took possession of an old shed; C and G found another in rear of the first, which they appropriated to their own use; D was stretched on the ground a short distance farther on, and the other companies mingled together in the shade of some trees some distance to the right of B's position. It could now be seen that, among the men, the disgust at the failure to accomplish what we had come such a distance to do, was very great. In B, at least, it was deep and genuine. All during that long sultry day the unprotected front entrance of that cool, shady building had stared us in the face, and yet, for some unaccountable reason, we did not get the order to enter. We felt that the strikers would retire if a company were thrown quietly in through that end, and were justified in our opinion, when, some days later, a corporal's squad of regulars cleared the place in a few moments.

Under the influence of the rest and shade our excited feelings gradually became relieved. Talk as we might we could not improve our situation, so we soon resigned ourselves to circumstances, and waited as quietly as possible for 6 o'clock. The men of the Hospital Corps, under whose care 150 men had been placed during those three hours, now gradually drew ahead with their work, and soon had all their patients relieved. Out of the 150 soldiers prostrated we are glad to be able to say that only three were from B, and even these, after a few minutes' rest, were able to lend their assistance to the Hospital Corps themselves.

Delegates from the strikers now made their appearance, with the evident intention of getting the soldiers drunk before six o'clock. Captain Cook, however, ordered his men to accept no invitations to drink. Not to be baffled, the strikers soon reappeared, carrying cases of bottled beer, which the captain quickly refused to allow his men to receive. Still persistent, a striker stepped into the shade of our shed carrying two quart bottles of whiskey, which he proceeded to toss amongst the men. The captain was still on the alert, however, and ordered the bottles returned, telling the overgenerous striker that he would not allow his men to receive liquor.

Lieutenant Filmer and Sergeant Kelly were then sent into town, with orders to purchase two cases of soda water, which, on its arrival, was quickly disposed of. Quartermaster Sergeant Clifford, ever watchful, procured at a coffee house close by a supply of buns, which he quickly manufactured into sandwiches, and distributed amongst his famished comrades.

The scene had by this time become exceedingly picturesque. The tired, wearied men had quieted down, some stretched on the ground sleeping heavily, their heads pillowed on rolled blankets or on knapsacks; others resting in the same way, though chatting quietly, and still others were busily writing letters, using the head of a drum or the back of a knapsack placed on the knees as they sat on the ground as a desk.

It has been commonly reported that the soldiers became boisterously drunk, and fraternized freely with the very men they had come there to fight. If this be so, it was confined almost entirely to the other commands, no man of the First, to our knowledge, and most decidedly none of "B," being even slightly intoxicated. The afternoon passed slowly by, no apparent preparations being made to resume hostilities at the expiration of the truce. Six o'clock came, but with it no change of position. Now we began to wonder whether or not our "ample breakfast" of the morning was intended to serve as supper, too. If that were so, we decided that man's nature had changed since General Allen was young, for we certainly began to feel the pangs of hunger.

Our fears were allayed, however, when, at 6:30, the order "Fall in for supper" was given. Taking our arms with us, we were marched, under command of Lieutenant Filmer, to the State House Hotel, where our display of gastronomic powers completely dismayed the scurrying waiters.

Returning from supper our pace was an evidence of the good use we had made of this chance to appease our appetites.

Returned to our shed near the depot, it was evident the position remained unchanged. The different companies were either going to or returning from supper at the various hotels.

The evening passed quietly; many of the men sleeping on the ground where they had thrown their knapsacks.

At about 9:30 P. M. Captain Cook formed the company, and told us that the First would be removed to the Horticultural Hall, on the main floor of which we would be allowed to bivouac that night. The companies were already moving, and "B," getting possession of an electric car, was the last company to leave. The car, as of course, proved to be the wrong one, and carried us less than half the desired distance. The rest of the way was covered on foot, the company arriving at the hall some little time after the other companies had settled down for the night. What a scene we would have presented to the eyes of a stranger! Every available foot of floor was covered with sleeping forms. The band stand and stage were utilized; even the steps, a very precarious bed indeed, were in demand; and every corner that appeared to offer security from draughts had its quota of men.

Thus ended that great and glorious Fourth of July, in the year of our Lord, 1894. Glorious, indeed, in the annals of this great Empire State of the West.

Thus, too, does history repeat itself. The Fourth of July! The anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and of that greatest struggle of the Civil War of the Rebellion, the battle of Gettysburg; and now, for all future ages, to be trebly honored as the anniversary of the bloodless battle of the Sacramento Depot.



FIRST REGIMENT CAMP, CAPITOL GROUNDS.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CAMP ON THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.

**T**HURSDAY morning, July 5th, the weary members of the First Regiment were awakened from a comfortless sleep on the hard floor by the catcalls and shrieks of the early birds. Company F was quartered on the band-stand, and, from this point of vantage, sent up yells that would wake the dead; and clear and loud above all were heard the strident tones of Tommy Eggert. Sleep was out of the question, not to say dangerous, for soon bands of practical jokers were roaming around, like lions, seeking whom they might devour. Private Hayes discovered Sergeant Sturdivant in slumber sweet, his lengthy form enveloped in an immaculate and frilled nightgown, his tiny pink feet (he wears 10's) incased in dainty worsted slippers fastened with pink ribbons; this was too much. Did he think he was at the Palace Hotel? If he even dreamed of such a thing he was soon to receive a rude awakening. Willing hands seized the blanket on which he lay, and he was yanked out into the middle of the floor. He awoke to find himself surrounded by a howling mob of men, while shouts of laughter filled the hall. What became of the nighty-nighty and those slippers is a mystery; for a number of the souvenir feuds of the company went on a still hunt

for those articles, but all in vain, they were never seen afterwards. Ben soon learned to sleep with his clothes on like the rest of the crowd.

Renewed confidence and security filled the rank and file when it was learned that we had received a strong reinforcement in the person of the old (young) Veteran Corporal Lew Townsend.\*

Soon the question of breakfast became of vital interest, and the faces of the boys grew very serious at the thought of a repetition of the heavy breakfast of the day before. But there were better things in store for us. The company received the order to "fall in," and was marched to one of the downtown hotels, where a good meal was served. Thus fortified, we were ready for any thing, from playing marbles to killing a man. At this meal a nice large size linen napkin was placed at the plate of each man. Hereby hangs a tale. Handkerchiefs and towels were scarce. The boys had already been so well imbued with the principle of "taking," by the illustrious and industrious example of Quartermaster Arthur Clifford, the great exponent of the art "of acquiring," that seldom was a napkin seen again by any of the company on a Sacramento hotel dining-table. The honesty and rectitude of Van Sieberst must here receive special mention, his response to the call to serve his country was so hurried that he failed to supply himself with the necessary handkerchiefs and towels; but his fertile brain soon found a way out of this difficulty. He took a napkin, or, when such was not available, a roller towel from the hotel in the morning, used it all day as handkerchief and towel, but—here is where honesty became the best policy—returned the soiled article at supper, appropriated a clean one, and then, at night, slept that calm and peaceful sleep which the just alone enjoy.

After breakfast we were marched back to the hall, and there, for a few delightful hours, disported ourselves in its cool area.

\* Corporal Lew R. Townsend is the veteran of the National Guard of California. He is 62 years of age, and has been in constant active duty for 40 years. He joined the First California Guard on July 12, 1854, and was transferred on January 30, 1857, to the City Guard. He remained a member of this organization until April, 1866, the date of the organization of the California National Guard, when it became Company B of the First Regiment Infantry, N. G. C. Lew continued his membership with this latter organization, and at present wears 13 service stripes, which show that he has served 39 years. On September 14th, 1894, he enlisted again, giving him credit for over 40 years of service.

Lew's motto is "I'll stay with the boys," and he is the biggest boy in the crowd himself. Though his feet are going back on him a little, he manages to air his numerous medals, and bejeweled gun at all parades and military displays, and never misses a drill. He is still a good shot, and on Sunday morning, when his Palace Hotel breakfast agrees with him, makes the eyes of the youngsters over at the Shell Mound shooting range stick out of their heads at his remarkable shooting. May his kindly, jolly face be ever with us.

This hall and the depot were the only cool spots in Sacramento. Scientists may rave about the spots on the sun, but a cool spot was the only spot that interested the 'Frisco boys while at Sacramento. The hope that we might continue to be quartered in this hall, was soon to be dispelled. The order came to fall in, and, after the usual ceremonies, the regiment was turned over to Colonel Sullivan, who made a short speech, in which he praised the conduct of the men the day before. The failure of the National Guard to accomplish its purpose could not, he said, be attributed to the lack of loyalty on the part of the First Regiment. He further stated that we would at once march over to the lawn of the Capitol where tents would be pitched, and camp established.

During the campaign the men were inflicted with all kinds of oratory. The number of speeches made would do credit to a political campaign, both as to quantity and quality. Colonel Sullivan started the flow of oratory at the armory with his dramatic and forcible "shoot to kill" speech. We had many speeches from him afterwards that ranged from the sublime to the pathetic. Who of us will ever forget the 4th of July, when we stood like Spartans under a blazing sun, listening to the oratory of Marshal Barry Baldwin and the strikers, who held forth from the top of an engine-cab. Major Burdick, many think, came next; but our boys say Captain Cook. We think they stand about even. Major Burdick's speeches were longer; but, though Captain Cook spoke oftener (he gave us a rattle every morning before breakfast) and his speeches were just as long in point of time—he said less. A number expressed the opinion that these gentlemen were just practicing the art of spouting, to be in good condition to take an active part in the political campaign which would be inaugurated a few months later.

The regiment was then marched to the Capitol grounds, where tents were pitched on the nice, smooth, green lawn. It was afterwards rumored throughout the camp that this was done despite the objections of General Allen, who wanted the camp pitched on the plowed and broken ground just beyond the lawn. Our good General would not entertain the proposition; considering the comfort and welfare of his men of far more importance than the lawn. Hearing this rumor, the poet laureate of the company, after three days of close application, hard study, and great mental exertion produced the following poetic gem:





CO. "B" STREET, CAPITOL GROUNDS, SACRAMENTO, CAL.



Then up spoke General Allen; his voice was fierce and loud,  
"Your men must leave this grassy lawn, there is a field just  
plowed.

It is more meet to send them there; why should the rank and file  
Have access around the Capitol, or its green lawns defile?"  
Thus spoke the doughty warrior from Missouri's classic plains;  
But a peal of scornful laughter he got for all his pains.

For General Dickinson uprose, and raised on high his hand,  
And said: "The gallant soldiers I am honored to command  
Shall fare as is befitting our boys so brave and true,  
Despite of martinets, whose forte is dress parade review."  
We hailed our dashing General with a hearty three times three,  
And Allen of Pike county merged into obscurity.

It was at this juncture that the disciples of Mickey Free, made famous by Charles Lever, made themselves conspicuous, led by William Tooker, the quietest man that ever sold a brogan, they nestled down amid the blankets and comforters that were piled beneath the trees, and gazed with dreamy eyes, through the curling smoke of the ever present cigarette, at their toiling companions erecting the tents under the hot sun. During the day, between the heat and flies, these tents were practically uninhabitable.

While the men were thus busily engaged the busy mind of Quartermaster Clifford was filled with thoughts of the noonday meal; where was it to come from? The regimental commissary department was established in rather a condensed form under a large tent about one hundred feet to the right of the regiment. The men had worked up quite an appetite, and if there is any thing a Guardsman likes to do it is to eat. Clifford's experience had taught him this, and he resolved that the boys should get what was coming to them, and as much more as he could take. Their confidence in him must not be misplaced. He carelessly strolled over to the commissary's tent and inquired of the assistant commissary, what time he would call for Company B's rations; he was informed that as soon as enough sandwiches were made for the regiment each company would get its portion. *As soon as they had made enough sandwiches to feed the regiment!* This remark set Clifford thinking. It was now 11:30 A. M. and one man making sandwiches for about four hundred half-starved soldiers. Let us see when a "City Guard" man is not hungry; it is quite an easy matter for him to put away four family size sandwiches; then, there are Dick Radke, Frech, Overstreet, Townsend, and a few others<sup>o</sup> who are good for about nine each. That man making sandwiches was likely

to be about two thousand years old when he would have his job finished. How to give the boys their lunch at 12 o'clock under these circumstances was a problem that puzzled him deeply; there were several knives lying around, he could take one; but what good would be a knife without the stuff to cut? There was plenty of bread and beef, but should he commit the larceny of them, what would it avail him without a knife to cut and carve with?—

“And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,  
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along.”

Thus ruminating he was disturbed by a sentry who told him that only those connected with the regimental commissary department were allowed there; he must therefore go. Clifford went—about three feet—and stood with his eyes resting on a pile of tinware, which was also to be issued proportionately with the rations. Something must be done; he must get on the inside track some way. His experience told him that some company was going to get left when the distribution took place, and never should it go down in history that Company B would be that company. No; not while he was quartermaster. His reputation was at stake, he must now, if ever, display the great power, spirit, and desire for “*taking*” that surged and swelled within his manly breast, only awaiting the opportunity to burst its bounds, and acquire every thing in sight.

But how to get on the inside—ah! an idea strikes him, and he immediately busies himself helping the lonely sandwich-maker. Commissary Sergeant Fitzgerald appears upon the scene and asks Clifford who gave him a position in his sandwich manufactory. Clifford evaded the question by humbly venturing his opinion that it would take all day to make sandwiches for the whole regiment; and why not issue the rations in bulk to each company and let them make their own sandwiches. “A good idea” said the commissary sergeant; and for the suggestion Clifford was allowed to take his company’s rations, which consisted of: 10 lb corned beef, 5 lb cheese, 1 large bologna sausage, 1 roll butter, 12 loaves bread, and last, but not least, the apple of every good soldier’s eye, a keg of hop juice. The stores issued were 2 tin buckets and 20 tin cups.

Clifford began to take the rations, and when he finished *taking* an inventory of the contents of the capacious chest in his tent, it was as follows: 15 lb corned beef, 10 lb cheese, 2 large



CAPT. I. B. COOK



LIEUT E. C. LUNDQUIST



LIEUT G. FILMER



bologna sausages, 2 rolls butter, 18 loaves bread, 8 buckets, 40 tin cups, 2 coffee-pots, 3 dozen each tin plates, knives and forks, 2 large knives, 1 bucket sugar, and 1 bucket coffee. It was a glorious *take*, a splendid beginning, and well might our quartermaster gaze on the results of his industry and activity with pride, feeling that he had done his whole duty.

For a while Clifford had clear sailing ; he was on the inside track; was admitted to the ground floor, so to speak; but on a fatal day the regimental commissary ran short of butter, and the different company quartermasters were notified to that effect. This did not phase Clifford; from the cavernous depths of his chest he produced a roll of rich golden butter; and the gastronomical wheels of the boys' insides were as liberally greased as if the regimental commissary had tons of butter. Not so with the members of the other companies, the sandwiches that were wont to slip down their throats when well buttered now rasped tissues and membranes in a most painful manner; a great howl was sent up thereat, and a still greater howl when it was discovered that B's men had butter. The other company quartermasters thinking the regimental commissary was unjustly discriminating in favor of Company B made a great kick to Fitzgerald. Company B have butter, impossible! They received no butter from him, this mystery must be solved, he straightway swooped down on Clifford, and taking him unawares discovered the well-filled condition of his larder, there he saw many things whose disappearance from his quarters puzzled him not a little, he had discovered the leak in his stores, and ever afterwards Clifford was looked upon with a suspicious eye. Whenever he was seen approaching the commissary department, Fitzgerald immediately made a hasty inventory of every thing in sight, and when anything disappeared he was off like a flash to see if Clifford had it. From this on Clifford had an uphill fight—a fight in which he was invariably victorious.

Our regiment was camped about two hundred yards in the rear of the Capitol, on the line of L street, the Third Regiment was camped the other side of the park, about one hundred yards from the First. General Dickinson declared the camp closed, sentries were posted, and no one was allowed to leave or enter the camp without a special permit.

The Captain's tent was at the head of B street, and he shared its occupancy with First Lieutenant E. C. Lundquist,

better known as "easy" and Lieutenant George (Chesterfield) Filmer, famed for his shapely form and the cut of his Prince Albert coat. All three officers were loved by every man in the company, and the same feeling of confidence that was felt by the men in their officers was felt by the officers in the men.



CHAS. PERRY

FIRST SERG. A. F. RAMM

CORP. J. N. WILSON

H. F. FOWLESON

WM. OVERSTREET

Tent crowds were now formed, and the leaders drew lots for the tents to which they were to be assigned.

The first tent was occupied by First Sergeant A. F. Ramm. He never sleeps, sometimes they think he is asleep, but he has always one eye open, handsome Corporal J. N. Wilson, W. L. Overstreet, with his hair parted at the equator, Charles Perry,

hot soldier, straight and strong, and keeper of the key.\* H. F. Powelson, happy-go-lucky, never worried, William Tooker, with a pronounced aversion for work and William Unger, the veteran. Later on this tent crowd was joined by the alleged Dutch comedian, Dr. W. H. Sieberst.

Tent No. 2 contained a homogenous mixture of mankind.



SERGT. A. H. CLIFFORD      MUSICIAN, WM. DELOS MURPHY  
MUSIC AN, SERGT. WM. H. SIEBERST      WM. H. O'MALLEY

Quartermaster Sergeant A. H. Clifford heads the list, with his taking ways, a man who took for the sake of taking, who

\* During the last Santa Cruz camp Perry, who was experiencing his first military camp, became the victim of an aged and time-honored joke. He was told that the firing of the gun announcing sunrise could not be accomplished unless the key was found; he was hurriedly dispatched in search of it. He was sent from one to another, and finally applied to Adjutant Williams for the key of the gun. While still pursuing his search the report of the gun filled the air; thinking they had found the key he paid no more attention to the matter, until he was apprised that a practical joke had been played on him by reading an account of it in the papers, at the same time receiving from friends in the city a highly ornate and polished hardwood key.

considered the right of taking a sacred one, and exercised that right at all times much to the benefit of the company's larder ; it is said of him that he would rather take than receive ; William De Los Murphy, musician, "my name is my fortune, sir," he said ; W. W. Wilson, another musician who has the honor of having his name on the City Guard's muster-roll



H. FRECH

JAS. WEAR

F. SHULA

WM. J. HAYES

MUSICIAN PAUL RUFF

GEO. HEIZMAN

C. RP. LEW TOWNSEND

R. E. Wilson, with his bosom friend H. Gille, known in the Keeley Club as Antonelli, the irresponsible, with a holy and righteous dread of water, and always on guard ; Van Sieberst, always out for fun and fond of his tea, a very busy man around a keg of beer. This tent crowd received considerable tone from its association with F. J. Monahan, the society leader familiarly known as "lengthy."



There were only six married men among the privates of the company. Three of them were in No. 3 tent. This alone would be enough to distinguish this tent from the others without making mention of the gallant soldiers it contained. Corporal Burtis, always strictly business, and a bad man to try to bluff, when he has a gun in his hand. W. H. Hayes



SAM. WISE  
P. J. KENNEDY

JOS. KEANE  
CORP. B. E. BURDICK

ROBT. WILLIAMS  
HENRY LANG

Secretary of the Keeley Club, who grew a very red whisker and wanted to look real hard, and he did; A. H. Frech, as model a little soldier as ever the *Vaterland* produced, awfully particular, cleaning and polishing all the time; Frank Shula, who laughs to grow fat, has been very successful in doing so; his snore is a thing that has to be heard in order to be appreciated, he laughs all day and snores all night; Paul Rupp, full of yarns

in connection with his service in Kaiser Wilhelm's army, is one of our married men. He is a musician, but later on rises to the position of chief cook. Jimmy Wear and George Heizman, fitting comrades for Paul Rupp are also married men. The way these poor wifeless men clung together during the campaign was pathetic, there seemed to be a bond



WM. FLANAGAN	MUSICIAN J. GILKYSON	WM. CROWLEY	W. S. MCKAIG
WM. MCM. D. O'BRIEN	SERGT. W. N. KELLY		P. BANNAN

of sympathy between them, and in a quiet sort of way they consoled each other; they slept together on the same blanket, and partook together their humble meals. Each day they dispatched a tender missive to the loved one far away. Last, but not least of all, there was Lew Townsend, and between him and the three married men the rest of the crowd in this tent narrowly escaped demoralization.

The fourth tent was known as the Keeley tent. Under the canvas covering of this tent the great leaders of the Keeley Club held forth. The high priest of the inner circle of the flowing bowl was Harry J. Lang and his assistant was P. J. Kennedy. The tent leader was none other than the well-known celebrity, Corporal Benjamin Burdick ; during the silent watches of the



F. J. SINDLER

CORP. AL. MCCULLOCH

G. RADKE

H. ADAMS

THOS. MCCULLOCH

M. CLAUSSENIUS

GEO. CLAUSSENIUS

night his still small voice would be heard telling of hair-breadth escapes in far away India and lion hunts in the wilds of Africa. Kennedy was dubbed the Yolo Farmer the second day at camp, and he looked like one. The two Bohemians, Lang and Kennedy, were the life of the company, Lang never knew a quiet moment ; a most sunny disposition, and as brave as a lion ; he was well paired with his comrade Kennedy.

Sam Wise, an honorary member of the company was in this tent. At the call to arms he offered his services to the company commander, and they were gladly accepted. It is entrancing to sit and hear him tell about the first thing he did when he went to work. Sam's working periods are so few and far apart that he has occasion to remember every little detail



L. ZIMMERMAN

H. B. SULLIVAN

A. C. GEHRET

A. FETZ

WM. BAUMGARTNER

SERGT. B. E. STURDIVANT

concerning them. Joe Keane, the basso barrello, with a far-away look in his eye; the little hero, Bob Williams, and E. M. Stealey, who sang "A Soldier's Life's the Life for Me—Not," made up the balance of the crowd.

The fifth tent was called the Irish tent, headed by the Irish Sergeant Walter Kelly, a splendid soldier and officer. Wm. Flanagan, good old nine, we called him; a very active man

when our daily keg of beer was on tap. He claimed descent from one of Ireland's famous kings. W. S. McKaig, dubbed kinky on account of his curly hair, was always writing letters when there would be any work to do. W. W. Crowley, the most desperate looking character in the camp and as desperate as he looked. Johnny Gilkyson, drummer and willing



W. A. BESEMAN.

SERGT. H. B. TAYLOR.

J. BRIEN.

T. HAMMERSON.

G. UNGERMAN.

worker, had no use for a drum when there was sterner work to do, and soon attached himself to a gun. Phil Bannan, always quiet and passive, a disciple of Wm. Tooker's and quite a society man; Flanagan called him piano Irish and sneered at his social aspirations. Wm. O'Brien, always ready to volunteer for dangerous work, was the last, but not the least

of this crowd. Upon the hearts of the members of this tent was emblazoned the motto, "We Love Our Sarg." \*

Corporal A. McCulloch was the leader of tent No. six. This was the intellectual tent. Beneath its classic folds weighty questions of state were argued and settled. The crowd in this tent claim that nightly they were lulled to rest by the voice of their learned corporal in the throes of some mighty argument; through the long stretches of the night when they



R. E. WILSON  
F. J. MONAHAN

AL. HEETH  
W. W. WILSON

H. C. CASEBOLT  
E. M. STEALY

GEO. BOWNE

would occasionally awaken they would still hear his voice; as if he were engaged in some great controversy. Morning found him awake, physically, but the restless brain had not slept, and now, with freshened physical senses, he still continued his interminable argument. But he had aids and abettors in the persons of Henry Adams and R. L. Radke (all will recall the soldierly appearance of the last-named gentleman). Radke the younger, Max and George Claussenius, F. J. Sindler and H. C. Warren were the unfortunate and paralyzed listeners.

\* Sergeant Kelly.

The seventh tent was called the German tent. Sergeant Sturdivant, the leader of this crowd, is so tall and thin, that it is a surprise to him when he casts a shadow. He is quite a society man, and a favorite among the ladies. Another social favorite, Humphrey Sullivan, is also in this tent. He sings so sweetly that we enjoy it very much, more so if he were accompanied by a brass band. In this tent we have two other stars in the vocal line, Al Gehret, a basso, and William Baumgartner, a tenor, who can reach high "C" without an effort. In this crowd was Fetz the long, Zimmerman the short, also called Punch for short, and A. Heeth, Jr., with whose kindly aid we kept our rags together. This concludes the description of the tents of the enlisted men and their occupants. Only a week previous these men won the Dimond trophy, at the yearly encampment of the regiment, for being the best drilled and best disciplined company in the camp.

After our return from supper at one of the hotels, on this first evening, those who were weary sought the seclusion of their tents; the rest gathered beneath the trees and sang of love, but not of glory. Private Tooker sang "Sweet Marie" with such pathos and expression, that a tear was seen to tremble on the eyelid of Overstreet, and then silently wend its way down to the point of his nose, where it hung suspended for a while as if reluctant to part from him and then fell to the earth with a loud splash. Thus we whiled away the hours, till the bugle's mellow notes swelling on the midnight air and thrilling the hearts of all with its sweet, solemn music, sang the call to rest, and then all was still.

Thirty minutes had passed and gone; the brave and true were dreaming of home and mother, when a wild yell rang out on the stilly air, and sounds of conflict were heard coming from tents Nos. 3 and 4, occupied by the Keeleys. Soon Corporal Townsend was seen beating a hasty retreat in great disorder from No. 3 tent, in the direction of the captain's abode, where he reported that a well-planned effort was being made by the Keeleys to kidnap Private Hayes of tent No. 3. Meanwhile exciting scenes were being enacted in these tents. The kidnappers, headed by the Yolo Farmer and the High Priest of the Keeleys, were endeavoring to drag the person of Private Hayes into their tent, but Corporal Burtis, assisted by Privates Frech, Shula, and the married men, Paul Rupp, Jimmy Wear and George Heizman, did Trojan work. After

a well-delivered blow from Hayes that connected with the head of the High Priest, who sent up a howl of pain, they were beaten off. The Yolo Farmer, however, returned to the charge, bayonet in hand, but the voice of the Captain, threatening a sojourn in the guard-tent, acted like oil upon troubled waters, and soon the warring factions were at rest.

During the night Fetz of ours, who was doing sentry duty, by the ominous click of his gun's hammer and a threat to fire, resurrected two festive soldiers out of the brush in which they were hiding, preparatory to an attempt to get into camp unobserved. They were gathered in and taken to the guard-tent, where for two days they sweltered and sweltered. The spectacle these two young gentlemen presented as, bucket in hand, they went through the streets gathering up the refuse, under the vigilant eye of a sentinel, was a source of great amusement to their comrades.

While camped on the Capitol grounds we had breakfast and supper at the hotels, and luncheon at camp. Arrangements were made so that no more than three companies would be away at any one time. As usual a number found fault with the hotel fare, but a week later, when the regiment had to do its own cooking, they would have been very glad to return to it. At lunch we had all the fruit we wanted; corned beef was always on the bill of fare; but the keg of beer, that accompanied it, reconciled us. Then there was bread, balogna sausage, sometimes crackers, and always cheese; altogether we fared very well during the week.

Friday morning, on our return from breakfast, Sergeant Kelly made a motion, that the rule be established, whereby any who shaved during the campaign would be fined a dollar.

The motion was seconded and carried unanimously. Sergeant Kelly was one of the first to avail himself of the expensive luxury.

The City Guard boys had now settled upon a unique style of wearing their hats, which distinguished them from the rest of the companies. The hat was dented four times perpendicularly, bringing the crown to a point; this, with the unshaven faces, and the long swinging stride and step we kept while marching to and from town, made us particularly noticeable, and many comments were passed on our appearance. We were getting well seasoned for the hard



work, which we were shortly to be called upon to do, and which we hope we did well.

The newspaper reports about this time were giving the boys "that tired feeling."

In a previous chapter it has been told how disgusted the men were at the failure to take the depot. Therefore you may judge their surprise, on reading the accounts published in the newspapers of the same, to see that the failure to accomplish good results was laid at the door of the rank and file of the National Guard. The press was not the only accuser of the men, but from another source in which the men expected to find their vindication they received the "unkindest cut of all." Their general officers it was who said they could not take the depot, because the men were demoralized and could not be trusted. Oh! what a subterfuge! On the surface what is to be conveyed by such a statement? Two alternatives present themselves. First, either the statement is true, or, second, the position of the officers themselves was weak and they desired to strengthen it by shifting the responsibility for the failure from their shoulders to those of the rank and file. If this latter course was the one pursued then they might have known, mighty though they be in the National Guard, that the consequences of such a course would be sure sooner or later, to redound with greater force upon themselves, and that instead of their position being strengthened, they would stand exposed in all their iniquity, stripped of the last shred of defense.

Investigation proves that the latter alternative is the correct one. The men, despite what comes from the press or by other sources, were not demoralized or untrustworthy. being demoralized is meant, we should judge, that the troops were not under the strict control of their officers, and that confusion and lack of discipline reigned in ranks. At no time in the day did such a state of affairs prevail. It is true that a number of the men were prostrated by the heat, but the prostration extended only to a comparative few and not to the entire body of men as given out in the reports of certain officers. Besides this, the prostration came after the troops had stood in line under the hot sun for something like three hours. The men were willing and ready at any time that afternoon to attempt to force the strikers from the depot. Never were they called upon to do a harder thing, or one in

which they felt more disposed to rebel against their officers, than when they were ordered to withdraw from the scene and leave the depot in charge of the strikers. There was not a squad of men in Company B, and when I mention Company B, I mean also every company with one possible exception, who would not willingly, even gladly have charged the mob of strikers. Curses, not loud but deep, were uttered in each company as they withdrew. In one of the companies under the command of Colonel Nunan the men cried out to advance, but no order came. Tears of vexation rolled down the cheeks of some of the men. To travel over a hundred miles and then suffer defeat—oh! how humiliating—not at the hands of the strikers, but from their own officers. And yet, in the face of all this, the failure to take the depot was laid at their doors.

Who was to blame for the failure of the operations on the Fourth? It remained for a court of inquiry to finally fix the blame upon the shoulders it belonged. This court was appointed by Governor Markham, September 8, 1894, to inquire into the conduct of those troops of the National Guard participating in the strike campaign, from its commencement to its close. The work of the court was to be performed without regard to rank prejudices or preconceived ideas. The court sat in session for a period of twenty days, and made a minute examination into the operations on the Fourth. Its work was well done. In the columns of one of our large dailies the following appeared:

"The court of inquiry has done its duty well—truthful, fearless, unmoved by considerations of friendships. Our Californian experience with investigating bodies had given us no right to expect this high and honorable result, and it is entitled to a swift, signal, and memorable approval by executive action."

The court of inquiry showed plainly that the reports made by the commanding officers of the National Guard, and the charges appearing in the press concerning the demoralization and untrustworthiness of the troops were utterly false; that the rank and file, with the exception of two companies mentioned elsewhere,\* "were at all times under good discipline, and behaved with becoming courage and loyalty." The court

\*One of these companies was a Sacramento company whose members were mostly employed by the railroad and therefor in sympathy with the strikers, in fact some of them were strikers. The other company was a company of the Third Regiment. Concerning this latter company, there are many extenuating circumstances. Had the officers remained with their company there is no doubt but what it would have been as reliable as any other.

further found that certain officers greatly magnified the reports concerning the physical debility of the men. The court, in summing up, says: "There were men in the ranks, plenty and willing to retrieve the day, when at three o'clock, after standing patiently in the sun for three hours, they received their first orders, which were to move off and abandon the attempt to take the depot." Thus the rank and file were finally vindicated after being for some time the object for obloquy by the public and press.

The question, who was to blame for the failure on the Fourth, we would gladly leave at this place unanswered were it not for the fact that an implication is worse than an assertion. So we again refer to the report of the court of inquiry. Here it is shown that, on that memorable occasion, "General Sheehan refused to obey orders, directly communicated to him by Major General Dimond, to effect an entrance into the depot by force, and to fire upon the mob if they refused to give way"; it was further shown, that when the officer, upon whom the command of the Second Brigade had devolved, received distinct orders from Major General Dimond to clear the depot, by force if necessary, he left his command and urged the commanding General not to compel him to obey the order, as his men were demoralized and could not be relied upon. It was upon this representation that an armistice was entered into between the United States marshal and the strikers. Here we have the case in a nutshell. *No orders were given to the troops to advance at any time that afternoon against the strikers.* A spirit of hesitation prevailed amongst the commanding officers. When decisive action should have been taken questions of constitutional law were debated by them at length. Instead of an officer executing the commands transmitted to him by a superior officer he would desire to know where his superior officer received authority to give such an order. Just think of it, men who have been occupying high places in the National Guard for years, questioning at the time for action the authority of their superior officers and preventing decisive action by misrepresenting the condition and maligning the characters of their men. This then was the cause of the failure of the operations on the Fourth, and well has it been called the "Battle of Sheehan & Co's Bluff."

The garbled manner in which the occurrences of the Fourth were presented to the public by the press was disgusting to the last degree. From their accounts one would think that the men could fire or use the bayonet at will, instead of being a disciplined body under superior officers, subject to their commands in the minutest particular, and had no option but to obey orders, *when they received them*. The inefficiency of the National Guard was the subject of editorials; and it seemed to be a great disappointment to the press that the depot on the Fourth was not a scene of frightful carnage. Had the order come to fire the men would most certainly have fired, the result would have been a slaughter, and then in the columns of every newspaper in the country we would be branded as red-handed, bloodthirsty murderers. The newspapers even went so far as to cast reflections on the loyalty of the Guard; this to men who left their peaceful callings at the call to arms, left their homes, severed every attachment, every business connection, left weeping parents, wives, brothers and sisters, traveled by night, marched by day, and stood under a broiling sun for hours, ready to do the bidding of their superiors, and then to have their loyalty brought into question, this was too much. One enterprising Sacramento paper came out with the disquieting information "That it was rumored the strikers were going to use dynamite, but, with discretion," that was comforting, they would use dynamite "*with discretion*." The brainy reporter then, to seek a confirmation or denial of the rumor, called upon Mr. Knox, the leader of the strikers, and asked him if they were going to use dynamite, with discretion; of course he said yes. This is a fair sample of some of the ridiculous stuff published by the papers. The general tone of what did seem reliable and probable brought us to the conclusion that we had come to stay awhile, and that we would soon have plenty of work.

We had now settled down to the regular routine of military camp life. The mornings were devoted to guard mount, company drills, and battalion drills in the extended order.\* The men in these drills acquitted themselves with a dash and celerity of movement that would do credit to regular troops. The face of grim-visaged war was partly shown to the people of Sacramento as the battalions of the First

\*To illustrate the last-named drill photos have been introduced, taken during the last camp at Santa Cruz, showing the line, firing by squad, section, company, and the rapid fire by the entire battalion.

Regiment charged across the Capitol grounds, amid wild yells and the rapid reports of the Gatling gun from the far off corner of the grounds. They tore through the plowed ground, through water, down deep gulleys, up again on the other side, and under the blazing sun, continued the charge through the brush, until recalled by the whistle of the commander. In the afternoon we had dress parade. Crowds were drawn to the camp to witness these imposing ceremonies.

A line of sentries, with loaded pieces, was posted round the entire camp day and night. Each day the company furnished a detail for guard duty. The personnel of these details were as follows: Thursday, July 5th, Lieutenant E. C. Lundquist, Corporal J. N. Wilson, privates J. Gilkyson, W. J. Flanagan, A. H. Frech, A. Fetz, H. G. Gille, A. C. Gehret, P. J. Kennedy. Friday, July 6th, Sergeant B. B. Sturdivant, privates Wm. De Los Murphy, A. Heeth, Jr., G. H. Heizman, J. S. Keane, H. J. Lang, S. Wise, W. S. McKaig. Saturday, July 7th, Captain I. B. Cook, Corporal B. E. Burdick, Corporal E. R. Burtis, W. D. O'Brien, W. L. Overstreet, C. Perry, H. F. Powelson, R. L. Radke. Sunday, July 8th, privates G. H. Radke, H. Sullivan, E. M. Stealey, F. Shula, F. J. Sindler, W. H. Tooker. Monday, July 9th, Lieutenant George Filmer, privates Wm. Unger, R. E. Wilson, R. J. Williams, H. C. Warren, J. R. Wear, L. Zimmerman. Tuesday, July 10th, privates H. H. Adams, P. L. Bannan, F. Baumgartner, G. L. Claussenius, M. Claussenius.



WILLIAM UNGER,  
AS HE APPEARED WHILE IN THE HAWAIIAN GUARD.



CORPORAL EDWIN BURTIS.



THE VIGILANTES AT WORK.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE VIGILANTES AT THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.

**T**HOUGH our time was considerably taken up with camp duties there was plenty of time for amusement during the long day. Friday, July 6th, saw the birth of the Vigilantes. This crowd, made up from the different companies, created any amount of fun. Any one seen by a Vigilante doing any thing out of the ordinary (shaving and hair-cutting were capital offenses) was immediately reported; his person was apprehended, and brought before the Chief of the Vigilantes, to whom both sides of the case were presented, he judging whether the defendant was guilty or not. The scales of justice were badly balanced in this court, for the unfortunate one was always found guilty. Then the joy began, willing hands stripped the victim to the waist, he was blacked all over, balanced on his head and the State hose turned on him. The Yolo Farmer fell into the clutches of these worthies, but not without a heroic struggle; pursued by the ruthless mob, he rushed into his tent and, on emerging, gun in hand and bayonet fixed, presented a formidable appearance, as, thus armed, he defied his enemies. But their numbers were too much for him, he was taken from the rear, and borne in triumph to the place of execution. After a trial of great brevity, he was stripped to the waist and,

while suspended by the ankles, plentifully watered by the hose. His Keeley brothers, Lang and Hayes, fearing the same fate, made a hurried departure across the park and enjoyed his discomfiture at a safe distance.

Van Sieberst was the next unfortunate; poor Van wasn't doing any thing either; but that was just the trouble; he had stretched his huge form upon the earth and was indulging in the creations of fancy, when a savage tribe of Vigilantes rushed upon him, tore him from out his ethereal world and bore him to the place of execution. The shriek that Van gave on being torn from his world of fancy, was heart-rending. He was arraigned before the all-powerful chief of the Vigilantes, who inquired, "Why comest this man here? Speak." Thereupon a great silence fell upon the assembly and forthwith there leapt from out of the throng Tooker, the favorite son of the most renowned god of all Work, and thus he spake: "Most noble Vigilantes, this man doth never work; to the corporals of the all-powerful 'City Guard' he is a constant bane; he is ever quick, most noble chief, to lie down, but slow to arise; he was never known to shake the blankets of the tents of his people. Oh, noble and great-hearted brothers, I bow my head with humiliation; he is the laziest man in camp." Thereupon, throughout that great multitude there arose a loud cry, "Him we honor." "Him we make our chief." "Him we obey."

There was much rejoicing among the Vigilantes. And, thus it came to pass, that after passing many days and nights in lowliness, Van Sieberst, the heaven-descended son of Bacchus, became chief ruler of the Vigilante Tribe. Verily, I say unto you, that many strange things have come to pass.

One afternoon, as "Easy" Lundquist was telling an interesting story to a number of the boys grouped about him and stretched upon the ground in the shade of the spreading branches of a tree directly facing B street, Jack Wilson, breaking through the circle and dropping heavily upon the ground, interrupted him with the startling announcement that the Vigilantes had just finished with Kelly. A long drawn "What, Sergeant Kelly?" centered the attention of the crowd upon Herr Frech. "How did it happen?" he continued, in surprise. "Why, it was only yesterday that he defied a dozen of the company, who wanted to amuse themselves at his expense, to touch him. He did not feel just then



like fooling, he said; when he felt that way, why he would tell them so, but until then they had better leave him alone. "Did the Vigilantes send a committee," further inquired Frech, "to wait upon him and learn his pleasure as to whether it would be convenient for him to submit himself to the decrees of the Vigilant court? And did they go down on their knees and do homage to him as if he were one of the gods? Did they inquire if his hair was combed or his face washed or his blouse dusted; or, did they ask him to tell them in case it was not convenient for him then to submit to the court, when they might come for him and escort him in royal style to the place of trial? Did they—?" "No," yelled Jack, "they did not care for his pleasure, they seized him unawares, hurried him to the place of execution, sentenced him, and immediately fulfilled it by giving him, as he stood upon his head, four buckets of water and a box of blacking." And so, mighty is the fall of them that walk on high places.

The question of bathing now became very important. The extreme heat and the general conditions were such that, for the preservation of health, some arrangement for bathing was necessary. It was not long, however, before the brainy young men from Frisco solved the problem. Wire screens, which had been used to protect shrubbery, were placed in position and fastened together, so as to form a square apartment. They were then covered with sheeting to the height of about six feet. One end of a government hose was attached to the water-pipe; the other was carried over the top of the enclosure. The green sod was used for a floor, and the sky for a ceiling. A more enjoyable shower bath could not be desired. Two strings led from this bath to the pipe about twenty-five feet away. To turn the water on, you pulled one string, to turn it off, you pulled the other. This bath was always well patronized. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention.

The small annoyances of this life are sometimes the most aggravating. The little whiskers on Dick Radke's chin had worried us for some time. On this day we caught him stroking them. There is a limit to all patience. We rose in our might and removed them, after an ineffectual struggle on his part. Private Frech's well-dyed, tiny mustache came near meeting the same fate, but he would make no resistance and only begged for the privilege of removing it himself, so we spared the mustache.



A number of guns were accidentally discharged while we were in camp on the Capitol grounds. None of the accidents, however, were attended with such frightful results as that of the Fourth of July, though there were several narrow escapes. Corporal Burtis gave the order to load while standing in front of his squad (he should have been in the rear). One of the pieces accidentally discharged, the ball entering the ground about twelve inches in front of him. He will never stand in front of a squad again and give the order to load. Private Hayes, also had a close "shave" one night when on picket duty, the rifle of the man next to him being discharged very close to his head. This is one of the great dangers to be guarded against. A man cannot be too careful when he has a loaded gun in his hands. The gun should be always carried with the muzzle up, but, when loading, the muzzle should be pointed to the ground. Do not stand in front of a man when he is loading his gun; watch yourself and those around you. Every man should be well grounded in these principles by his instructor.

About this time the sick and dying telegrams came pouring in from anxious parents. The mail was too slow for messages like these:

"DEAR CHARLIE:

Mother dying, come home at once.

FATHER."

OR

"DEAR WILLIE:

Father very sick, not expected to live, come home at once.

SISTER."

"Come home at once" was the largest part of telegrams whose brevity made the hair curl. The wires were kept hot with these missives. It looked very much as if there was going to be a boom in the undertaking business in San Francisco, and that many of the National Guard would soon be orphans. The letters received by the boys from their mothers were generally very tearful, each fond mother praying for the speedy and safe return of her darling boy. There were a few exceptions, however, one of our boys receiving a letter that was worthy the Spartan mother. She called upon him to do his duty manfully and courageously; she hoped that his conduct in time of danger would reflect credit upon himself and company. We are happy to say of him that he is a worthy son of such a mother, for he performed his duties, at all times fearlessly and well.

Clifford, Al Ramm and Jack Wilson were standing in front of No. 1 tent, having a little argument as to which of the favorite resorts along the San Francisco route made the best cocktails, when they heard strange sounds coming as if it were from the ground beneath their feet. They got down on their hands and knees, and, with ears pressed to the earth, listened. They had about come to the conclusion that the noise came from the water-pipe, which ran along the front of the tents about four inches underground, when Perry, keeper of the key, and Willie Overstreet, who had been sitting beneath the tree at the head of the street discussing the dynamite rumors, approached attracted by the strange actions of their comrades. An idea, Clifford, he has them on tap. In a stage whisper, of which Henry Irving would be proud, he said, "keep quite boys, I hear them talking." This gave Al and Jack the cue, and with grave faces they held their ears to the ground. "What's the matter"? asked Overstreet, while Perry looked on with staring eyes and open mouth. "They are undermining the camp said Ramm in a sepulchral tone. "We'll all be blown up by dynamite," wailed Jack Wilson. "Hush," said Clifford, with upraised hand, "I just heard one of them ask the other for a match to light his pipe." In a trice Perry and Overstreet had their ears glued to the ground. What Perry heard confirmed his worst fears. He was in the act of dashing off to the General's tent to give the alarm, when they caught and held him. They reasoned with him. "Any premature action," they said, "might be the death of them all. They must be very circumspect, as the strikers might be watching their every movement, and, should their suspicions be aroused, the earth might open up at any moment and the whole camp be blown skyward." It was finally decided that a committee be appointed to wait upon the General after dark and break the dreadful news to him, as gently as possible, for he was hardly over the effects of his late illness, poor man, and nervous prostration might be the result. All that afternoon the new danger which menaced the camp, was the subject of discussion. The relative powers of giant powder and dynamite were debated; Clifford declaring that enough dynamite could be put into the mine to blow the camp, and even the Capitol itself, off the face of the earth. The nervous strain Perry and Overstreet were under all the afternoon was comical to see, particularly Perry, who tugged excitedly at a mustache that wouldn't make a

decent pair of eyebrows. Night came on. It was growing late. Quiet had settled o'er the camp. All lights were out, save the candle that burned dimly in Jack Wilson's tent. Wilson had retired to his blankets, but Perry and Overstreet still sat up, talking over the events of the day. For them there was no sleep. The silence of the camp was now oppressive and deathlike, when suddenly Billy O'Brien burst into the tent, breathless and wild eyed, saying, that the Colonel had ordered him to get twelve men to dig into the mine, and, as they were awake they should at once report to Lieutenant Lundquist, in the Captain's tent, and be supplied with pick and shovel. Counseling them to make no noise for their lives and to hurry, he dashed off again. Poor Overstreet, gave a deep groan and nearly fainted, while Jack Wilson said, he did not like the job a bit, springing dynamite mines was not in his line; he wished that he was at home, but, as he was ordered, he supposed he'd have to go. Perry said nothing, but was doing some powerful thinking. Jack left them and proceeded to the Captain's tent, where a crowd of choice spirits were collected, awaiting the coming of Charley. And he came buttoned and belted, with a bayonet at his side, ready to do or die. He saluted the Lieutenant, with nervous rapidity, no less than seventeen times. The Lieutenant, who had his head hidden behind a newspaper, was doing his best to control his feelings; but when Charley asked for a shovel he could stand it no longer, and burst into a roar of hearty laughter, which was joined in by the rest of the merry crowd. Charley, seeing it was a joke, beat a hasty retreat to his tent, and was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus.

As, during the campaign, we had to do our own washing we utilized our buckets at first, but soon found them too small for the ever-increasing wash. At the suggestion of Jack Gilkyson, a collection was taken up and a fine washtub and board were soon in operation. The washing, which was spread upon the tents and hung upon the guy ropes to dry, gave the street the appearance of a Chinese wash-house in full blast. On one occasion Sam Wise had just washed his socks; a little to the rear of his tent where the operation was performed Lang, Hayes, and a few others were stretched upon the grass. One and all thanked Sam for what he had done. Lang, to vary the monotony, threw a very soft peach at Hayes, which struck him in the ear and spread in all directions.

Hayes seized Lang, and, in the struggle which followed, they neared the bucket which contained the soapy water in which Sam had just washed his socks. At this opportune moment, Hayes had Lang in a very advantageous position; reaching out he upset the contents of the bucket over Lang's head, and then did some very pretty sprinting, with Lang in hot pursuit. In their path stood another bucket of water, which Lang picked up and threw with a wild swish at the fleeing Hayes; but the bucket turned in his hands and he received the contents in the neck. Dripping with water he picked up a scantling, the size of himself, and continued the pursuit; but the fleet Hayes had by this time reached a place of safety.

Lang, when on sentry duty, was the admiration of all the boys, he looked so much like a regular, straight and stiff as a pikestaff, and about as stout. The way he brought people to a halt was enough to bring on heart trouble. When he saluted an officer he brought his piece to the carry with a snap that startled the horses in the street. His great ambition was to become an orderly for General Ruger.

This brings us to the great indignity which was put upon the Keeley Club, an indignity that will be remembered by its members as long as the memory of it lasts. Their High Priest Lang and P. J. Kennedy, another prominent officer in the organization, were summoned to Quartermaster Cluff's tent. From this tent all good things flowed, particularly the beer. Visions of oceans of it, enough to satisfy even their thirsty souls floated before their sight. With light hearts and willing steps, they sped towards the tent. Yes, there was the keg, clothed in a bag of ice, just discernible within its shade. Its bright brass faucet shining in the distance like a star of hope. See! the quarter-master is slowly drawing a bowl of the amber fluid; ah! how refreshing it looks. The feet that would rather run than walk on such occasions soon brought them to their destination. They saluted in their best style; the quartermaster saluted. Lang's face broke into its most insinuating smile, while the Yolo Farmer mopped the perspiration from his classic brow with a linen napkin, and remarked that it was very warm. All this time the quartermaster was sipping his beer with exasperating leisure; between sips making very commonplace queries. He remarked that Lang looked very thin, but that Kennedy seems to be getting stouter if anything. Great God! their tongues were cracking. Would he never get through, and

invite them to slake their burning thirst? But everything has an end. Finally with a sigh of satisfaction he put down his glass, and disappeared from before the wondering eyes of Lang and Kennedy into his tent, from which he soon emerged, pick in one hand and shovel in the other, and placing them in the passive hands of our now paralyzed comrades, bade them follow him. Some fifty feet away he halted, pointed to the ground and commanded, "Dig," and they dug. For hours these gentlemen, strangers to hard work, delved into the earth, under a broiling sun, like common laborers.



THE YOLO FARMER AND HIGH PRIEST AT WORK.

The boys' funds were getting low about this time ; in fact a great many left town without any funds, at all. Clifford was known to be in a chronic state of financial debility. When he marched down the street jingling in his pocket a bunch of keys which sounded like many silver dollars crying forth, "spend me"; he was questioned on all sides as to where he made the raise. "Oh"! said he, "I've just been up to Adjutant Williams' tent, and got a little advance." "What"! they exclaimed, and waiting for no more they immediately made a bee line for the adjutant's tent. The adjutant loves a joke as much as any one, and, though puzzled at first, soon

understood and put the boys off with various excuses. He told Billy O'Brien, who was a most earnest applicant, that the paymaster had a breakdown on his way to camp, and would not arrive for some time. Billy went away, and when surrounded by his tent-mates, who anxiously inquired as to his success, quoted the following lines from Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon, for their delectation:

"And though up late an' airy  
Our pay comes so rarely  
That divil a farthing we 've ever to spare.  
They say some disaster  
Befell the paymaster  
'Pon me conscience I think the money's not there."

Very late Saturday night we were joined by the great artist on the tin whistle, and star Dutch comedian, Doc Sieberst, and private William O'Malley, attached to the hospital corps. Doc was besieged for news from all sides. Hayes did his best to lure him into the Keeley tent, where a small riot was in progress; but the providence that is said to watch over children and drunken men had the Doc in mind that night. We saw the famous tin whistle gleaming in the moonlight through the lacings of his leggings, and ever after our marches, to and from town, were enlivened by its music. The boys were all delighted next morning to see the honest, open-work Irish face of O'Malley amongst them. Up to this time we had no wires attached to the hospital tent. Now things were different. A lot of us got taken very badly with malaria, and every morning we went to the hospital tent to get our quinine.

Among the members of the City Guard it is a case of one for all, and all for one; and Doc O'Malley's connection with the hospital tent brought joy to B street in more ways than one. Beer was plentiful in the hospital tent; the doctors not only drank it themselves, but required an extra allowance for the patients. Under these conditions, however, patients increased at such an alarming rate that the Doctors decreed that beer was bad for the sick, and consequently they had to drink the extra allowance themselves. Though men of great capacity they were unable to get away with two barrels daily. This fact was known to O'Malley, who imparted it to the good-natured and burly Teuton Rupp. In the dead of night Rupp stole forth, bucket in hand, and, after a careful reconnoissance, invaded the hospital quarters. He soon returned to the street

with the bucket full of the foaming beverage ; then beneath the folds of the Keeley tent followed a scene of subdued but exquisite enjoyment. The bucket empty, Rupp and High Priest Lang sallied forth again, with a parting request from Corporal Burdick to bring the keg along this time. Lang, with fine sarcasm, asked him if the contents of the keg would n't do him? This time the keg was emptied, and the return of Rupp and Lang was the occasion of renewed enjoyment.

Monday, July 8th, we went swimming in a body. Arrangements had been made with the bath-house keepers the day previous by Lieutenant Filmer, every thing was lovely. The boys had a great time plunging and diving in the tank, and playing tricks on one another. It was here discovered that the brave and fearless Gille was the greatest of cowards in the water. Antonelli has dallied so long with other liquids that water is an unknown quantity to him, particularly a tank of it ; and any attempt to duck him completely stampeded him. His frantic efforts to get away from his pursuers were the cause of much hilarity. This aversion to water is strictly Democratic in its character.

This night we were reinforced by Tommy McCulloch, another young man with pill-rolling aspirations. We have taken time by the forelock and already call him and his side partner, O'Malley, Doc.

Monday morning the following proclamation was issued by President Cleveland :

WHEREAS, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, and assemblages of persons it has become impracticable, in the judgment of the President, to enforce by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings the laws of the United States within the State of Illinois, and the city of Chicago, within said State ; and

WHEREAS, that for the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States in the State and city aforesaid the President has employed a part of the military force of the United States,

Now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of United States, do hereby admonish all good citizens and persons who may be or may come within the city and State aforesaid against aiding, countenancing, encouraging, or taking part in such unlawful obstructions, combinations, and assemblages ; and I hereby warn all persons engaged in or in any way connected with such unlawful obstructions, combinations, and assemblages to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, on or before twelve o'clock noon of the ninth day July, inst.

Those who disregard this warning and persist in taking part with a riotous mob in forcibly resisting and obstructing the execution of the laws of the United States, or interfering with the functions of the Government, or destroying and attempting to destroy the property belonging to the United States, or under its protection cannot be regarded otherwise than as public enemies. Troops employed against such riotous mobs will act with all moderation and forbearance consistent with the accomplishment of the desired end, but the necessities that confront them will not with certainty permit discrimination between guilty participants and those who are

mingled with them from curiosity and without intent. The only safe course, therefore, for those not actually and lawfully participating is to abide at their homes or at least not to be found in the neighborhood of riotous assemblages.

While there will be no hesitation or vacillation in a decisive treatment of the guilty this warning is especially intended to protect and save the innocent.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I hereunto set my hand and cause the seal of the United States to be hereto affixed. Done at the City of Washington this eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one-hundred and eighteenth.

By the President,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

W. Q. GRESHAM, Secretary.

All day, Monday and Tuesday, the President's proclamation was the absorbing topic of conversation. We felt, that it was no more nor less than a declaration of war against the existing state of lawlessness, and that the long-threatened storm was soon to break. That we were to be reinforced by the regulars was now an assured fact, and their arrival was looked for daily. The flame from the torch of the strikers, that had laid property, worth millions of dollars, in ashes at Chicago leaped to the telegraph wires and swept across the country, firing the Sacramento strikers with a reckless spirit of lawlessness and a resolution to sustain their position at any cost and by any means. We felt that our present inaction would soon give way to more stirring scenes, the serious nature of which would admit of little joking.

During all this excitement the leaders of the Keeley Club were very busy spreading the principles of their doctrine; and were so successful that numbers of applications for admission to the charmed circle of the flowing bowl were daily received. Tuesday morning, after receiving their usual doses of malaria-killing quinine from the hands of Dr. O'Malley, High Priest Lang, Drs. Kennedy, Hayes and Burdick had a short consultation, and decided to take immediate action with reference to the applications that had been received. Secretary Hayes was instructed to inform all the applicants that an open meeting of the Keeley Club would be held that afternoon at two P. M. in the German tent.

The occupants of the German tent at once began to make preparations for the reception and entertainment of their distinguished guests. A collection was taken up and William Baumgartner intrusted with the perilous task of buying a keg of beer, and transporting it to the tent. This he did with much boldness and address. The meeting of the Keeley Club was now an assured success. Two o'clock found an overflow gathering at the German tent. With the diplomatic view of



getting those present in the proper state of mind for what was to follow, to prepare the soil, as it were, for the seed, Dr. Burdick suggested, that as the heat was very great, and every one in a chronic state of thirst, it would be well to serve some liquid refreshments. This suggestion met with approval from all sides and "Punch" Zimmerman did Trojan work for the next ten minutes at the tap. With a few well-chosen remarks Al Heeth presented the Hon. Dr. Lang, High Priest of the Inner Circle of the Flowing Bowl, whose appearance was greeted with a hearty round of applause. The learned doctor, in an eloquent address, punctured by applause, and numerous invitations to imbibe, which he did not let the dignity of his office prevent him from accepting, dwelt on the history of the Keeley Club, past and present, comparing the present gathering to the Bacchic meetings and revels of the dim and classic past, and growing poetic quoted from "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden :

"The praise of Bacchus, then the sweet musician sung,  
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.  
The jolly god in triumph comes,  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;  
Flushed with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face;  
Now give the hantboys breath; he comes, he comes,  
Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure;  
Rich the treasure  
Sweet the pleasure  
Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Returning to the living present he spoke of the many enduring benefits derived from being a member of the Keeley Club. He said that it filled him with great pleasure to see that the efforts of himself and associates were not in vain, the attendance showed the sympathy and interest that was taken in the movement by the applicants. Furthermore, he thought it would be well, on account of the number of applications, to form the club into branches, and that the first branch be called the German branch in honor of the tent in which it was formed. This suggestion met with hearty approval, and the work of organization was immediately begun. At the expiration of the solemn ceremonies connected therewith Private Flanagan of the Irish tent arose, and, after congratulating the learned doctors of the Keeley Club on the success of the meeting, invited all present to

attend a pink tea that would be held in his tent that evening at eight P. M. Dr. Lang arose, and, with a breast heaving with suppressed emotion, said that he felt gratified and honored that his efforts and the efforts of his comrades had met with the distinguished approval of a gentleman who could boast of such royal lineage as Mr. Flanagan. The liberal invitation extended to all betrayed the true prince's heart, and, on behalf of the members of the Keeley Club, he accepted the invitation with great pleasure.

The members of the Irish tent for the rest of the day were actively engaged making preparations for the evening's entertainment, and not until a certain dark object was rolled beneath the flap of their tent did they cease their labors. Soon after supper those desirous of getting front seats began to arrive, among them being Van Sieberst, Gillie, Dick Radke, Sam Wise, and Jimmy Wear. By eight o'clock the tent was crowded to suffocation; the flaps were then raised, so that those who could not get in could hear and see. In the middle of the tent, resting on a cracker-box, was a mysterious object, draped in a flaming red comforter, a color dear to the heart of every true Keeley. Upon this object the eyes of all were centered, and many and varied were the comments concerning it. Henry Adams said that it was so short and broad it might be a statue of Grover Cleveland. "That's about the size of him," said Doc O'Malley, who had seen Grover from a distance during his short stay in Washington a year previous. "Mentally or physically"? inquired Max Claussenius, who likes to delve in the abstract. But the way some of the boys cuddled up to it was sufficient proof that it was not a cold and lifeless statue, and the general conclusion was that it must be the pink tea. Mr. Bannon made the address of welcome, and, amid wild applause, unveiled that which had been the object of so much curiosity, revealing a nice, plump keg of hop juice. Jimmy Wear, by acclamation, was placed in charge of the liquid refreshments, and spent a very busy fifteen minutes. After a few variations on the whistle by Doc Sieberst, Dr. Kennedy arose and stated that on account of the extreme hoarseness of Dr. Lang, occasioned by his oratorical efforts during the day, he had been requested to say something in reply to the graceful remarks of Mr. Bannon. After speaking in complimentary terms of the nature of the entertainment, and the large audience present, he referred to the absence of Sergeant Kelley, Privates Crowley and Hayes,

who were called away to do extra picket duty, and who were at that moment, with sleepless and vigilant eye, guarding the camp. He said, that greatly pleased as he was with the result of the afternoon's work, it would be a crowning joy could he this evening create the nucleus of another branch of the beloved order, and advanced the idea that had been put into effect with so much enthusiasm in the afternoon by the members of the German tent, and call the new branch, the Irish branch. (Prolonged applause.) Continuing, he dwelt upon the happy results obtained by belonging to the organization, and the great benefits from an intellectual point of view; to breathe the same air, imbibe the same liquids with such intellectual giants as Dr. Burdick, Antonelli Gille, Sam Wise, and Joe Keene would result in permeating them with all the knowledge of the ancients and moderns, books could be thrown to the wind while sitting at the base of such monuments of learning. Amid the wildest applause Mr. Flanagan gravely arose, like a knight of old, and thus addressed the assembly. He said he was satisfied that the forming of the branch suggested by Mr. Kennedy, would meet with the hearty approval of every man in the Irish tent. As for himself he had been always a Keely at heart, their principles had at all times filled him with admiration. The organization that contained in its by-laws that shining legend, "An invitation to imbibe is always in order," deserved the commendation of every thinking man. He had only one request to make, and that was, that the circle composed by the members of his tent be called after his great ancestor, Ireland's greatest king, Brian Boru. The enthusiasm at this point beggars description; the stirring words of Mr. Flanagan brought every man to his feet, and, amid great cheering, a bumper was drank to the welfare of the Brian Boru Lodge, of the Irish Branch of the Keeley Club. Through the storm of cheering the inspiring air, of "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls," burst upon the gathering rendered by Doc Sieberst on the tin whistle. After order was restored the initiating ceremonies were gone through, and the rest of the evening given up to song and recitation.

Taps put an end to their revelries, and, after many congratulations on all sides, each man went to his tent and soon the stillness of the night settled o'er the camp.

This silence was suddenly broken in upon by an uproar created by Sam Wise. Sam had gotten a little mixed when he retired, and, instead of disposing his body inside the tent, had become turned about and the most part of him was sticking out through the rear of the tent into G's street. A guard passing down the street stumbled and fell on him. Sam, thinking he was being assaulted by the enemy made such a violent effort to beat off the imaginary foe, that he nearly dragged the tent down upon his comrades, at the same time yelling lustily for help. It was some time before he was quieted, and finally fell asleep.

Thus did this day come to a close, a day that will shine forever in the annals of the Keeley Club, a day crowded with pleasant memories, a day on which two lusty branches had put forth from the parent trunk, to grow, to blossom, and to bear fruit.





## CHAPTER VI.

### GENERAL EFFECTS OF THE STRIKE.

**I**N the previous chapters we have treated of the situation and the movements as confined to Sacramento. It is now our purpose to declare an intermission and treat of the situation as represented in other parts of the country as well as in other parts of California, thus bringing the different threads of the same movement to an equal level, before taking up the thread of the narrative again in Sacramento.

The strike involved three-fourths of the United States, and it was not long before it passed the bounds of legality. No unprejudiced person will ever deny to the workingman the right to strike; and, as long as he confines his labor troubles within the strict letter of this right, positive advancement can not fail to attend his efforts; but, when he adds to this acknowledged right the right to indulge in acts of incendiarism, robbery and even murder, then defeat will surely be his goal. Never before, in the history of the country, with the exception of the Civil War, was the United States ever menaced by a movement so fraught with danger and terror as this. It had become something of far greater importance than a mere quarrel between railroad corporations and their employees over a matter of wages; it amounted to an armed rebellion against the laws of the United States. Good men shuddered as they caught glimpses in the struggle of a future condition of affairs in which anarchy would reign

supreme, and in which the stability of our government would be shaken to its foundation. Let us hope that this will never be; but rather, that the workingman will see that this form of government, which is essentially for the people and by the people, and his own development depend upon the adaptation of his growth to the growth of the laws. All over the country the lawlessness of the strikers was something fearful. The extent to which desperate men will go and the violent deeds they will resort to when their evil passions are aroused passeth all understanding. They lose all respect for the laws; and the dread consequences which attend their infringement have no terrors for them. They are inspired with a hatred for the troops. A National Guardsman is an object of especial aversion to them. When defeat stares them in the face they will work out their disappointment upon innocent persons, and the torch of incendiarism applied almost indiscriminately to property, with pillage and carnage, illuminate the last scenes of the conflict.

The state of affairs in the other affected cities of the East was but a reflection of the situation in Chicago, and, as it would be utterly impossible to give within the present limits of this work a separate account of the strike and its effects in each of these places, and further, as there is a universal resemblance in the effects of the strike throughout every affected section of the country, it will be sufficient for an intelligent understanding of the situation in the East to give in outline the situation in Chicago.

On the same day that the regulars were ordered to Los Angeles the Federal troops stationed at Fort Sheridan were ordered into Chicago. This force was steadily increased until it amounted to a thousand men under the command of General Miles. Concerning the occupancy of Chicago by the regulars a wordy dispute arose between the Governor of Illinois and the President of the United States. Governor Altgeld, in protesting against the presence of the troops in Chicago, stated that it was an invasion of State rights. Illinois, he said, had enough troops of her own to quell any disturbance that might arise within her borders. President Cleveland, however, maintained in his position, by Attorney General Olney, refused to withdraw the troops, as he deemed their presence necessary for the execution of the laws. The National Guard of Illinois was not really called out until later in the struggle. The regulars found little difficulty in dis-

persing the strikers ; but the dispersions only had a tendency to drive the strikers to other points where they continued their depredations. Beside the regulars there was a small body of militia in the field. But, in spite of this force, the strikers seemed all powerful and masters of the situation; for when the city's health was threatened by the stench that arose from the dead carcasses remaining uncared away at the stockyards, the Mayor of Chicago, in order to have them removed by rail, was forced to appeal to Debs for permission to do so. Rioting also went on apparently unchecked. In the suburbs of Chicago numerous fires were seen blazing. The yard of the Panhandle Railroad Company was put to flames and a million dollars' worth of property destroyed. The situation in Chicago, on July 6th was heralded by the *San Francisco Daily Examiner* thus :

# FIRE AND PILLAGE

---

Wild Work of Destruction by  
Thousands of Rioters  
in Chicago

---

From Daylight to Midnight Mobs Hold  
Possession of the Railroad Yards

---

The Torch Applied to Hundreds of Cars and Un-  
told Quantities of Merchandise Destroyed

---

Six Persons Killed and Innumerable Wounds From  
Clubs, Bayonets, and Rocks The Day's Record

---

A WILD CARNIVAL OF CRIME

On account of the troops in the field being insufficient to hold the strikers and prevent them from destroying property Mayor Hopkins called upon Governor Altgeld for further military assistance. So, on July 6th, two brigades of the National Guard, Illinois, were ordered into Chicago.

On July 7th the strikers had their first conflict with the National Guard, and the streets of Chicago became moistened with blood. A mob of strikers, 8,000 strong, bent on mischief was gathered around the Grand Trunk round-house with the intention of burning the same. Company F, of the Second Infantry, National Guard Illinois, commanded by Captain Kelly, was ordered to the spot, and succeeded for a time in forcing the crowd back. The mob becoming larger and more aggressive the troops began to withdraw and in a corresponding degree as the troops withdrew the strikers became more abusive, and finally commenced to throw bricks, stones, chunks of coal and coupling-pins at the troops. Under this heterogeneous fire the men behaved nobly and remained under the strict control of their officers. Several times the advance of the mob was stopped by being steadily met with elevated rifles. But patience is an exhaustible quantity, so, when the second lieutenant of the company was struck upon the head by several stones and felled to the ground, the men were immediately given the command to charge. One of the strikers with his hand in the air, in the very act of throwing a chunk of coal, had a bayonet plunged through his body. The mob gave away before the charge, but quickly rallied and discharged a number of shots at the troops. No further orders were needed by the men. Rifles were leveled and a sheet of lead mowed down the front rank of the strikers. The mob then fled in the wildest confusion. Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon this company for the manner in which it behaved. No company of regular troops ever acquitted themselves with greater honor, and none showed more loyalty and courage. May their example be ever imitated by the rest of the National Guard.

On July 8th the President's proclamation was issued, the text of which has been set forth in the previous chapter. From this time on the strike in Chicago and in the East moved gradually toward the catastrophe, while on the surface it appeared all the time to be getting greater in magnitude. A new element which resembles somewhat the last kick of



the mule was now about to enter upon the stage. President Sovereign of the Knight's of Labor threatened to inaugurate a general strike. A sympathetic strike, to be a factor in the settlement of a direct strike, must be so related to it as to directly influence the person against whom the direct strike is waged, either by preventing him from manufacturing his goods or else from disposing of them. But when workmen threaten to inaugurate sympathetic strikes of the third, fourth, or fifth degree, which can only affect the person against whom the direct strike is waged in an indirect way, if it affects him at all, they threaten to inaugurate movements which contain within themselves the germs of suicide. How absurd it is to inaugurate a strike among the journeymen tailors, because their employer furnishes clothes to the man who sells groceries to the person who operates mines which supply coal to the railroad companies that use Pullman cars. This string might run back in *ad infinitum*.

The arrest of President Debs on July 10th added another force to increase the downward impetus of the movement towards the end. This, together with the failure to make good the threat to order a general strike and especially the proposal made by Debs to the railroad companies, and which was not accepted, to declare the strike off provided the men were allowed to return to their old positions, gave evidence of an early dissolution of the strike. And though the strike was not settled until sometime later, and while rioting did not cease though it became lesser in degree, until the very end of the strike, still the ranks of the strikers from this time on became gradually thinned out and the men showed a strong inclination to return to work. It might be said that the climax of the strike in the East was passed on July 10th.

And now for the situation in California other than in Sacramento. The news of the success of the strikers in Sacramento was received enthusiastically by the public all over the State. So great was the hatred of the public for the Southern Pacific Company and so warm was their sympathy for the strikers that when the *Examiner*, a San Francisco daily, placed upon their bulletin-board a notice of the fact that the first train that left Sacramento since the commencement of the strike had been derailed and a number of soldiers killed, the crowd standing in front of the bulletin-board actually cheered for what was one of the most heinous crimes ever perpetrated.

The public seemed to be lost to every sense of right and wrong. Upon the great body of strikers the retaining possession of the depot against the attempts of a large body of the National Guard to dislodge them had a very marked effect. It made them very confident and defiant. They evidently believed that the possession of the depot was of the very greatest importance, and since the first attempt to dislodge them had resulted so successfully for them, they were determined to hold that advantage even though they had to meet a further advance of the troops with their own weapons. These sentiments were expressed by most of the strikers but it was extremely doubtful, whether when the time came, they would put them into practice. It is certain that none but the most desperate would.

Dunsmuir and Truckee are conceded to be the hardest railroad towns in California. The situation at both these places was very one sided, as none but strikers or their sympathizers were allowed to have anything to say. The striking railroad employees at these places were of the most desperate kind and ready to go to any extreme that they thought would help the cause. These are the kind of men Leader Knox of the Sacramento Branch of the American Railway Union turned to when it became known that the National Guard had been ordered to Sacramento. In response to his call for assistance a train bearing 125 strikers fully armed, left Dunsmuir at 12:20 P. M. on July 4th, while another train with 100 strikers equally well armed, left Truckee at 4:20 P. M. on the same day. The destination of these trains was Sacramento. Their journey was attended by the wildest demonstrations. Through every town they passed they were loudly cheered; bonfires blazed forth in honor to them and brass bands greeted them with the tune "See the Conquering Hero Comes." To show the sentiment of the public toward and the encouragement it gave to the strikers to perform lawless deeds, the following extracts taken from the daily papers are given.

REDDING.—"Two thousand people greeted the arrival of the train and gave the committee assurance of their support with men and money if needed."

"At Red Bluff, Company G of the Eight Regiment Infantry, stationed at Willows, was ordered to stop the train containing the strikers coming from Dunsmuir. Half the company on receipt of orders proceeded to arm themselves and prepared to intercept the train. This action so incensed the citizens that they repaired to the station to the number of two hundred, and got in readiness to oppose the militia and see that the strikers' train went on its way unmolested. A conflict seemed imminent, when the company

received orders to return to their armory and disband. When the train arrived, many people of the town and country surrounded it, and amid bonfires, firing of cannon, and the playing of a brass band, the A. R. U. men were given an oration."

COTTONWOOD. — "Thousands of tons of fruit are spoiling here, yet all the people in Cottonwood valley sympathize with the A. R. U."

The military authorities learned of this movement on the part of the strikers, and Colonel Park Henshaw was ordered, at one o'clock P. M., July 4th, by Major General Dimond, to call out the troops of his command and "to intercept and arrest the strikers en route from Dunsmuir to Sacramento." Colonel Henshaw immediately, upon the receipt of these orders, called out Companies A, B, F and G of the Eighth Regiment, Infantry, N. G. C. The men responded promptly. Two companies were ordered to deploy along the line of Chico Creek; one on the east side and the other on the west of the road. A twelve pound Parrott gun, loaded "with eight and one-half pounds of blasting-powder, the only kind that could be procured, and twenty-five pounds of one ounce lead bullets and other projectiles," was posted in the middle of the track to sweep the strikers' train if it failed to come to a standstill at command. Just as they were in a position to achieve a notable victory Marshal Baldwin, at Sacramento, fearful that a movement like this would precipitate things to such an extent that the strikers would retaliate by burning snowsheds and destroying bridges, asked that the order, calling upon the National Guard to arrest the strikers, be rescinded. This was done, and the four companies were ordered back to their armories and disbanded. The strikers arrived in Sacramento on the fifth of July.

The strikers began aggressive operations in Oakland on July 3d. On this day two trains were seized at Sixteenth street and the air-brakes cut. The regular running of the local trains was stopped; and throughout the day there was but a spasmodic service. On July 4th the strikers determined to prevent the moving of any trains on the local system. In large numbers they invaded the railroad yards at West Oakland, overran them, took possession of the shops, entered the offices of the yards and chased out the clerks engaged therein. The self-sacrifice of these strikers was worthy of the noblest struggle. Like martyrs they were willing to lay down their lives for their cause. To prevent the running of the trains they threw themselves, a living barricade, upon the track, their heads resting upon one rail, their feet upon the other,

and opposed to the iron front of the locomotive their bodies, unmoved by the fact that their lives depended upon the simple pressure of a hand upon the throttle of the engine. This was a very dangerous but still an effective method of bringing trains to a standstill. Engineers and firemen were torn from their posts with no gentle hand. The Fourth of July saw things settled, until July 13th, as far as the running of the local system was concerned.

On the same day, July 4th, a company of regular soldiers, stationed at Benicia, was ordered to Oakland, while Colonel Fairbanks, commanding the Fifth Regiment, Infantry, was ordered to assemble his regiment at the same place. Owing to the fact that no request had been made by the sheriff for troops, the six companies of the Fifth Regiment were bivouacked at the armory of Companies A and F of Oakland. When the troops arrived in Oakland on the evening of the Fourth the situation had become somewhat quieted, and on July 5th Colonel Fairbanks was ordered to dismiss Companies A, F and G, "until further orders." On July 10th Companies C and E—D having been ordered to San Jose—pitched camp at Piedmont.

During this interval, from July 4th to July 13th, the strikers remained masters of the situation in Oakland. It was not until July 12th, that any signs became evident of a movement to contest their position. On this day about two hundred sailors and about fifty marines of the United States Navy arrived at the Oakland Pier, while on the following day the Second Regiment Artillery, N. G. C., Lieutenant Colonel Geary commanding, arrived from San Francisco.

On July 6th the sheriff of Santa Clara county made a call for military assistance, as he had "exhausted all the powers of the county and was unable to disperse the mob stationed at the depot and yards of the Southern Pacific Company." Company D, Captain Elliott, Fifth Regiment, Infantry, then at Oakland was ordered to reinforce Company B of the Fifth stationed at San Jose. These troops were placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Whitton. Owing to the hesitancy of the sheriff of the county to give an order calling for aggressive movements against the strikers, in spite of the fact that he was continually urged to do so by Lieutenant Colonel Whitton, the troops remained inactive until July 10th, bivouacked part of the time at the armory of Company B, and

part of the time at the fair grounds. During this time Lieutenant Colonel Whitton received instructions from Major General Dimond telling him how to act in case he was called upon to do so, which showed that those officers of the National Guard who conducted the operations on the Fourth at Sacramento were not beyond redemption, there was one redeeming feature, they were not too *old* to learn. Lieutenant Colonel Whitton's instructions advised him, that in case he was ordered to go to the depot, to get the necessary order empowering him to use force to clear it, "for," the instruction continued, "if you should go to that place and then have to go for an order, it might cause a delay that might be disastrous to yourself and men."

On July 10th the troops reinforced by Company C of the Naval Reserve, under command of Lieutenant Douglass, were ordered to the depot and guards were posted about the round-house and a portion of the yards of the Southern Pacific Company. The strikers were evidently overawed by the presence of the troops, as they made no demonstrations of hostility and, though the militia came to no actual conflict with the strikers, their presence there was of untold value in keep the riotous element in check. Both the railroad officials and the sheriff were of the opinion that were the troops dismissed there was great danger of a new outbreak.

San Francisco was not troubled directly to any extent by the strikers. Still precautions were taken to prevent them from doing any harm. To avert the possibility of the strikers securing arms by raiding the different armories of the National Guard in the city the arms were either removed to a safe place, or else the armory was guarded by a strong force, both night and day. And further it was deemed advisable to keep the Second Artillery Regiment in the city, to guard against the possible massing of the strikers. So it was not until later in the campaign—July 13th, that they were ordered into the field.

The southern part of the state now demanded attention. So on July 12th Brigadier General Muller, commanding the Third Brigade was ordered to proceed with Companies E, F, and G of his command to Sumner, and from thence to guard the disputed points on the Southern Pacific Railroad, between Sumner and Tehachapi, and also to furnish train guards for for trains running north. Brigadier General Muller arrived

with his command at Sumner on the 13th. In preparing his men for active service he met with the same annoyances, but in a far greater degree than did the other commands of the National Guard. Many rifles were unfit for use, firing pins and ejectors being broken, a few old canteens and knapsacks were all they could boast off. As for blankets and shoes the brigade was poverty stricken. The men were compelled to fit themselves the best they could.

To sum up, the following troops were in active service July 12th: At Sacramento, the First and Third Regiments, Infantry; part of the Signal Corp and a section of Light Battery A of the Second Brigade; Companies A, E, G, Second Infantry Regiment; Light Battery B; Signal Corp of the Fourth Brigade and Companies A and B of the Third Brigade. At Oakland, Companies C and E, Fifth Infantry Regiment, Second Brigade. At San Jose, Companies B and D, Fifth Infantry Regiment, Second Brigade and Company C of the Naval Battalion. At Sumner, Companies C, F, G, Sixth Regiment, Infantry, Third Brigade. Besides these there were six companies of regulars at Los Angeles, one company at Oakland, together with two hundred sailors and fifty marines, while at Sacramento there were four companies of artillery, two companies of calvary and one of infantry.





## CHAPTER VII.

### THE APPEARANCE OF THE REGULARS AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE SITUATION.

**T**HE second week, that opened up at the Capitol, found the men somewhat discontented. There is no rest for the wicked; if the reverse of this be true, that one who does not rest is wicked, then all the members of Company B are wicked. The conditions were perfect for resting; lying awake during the daytime and lying asleep during the night-time made up practically the twenty-four hours of each day, of most of the members of the company. And still they were weary. There was no rest for them; amidst this almost perfect inactivity they yearned to be again at their daily and peaceful callings:

"The counter and the desk."

(I. B. Cook.)

Any thing to break the stagnation of doing nothing. Besides this the men were disgusted with the situation. The strikers held the depot while they, who had traveled eighty miles to dislodge them from that place, held down the Capitol grounds. Every day, since the Fourth, saw the men expectant of marching upon the depot; every night saw the men disappointed and more disgusted. Is it any wonder that the men were discontented and strongly desirous of leaving the field of strife?

Inside of the camp of the strikers harmonious relations did not prevail. Their temporary victory on the Fourth was slowly turning into a defeat. Its effect had been contrary to what they had expected. The continued presence of the militia at the Capitol, the announcement that the regulars had been ordered to Sacramento, the growing stronger of the opposition of the railroad, all tended to show them the hopelessness of expecting to coerce the Southern Pacific Company into submission. Beside this, Poverty, the great ally of the capitalist, was forcing breaches in their hitherto determined front. A number of the strikers counting upon a swift victory were ill-prepared to stand a long siege. Many were now secretly prepared to desert the cause at the first opportunity. Compromise by arbitration was talked about, but nothing came of it. With some of the strikers, however, the hopelessness of success only tended to make them more desperate. Reinforced by the crowd of armed ruffians from Dunsmuir they were preparing themselves to resist every advance the troops made against them, even though that resistance amounted to bloodshed. Such actions as these could have but one result. Instead of bolstering up the cause of the strikers it was in reality weakening it. The peaceably inclined were repelled from such associates and disavowed their relationship with them. How well these desperate individuals kept their resolutions will be seen hereafter.

That things were approaching a crisis was evident by the increased precautions taken to guard the camp. It had been reported that the strikers were preparing to sweep down upon the camp and capture the Gatling guns. In order to prevent the camp from being surprised by any such movement men were selected from each company and detailed to act as pickets. They were posted a block beyond the line of sentinels of the camp guard and in such a way that the camp was now guarded by a double line of sentinels. By this plan it was almost an impossibility for any body of the strikers to approach within three hundred feet of the camp without being detected. Sergeant Kelly, Privates Hayes and Crowley were selected from Company B to act in this capacity. The strikers on the other hand were also exercising the greatest vigilance. Every movement made by the militia was carefully watched by the strikers' pickets, who were always present in the vicinity of the camp, and who transmitted any suspicious movement on the part



of the troops to their leaders. And, if the movement was of sufficient importance, three shrill blasts of a steam whistle could be heard; and down all the streets leading to the depot strikers could be seen hurrying along to gather there in a body. This great vigilance on the part of the strikers seemed to give the affair a much more serious aspect than it really deserved. The establishing of pickets on both sides added to the reality and picturesqueness of the scene.

All during the week different rumors had been flying around camp. First it was, that the militia were going to do this, then that; until finally, on account of their proverbial unreliableness, not much faith was placed in them. So, on July 10th, when it was rumored about camp that the regulars would arrive the following day, and that the militia would be ordered to co-operate with them in securing the depot, not much dependence was placed upon its authenticity. When, however, later in the evening each member of the company was notified to hold himself in readiness to be called at an early hour in the morning, and to sleep with his rifle at his side, it began to look that after all there was something in this rumor. It is safe to say that the men retired that night praying—that is, those who knew how—that the rumor would become a fact. At three A. M. the men of Company B were awakened by 1st Sergt. A. F. Ramm, and told to dress as quietly and as quickly as possible. This they did. Save now and again of the murmur of subdued conversation no one would know but what the camp was wrapped in sound slumber. On emerging from the tents, an air of mystery seemed to be hovering around. The day was just beginning to break. The gray dawn almost isolated us from the world without. Not a wreath of smoke, that would betoken life stirring in the adjacent closely barred houses was visible. Now and again could be heard coming along the stone pavement, breaking the peculiar stillness of the air, the tramp of feet, and some poor unfortunate would emerge out of the gray gloom and pass the camp on his way to his daily toil. Here and there could be discerned the dim form of some vigilant picket. Within the camp men were moving noiselessly to and fro. Few lights were discernible. Every one seemed to be awake to the necessities of the hour. They were preparing themselves for a rapid and noiseless movement; so that they would be well on their way towards the prospective scene of action before their absence from the

camp was made known to the strikers. As one now thinks of the events of that morning it seems as if the men were preparing

"To fold their tents like the Arabs;  
And as silently steal away."

The men were awakened at this early hour, so, that when the order for marching did come no time would be lost.

During the hours of the night while the men slept the gods were busy. A load of haversacks and canteens had been brought into camp during the night. These haversacks and canteens, which are the same as are used in the regular army, were distributed among the men, every man receiving one of each. Provisions, consisting of canned corned beef. O! blessed Corned Beef would that thou wert never made, and crackers, were then packed in the haversack for future use, while the canteens were filled with coffee. The usual march up town for breakfast was omitted this morning and a rough and ready meal of sandwiches and coffee was substituted in its place.

While busy with the preparations for marching, the members of the company had failed to notice how silently and unperceived the day had crept into existence. The sun was now slowly rising. The apparent dead and silent world by which the camp had been surrounded was awakening into life. The windows of the adjacent houses were being thrown back. Chimneys were emitting their smoke. Workmen were passing by. Up in the dome of the Capitol could be seen a human form waving a hat to and fro; first, several times on this side, then on that, then he would poise it for a few seconds directly in front of him, and then he would commence again. Inquiry elicited the fact that he was a member of the Signal Corps, and that from his position of vantage he was transmitting signals, made by other signalmen stationed at the river, to one stationed below on the ground. These messages were then carried to headquarters.

In the mean time preparations had been made to guard the camp during the absence of the troops. The various details, that composed the camp guard, were relieved and sent back to their respective companies. Company H was detailed to take their place.

At 5:30 A. M. the command "Fall in" was given. With the haversack and canteen slung over the shoulders, the haver-

sack on the left side, the canteen on the right, and the cartridge belt strapped over both to keep them from interfering with the movements of marching by swinging, the company presented a picturesque appearance. On the night of our departure from the city we were compared to the regulars in the morning papers thus:

"There was a marked contrast between the 675 sunny faced expectant scrambling young fellows and the 300 bronzed regulars that swung along the Oakland mole with clocklike precision. . . . They moved like a machine, passionless, steady, with their eyes fixed on one man, the captain. The militia . . . went off in a happy fashion as if they were starting on an annual summer camping trip. They laughed and called to each other as they marched along."

Had the reporter who wrote the above seen the Company on this morning he would have recognized that a transformation had taken place. He would not have found the contrast so obvious. Instead of sunny-faced, expectant, scrambling young fellows, he would have found bearded youths, bronzed with heat from the sun, determination written on their faces, and ready to obey explicitly the orders, be what they may, of their Captain. Added to all this, he would discover that the places of the holiday and neatly fitting uniforms were taken by worn and tattered ones covered with innumerable grease spots and dust. The leggings he would see had ceased to be new, while the hats he would not have recognized.

The regiment was formed into two battalions. The first battalion was under the command of Major Burdick, the second under the command of Major Jansen. Company B was the left company of the first battalion. The ambulance corps were divided into two sections. One section, under the command of Major Galwey, regimental surgeon, was attached to the first battalion. The other section, under command of Captain O'Brien, assistant regimental surgeon, was attached to the second battalion. The field music was detailed as litter bearers. The first battalion marched out of the Capitol grounds down L street and took up a position at the end of L street, which runs perpendicular to the river.

The march to the levee showed the week passed at the Capitol grounds had not been profitless. Its good effects were seen on both officers and men. Instead of doing as they did on the Fourth, using their aftersight, the officers on this occasion used a good deal of foresight. On that memorable day, it will be remembered, that no attempt was made to keep the masses that obstructed the passage of the troops into the depot from

being augmented by constantly arriving forces. This time, however, whenever a halt was made, sentinels were immediately posted, and no one was allowed to pass through who would impede the progress of the troops.

While the battalion was on the march, and somewhere near to the place it was to occupy, men were selected from each company and sent forward to act as scouts. Privates A. Fetz and Unger were selected from Company B; Fetz was sent to the left, while Unger was sent to the right. Both were told to patrol along the next streets parallel with the march of the battalion, halting whenever the battalion halted. Any commotion they observed they were to report to the commanding officer of the battalion. The battalion, arriving at the point of occupation, was wheeled to the left by fours, formed into line, and halted. "Rest" was given, and the men, making themselves at ease, proceeded to view their surroundings. The ambulance corps, it was discovered, had taken up a position in a small alley running at right angles to the street of occupation. Here they erected a temporary hospital in anticipation of a large number of wounded. The young doctors attached to the corps, and especially Drs. O'Malley and McCulloch, were anxious to try their instruments and skill upon some one. On the southeast corner of Front and L streets is a large two-story building occupied by a hide and pelt establishment. Upon the roof of this building part of the signal corps, it was found, had established themselves and were busy at work transmitting signals to the captain of the corps standing below on the opposite side of the street. To the south of the battalion's position, at the intersection of L and First streets, Corporal Burdick with a squad of braves (?), consisting of Privates Wise, R. Radke, and Sindler, could be seen on duty guarding the rear of the position by refusing to allow any one to pass without proper authority. Directly in front of the battalion on Front street, which runs parallel to the river, were several trains of freight-cars. Beginning at L street, and running to the left towards K street, on Front street, was a long, low platform, which was used for handling freight. Upon a parallel street, a block to our right, the second battalion was posted. The Third Regiment was a block farther up still.

It was while the company was thus taking in its surroundings that an incident occurred which attracted their attention and in which the captain of the Signal Corps and an em-

ployee of the hide and pelt establishment figured. It was an incident which tended to impress upon the members the reality and the seriousness of their position. An employee of the hide and pelt establishment was seen by the captain of the signal corps in the act of ascending to the roof of the building. Feeling that every thing depended upon prompt and decisive action, he drew a Colt's revolver, and, pointing it at the man on the ladder, cried out sharply, "Come down from there." The man turned, looked at the threatening revolver, then at the one behind it, grew pale, muttered something about pointing a pistol at a man, descended the ladder and disappeared within the building. There was no parleying here about coming down. It was a command that could only be disobeyed at the risk of life. The moment between the giving of the command and its being obeyed was a moment of dead silence; the man's life depended upon the twitching of a finger. As the man disappeared the members of the company almost unanimously cried out, "That's the way to do it." A valuable lesson was inculcated into the members which proved of value later in the day. The "boys" saw that if they were to accomplish any thing they must be prompt and determined.

Hardly had the undue excitement of the above-mentioned incident subsided when attention was attracted to a sort of commotion taking place at a point where Corporal Burdick was stationed. It seems, from what could be gathered afterwards, that a hack drawn by a spirited pair of horses came dashing up L street and attempted to pass through the lines. Corporal Burdick, assisted by Private Wise, was not to be denied. The horses were brought to a standstill, and Sam Wise informed the driver that he could n't go through. The Jehu explained that his business was imperative, his fare being none other than the Fourth of July famous United States Marshal Barry Baldwin. The marshal had to introduce himself, however, before he was allowed to go through the lines.

Private O'Brien of Company B, together with several members from Company G, were now ordered by Major Burdick to force the crowd that was gathering down Front street until they connected with the scouts who had been sent along K street. This was done, and a line of sentinels was formed diagonally across the intersection of Front and K streets, and a busy time they had of it.

The strange things that some men will do when they have n't a gun are beyond all comprehension; but even beyond this is the strange thing that O'Malley did this morning without his gun. A line of sentinels was established across M street, holding at bay a large crowd. Inside of this line our friend, the Doctor, with a red cross pinned upon his arm to show his superior breed, was pacing impatiently up and down with the restlessness of a caged lion, his fierce and terrible mien exciting terror in the crowd. Occasionally he would pause in his wild march and take a few steps towards the panic-stricken mob; then, changing his mind, he would turn and continue pacing his beat. A dread silence fell upon the multitude. Who is this man, this supernatural being? Woe unto me, they cried inwardly. Take him away! Their terror was further increased by O'Malley, after casting several dark glances from under his heavy, lowering eyebrows, suddenly springing forward and grasping one of their number, a big, burly ruffian, by the throat. Dragging him forward O'Malley fiercely shouted:

"Give me your gun."

"I have n't any," screamingly replied the fellow, falling upon his knees and beseeching mercy with uplifted hands.

"You lie, darn you"! And jerking the fellow to his feet O'Malley put his hand into the man's pocket and drew out a small-sized Gatling gun.

"Now vamoose," he said, emphasizing the words with a kick that hastened the departure.

The crowd, on seeing what had happened, cried out, "A devil"! and fled in the wildest confusion.\*

The signalmen, by rolling up their paraphernalia and descending from the roof, indicated that the regulars had landed. This was verified by a low rumbling noise coming from Front street. The battalion was called to "attention" just as the regulars, headed by Colonel Graham, turned into L street.

The battalion was brought to "present arms." As the regulars marched past on the way to the depot each man involuntarily made a comparison between the National Guardsman and the regular. And it is safe to say that the result was not overwhelmingly in favor of the regular. True, the regular on the average, is a larger and an older man, and walks

\* This above account was written by O'Malley, and therefore the committee do not certify to its accuracy. O'Malley, however, is generally truthful.

with a more deliberate and measured stride. But what of this? The militia has a quicker and a more sprightly step. Besides this, the National Guardsman lacks the dull passiveness which characterizes the face of the regular, and which is so often taken by the public for determination. But this is not determination. Determination is measured by the strength of the will. The militiaman may not move like a passionless machine, but that very life which shines forth from his eyes is the thing that in the hour of danger is going to generate such an amount of determination that the regular can never possess.

The regulars this morning presented a very dirty appearance, both men and uniforms being covered with dust. The National Guardsmen had considered that their uniforms were about as dirty as it was possible for a uniform to become, but when they compared them to the uniforms of the regulars they were compelled to say that their uniforms were not half dirty. The condition of the National Guard uniforms was between their condition on the night of the Guard's departure from the city and the condition presented by the uniforms of the regulars this morning. The only difference in equipments of the two bodies of troops was that the regulars carried the Webb belt, while the National Guard wore the cartridge-box. In this comparison the result is vastly in favor of the Webb belt. It is capable of carrying more ammunition; it is more easily accessible, and interferes less with the movement of marching, especially running. There was one thing about the regulars that the members of Company B thought worthy of being imitated, and that is the long, slow, swinging stride. This has been found from experience to be particularly serviceable for long marches. Concerning the regular army officers, the transformation was something wonderful. In the dirty and dusty looking officer no one would have recognized the "petted darling" of society.

The regulars having marched past, the command "rest" was again given. The members of the company were soon at ease upon the sidewalks communicating with each other what they thought about the appearance of the regulars, and what would be the effect upon the strike of their entrance on the stage of action. While thus resting, with an easy state of mind, believing now that as the regulars had landed, that the climax in the morning's operations had been reached,



and that as the strikers had not shown themselves by attempting to interfere with the landing of the troops, that they would not now indulge in any violent demonstrations in our vicinity, the "boys" were ill-prepared for what followed a moment later. For scarcely had the tail end of the regulars disappeared when the members of the company were very much startled at hearing a shot ring out. As if an electric current had passed through the entire company and battalion, every man sprang to his feet and his place in ranks. As the first shot was followed by a second, and that by another and another, until the firing became a regular fusillade, the excitement of the men arose correspondingly with the increase of the fire to a higher and higher pitch. A strange feeling crept over the men. At last they were going to be tried by fire, and each resolved to himself that he would not be found wanting. About this time Captain Cook received instructions to select five good shots from his company and have them report to Major Burdick. Sergt. A. F. Ramm, Privates G. Claussennius, Freck, Perry, and Bannan were the fortunate ones chosen. These, with an equal number of men from the other companies, were posted by Major Burdick along the line of the freight-cars as skirmishers, and instructed to fire upon any one who showed himself upon the opposite bank of the river. The rest of the company was ordered to the opposite side of the street, and told to stand close into the side of the building, where they remained until the skirmish was completely over.

The firing ceased almost as suddenly as it began. The strikers on the opposite bank of the river had received such a warm reception that they concluded to withdraw from the game; and it was when one or two of these worthies would make their way across the opening, with the intention of making their exit, that the reports of several rifles would be heard.

It would be a task indeed to attempt to analyze the feelings of the members of the company. The excitement was very great. To shoot at and be shot at was certainly a novel experience, but one that was not an unmixed pleasure. To shoot at was all right; but being shot at is a questionable enjoyment. The former, however, so outweighs the latter, that all the members of the company were anxious to be called to the skirmish line, willing to be shot at for the sake of the pleasure of shooting.



The effect of the first shot was more violent upon some than it was upon others. Upon Private Gille the effect was especially marked. He was repairing the hammer of his gun when the first shot went off. The thought that in case of a conflict he would be without a gun with which to defend himself played havoc with his brain cells. It liberated a vast amount of motor energy, and this running down the outgoing nerves caused them to vibrate rapidly. His knees knocked against each other, his fingers trembled violently, his teeth chattered, and his tongue could only frame, "Somebody fix my gun; I'll be killed! I'll be killed." Thrusting the gun into the hands of Lieutenant Filmer standing near by, he excitedly beseeched half the members of the company to fix his gun. Lieutenant Filmer was all this time breaking his thumbnail turning the screw of the gun hammer to the tune of "Fix my gun; I'll be killed." Fortunately the gun was repaired, or there is no knowing what might have happened to Private Gille. The way Gille grabbed the now useful gun boded ill to the man who invited its contents.

How the world was going with those on the skirmish line was a matter of speculation. Was it possible that after all the firing no one was killed or even wounded? Anxiously the company waited for news. Private Bannan was seen presently coming from the skirmish line, and on nearer approach it was discovered that his thumb was covered with blood, and that he was bound for the hospital. Ha! a man wounded? How did it happen? Private Bannan did not know; he only knew that he was wounded when he saw the blood. The probabilities are that the wound was received from the hammer of his gun, though most of the company would not surrender the idea that it was caused by a bullet. Even when convinced otherwise they would exclaim, "Well, we say it was done by a bullet." For the company to possess a man wounded by a bullet was a special honor; it was something that could be pointed out to scoffers with great gratification.

The details of the skirmish were learned from Private Bannan. It seemed that, just after the regulars had landed, Colonel Barry of the Third Regiment, stationed two blocks above L street, was fired upon by a striker from the Yolo side of the river. A part of one of the companies of the Third Regiment was ordered immediately out upon the skirmish line and returned the fire. The line was then reinforced by

skirmishers from the first and second battalions of the First Regiment. About sixty shots were fired. From what Private Bannan could gather, four or five strikers at least were killed. Later reports proved that this number was incorrect and that a solitary Jap was the only victim. The reason why more execution was not done is due to the fact that the strikers were hidden behind the levee, and, on account of the distance across the river not being properly gauged, sights were set all the way from 250 to 600 yards.

When we first took up our position, owing to the earliness of the hour, there was a comparatively small number of people abroad. But as the time went on the crowd gathered around the lines became larger, many strikers being gathered there in response to the three blasts of a steam-whistle. While the firing was going on the crowd became excited, and looked as though they might attempt to break through the lines. The sentinels, however, proved themselves equal to the occasion.

Our friend Dr. O'Malley, who was attached to second battalion station on K street, at which point the firing was undoubtedly the warmest, describes the situation as one, while being of liveliest excitement, was rather uncomfortable for a man who follows the peaceful calling of prescribing pills. Especially, he says, was his position one of discomfort when, at the very time the fire was the warmest, some one called out, "Ambulance Corps this way." Now, Billy is quite a doctor, and thought it would be for the benefit of the regiment for him not to go forward and risk his life together with his skill. He thought, however, that he would leave it for Doctor O'Brien to decide. So he inquired, "Shall I go, Doctor?" He did not have to go, Doctor O'Brien saying "No, Billy, we need you here. Send the field music."

How did the field music feel? At first it was a struggle between love and duty, and duty triumphed. Seizing hold of the litter with nervous determination, they made their way forward by slow degrees, each step taken being taken only after they had overcome the strong, glue-like cohesion between the earth and their feet. At last they arrived upon the skirmish line in safety, and had just emitted a sigh of relief when Tommy Eckert, lying behind a car-wheel, cried out, "Down on your knees"! The four dropped like a shot, and like the ostrich of the desert, which, when hotly pursued, will bury



THE FIRST TRAIN LEAVING SACRAMENTO DEPOT, JULY 11, 1891; FRIGHTFULLY WRECKED 15 MINUTES LATER.



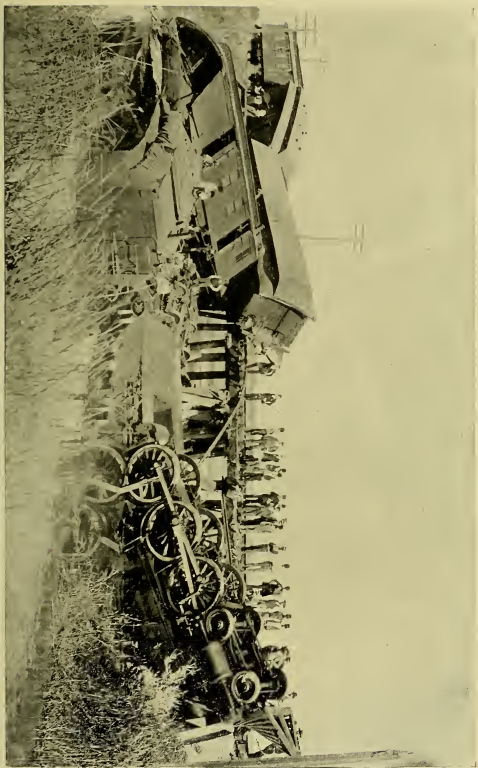
its head in the sand, and thus think itself safe from detection, these unfortunate litter-bearers huddled themselves together on the ground, and crawled under the litter for protection. Breathlessly, half dead with terror, they lay there, expecting every moment to hear the reports of musketry. Gaining a little confidence from the continued quietness, and feeling desirous of finding out how the situation stood, one of their number, A. Rupp by name and a German by birth, remembering the story of how a man deluded a tiger, suggested that they raise a hat on the end of a fife over the edge of the litter, and thus draw the fire of any striker who should happen to be laying in wait to pop them. This suggestion, which was at once followed, resulted in the hat, after being held aloft for some time, remaining intact, untouched by bullets. Then gaining still further confidence from this, one of their number quickly raised his head and glanced over the edge of the litter, but, as if astonished and startled by his own boldness and rashness, he as quickly dropped it behind the litter again. No disastrous consequences following from his hasty and courageous action, he took more courage and raised his head again above the litter, this time, however, glancing around with nervous rapidity. Seeing no signs of danger, he excitedly whispered to his comrades, "quickly fellows, now's our chance." At this they grasped the litter again and made their way hurriedly across the opening on their hands and knees to the freight-cars, and there, safe from bullets, behind the protecting wheels of the cars, they sank down exhausted and helpless. Recovering, they were informed that their assistance was needed at the other end of the line. They groaned, and then started courageously down the track on all fours, dragging the litter after them. By dodging from one car-wheel to another they finally reached their destination, only to find that the man who needed their aid was dead, buried, and forgotten.

Hostilities having completely ceased, and not being likely to be renewed after the prompt action exhibited by the National Guard, the skirmishers and sentinels were withdrawn. The battalion was then re-formed and marched back to the Capitol grounds.

The effect of the exciting events of the morning upon the company was electrifying. The discontented brightened up.

Those who had hitherto prayed for something to occur, which would compel them to return now could not be driven away. Even the intense longing of Lieutenant Filmer for one fond kiss from his baby girl was smothered for at least one week. The men had tasted of the excitement of battle and were eager for the fray. Their activities had at last found vent. Material had been gathered that morning which would serve as food for thought for many a day. Each man on his return from the skirmish had something to say concerning the novel experience of being for the first time in his life under fire; something to say of the feelings that ran through him as the first shot rang out. Men had to relate again and again some special incident of interest in which they played a large part. Billy O' Malley was compelled to tell how he, being unarmed, courageously or in other words by his immaculate gall, took a pistol away from a burly striker; also how he felt, when the call rang out "Ambulance Corps this way." Phil Bannan was obliged to tell how he got his finger cut or shot as some of the members would have it. Private Gille was given the opportunity to explain how he took the chill that caused him to nearly drop his rifle to the pavement. Private. O' Brien had to entertain a select audience with an account of how he relieved an ugly looking customer of his weapon. Corporal Benny Burdick discoursed to another gathering how he boldly challenged the United States Marshal Barry Baldwin. First Sergt. A. F. Ramm had to tell about the men he did not shoot and the number of shots he fired while on the skirmish line. Others would relate how, when the first shot was fired, they tightened their grip upon their rifles and started involuntarily forward. And still others were discussing the number killed. None, however, were considering the possibility of being called out again that day for active duty. But such was the case.

The regulars, on landing, had proceeded direct to the depot. They found it practically deserted, and entered without opposition. The troops, once in possession of the depot, the railroad officials proceeded almost immediately to open up the blockade. A train was made up and placed under the guard of a detail of regular troops. And at 12:06 P. M. the first train since July 3d pulled out of the depot. Its destination was Oakland.



THE DITCHED TRAIN, 1 HOUR AFTERWARDS, 3 MILES WEST OF SACRAMENTO, CAL., JULY 11, 1894.





The first attempt to break the blockade was destined to result in fatality. About two miles outside of Sacramento, at Davisville, the bolts had been withdrawn from the rails of a small trestlework and the train, trying to cross, was ditched, and four soldiers were killed. The news of the disaster was immediately sent to Colonel Graham, commanding the regular troops at Sacramento, and thence spread rapidly. The cavalry were ordered to hasten to the scene and capture any suspicious looking characters in the vicinity. By this outrageous crime the strikers lost more than they ever could hope to regain. Public opinion and press, which had largely supported them, now, when they saw what such support resulted in, turned against them. The public recognized that a strike that carried with it destruction of property and life must not be tolerated. Even the regular had sympathized with them in their struggle against the thieving monopoly—the railroad. But now, woe to the striker who would rub up against a regular. Every man's hand seemed to be turned against them.

Colonel Graham was much affected by the news, and resolved to show the strikers no mercy. Hearing that they had secreted arms in various parts of the city, he ordered four companies of the National Guard, under the command of Colonel Nunan of the Sixth Regiment, to search the various headquarters of the strikers. The companies chosen to perform this dangerous duty were Companies A and B of the Sixth Regiment, Company B of the Third, and, as luck will have it, Company B of the First.

It was at 3:30 P. M. when First Sergeant Ramm gave the command, "Fall in." As Company B marched out of camp, much envied by the rest of the regiment, a scene took place in front of the guard tent the memory of which the "boys" will never forget. Shortly after we had returned in the morning from the river Company H was relieved from guard duty, and details were taken from each company to make up the new guard. Those taken from Company B were Lieutenant Lundquist, who acted as officer of the guard, Sergeant Kelly, who acted as sergeant of the guard, and four privates, Gilkyson, Murphy, Flannagan, and Sieberst. Lieutenant Lundquist and Sergeant Kelly were standing on the right as the company passed by. Privates Sieberst and Gilkyson were on the left, having been just relieved from a tour of

guard duty. The beseeching look of Van Sieberst's face was painful to behold. His wail of "Captain, take me with you," was hard to refuse. But it had to be done. Private Gilkyson, at the thought of being left behind, became perfectly wild and threatened to whip the first man who addressed him. This happened to be Murphy, who came up after the company had marched off and wanted to know what was the matter. It is needless to say that his escape was of a hairbreadth nature. Sergeant Kelly was another study. He may not have cursed loud, but he did deep. There was gnashing of teeth as all hope vanished with the disappearance of the company. Lieutenant Lundquist, what of him? He too felt the strong desire to be with the boys. But it is hard to kick against the pricks. So he had to content himself with guarding the camp. The leaving of these behind was the only thing the men regretted.

The company halted on the street just outside of camp, Here Captain Cook, according to instructions ordered Sergeant Clifford to report to Colonel Nunan. Upon reporting, Colonel Nunan said, "Sergeant, you are to select from your company four men whom you have the greatest confidence in, men who you can trust to stay with you in any danger. We will proceed into town and halt in front of a certain building; at a given signal from me you are to enter the building with your squad, and search the house from top to bottom. If you meet with resistance use force. Seize every firearm or weapon likely to do bodily harm. The company will remain on the outside, and will respond to any call you may give for assistance."

Sergeant Clifford selected as his squad Corporal J. N. Wilson, Privates Unger, Hayes, and Crowley.

The four companies, two from the sixth, one from the third, and one from the first, were formed into a battalion, and the command "March," was given. The companies proceeded to a building in which was situated the headquarters of the A. R. U. Company B of the Sixth was detached from the column and sent to search the building. The other three companies continued the march. The next halt was made in front of the Fremont building. Company A of the Sixth was detailed to search this building. B of the First and B of the third then proceeded to the corner of Front and I streets. Here the companies were wheeled into line and halted.

The building to be searched was a two-story dwelling, the

ground floor of which, being one large room, was used for a meeting place by the strikers. It was removed from the corner of the street by a three-story building, the first floor being occupied by a saloon, while, on the left of it, was another two-story building. Owing to the intimate relation between these three buildings it was deemed advisable to search all three. Consequently, on account of the increased magnitude of the search, the original searching squad was increased by the addition of Privates O' Brien and Bannan and placed under the command of Lieutenant Filmer. On receiving the signal agreed upon from Colonel Nunan, Lieutenant Filmer led the way into the building. The outer door was opened, on demand, by the proprietor of the place, who invited the squad to step in, assuring them that they would encounter no resistance. Entering the building, the squad found themselves in a large room where some fifty men were seated round. Sizing up the place, Lieutenant Filmer gave the command, "Search the house." The squad immediately spread out, part passing upstairs, while the others searched the ground floor and basement.

The company was now, for the first time in the campaign, really face to face with danger. A man's castle was being invaded. Would he submit peacefully, or would he resist? This was a question that time alone could answer.

After the searching squad had been some minutes at work Private Unger appeared at the door and asked for assistance. Reinforcements were sent in, and in a few minutes they reappeared, bearing a large number of Italian swords and sheaths, which they piled upon the street.

In the mean time the crowd began to assemble and press up toward the building in which the search was going on. Seeing the necessity of keeping the crowd back, Captain Cook ordered Corporal Burtis and Private M. Claussenius to clear the sidewalk as far as the corner.

Fixing their bayonets, they advanced upon the crowd and commanded, "Get back!" at the same time pressing the crowd back with their rifles. "I live here," was the response, "Get back!" "Don't you force me, I won't get back, I have a right here." "Get back or I'll put this through you," emphasizing the commands by giving the refractory ones several sharp prods in the back with the bayonet, which overcame their resistance and accelerated their motion towards the corner,

where they stood and relieved their wounded feelings by taunting and jeering the men. "You people think you're great, but we'll fix you yet, coming up here to down us, eh? By God, we hope you scrubs will get it in the neck," and etc.

Beneath this shower of abuse Claussenius and Burtis stood impervious. Whatever satisfaction the crowd might have derived from jeering, and thus giving vent to their injured feelings, they certainly derived none, if such satisfaction depended upon their irritating the objects of their displeasure, from the men themselves.

Corporal Burtis' work was much admired by Lieutenant McIver of the regular army and inspector of the National Guard of California. He was heard to remark to one of the officers that "that man is a fine corporal." Corporal Burtis did not display a single sign of weakness. His work was characterized by firmness and determination, the essential elements of a good soldier.

The crowd, seeing it was impossible to get past the sentinels at the corner, made a wide detour and attempted to gain a position upon a freight platform on the opposite side of the street. A few succeeded in doing so, only, however, to be scared into a hasty flight a moment later. Corporal J. N. Wilson and a private from Company B of the Third were guarding this platform. The man from the Third had a voice that would awaken the dead. When he shouted, "Get off there," it had almost the opposite effect, it bound them to their seats. But, when the ominous click of Corporal Wilson's rifle struck their ears, the spell was broken, and a rapid retreat ensued.

A line of sentinels, consisting of Corporals Burtis and McCulloch, Privates M. Claussenius, G. Radke, and W. Crowley, were posted across the street to the right of the building facing east, while Company B of the Third was posted similarly across the street to the left and facing west, both lines holding in check a large crowd.

It might be mentioned here that Company B of the Third did excellent work on this occasion, and showed that they could be relied upon in any emergency. They presented a very formidable appearance—big, brawny fellows. Whatever else might be said, this fact remains, they are fighters, every inch of them.

Captain Cook, in making a tour of investigation, made the discovery that in the rear of the buildings being searched was an alleyway leading out onto a side street. Instantly it flashed through his strategic brain that the sentinels were not posted to the best advantage. What was to prevent the strikers from making their exit with arms and ammunition through this passageway, or what was to hinder them from receiving reinforcements through it? He lost no time in reaching the street and remedying this defect. He ordered the sentinels posted at the corner to force the crowd down I street for about one hundred feet. The sentinels fulfilled the orders in short notice; a few sharp commands, a prod with the bayonet here and there, did the work, and our position was safe. Fortunately the weakness of our position was discovered before the strikers had the opportunity of making use of it; if this were not so, there is no telling how the day might have resulted. What if a crowd of desperate strikers had rushed through this entrance, overpowered the searching squad, taken away their guns, and then fired down upon the company in the street, perhaps massacring the whole body. One shudders to think of what might have happened. But let it be said that as long as we have at the head of our company a man whose brain in the time of battle is so clear, so far reaching, and at the same time so quick, there is no need to be alarmed that such disastrous results will flow from any neglect to guard our position well.

Private Tooker, while acting as a sentinel, by his firmness and unrelentless severity in forcing the crowd back, incurred the dislike of several of the strikers. On a high-boarded fence near by was a lithographic poster of Mephistopheles. Pointing to this lithograph, one of the strikers remarked that Tooker's face looked very much like the face of the devil on the fence. This was not at all complimentary, I can assure you. Tooker is conceded to be one of the best looking, and at the same time one of the most unassuming, young men in the company; and the beauty of it all is, that he is unconscious of the fact. During the late excursion of the company to Stockton an insane man actually said that he would like to have Tooker's face, as it was such a handsome one, and this, let me tell you, with all due earnestness, is no sign of the man's insanity. So you can see that the transformation must have been wonderful for it even to be possible to conceive of making a comparison between Tooker's face and that of the devil's.

It was just after the sentinels had forced the crowd down I street that the cavalry, which had been ordered to the scene of the wreck, with instructions to arrest all suspicious characters in the vicinity, came up I street with a number of prisoners they had rounded up. The prisoners were on foot in the center of the troop, while behind them, also on foot, was a line of soldiers urging them along at the point of the bayonet.

Following in the trail of the cavalry was a large crowd, curious to see and find out what was going to be done with the prisoners. In their anxiety to satisfy their curiosity, they were oblivious of every thing else. As the commander of the cavalry rode through the lines he told the sentinels to keep back the crowd, which was consequently very much astonished when their attention was attracted, by a sudden and unexpected challenge, "Halt," to the points of the bayonets held by the sentinels those in front came to such an abrupt stop that those in the rear almost piled on top of them before they realized what had happened. The crowd then remained stationary at a respectable distance from the points of the bayonets, until the cavalry, retracing their steps, passed through the lines again, when they once more attached themselves to the rear of the troop and moved away.

While the sentinels were dealing with the crowd on the outside the searching party, now augmented by Privates G. Claussenius, R. Radke, Stealy, F. Shula, and Sindler, were having, on the inside of the building, an exciting time carrying out their instructions. Of the original searching squad, Sergeant Clifford made the first discovery. Going directly to the rear of the house, and putting his hand into the corner of a closet, he pulled out a jar containing several pistols, a few knives, and some ammunition. Private Hayes was the next successful explorer. In one of the rooms on the upper floor he ran across a pile of about seventy Italian swords and sheaths. These were carried to the street and deposited upon a truck.

The "crust" broken, the searching squad entered into the spirit of the duty. Every room in the house was thoroughly searched. Doors that were locked and were not opened on demand were burst open, either with a swinging blow of the canteen, or else one of the squad would take a short run and launch the whole weight of his body against it. No nook in the room was left unsearched. Trunks were opened and their

contents inspected, beds were turned completely over and the clothes well explored, closets were ransacked and the miscellaneous articles in them minutely examined. No ceremony was used. And while the search was thorough, we are glad to say that the searching party, under the careful eye of Lieutenant Filmer, was particular to replace everything they inspected in the same condition it was before the search began.

On the rear porch Sergeant Clifford discovered ten sacks filled with hard material. When he went to examine them carefully a bystander remarked to him, "It's only coal." On examination they were found to contain a species of coal known as boiler punchings. Sergeant Clifford called Colonel Nunan's attention to the sacks, who immediately ordered them to be taken out.

On the roof of the building were found a number of Winchester rifles and a quantity of ammunition.

Captain Cook, on examining one of these rifles, noticed that a quantity of sand was adhering to the barrel, and that there were signs of the rifle having been recently used. From this he naturally inferred that it was one of the weapons used by the strikers during the morning skirmish, but which had been deposited in the building after the skirmish was over.

Private Bannan, hunting around, stumbled across, in one of the rooms, a basket of lint, which seemed to indicate that the strikers were prepared for the worst.

Several times in the course of the search critical moments were experienced. Some of the lodgers objected to having their rooms searched, and it was only by a determined front, aided materially by the click of the rifle, that they unwillingly submitted.

The first building having been completely searched, the squad passed into the other buildings. Private Hayes discovered a lot of catridges on a shelf in the rear of the saloon. He was about to confiscate them on the behalf of the state, when an outsider interfered, saying that the property belonged to him, at the same time putting his hands upon the ammunition. The cocking of Sergeant Clifford's rifle reminded the man that his hands were needed some place else.

Private G. Claussenius taught one striker a lesson not to lay his hands on a National Guardsman with impunity. As Claussenius was passing through one of the rooms in the rear

of the saloon, he was astonished to receive a shove and a command to get out of here. Turning, he was confronted by a fierce looking individual who reiterated the command to get out and made another attempt to put his command into execution. The attempt was about as far as he got. Claussenius cocked his piece, and jabbing it up against the fellow's breast, with his finger on the trigger ready to fire instantly on the least further provocation, he ordered the man to get out of the room. The fellow never hesitated, but in a weakened voice said, "All right, don't shoot!" and passed out of the room. The action of this individual reminds one of the following lines:

"How many cowards wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk."

In the natural course of events Private Stealey had a somewhat similar experience. Meeting one who he took to be a striker, he ordered the man to throw up his hands, which command was obeyed with great alacrity. The man, on being searched, justified suspicion, as he was found to be armed with an ugly looking revolver. It is needless to say that he was relieved of it.

While the squad was searching the basement of the building, they were startled to hear from above the report of a gun. For awhile their position was a peculiar one; hearing, however, no further reports, they concluded that it was an accidental discharge—which it really was. It seems that while Lieutenant McIver was unloading one of the captured Winchester's, a shell was jammed and exploded, the bullet striking the bottom of the truck, and glancing upward entered one of the sacks of boiler slugs.

The buildings having been thoroughly searched, the searching parties and sentinels were called in and the companies reformed.

Just as we were about to move, an incident occurred which showed how far a sympathetic strike can be carried. The driver of the truck upon which the confiscated articles were placed, when told to drive on, refused to do so and dismounted from the seat. Here was a man connected in no way with the strikers, except in the larger conception of the universal brotherhood of man, placing himself in jeopardy merely to show his sympathy for the strikers. This did not, however, cause any delay, for the sergeant major of the Sixth Regiment mounted the seat and manipulated the reins.



The two companies then marched to the corner of Second and J streets, at which point Lieutenant Filmer again led his merry squad of searchers out and proceeded to search the Pioneer Bakery. Corporals Burtis, McCulloch and Burdick, Privates M. Claussenius, Keane, Wise, and others, assisted by part of Company B of the Third, guarded the crossing of the streets below the bakery, while Privates O'Brien, Flanagan, Overstreet, with others of the Third Regiment, formed a line of sentinels across the street above the building. The searching squad was made up of very nearly the same men who composed it on the previous search.

In the bakery, the searching party was met by the proprietor, who informed them with great solemnity that there were no weapons of any kind on his premises. In spite of this assurance, the place was searched, and the results did not harmonize with the proprietor's statement. The inside of the building was found to be a perfect labyrinth. Winding stairways and dark passages in such profusion that it was extremely difficult to make a thorough search. Besides this, the dirt and filth of the place was something frightful. It seemed to be more fit for a pigsty than a dwelling-place of men. Sergeant Clifford, by feeling his way, managed to reach the roof. On looking around he saw that the roof of the adjacent building was about twelve feet higher than that of the bakery. Against the wall of this building a ladder was leaning; so, thinking that the roof might be worthy of investigation, he was about to ascend, when he met a lieutenant of the Third coming down, and who mentioned that there was nothing up there. The sergeant, knowing that it was impossible for the lieutenant to make a careful search in the time he was upon the roof, proceeded up, and was well rewarded for his pains; for there, lying side by side, were five Winchester rifles, with a pile of ammunition stacked alongside of each gun. Sergeant Clifford also noticed that brickbats were piled around the edge of the roof, with the evident intention of throwing them down upon the militia on the streets. In descending to the ground floor, Clifford encountered in one of the small rooms a hard-looking citizen, who he promptly ordered to throw up his hands. On being searched, the man was found armed with an old powder-and-ball revolver, of 38-caliber, which was taken away. This Sergeant Clifford still retains as a memento. In addition, twelve pistols were also found in the different rooms.

While the search was going on inside, Private O'Brien

had a thrilling experience on the outside. Just above the bakery is a small alley running perpendicular to Second street, and as far as K. Here a number of strikers were gathered. These, Private O'Brien, assisted by a private from the Third, ordered back into the alley, and told them to keep moving until they reached the street a block above. The strikers moved back. But when they were about seventy-five yards from the corner, and near to the street above, they halted and faced about. Then, drawing revolvers and leveling them at O'Brien and the man from the Third, they yelled for them to get out of the alley.

The bluff did n't work worth a cent. O'Brien merely seized a chair, and, placing it in the middle of the alley with its back toward the strikers, straddled it, and then, resting his arm upon the back of it, he drew a bead upon the strikers. The situation remained unchanged for a minute or so, when the strain proving too great for the strikers, they turned, fled up the alley and disappeared around the corner, shaking their fists and hurling imprecations at O'Brien as they did so.

The crowd that thronged around the lines of the sentinels at this place was much larger than it had been at the former place of search. The blockaded streets were the principal thoroughfares of the city, and many persons in the crowd were prevented by the blockade from transacting their regular business. Some of these became extremely angry at being stopped. One old, irascible gent, wearing a silk tile, which gave him a sort of a professional appearance, on being told that he could not go through the lines, but that if he had any business to transact he would have to go back and pass around the block, became very indignant at the thought that he, an important personage, should be treated like a common, everyday individual. He had to go around the block, just the same.

The bakery having been thoroughly searched, and the "spoils of war" deposited upon the truck, the sentinels were withdrawn and companies again re-formed. The march was then taken up and continued down L street. Soon, Company B detached itself from the column, and, turning to the left, marched to the Golden Eagle Hotel, where an excellent dinner awaited them.

The search, judged from every point of view, was a complete success. That it was a surprise is evidenced by the fact that no attempt was made to remove the weapons from any

of the buildings. The probabilities are that the strikers had no idea that a search would be instituted, and further, that they did not become cognizant of the movement until the searching party stood before their door. One thing, above all others, did the result of the search tend to show, and that is this, that the strikers, if not as a body, still to a considerable number, were prepared and really intended to engage in an actual conflict with the troops.

The scene of a truck loaded with weapons of war being driven through the streets in broad daylight, guarded on all sides by glittering bayonets, is one that will not be forgotten by the Sacramento citizens for some time to come. It brought facts home to the people and showed them that the strike was no peaceful affair, but some thing of a very serious nature. It revealed the true position of the strikers.

The events of the morning were exciting, but these were even more so. For on this occasion the men did not have to share the honors with any one. In the dining-room the noise of the conversation was almost deafening. To an outsider it would appear as if a Bedlam has broken loose. Each man had some thing more important than the other to relate, and consequently each bid against the other for the attention of the table he was at. Either a man was eating, or else he was talking, and between the two, his jaw was kept busy. Some were handicapped on account of not having so many personal experiences as others; but they made up for it, the one experience they had, they

“Told; retold it o’er.”

One interesting subject was the manner in which the members of the company impressed the strikers. Their duty had been performed in such a way, with such snap and at the same time with such firmness, that the strikers were kept guessing as to whether they were regulars or the militia. Surely, the strikers argued, that man, pointing to Crowley, does not belong to the militia, or that one, pointing to Burtis, or that one, etc., pointing to Wilson, Keane, Heeth, Zimmerman, R. Radke in succession, and, above all, that one with the white diamond on his arm, meaning First Sergeant A. F. Ramm. Surely, he cannot belong to the militia! Their conception of the National Guard was altogether different from the appearance of the men. Weak-kneed, narrow-chested, goose-necked, pale-faced striplings were, with them, synonymous

to the members of the National Guard. These men did not agree with their conception, so, consequently, they must be regulars. One of the women in the crowd, that Burtis forced back with no gentle hand, excused him to the strikers by saying that he could not help it, as he was a regular.

As soon as the meal was finished the company marched back to the Capitol grounds. As they passed into camp it was loudly cheered by the other companies. Company F especially showed its unselfishness by giving, as a company, three cheers and a tiger for Company B. Upon reaching the company's street the men were dismissed, and for the rest of the evening until taps were besieged, at different times, by nearly the whole regiment, all anxious to hear about what took place during the raid.

This night pickets were again sent out. Gilkyson, Hayes, and O'Brien were sent from Company B. The strikers were as much excited over the events of the day as were the militia. Just as in the case of any undue excitement, those people who live out of town will proceed into town in order to hear the latest news, so the strikers gathered into town that night in order to discuss the latest phase in the course of the strike. All the hours of the night and the early hours of the morning they passed and repassed the camp in groups. The pickets kept on the alert for any suspicious move on their part, and had plans formed for repulsing any advance that they might make. The strikers, however, were not looking for trouble, as they had enough for one day.

The following morning the company again omitted to take its accustomed walk for breakfast—it was served on the grounds. From this time on meals were prepared within the camp. The rapidity with which cooks sprang up on every hand passeth all understanding. Some were but an ephemeral growth—they blossomed but to die. Others, however, displayed a real native gift for cooking, which they themselves hitherto had never dreamt they possessed. This exhibition of latent genius reminds one of the lines in Gray's *Elegy*:

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Had the opportunity of developing their genius never presented itself to them the world would have never known the

power that lay within their mold of clay, and Company B would have been the loser, but perhaps not the sadder.

About nine o'clock in the morning the regiment was assembled and marched to the depot. At last we were to enter the long-desired building. But under what disgraceful conditions! Only after the regulars had driven out the strikers. How humiliating it was for the men of the National Guard to walk into the depot under the protection, as it were, of three hundred and fifty regulars. It should have been the opposite. Ay, and it would have been so had the rank and file had their way. But the Fates decided it otherwise, and the militia had to be content with what "pie" the regulars did not use.

Arms were stacked in the depot and the men given liberty to move about the building. Observation showed that the regulars had the place well guarded. Two Gatling guns were placed at one of the outlets, pointing threateningly towards the crowd gathered around. The building was also surrounded by a line of sentinels. One of these, a marine, attracted especial attention by his activity and particularly on account of an encounter he had with a burly striker who was evidently not very much impressed with his appearance; for, when told to stand back, he doggedly refused and made an attempt to draw a weapon. No movement ever resulted more disastrously to the mover. The marine quickly threw up his piece, and, catching it by the barrel, struck the fellow a terrific blow with the stock between the neck and shoulder, placing him "hors de combat." Had the blow struck him fairly upon the neck it would have killed him. As it was, it broke the stock of the gun. The striker was made a prisoner, and a sorry time he had of it too. The case being reported, the officer of the day coolly remarked that the next time, in case of trouble, to use powder and ball, as it was cheaper than breaking guns.

To be a prisoner in the ordinary sense of the term and to be a prisoner under the surveillance of the regular army, especially during the Sacramento campaign, are two entirely different things. One who has ever undergone the experience of being a prisoner for twenty-four hours under the charge of the regulars would most emphatically object to its repetition. The prisoners whom the regulars had rounded up the day previous to the militia reporting at the depot presented this day a pitiful appearance. They had been handcuffed

together and incarcerated in one of the small rooms of the depot. Here they stood for twenty-four hours without being permitted to sit or lie down. The sentinels placed over them received orders to shoot them if they persisted in doing so. These were harsh orders, but the occasion demanded them. The poor wretches were certainly in a dilemma. To sit down was death; to stand up was almost as bad. This way of dealing with the prisoners had undoubtedly a salutary effect. The striker, by the time he was released, learned sufficient to make him extremely cautious in the future about drawing a revolver, especially upon a marine.

In the depot there was a small dining-room where coffee and buns could be had for fifteen cents. This dining-room had a fascination for certain of the "boys"; partly because it had a familiar look, and partly because the meal that morning was unusually scanty. At any rate, the place was soon doing a thriving business. Those members of the guard who did not possess the necessary fifteen per, gazed wistfully at their more fortunate brethren performing the magical operation of turning eatables into men. Now, here was a problem for solution; how were they, without money and without friends, going to participate in the performance. Dr. O'Malley was the first to solve the problem. Nor did he find any difficulty in doing so. Seeing no reason why a man in the service of the state should be denied anything that would contribute to the comfort of his stomach, he walked boldly into the place and sat himself down at the counter. He gave the necessary order, and in such a way that one would think he was loaded down with wealth. No doubt the proprietor of the place thought of him in this light. But if he did, how sadly he must have been disappointed; for when O'Malley had sufficiently satisfied his wants, he called the proprietor to him, and in a matter of fact way told him that he was sorry but he had no money to pay for what he had eaten. The man was astounded; but what could he do? His property was gone and could never be recalled. Grin and bear it was all that was left for him.

O'Malley never waited to see the effect of his words, but slowly walked away, as though what he had done was perfectly proper. Not satisfied with this, he made others acquainted with his solution. Running across two of the members of the company, who were loudly bemoaning their sad fate of being without money in a strange land, and thus barred, as

they thought, from disposing of a large cup of extra fine coffee, he offered to aid them in securing what they wished. Telling them to follow him, he made his way to the counter again. The proprietor had hardly recovered from the previous shock, when O'Malley, addressing him again, saying, "Now, here is an opportunity for you to do an act of charity. These two men left their homes in such a hurry that they neglected to take with them any money. Give them something to eat, and you will be rewarded for it at some future day." The man collapsed. It was impossible to refuse such a request, when backed by such a powerful battery of gall. The men received what they wished for. And O'Malley was twice blessed. First, he was blessed by the proprietor of the place. This blessing, however, was of a negative nature. Secondly, he was blessed—and this was a positive blessing—by his two comrades. The way being once known, many worked out the problem. It is safe to say that about half of the business that that coffee establishment did that day was charged to profit and loss.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the regiment was formed and marched to Ninth and D streets. Here it was decided that the First Regiment should pitch its tents. A lot of work was planned out by Col. Graham for the militia, and in order that this work be done well, it was necessary to break camp at the Capitol grounds, and pitch camp near the field of action. From this time on the men could not complain of not having something to do.

While we were at the depot orders had been given to each company to detail six men, one from each tent, to assist in breaking camp at the Capitol grounds. These details were placed under the command of Captain Marshall, of Company A, and Lieutenant Filmer of Company B, and marched back to the camp. The reason why one man was selected from each tent was that the man selected would see that the property of his tent crowd was packed together and rolled inside of the tent, so that when it came to pitching camp at Ninth and D streets each tent crowd would have no trouble in finding their property. Quartermaster Sergeant Clifford, Privates Hayes, Overstreet, Baumgartner, Gilkyson and Warren were detailed from Company B.

Arriving at the camp about noon the detail of Company B decided to lunch before starting to work. Baumgartner, who

is quite partial to the frothed liquid, and who, at the same time, knew his comrades' fondness for the beverage, suggested that a magic wand in the shape of a tin pail and about fifty cents be employed to make the liquid materialize. Lieutenant Filmer generously contributed the fifty, while the rest of the detail contributed the pail. Baumgartner was then passed through the lines, magic wand in hand, in search of a rock to smite.

While waiting, Quartermaster Sergeant Clifford went about preparing lunch. It was the same old menu that had been served for seven days—corned beef, cheese, and bread. The men were used to it now, and looked for it as they would for the coming of the night. Being a little short of butter, the Quartermaster hastened to the officers' mess tent to see if a slice happened to remain from the morning meal. There was, "Praise Jehovah," more than a slice of butter. Boxes, containing canned oysters, corn, tongue, lobster, prepared beans, and deviled ham, carelessly left open, met his gaze. His thoughts, as his eyes lingered fondly upon these delicacies, seemed to say, "You'll be mine, by and by." Hastily opening his shirt, he placed, in a lovable way, can after can next to his breast. (Any one who has ever seen Clifford on an expedition of this kind knows the expansive qualities of his shirt.) Then, laden with spoils, or rather luxuries, he darted like a flash down the company's street into his tent, where that noble box, could it but speak, would tell of many such takings, was waiting to receive the treasure. Private Hayes, noticing the hasty move, followed the Quartermaster, and desired to know where such things could be had. Learning their whereabouts, he lost no time in also relieving the mess tent of a fair shirtfull, and then returning to have them stowed away in the Quartermaster's box. Sergeant Clifford, not wishing to do any thing by halves, innocently inquired, "Billy, did you leave any thing?" Hayes, in surprise, answered, "Why, yes, I think there is a couple of cans left." "Well, now, that's too bad," says Clifford, and away he hastened, thinking of the remorse he would have to endure should he fail to secure those remaining cans. Quickly securing these, he made another grand bolt for the noble box. Scarcely had he reached his tent, when Commissary Sergeant Fitzgerald entered the officers' mess tent; he was n't in that tent a second when he staggered backward out again, his eyes bulging out of his head. Throwing his arms convulsively in the air, he exclaimed in heartrending tones, "Oh, God! what is this?" The shock he received was a terrible one.



Recovering himself, the agonizing look on his face gave place to one of fierceness. A bloodthirsty look came into his eyes. Suddenly realizing Clifford's taking propensities, he made a bee line for the company's street. Woe to the man upon whom Fitz laid his heavy hand. Hayes, however, was on the lookout. Seeing Fitz charging for the street, he immediately warned the quartermaster sergeant that Fitz was on the warpath. Quick as a flash the box was closed and locked. It was none too soon, for immediately after Fitz appeared upon the scene perfectly wild. "Clifford," he yelled, "did you take anything out of that tent?" "What tent?" asked Clifford. The apparent innocence displayed by the quartermaster seemed to lift any doubt that Fitz entertained concerning his connection with the affair. So he quickly started off on another trail. Clifford came very near to owing the company a dollar, for it nearly terminated in being a complete shave for him instead of a close one.

Baumgartner having returned from his mission, all hands made ready for lunch. A couple of cans of oysters and tongue were opened in honor of the raid on the commissary stores. It is needless to say that the meal was relished. Right after lunch the men started to take down the tents. Owing to limited number of trucks the work of removal was very slow.

In the course of the afternoon the brigade commissary sent over for a few men to carry the commissary stores to the sidewalk, and thence be loaded upon the trucks. Quartermaster Clifford and Private Overstreet volunteered their assistance, not, however, from entirely selfish motives. In the natural run of events they succeeded in relieving the brigade larder of a number of useful things, such as canned beans, sugar, potted ham, and soap.

At about five o'clock the work of demolishing was completed. The details were united and marched to Ninth and D streets, where the opposite process, of erecting tents, was going on.

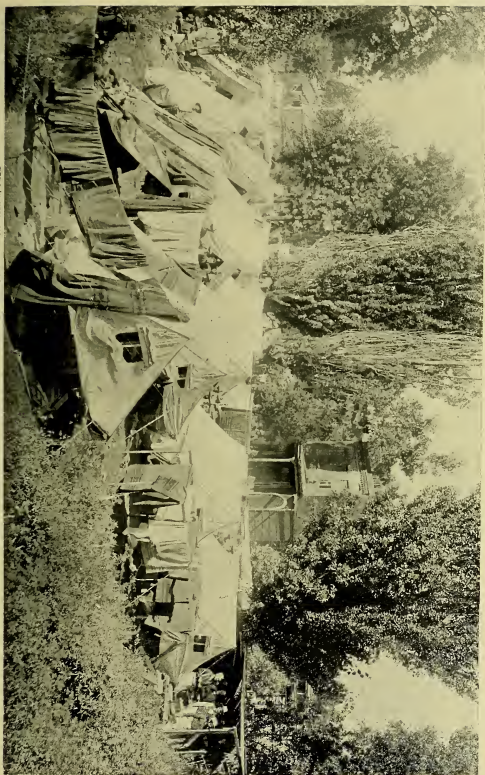


## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FIRST REGIMENT AT NINTH AND D STREETS.

**O**N receiving the order to go into camp the regiment was formed at the east end of the depot and marched down the tracks to Ninth and D streets, where we were met by the baggage wagons conveying our camp outfit, tents, knapsacks, etc., from the Capitol grounds, which were henceforth occupied only by the 6th and 8th regiments.

Headquarters were quickly established on the grounds of a vacant house occupying the northwest corner of Ninth and D streets, and the order to establish camp given. Now every thing became a scene of confusion. Willing hands soon unloaded the baggage-wagons and men from each company carried the rolled tents to the ground they were to respectively occupy. Now did the rule of "taking" as established by that king of vandals, Clifford, again come into use. Far-seeing men of the Jack Wilson and Sam Wise type, scenting a chance for plunder, generously offered their services to that greatly worried individual Commissary Sergeant Fitzgerald. Thankfully accepting the extraordinary offer, he set them to work carrying the commissary stores, including a great many boxes of pears and plums, into the vacant building in rear of the headquarters. On this fruit, it soon appeared, had Wilson and Wise and their cohorts cast an evil eye. Thus does it now appear, though, in justice to these skillful foragers, it



BIRD-EYE VIEW OF FIRST REGIMENT CAMP, NINTH AND D STREETS, SACRAMENTO, CAL.



should be admitted that they offered very plausible excuses when, a few hours later, a dozen or so boxes of fruit were found carefully stowed away in their tents. It was now plain that "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" had become a well-established rule.

The work of raising the tents went busily forward. On account of the narrowness of the road company street formation was used, giving each company a separate street of four tents on each side; the first tents on the left of the street being occupied by the captain and lieutenants. By this means simply the road was used, the sidewalk being left open.

True it is that campaigning sharpens the wits. On every occasion that one man thought to gain an advantage over his fellows he was sure to find others carefully watching the same opportunity. Thus it was on the Capitol grounds when one tent crowd thought to carry off an old torn tent to use as a floor cloth, but found it necessary to have a rough and tumble fight with every other tent crowd on the street before they secured the coveted prize. And so it was at our new camp. We had no sooner seen the ground on which we were to camp than we knew hay would arrive to be used as beds, four bales for each company. Men from B began to lay in wait for the hay, with the laudible object in view of capturing an extra bale or so. They found men of the other companies equally alert, however. The hay soon arrived, and in spite of the efforts of Major Jansen, who tried to see even-handed justice done, the bales first from one side and then from the other walked off in the most mysterious manner. On taking stock after the scramble, it was found that B, through the agency of Flanagan, McCulloch, Murphy, and O'Brien, had become the proud possessors of six life-sized bales, which were quickly cut up and distributed in order to avoid discovery. Suspicion was also averted by sending the meek and lowly Bannan down toward the now empty wagon to "raise a kick" for more hay.

The work of building the canvas city on Ninth street was soon completed. At this place Ninth street had but one open end, at its crossing with D the railroad track built upon the levee, which is here about twelve feet above the street, cutting off the block at about C street. The tents of C company, having the left of the second battalion, were pitched close to this embankment, the others running out towards D street in the order of their positions in the battalions.

The large building mentioned before, on the grounds of which the headquarters tents had been pitched was taken possession of the hospital corps in front and the commissary department in the rear.

This house, though large and apparently well built, appeared to have been vacant for a year or two at the least; and it was not long before the irrepressible Doc Sieberst, in the course of his wanderings after adventure, learned (it is alleged from the members of the Japanese mission across the street who sang so sweetly night and morning), that this self-same house was haunted. This set his fertile brain at work, and he appeared on B street a few minutes later with the light of genius shining from his eyes, such as beams out upon us when he holds us spellbound by his wonderful rendition of that classic German poem "Schneider's Ride." Gathering his "heelers," musical and otherwise, around him, he explained his discovery and the use to which it was to be put. As the dusk of evening fell o'er our quiet canvas city, marshalled forward to the fence in full view of headquarters, with outstretched arms and pointing fingers, we roared as in the Bells of Corneville,

"That house is haunt-ed,

"That house is haunt-ed,

"That house is haunt-ed, ted, ted, ted, ted, ted.

"That house is haunt-ed,

"That house is haunt-ed,

"That house is haunt-ed, ted, ted, ted, ted."

The effect was said to have been beautiful, tho' it must be confessed we did not wait to investigate; we had pressing business elsewhere.

We knew, when the brigade was placed under the command of Colonel Graham at the railroad yards, that our longed-for chance for active service had come. Colonel Graham was too well known for us to imagine for a moment that our idle days would continue. And he proved us right; for on this first day at the new camp he called for a detail from the First to relieve that of the regulars at the American river bridge, about four miles northeast of our camp. Later on, on account of the large number of men from the regiment on duty each day as track and train and bridge guards, our colonel found it best to send to each place details composed entirely of men from one company. On this occasion, however, the guard was made up of details from the different companies. B's detail was composed of Corporal McCulloch, Privates Heeth, Heizman, McKaig, O'Brien, and Keane, and detailed from the hospital

corps, as medical assistant, Dr. Tom McCulloch. A great deal of interest centered round this guard, as, in heavy marching order, it formed in front of headquarters under charge of First Lieutenant Eggert of F. Amongst the enlisted men it was not known what duty was to be assigned to it. The men on the guard joshed the unlucky ones, who gathered round watching the preparations and trying to catch an idea of its destination. Supper had not yet been served, so, standing in line, while Quartermaster Cluff and Commissary Sergeant Fitzgerald filled their canteens with black coffee and their haversacks with crackers, the men munched greedily on canned corned beef sandwiches, by calling the which "ham," they succeeded in swallowing.

While this hasty meal was going on, much advice, good and bad, though generous, was offered by the facetious private, who stood with his hands deep in his pockets, his head cocked on the side, and his campaign hat hanging on by a few stiff hairs in back, as he viewed his comrades with the critical eye he intended to use when *he* became colonel. He kept a close watch on Adjutant Williams, however, as he shouted out his advice to "Shoot first, and then challenge." "Keep 'im covered 'till you can find out what the papers will say, Bill." "Gimme a lock of yer hair, Tommy"? or "If you get a chance, give 'em one for us, boys." The men on the guard simply grinned in answer as they ate their scanty supper, feeling the superiority of their position. The guard, having finished the meal, was marched to the tracks on the levee above the camp, where they were placed on a train composed of a flat-car in front and a day-coach in rear of an engine, and were whirled off down the track toward the American River.

This guard having been dispatched, another detail was called for from each company, and a guard formed and placed on duty at the lower end of the yards.

The detail from B for this guard consisted of Corporal Wilson and Privates Overstreet, Perry, Powleson, Radke R., Radke G., Sindler, Shula, and Sieberst.

The work demanded of this guard was decidedly onerous. They had several hundred yards of track to guard, all closely crowded with fruit-cars. The beats of the sentries, too, were none of the safest. These, with but one or two exceptions, lay between the crowded lines of cars, dark as a pocket at night, and very little better during the day.

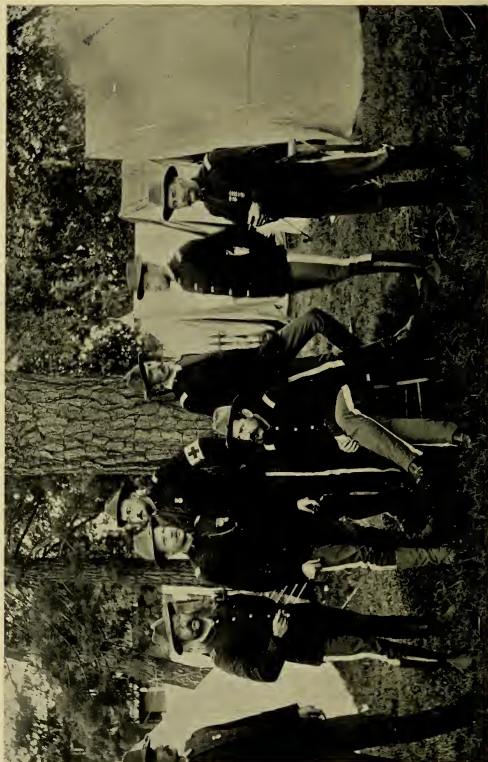
The practice firing of the Eighth Regiment, which so aroused the American river bridge guard, startled these men as well, Privates Perry and Shula, ever ready in an emergency, mounting to the top of a box-car, and threatening to shoot the first man who showed his head above the bushes in the marsh which stretched away for a mile north to the river. Luckily, however, they were not called upon for an exhibition of their prowess.

The work of pitching camp being finished, and the excitement over the departure of their comrades having subsided, our hungry soldiers, as is ever the case when at a loss for other amusement, turned their attention to their appetites, which, on investigation, they found to be quite keen. It was generally known on leaving the Capitol grounds that company mess was to be established, and soon eager voices were heard inquiring about supper. The meal served that night was one long to be remembered. A meal prepared under a combination of disadvantages rarely brought together on one occasion. Everything was confusion, and kicking, growling, and general dissatisfaction reigned supreme. The aching void felt by each lusty trencher-man urged him to lend his individual presence, and the aid of his voice in adding to the confusion, and causing greater delay. Our quartermaster was heard to remark that he received enough punishment that night to counterbalance all the "snaps he ever had."

The commissary department was not yet ready to issue rations and would not be until 7 o'clock. Some of the companies had bought food, prepared a meal, and were eating before B had a sign of supper in sight. This was soon discovered by our hungry warriors, and the wail of anguish that went up in B street was heartrending. Captain Cook was, of course, immediately notified, and getting on one of his proverbial moves, he went to the quartermaster to learn why the other companies were eating and B. still waiting. The quartermaster explained; and then, resolving to make another effort to save the lives of his starving comrades, who had not even yet ceased to make inquiries about that supper that was not, started for the commissary department to see if it were possible to get any thing to appease the appetites of those hungry mortals of Company B. Presently loud words in the direction of the commissary department, accompanied by a rattle of tinware, attracted the attention of every one.







A GROUP OF FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT INFANTRY.

Inquiry as to the cause elicited the fact that B's quartermaster was trying to "take" a ham, and, being caught, tried to argue the point with Commissary Fitz, but was finally forcibly ejected.

Seven o'clock came and went, and still no rations. Something must be done immediately; and it was now that the little "takings" of the quartermaster showed their value. A fire was quickly started, and three scantlings lashed together at one end, forming a tripod, were placed over it; from the center a wire was suspended and the coffee-pot (captured and held for ransom) placed thereon. In a short time water was boiling and coffee made. The coffee and pot having played their part, the prepared beans, which simply needed heating to be very palatable, so neatly added to the company larder that afternoon by the quartermaster, and that very apt pupil in the art of "taking," Private Hayes, were then brought into service. Emptying five cans of them into a tin bucket they were placed over the fire to warm. About the time the regimental commissary department issued one boiled ham, twelve loaves bread, one roll of butter, and six dozen eggs. Willing hands and hungry mouths set to work making and marring sandwiches. Prominent among the mouth contingent was Sergeant Sieberst who was noticed to eat more than he made, and after a heated argument with the Emperor's finest, Paul Rupp, was told to amuse himself keeping the fire up. He was nothing loath, the beans being already very palatable. But Private Hayes, who had noticed the facility with which the worthy Sergeant could "turn a sandwich into a man," told him not to bother about the fire. Hayes was not a man to lend a hand to acquire anything and then get left himself. Quartermaster Clifford has learned this to be a fact, as since the campaign, he has discovered the cause of certain mysterious disappearings of canned oysters and a few other articles of more or less gastronomic value.

The sandwiches were finally all made; and after the beans were thoroughly warmed, the eggs were put on and in a short time boiled hard. Imagine the inconvenience of cooking one article at a time, with a lot of hungry men waiting, like vultures, to devour it. It was fully 8 o'clock when supper was ready to be served. Each man stepped up and received two sandwiches, one egg, a small quantity of beans, and a cup of coffee. Another great disadvantage was the lack of tin plates,

cups, forks, and spoons. There had been enough for about one-half the company served out to us, and when one man finished with a cup or plate, it was passed to another who had not yet been served. This, it was rumored among the boys, was another stroke of economic genius on a par with that "ample" breakfast and dinner of the 4th of July, by our brilliant minded Adjutant General Allen, late 2d Lieutenant Commissary Department Missouri State Volunteers. Nobody, on this occasion, waited for fork or spoon, but used a piece of wood or any thing else that might answer the purpose. Occasionally the quartermaster's voice could be heard denouncing some hungry man for "repeating." After all had "scored," some being still hungry, sent to a neighboring store and purchased canned stuffs and crackers. Some took the entire situation good naturedly, but all seemed to think it necessary to stand round and echo the appeals of their inner man.

Had we been camped in a strange country, with no base of supplies, we could hardly have been thrown more on our own resources than we were, camped in the city of Sacramento, the very town in which our adjutant general, who is quartermaster and commissary general also of the National Guard of California has his headquarters.

Here was a commissary department under the direct eye of its chief thrown into such confusion by a simple change of camp that in a regiment of seven companies, six were forced to buy their own provisions, and the Seventh, waiting to be served, finally received enough to satisfy about one-half their number, the coffee and beans, be it remembered, not being issued by the commissary department. And as if this alone were not bad enough, the men were obliged, on account of the scarcity of tin cups and plates, on which valuable articles some military wiseacre had thought well to economise, to wait in squads for their meal, which some did not taste until after 9 o'clock.

Tattoo, at 9:15, found the men of B still airing their grievances; yet, having at least partially appeased their appetites, they willingly retired to their tents, where, of course, the orator of each tent crowd continued to hold forth. Taps came, and still the flow of oratory continued. On all such occasions as this, our watchful captain would wander down one side of the street and up the other, pull back the fly of each tent as he passed, poke his head slowly in and make his usual request to "Let's have a little quiet." It was on this occasion, we

believe, that Johnny Gilkyson, of the wild Irish tent, the fighting drummer, stunned our worthy captain and nearly convulsed his tentmates by replying "How much worth, Captain?" Surprised at his own audacity, Johnny dived under the blanket of his bunky, who was nearly choked in his efforts to smother his laughter.

Breakfast the next morning, that of Friday the 13th, served at 6 o'clock, found the men waiting and willing. This meal, prepared in the same manner as that of the previous evening, consisted of boiled eggs, bread, and coffee. This was, really, our first day at this new camp, work having been begun so late the day before that little more had been done than pitch the tents. After breakfast had been disposed of, the men of B, as of the other companies too, set to work with a will to put the street, their future home for nobody knew how long, into a habitable condition. Few shirked the work, and all seemed anxious to show that they had recovered from last night's ordeal. Some secured planks from a neighboring sidewalk and stretched them across their tents at about the center to keep the hay used for beds from spreading; others made gun-racks of stray pieces of lumber to keep their rifles from the dust; while others took a hand-car, made a trip up the line some three or four hundred yards to the lumber-yard and secured material, out of which Monahan was soon busy manufacturing tables and benches. But by far the most important work undertaken was the improvisation of a fireplace over which all future meals must be prepared. During the morning the captain issued orders giving full charge of the kitchen to Quartermaster Clifford and appointing Musician Paul Rupp company cook. Having been given charge of the kitchen, Clifford, aided by Sergeant Sturdivant, set to work at the fireplace. Taking the hand-car previously used that morning to carry lumber, Ramm, Clifford, Kelly, Monahan, and Flanagan went on a foraging expedition to the railroad shops to secure the necessary material. Needless to say, they took every thing in sight light enough to carry. They overhauled a "dead" engine, securing wrenches, shovel, pick, pokers, and several other more or less handy articles. Longing eyes they cast on a pile of lanterns locked up in a caboose, but house-breaking, at least, was beyond them. In the yard they discovered a piece of sheet-iron to be used as a top for the stove, which was made of bricks, a short stovepipe, and a piece of iron pipe about twelve feet long, by bending which,

at about four feet from each end, and driving the ends into the ground, a very serviceable substitute for fork and spit was made and used thenceforth to hang pots and kettles over an open fire. Thus, in a comparatively short time, our company kitchen was created and in operation. The railroad tracks, with the exception of the main line, were blocked at this place by hundreds of fruit-cars, loaded before the strike for Eastern shipment. During the day some skillful operator or break-beam artist managed to open one of these, and a general raid was made on the fruit by the regiment. It seems needless to add that B secured a few boxes of pears; only a few, thirty or forty or so. Pears, raw or stewed, appeared on the menu at each meal from now until we left for Truckee.

On the first day or two of this system of company mess, affairs did not seem to run as smoothly as was anticipated. The cooks were forced to chop their own wood and wash the dishes; and though there was food thrown away after each meal, many of the men were growling about not getting enough to eat. This was finally remedied by having the first sergeant detail squads each day to do the necessary kitchen work. This system proved an entire success and a great improvement, the meals being prepared more quickly, served better, and less food wasted. As a sample of the detail made each morning, we insert that for Wednesday, July the 18th, the last day of our stay in this camp at Ninth and D streets.

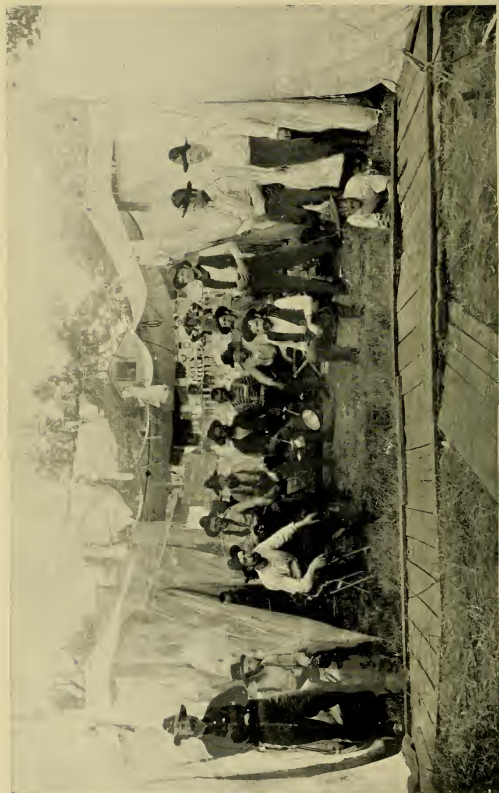
#### DETAIL FOR CAMP WORK JULY 18, 1894.

Keane, Wise, McKaig, dishwashers; T. McCulloch, O'Brien, woodchoppers; Monahan, Overstreet, O'Malley, cook helpers; Perry, Powlesen, R. Radke, G. Radke, Stealey, Sieberst, waiters.

Later on, when enough plates, cups, knives, and forks had been issued by the commissary department to furnish each man with a separate kit, the necessity for appointing dishwashers was done away with, as each man was supposed to use and keep clean his own kit.

During the day several trips were made from the camp down the line to the American river bridge. One in the forenoon by Major Burdick, escorted by some of B's best marksmen, another under Corporal Jack Wilson, who was looking for adventure, but found only hard work; and still





CO. B STREET WHILE CAMPED AT NINTH AND D STREETS, SACRAMENTO, CAL.



another in the afternoon by Kelly, Unger, and Monahan, who were out on a foraging expedition. These latter went armed with revolvers, pumping with one hand and holding their instruments of destruction in the other. On returning from their successful expedition they noticed an empty car just outside the lines of the lower track guard crowded with a dozen or more disreputable looking characters, tramps in all probability. On arriving at the guard-house of the track guard they informed the officer in charge, who sent a detail down on their car to make the arrest. We have received information from a reliable source that a most determined resistance, a fight to the death, would have been made had not the opposing forces caught sight of Van Sieberst, thirsting for gore, whose face with its hirsute adornment of curly black whiskers, one "Wandering Willie" was heard to remark, would get up steam in a dead engine. So the arrest was made and the prisoners, a dozen or more, were marched up the line to general headquarters.

At 6 p. m. the guards for the succeeding twenty-four hours were formed and sent out, Company G, as a whole, relieving the American river bridge guard, and guards, formed of details from the different companies, relieving the lower and upper track guards; that relieving the lower having no men from B, though commanded by Lieutenant Filmer, and that relieving the upper, under charge of Lieutenant Lundquist, having with them Sergeant Kelly, Corporal Burdick, and privates Bannan, Williams, Gilkyson, Frech, Flanagan, Crowley, Zimmerman, and Baumgartner, detailed from B.

The work required of this, as of the lower track guard, was most decidedly none of the easiest. Many narrow, dark streets and alleys ran into the tracks along which the sentries of this guard were posted, the tracks running within a few feet of the corners of these streets, necessitating extreme watchfulness on the part of the men. An unwary sentinel could be knocked senseless at any of these dark corners without the least difficulty or chance of exposing the assailant to the view of the other sentries.

We in camp passed the evening quietly. This splitting up of the company seemed to act as a damper on the spirits of the men. Little of such hilarity as was indulged in on the Capitol grounds being even thought of here. Doubtless one of the main reasons for this could be found in the fact that

it was more the rule than the exception that out of a tent crowd of six or seven there would be but three or two, or sometimes only one, left in camp to occupy the tent.

“The shades of night were falling fast”

o'er our little city of white, tattoo had sounded, and those who had not already retired were sleepily preparing to do so, when bang! bang! bang! went several shots down the line in the direction of the lower track guard over whose destinies Lieutenant Filmer, of “Ours,” presided. Not waiting for the long roll, which was quickly sounded, nor for the calls of our first sergeant to “Fall in!” “Fall in!” those of us who were awake and dressed quickly buckled on our belts, snatched our rifles from the racks, and “Fell in” in the company street. The excitement was intense, and increasing every moment. Excitable men were dodging in and out of their tents, forgetting their belts, forgetting their rifles, forgetting every thing, it would seem, but the fact that some one either was or had been “blazing away” down the line. One, almost delirious, was racing back and forth, shouting to our busy first sergeant, high above the noise created by the others: “Al, will I get my leggins?” “Al, will I get my belt?” “Al, will I get my gun?” “Al, will I——.” “Shut up, and fall in,” almost yelled our harassed sergeant, as he wheeled round on the luckless wanderer, who jumped into his tent, and appeared the next moment, shouting: “Al, will I get——,” but “Al” was not to be seen, and the anxious questioner who “was not scared, far from it,” he only wanted to be told what regalia to appear in on such an august occasion, was compelled to fall in with the less punctilious members of the company.

At the other end of the street an equally amusing scene was enacting. Charlie Perry, who had just finished a long twenty-four hours of guard duty, had gone soundly to sleep, but at the first note of alarm, dimly realizing that long roll had sounded, jumped from his blankets, dressed like a flash, grasped his rifle, and sprang forth from his tent. Still half asleep, he arrived in the middle of the street, brandishing his rifle, and threatening to “blow the head off” of every striker in Sacramento. It took all of the muchly-overworked “Al’s” persuasive powers to get the redoubtable Charlie into the ranks, where he undoubtedly would have done much to make his promise good had the opportunity offered.

The opportunity did not offer, however. At the first note of the long roll the captain dispatched two men down a narrow alley, which appeared to afford a short cut in the direction of the firing, to investigate how far the alley was open. They reported it open for at least a block, affording a chance for a quick passage to the street below, which led directly to the tracks at the point where the track guard was posted.

By this time the cause of the firing had been discovered. A sentry, posted near the crossing of Tenth street and the tracks close to the point at which Tenth street becomes simply a road through the marsh between the levee and the river, was the primary cause of the excitement. He had been one of our later arrivals. Coming up the river on the boat he had come in contact with two disreputable looking characters, who made it their business to advertise the fact that they were ex-convicts, and boasted loudly of what they intended to do, on their arrival, to the "blue coats."

While pacing his beat he noticed these same two strolling round, just outside the lines, in a most suspicious manner. Finally, making up his mind to question them, he challenged. Not waiting for a second call, the supposed ex-convicts rushed across the road, and over a low fence into a barnyard. The sentry opened fire in the direction in which they had run, and kept it up lustily, though the night was so dark he could not see objects clearly thirty feet from his beat. Great was the excitement of the guard, as, led by Lieutenant Filmer, the reliefs not on duty rushed down to the scene of the firing. But by this time the rattle of musketry had ceased, and the only sound to be heard was the groan of some wounded creature in the barnyard. On investigation it proved to be a horse, so badly hurt as to make it necessary, next morning, to put the poor animal beyond reach of pain.

This, indeed, proved a rather tame ending to all the excitement at camp, but thus it was.

To go back to the American river bridge guard. After a cautious run of about fifteen minutes the train arrived at the bridge. Most of the railroads in this county are built on the levees. At this point on the American the levees on either side are about one-half a mile from the banks of the river. Consequently, while the bridge over the river proper is of no great length, the approaches of trestle-work on each side from the levee to the bridge form a very extensive work to guard,

in all fully a mile and a quarter in length. There were two bridge-tender's houses raised on piles, and connected with the track by a small platform large enough to hold a hand-car for the use of the tender. These houses were built one at each end of the bridge proper, or just over the banks of the river. On account of the nature of the ground, the guard was divided into three sections, the first of about twenty-five men, under Lieutenant Dumbrell of C, relieving the regulars on guard at the nearer end of the trestle; the second of about ten men, under First Sergeant McNally of G, relieving those who, stationed at the first tender's house, guarded about one hundred yards of trestle and the bridge; and the third, composed of the remainder of the guard, under Lieutenant Eggert of F, relieving those who guarded the half-mile of trestle on the farther side of the river. With this latter guard went the squad from B, under Corporal McCulloch. His brother, the doctor, expecting this to be the point at which his services would be most liable to be called for, was also stationed here. This bridge duty proved to be what the boys called a "snap." The third division of the guard bivouacked on the bank of the river, a little to the rear of the bridge-tender's house. A camp fire was lighted, details for guard made, and the sentries for the succeeding two hours posted at intervals in the shadow of the trestle, along its half-mile of length. The men, tired with their day's work at pitching camp, and one at least of B's men, having served night and day on the two just preceding days, rolled in their blankets, stretched themselves on the windward side of the fire, with their feet as close to it as the combustibility of leather would allow, and composed themselves to sleep. This sleeping, however, quickly proved a most difficult undertaking. They thought that their Sacramento experience had made them "skeeter proof"; but the present experience surpassed their wildest imagination. They heard not the hum, but the flapping of the wings, of countless swarms. One facetious young man claimed he had killed a bat; but it was found to be only an innocent mosquito, who had intended relieving the soldier of one of his brass buttons. Now the smoke of the fire came into use; but these did not seem to be the kind of mosquitoes you read about; they were impervious to smoke, much to the disgust of the men. Lying there, the lucky ones with handkerchiefs over their faces, the poor harassed soldiers would hear, first, a song of "cousin-n-n," as a thirsty skeeter hovered over his prey,

and then a vindictive "ping-ng-ng" as he swooped down on some exposed spot. The victim's turn would now come, however, and a vigorous slap would be heard, then a grunt of satisfaction, or a growling voice inviting the escaped marauder to take a pleasant journey to unknown regions. However, sleep will come under almost any circumstances to the really tired, and the men gradually fell asleep in spite of their winged tormentors. They had rested less than half an hour when they were sharply wakened by four or five shots fired in quick succession, followed by yells for the "Corporal of the guard." In a flash a dozen or more had thrown off their blankets, grasped their rifles, and were running along over the uneven ground, led by Lieutenant Eggert, in the direction of the shots. This run proved how ineffective was this method of posting the sentries on the ground. At places a sentry who had to patrol one hundred yards of bridge could not see ten paces from him, and had to pick his way carefully over the uneven ground, and, in one place, around the edge of a swamp. Calling as they went, the guard continued to run in the direction in which the shots had been heard, and came upon the sentry, after having run a full half-mile. He was stationed at the extreme end of the trestle, at the point where it meets the levee on which the remainder of the road is built. He had fired, he said, on two men coming along the levee toward the trestle, and who had run down the embankment and across the field on being challenged. The commander of the guard, after questioning the sentry closely, decided to double the number of sentries, and consequently the length of time to serve, and stationed them on instead of under the bridge, warning the men to avoid, as far as possible, exposing themselves against the sky-line. The new sentries were posted in squads of two at about every third water barrel along the bridge. B's men, all of whom had joined in the run toward the firing, were placed on this new detail. Nothing further of an exciting nature happened during the night; but some thing of a most disgraceful nature did happen during the four hours, from 10 P. M. till 2 A. M., this same detail were on guard. Private O'Brien of B, who, with Private McKaig of the same company, was stationed at posts 6 and 7, growing cramped and cold in his crouching position, decided, at about 1 A. M., to warm himself by patrolling in the direction of posts 8 and 9. He was promptly challenged by the sentries at these posts, and, on his coming

back, McKaig decided to patrol in the direction of Nos. 4 and 5. Moving carefully along over the ties, and keeping a sharp lookout, he expected each moment to be challenged. He was not, however, and, wondering whether he had miscalculated the distance, kept on. Soon a most surprising sight met his eyes. The two sentries, not men of B company, we are most heartily glad to say, were stretched across the ties, sound asleep, with their loaded rifles lying by their sides. No punishment is too severe for such a crime. Little account need be taken of such an occurrence were the worthless lives of the culprits the only ones in jeopardy; but a sentry on duty at a camp, where the lives of his comrades depend on his watchfulness, or when on any other important guard duty, who deliberately lies down and sleeps at his post, as these two had evidently done, merits any punishment, no matter how severe. In the case of these two worthies it would seem to be a common practice, for they were again found asleep under the bridge while on duty next day.

At 2 A. M. the first detail, which had now served four hours, was relieved, use being made for that purpose of a hand-car on which Major Burdick, accompanied by his Adjutant, Lieutenant Hosmer, had come down the track on a tour of inspection a few moments before, bringing with him a most welcome pot of coffee and can of sandwiches. Of the latter, however, the detail just relieved saw little, each man getting about half a sandwich, the other men of the guard, who had been refreshed by four hours of sleep, having thought it their duty to see that the sandwiches were properly disposed of before these really tired men arrived at the campfire.

The men on this guard were a most voracious set, as B's detail found out to its sorrow next morning. The rest of the night passed quietly, and daybreak found our men, with the exception of George Heizman, again on guard. On being relieved these men found that breakfast had been already cooked, served, and eaten, great care being taken, as during the night, that nothing should be left for the men who were yet to be relieved. All this, too, in spite of the fact that a B man, Heizman, of whose comrades the present detail was mainly formed, had kindly acted as cook. The tired and hungry men of course "raised a kick," but as usual each individual warmly denied having "doubled up" on his allowance. It was in a heated argument with one of these lusty

eaters, whom he had found seated near the fire letting out a hole or two in his belt, that a B man held that he of the belt was not singly a hog but one of a drove close at hand.

However, the breakfast, which had been a fine one, consisting of coffee, green corn, potatoes (secured at a Chinese ranch some distance up the American), and corned beef hash, in which form alone would the boys now consent to eat that awful canned corned beef, had vanished; and the first detail had still to be fed. Realizing this, George Heizman, who is a real chef, set to work making more coffee and hash, and explained the locality of the ranch from which the corn had been secured. Resolved not to feed less highly than the gourmands of the guard, Kinky McKaig, Billy O'Brien, and a private of A started up the river toward the ranch, which they found after a tramp of about two miles and a half. Here, by means of promises to have the trains running inside of a few days, they secured a sack of corn, half a sack of potatoes, and enough garlic, which they thought were onions, to have sent an Italian army into paroxysms of glee. Returned to camp, they found that Doc Tom McCulloch, had, by using moral suasion, secured a five-gallon can of milk from a rancher on the other side of the river. After such a scramble we may well imagine the meal was enjoyed; and so it might, as it was the best consolation to be obtained, sarcasm making not the slightest impression on their well-fed comrades. The rest of the morning passed quietly, some of the men taking a plunge in the river, and the others stretched lazily about the remains of the previous night's fire "swapping lies." A visit was paid the guard by Corporal Jack Wilson, that worker—of other men—who came down the line on a hand-car, which, however, he kindly allowed others to pump. Not much information was derived from him as to the condition of affairs in town, the amount of pumping he had done on the way down, and who would have to do the work going back, being his sole topic of conversation.

Shortly before noon the guard was startled by a few shots heard in the direction of town, then a volley, and soon round after round was fired as from a gatling gun. The excitement soon became intense, and as the firing continued, the excited men climbed up the bridge at a point from which the white clouds of powder smoke could be seen rising, apparantly, just to the left of the Capitol dome which could be plainly seen high above the trees which hid the rest of the town from

view. Many were the explanations offered, tho' none seemed to doubt it was a battle, and seemingly a very serious one. Some thought the strikers had attacked the depot; others that they had attacked the Third Regiment camp; but far the most popular explanation was that the attack was on the camp of the First at Ninth and D streets. Some stormed furiously at the luck which kept them all this distance from the place where the "fun was going on," while others were perfectly contented thus far out of bullet range, and seemed to think this bridge guard a greater snap than ever. Soon a hand-car bearing Major Burdick came rushing down the line pumped furiously by an excited squad of soldiers. Seeing the car coming, the men rushed down, rolled their blankets, slung their haversacks and canteens, and were starting to climb up onto the bridge, the whole excited guard of about twenty or more expecting to be carried off on a hand-car large enough to hold six.

The major, however, blasted their hopes by telling them that he knew as little about the firing as themselves. He thought, he said, that the regulars were breaking up a camp of strikers farther down toward the Sacramento, and explaining that the strikers would retreat in this direction, ordered out a squad of skirmishers under a corporal to check their advance toward the bridge. Now, as usual, the volunteers were importunate, but the detail was taken by roster and the majority of the volunteers left disconsolate. They were comforted, however, when, shortly after the departure of our anxious major up the line, and of the squad through the bushes down the river, the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun. It gradually dawned on those left behind that this could not have been a battle, could, in fact, be none other than practice by the batteries still on the Capitol grounds; and then the realization of the work before that now unlucky squad made them smile in quiet contentment. Two hours later, worn, weary, and bedraggled, the luckless men straggled into camp, paying no attention to the sarcastic grins of their heartless comrades, but stretching themselves on the ground where they were dismissed, were soon sound asleep. Never a word of thrilling adventure did they offer. The subject was tabooed.

So the day passed. The bridge guards now numbered only four and were posted every hour. Posted by telling the next man for duty to go out and relieve the man who had been on an hour.



Later in the day Tom McCulloch and Billy O'Brien, who had gone to the south side of the bridge to get more milk, provided they had the persuasive powers, met Sergeant Kelly of the Irish gang, Billy Unger the "regular from Arizona," and Lengthy Monahan, who had come down on a hand-car on a foraging expedition, having heard of the green corn. They had bravely ventured down the line armed only with revolvers, scorning the escort of Springfields. Every resident or harmless tramp met on the way was instantly covered by two open mouthed bull-dog revolvers, while the other of the trio of heroes calmly pumped the car out of range. Hearing about the milk McCulloch and O'Brien had come for, Kelly accompanied them to the dairy, where another five-gallon can of milk was secured for the company. Crossing to the other side, O'Brien volunteered to lead them to the Chinese ranch from which the corn had been secured. The distance surprised them greatly, as they had been told the ranch was just outside our lines. This time the Chinaman was very reluctant, but finally picked two sacks of corn, when, in addition to the arguments used by our foragers, he was shown the mechanism of O'Brien's Springfield and the size of a cartridge. In addition to the corn a quantity of potatoes was secured, and, slinging the sacks over their shoulders, the tramp back began. Their surprise at the distance now soon gave place to disgust, and resolutions to quit work for the rest of the campaign were quickly made and broken by these hardy warriors.

As the day advanced Tommy Eggert, of negro minstrel fame, struck up an acquaintance with the bridge-tender's family, and learning they had a banjo, quickly possessed himself of it, promising, with the aid of the guard, to furnish an entertainment unrivaled in history. This he did, to the satisfaction of the guard and his new-made friends, at least. No one acquainted with the versatile Tommy, who has, since the "war," made a record as the nominator of unsuccessful candidates at the late municipal convention, can doubt for a moment the success of his impromptu entertainment. All the musically inclined of the guard stretched themselves on the ground in the deepening shadows and chorused to Tommy's negro ditties.

Shortly before sunset the train bearing the guard for the next twenty-four hours arrived, and the men reluctantly boarded the train which was to carry them back to Sacramento, away from the only pleasant duty they had yet been called upon to per-

form, already looking anxiously forward to the time when they would again be detailed to guard the American river bridge.

The next day, Saturday, the 16th, little of any importance occurred. B street was comparatively deserted, at least half of the company being on guard. Those not on duty were to be found either reclining in the shades of the trees on the grounds of the "Haunted House," or assisting at the few things still necessary to be done about the company street. Monahan, aided by a corps of amateurs, was manufacturing benches. Rupp and his assistant cooks were busy improving the store and preparing for the noon meal. McKaig and O'Brien were taking turns at the washtub, while O'Malley and half a dozen others were stretching a large hospital tent fly, which this same O'Malley, the pill-roller, had purloined from the regimental baggage, over the street from tent to tent, making a most welcome shade. This fly was the envy of all the companies, as the sultry heat of the sun had not abated in the least since our move from the soft grass of the capitol grounds to the hot, dusty street at the railroad yards.

Bearing in mind the grand success achieved by the patent shower bath at our last camp, and longing for the delights of cold water on a warm day, the boys of the regiment soon improvised in a deserted stable in the rear of headquarters another bath quite as successful, tho' not as fancy as the last. This, in fact, needed two to operate—one man "playing the hose," while the other, between gasps, scrubbed himself.

During the morning old "Lou the Vet" had his picture taken. Come, now, don't laugh! Of course, we know Lou never yet missed an opportunity to pose, but in connection with this picture an incident occurred which showed the effect of Lou's forty years of discipline. He had arranged this morning with Lieutenant Hosmer to have himself "kodaked," and was proceeding toward the battalion adjutant's tent, carrying his rifle with him ("parade rest" is Lou's only pose), when he met the colonel and promptly saluted.

"Corporal Townsend," said the colonel, "what is the first duty of a soldier?"

"To obey," answered the corporal, again saluting.

Just at this critical moment, when the extent of Lou's knowledge of "tactics," as the new recruit once called it, was about to be thoroughly investigated Lieutenant Hosmer appeared, bearing the kodak.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Ready!" answered Lou.

The kodak was about to snap, when the colonel ordered "About, face!"

Promptly obeying the order, Lou "came about," and the picture became, not a front, but a rear view.

Lou had shown that he could act as well as answer, and as a reward had his much desired "parade rest" taken.

Later in the day, Lou having occasion to drop in at the hospital, he discovered that there were four unused hair mattresses, neatly covered with bedclothes, stretched on the floor of one of the rooms. What a shock the sight gave him, poor man. He began to feel "symptoms," and soon "had 'em bad." He wandered round the grounds, casting longing looks upward at the windows of the room in which those unused luxuries lay.

"Was he sick enough yet?" he wondered, "or would Doc O'Brien give him pills, not a bed?"

He finally settled the question to his own satisfaction, and seeing Private Hayes standing by the fire, Lou, with a face twice its natural length, slowly approached, and, leaning weakly on the shoulder of the stalwart private, began, in a voice, "hoarse with suffering":

"Hayes—I really—must go to the hospital. This is no — place for—me. It's a great mistake—I feel it now," pressing his hand to his side. "And Hayes, like a good fellow—they're cooking something—here, will you see—that I'm not forgotten—that I get some thing—to eat—when I go to the—hospital?"

"Most certainly I will, Lou," answered Hayes, feeling a great wave of sympathy welling up in his heart of hearts for his poor, stricken comrade.

"Thank you—Hayes," answered poor Lou, in a pain-stricken voice, as he wandered slowly and feebly off toward the hospital and those four neat beds, where, by the practice of his arts, he succeeded in establishing himself as an occupant of one. He now regained his voice and spirits miraculously. Meantime Hayes, with whom pity was but fleeting, went assiduously on with his work as scullery maid, and it was not long before Lou and his sufferings were entirely forgotten. The dinner was cooked and served, and the tired cooks and waiters had seated themselves down to enjoy their own meal. They, too, had almost finished, when O'Malley rushed across

from the hospital and demanded of Hayes the meal he had promised to send Lou. Consternation! What were they to do? Rupp, the careful, never would cook too much; it took the united efforts of all to persuade him to cook enough.

However, making a virtue of necessity, and well knowing Lou's capacity, sick or well, they gathered together a plateful of untouched pieces of stew-meat and potatoes, heaping it to the full with the remainder of their own meal, persuading Clifford, much against his will, to contribute a plate of stewed pears he was then eating, and O'Malley, himself, donating a plate of ice cream, so called, bought at the Japanese mission, Lou's dinner was sent to him, with many kind inquiries as to his health. Later in the day Hayes made a party call on Lou, who, thanking him profusely, declared that day's meal the best he had eaten in Sacramento. Future cooks on future campaigns many, many years hence remember, when cooking for Lou, that quantity, not quality, is the test.

Lou was so well pleased with himself and the world in general on this occasion that he became very facetious, telling a certain visitor that he had discovered, since his incarceration (?) in the hospital, "that the house really was haunted; the spirits were in the closet; have a drink."

All this day the yard engines were busily steaming back and forth, making up trains, and, in the fore part of the afternoon, the first train for the East, carrying with it several Pullman cars, pulled out of the yards. As it passed our camp, at Ninth and D streets, it was cheered long and lustily by the soldiers, who felt that the leaving of many more such trains would be the signal for their return home.

This day undoubtedly saw the breaking of the backbone of the strike. Never was the Sacramento railroad yard so busy as now. Switch engines were dashing back and forth, clearing the tracks and making up long trains of freight and passenger coaches. Many of the firemen and brakemen, who had been forced out against their will and better judgment, were glad of the opportunity to return to work.

Little or no sympathy was felt by the soldiers for the strikers. The majority of them wage-earners themselves, they felt that the great cause of labor against capital was injured, not benefited, by such strikes as these. Never in the history of the world has a strike, great or small, been won by violence; and this was pre-eminently a strike of violence. While pro-

fessing to act peaceably, they had made all possible preparations for even a revolution against the authority of the government. They had sent to all parts of the state, gathering together men the most lawless, and armed them with Winchesters and stolen rifles. They had loaded a car with giant powder and dynamite and rolled it into the station, ready for use—an awful engine of destruction, which, had they succeeded in exploding at the right time, as they most undoubtedly intended to attempt, would have shaken the very city to its foundations, and sacrificed the lives of all, soldier and civilian alike, within hundreds of feet of the depot. They had loaded an old cannon to the muzzle with scrap iron and bullets and planted it in the marsh within two hundred yards of the station, but seemingly lacked the courage, not the desire, to discharge it. And last, though by no means least, they had made the devilish preparations for slaughter described in a former chapter.

Add to this terrible list of at least intended crime that most cold-blooded, red-handed murder of their own comrade, Sam Clark, the engineer, and of the four United States soldiers, who were doing a duty they had taken a most solemn oath to perform when they swore to uphold their country and its laws against all transgressors, and not only the lack of sympathy, but the great and all-absorbing desire to mete out deserving punishment for such a fearful crime, which possessed the citizen soldiery, cannot seem strange. Who or what but a scurrilous daily sheet, cringing and toadying even to such bloodthirsty murderers as these, for the sake of an added subscription or a vote for its owner, should he run for office, could feel kindly toward a cause supported by such methods as these?

We are most heartily, profoundly glad to add here that at least one of the assassins (Worden) who planned and executed the wreck of that train and the murder of their fellow-beings has been sentenced to pay the penalty with his life, and that over the lives of six others the same fate hangs. May full justice be meted out to them.



## CHAPTER IX.

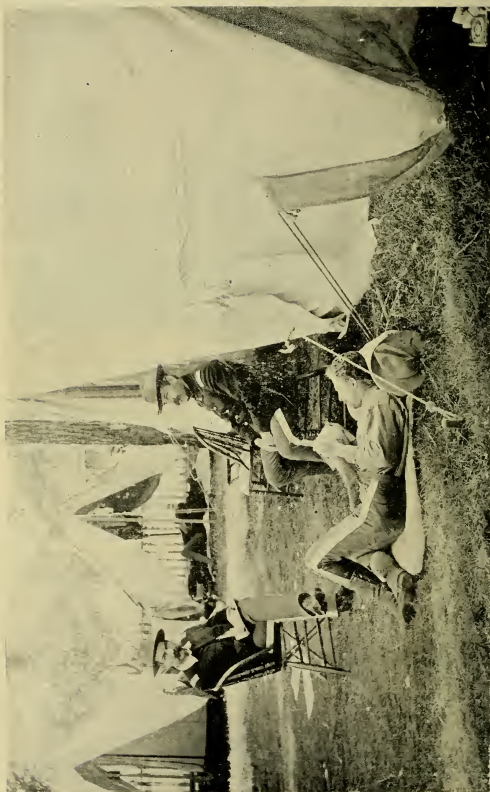
### AT THE AMERICAN RIVER BRIDGE.

**T**OWARD evening B Company received orders to be in readiness to relieve the company on guard at the bridge over the American river. This was hailed as glorious news both by those who had already been there and those who had lived in anticipation of this trip to that paradise of posts. Even to a stranger the eagerness of the men, as they rolled their blankets or packed their haversacks, would plainly indicate some pleasant duty about to be performed. Now, in the minds of many, a grave question arose, prompting those, at least, who had already served at the bridge to avoid all collisions with the captain, namely, "Who should remain behind, in charge of the street and tents?"

Deep was the thought on this vexing subject, when the astounding news spread through the street that Max Claussenius had volunteered to remain in charge. Wonderful self-sacrifice! Of all deeds the most heroic of the campaign!

At six o'clock the upper and lower track guards were relieved, our boys from the upper guard joining the company as it fell in in heavy marching order, preparatory to boarding the train for the bridge. Having received his orders, the Captain led the company to the train, on which we were quickly hurried off toward the bridge.





LIEUT. MC IVER, U. S. A., MAJ. GEO. B. BURDICK, COL. W. F. SULLIVAN.



As the train sped down the line many and great were the efforts of the boys to "fix it with First Sergeant Ramm," so that they might be posted at the most desirable end of the bridge. All seemed to want the same place, the farther end, which Dame Rumor had declared to be the better of the three posts. However, despite the most Trojan efforts, no "fixing" could be done, it having been decided by the powers that be to make no details until we had reached the bridge, and relieved the old guard. This having been done, the following details were made up and announced:

Officer of the day, Captain I. B. Cook.

DETAIL FOR SOUTH SIDE.

Officer of the guard, Lieutenant Filmer; Sergeant W. N. Kelly; Corporals B. E. Burdick and A. McCulloch.

Privates of the guard, Baumgartner, Frech, Fetz, Heath, Heizman, Gehret, Overstreet, Perry, Radke, R., Radke, G., Sieberst, V., Williams, and Wise.

DETAIL FOR CENTER GUARD.

First Sergeant A. F. Ramm; Lance Corporal W. Unger.

Privates Bannan, Gilkyson, Monahan, O'Brien, and Sindler.

DETAIL FOR NORTH SIDE.

Officer of the guard, Lieutenant Lundquist; Sergeants B. B. Sturdivant and W. H. Sieberst; Corporals Wilson and Burtis.

Privates of the guard, Adams, Claussenius, Crowley, Flanagan, Gille, Hayes, Keane, McKaig, Powleson, Stealey, Shula, Tooker, Wear, Wilson, and Warren.

Sergeant Clifford and Musician Rupp looked after the cuisine, intending to do the cooking for all three at the camp of the last detail.

The different details having been made, they were sent each to their respective posts, there to await the arrival of their supper, which was then in course of preparation. The process was slow, extremely slow, the trouble with the dishes still continuing. Finally, the cooks, who had in their hurry entirely lost sight of the center squad, declared enough to feed the guard at the other end had been cooked. Placing the rations for seventeen on a handcar, it was dispatched in all haste to its destination. But when it reached the waiting and watching seventeen it was reduced to rations for ten. The seven doughty warriors posted in the center of the bridge had

found themselves "between the devil and the deep blue sea," and, calling a hasty council, had decided to make a fight for life. Well knowing the advantage to be on the side of the party which strikes the first blow, they solemnly agreed to halt that handcar if it ever came by, demand their rations, and, if none were forthcoming, help themselves, and send the messengers on; on, it would seem, to sudden death, could speech of man kill, when the now extremely slim meal reached those hungry seventeen? Returning, the car came at a furious pace. It was easy to see that a fire-eating delegation had been sent down to inquire into the whys and wherefores. But the center squad cared not. They had dined, and dined sumptuously; and now let "the devil and the deep blue sea" fight it out between them. A compromise was finally made between these two by cooking more, and meantime declaring that "that center squad" had caused all the trouble by not consenting to be starved, as gentlemen should under such circumstances. However, to the center squad this did not seem to give full consolation to the belligerents, as they, the center squad, were most roundly abused each time a handcar passed.

In the mean time sentries had been posted in reliefs of five men each at the north end of the bridge, in reliefs of two in the center, and of four at the south end. The night, cold, a chilly wind blowing steadily down the river, and whistling through the timbers of the bridge, passed quietly at each post. On the north side the watches were extended to three hours, but on the south side and in the center the regulation two hours on and four off was observed. At about midnight the company commander made a tour of the guard on a handcar, signaling with a lantern as he approached each sentry, whose challenges those on the car could not hear, and whose very presence those pumping seemed to ignore, several of the sentries having to spring onto the farthest projecting tie as the car dashed by, grazing their clothes as it passed.

The usual early morning mistakes were made. On the guard at the north side Private Joe Keane mistook the morning star, shining, large and bright, amongst the tops of the swaying trees, for a signal lantern and was proceeding to shoot the "signaler," when the man on the next post assured him of the unfortunate star's identity.

Much amusement was caused on the south side by Private Perry's call, in the early morning, for the corporal of the

guard, asking whether he should shoot a rabbit then in the road, to have, as he expressed it, "something good for breakfast." This guard, indeed, seemed to be a guard of strong sporting propensities. Private Frech of the next relief was seen, a short while after, crawling along the road, almost on hands and knees. His observer stood breathless; surely a dynamiting striker had been discovered. But no; Frech, too, was thinking of that morning's breakfast, and, unlike Perry, intended to "shoot first and challenge afterward." However, his stalking proved a failure, and, returning to his more onerous duties, was content, on being relieved, with his breakfast of bacon, mush, and coffee.

As day broke, the heavy, sultry atmosphere gave promise of a day whose heat we, camped on the banks of a cool, quiet river, felt we need not fear. Few, if any, could resist the temptation of a plunge. Every spare moment was devoted to the river, swimming, wading, plunging, wrestling, ducking, and racing along the stretches of sandy beach, no schoolboys could have enjoyed their holiday more.

The heat in Sacramento must have been terrific. Handcar after handcar, pumped by perspiring humans, who gazed with enraptured eyes on the river as they drew near, came down the line in a long procession.

As far as food was concerned open warfare had now been declared between the three guards. Triangular hostilities, in which the small center squad, but for its extraordinary exertions, appeared sadly in danger of being worsted. However, they avoided further strife by gaining possession of their "raw materials," and then, through Lance Corporal Unger, doing their own cooking. The squad on the south side did the same, Private Heizman acting as chef. This did not entirely settle the question, however. There was our noontide keg of beer; which guard should send to Sacramento for it? Strife had opened anew between the center squad and the guard on the south side. Handcars had come down in such numbers that had a train under escort come through, all could not be removed from the track in time to avoid a collision. Seeing the danger, First Sergeant Ramm ordered his sentries to halt all handcars and call for the corporal of the guard. Shortly after these orders were issued Private Monahan challenged a carload of men from the south guard. Not heeding his call, those in front fixed bayonets, and the others, increasing the speed of their car, rushed at the sentry, who jumped

from the track to the platform to avoid being spitted on the bayonets. This angered the center squad, who then refused to let any more from that guard pass without an order from the officer of the guard. Seeing challenges to be of no avail, the sentry would sit on a box between the tracks, with his back toward the oncoming car, which then invariably stopped before striking him. This, then, was the state of affairs between these two guards when the beer subject was broached. Each guard declared that they, and none other, should send to town for the keg, the more violent men from the south side declaring that, should they send, the center squad need expect but the dregs.

Thus the dispute went on till finally a car from the south guard was sent for the coveted prize.

This beer was ordered to be given to the men at the beginning of the campaign by Major Galwey, medical attendant and commander of the hospital corps of the regiment. He held that more sickness was caused on July 4th by drinking Sacramento water than by heat, and consequently, when camp was established, ordered the men to drink nothing but black coffee, and the beer issued to them at noon each day. To set the fears of our temperance friends at rest, we will explain that this was issued in a small five-gallon keg—enough, when carefully measured, to furnish each man with an ordinary glassful per day. Later a keg of barley water was kept standing in each camp, and, though not very palatable, was well patronized during the heat of the day.

Not having sent for the beer our center squad resolved to stop their rivals as they passed on toward the north guard at all costs. Shortly before the noon meal was over the sentry on guard called "Here comes the beer!" Grasping a can in one hand and a log of wood in the other, Monahan rushed up the track, threw the wood across the rails, and awaited developments. Rushing along without any apparent slackening of speed the car struck the log, rose in the air and came down again on the tracks with the wood jammed between the front and rear wheels, the car immovable until lifted from the track and the log removed. Having halted them Monahan had no trouble drawing the beer, paying no attention to the abuse heaped upon him. Having drawn more than the proper allowance, we are afraid, he helped them remove the log and sent them on their way warning them to treat the center squad with more courtesy in future.

So the day passed. Swimming, disputing, guarding, and sleeping in turns, we made the most of this our first company "picnic." No such opportunity for the perfect enjoyment of camp life had before presented itself, nor did we expect such another. Our reluctance to leave them may be imagined when about dusk the usual combination flat-car and day coach train arrived, bearing our relieving company and ready to carry us back to our camp in town. Slowly and sadly we climbed on board, the engine whistled, and, casting longing eyes toward the quickly disappearing bridge, we were rushed on toward town.

Some time before the company left the bridge our cooks went to camp on a handcar with the praiseworthy object in view of having the company meal ready on its arrival. Despite the fact that a member of the company had been detailed, at his own request, to take charge of the company street while we were away, no preparation for the company's arrival had been made. The street was unclean, the table and benches were thrown together in a heap, and not even a stick of wood chopped. What our worthy private could have been doing with himself for the last twenty-four hours was a mystery to our thoroughly disgusted cooks. We must be careful to mention, though, that one thing had been done. The rations had been drawn, and were now tossed in a heap in the quartermaster's tent.

Despite the unsatisfactory appearance of things, however, our cooks managed to have a hot supper ready by the time their hungry comrades appeared at camp.

Monday, the 16th, was for us of B Company essentially a day of rest. No guard details were called for, some of our men having already served forty-eight consecutive hours.

An event of this day, however, served to open our eyes to the awful depths to which we had fallen; how, as members of society, we had deteriorated during our short campaign. At dinner on this day Doc Sieberst, who was acting as waiter, carrying round a pot of stew in one hand and a ladle in the other, noticed Frank Sindler narrowly scanning a very doubtful looking plate, before calling for his rations. Stepping over and looking at the plate, Doc carelessly remarked: "It's only dirt."

"Oh, is that all," answered Sindler. "Give me some stew," he resumed, as he held out the plate, and busily assaulted the meat and potatoes which Doc ladled out for him.

The evening of this day saw our turn for guard duty come round again. A guard of thirty privates, three corporals, and a sergeant under Lieutenant Filmer relieved that on duty at the upper yards. The ground to be covered by this guard extended from the crossing of Seventh, D, and the tracks, along the tracks to Sixth and E streets, and thence along the spur tracks on Sixth street, running in front of the Southern Pacific foundry, to H street, at the point where the latter street runs into the China slough or Sutter lake, in all a distance of about one-third of a mile. Ten sentries were posted at equal distances along this line, their orders being to allow no person without a written permit to cross the tracks towards the Southern Pacific buildings, but not to interfere with any person passing along the open highway on the opposite side of the tracks. The sentries whose beat brought them near the corner of any street also received orders to disburse any crowd gathering on the cross streets.

The night, both in camp and on guard, passed quietly. The men had by this time become veterans to a certain extent, and each night now saw them quietly retire to their tents, even before tattoo, all thought of skylarking and "horse play" apparently left behind at the old camp on the Capitol grounds.

The onerous guard duty they were now called upon to perform had perforce caused a change in their spirits since our new camp was established. Each man was called upon to do forty-eight consecutive hours of guard duty out of seventy-two. Thus for two days he would be constantly on duty, managing to snatch in all about four hours' sleep each night, rolled up in his blanket with his rifle constantly by his side, not daring to remove even his leggings. The third day, from six o'clock one evening till six o'clock the next, very naturally became a day of laziness. Having had only eight hours' sleep during the preceding forty-eight, and knowing that the succeeding forty-eight hours would be but a repetition, it is little wonder that the men in camp each night, only about one-fourth of the regiment, retired willingly to their tents at the first beat of the tattoo.

B Company received an accession this evening of three of its members who had reported at the armory on the night of the third too late to leave with the regiment, or who failed to receive their orders, namely, Privates George Bowne, A. B. Snell, and Fred Pariser. On Tuesday evening Sergeant Taylor and Privates Beseman, Casebolt, and Ungerman

arrived. These were the last arrivals before Companies A and B left for Truckee.

One arrest was made by this guard. The event occurred in the "wee sma' hours," the principal actors being Frech, a featherweight, and one of Uncle Sam's children, a giant marine. Frech, catching the marine trying to sneak across the line after a night's carouse, facetiously ordered him to throw up his hands, and then bawled lustily for the "Corporal of the Guard, No. 6!" The corporal found Frech and his captive holding quite a heated argument as to the propriety of the rather Black Bart style in which the marine had been halted, the captive still pointing to the clouds, under the persuasive powers of the little German's Springfield, though threatening dire vengeance, and Frech promising to "fix it" with the corporal if the marine "would be good."

At about 6 A. M. the strikers who had returned to work began to arrive, coming across posts 9 and 10, especially, in such numbers as to require the assistance of a corporal in examining the passes. The increase in the number of men who came across each morning seemed to indicate an approaching stampede in the ranks of the strikers. It could not come too soon to please us.

The trouble with the subsistence department still continued. Despite the most frantic efforts of our quartermaster sergeant, we could neither steal, borrow, nor persuade the commissary department to give us enough kitchen and table utensils with which to properly feed the men. Surely, it would seem, sufficient time had elapsed since company mess was talked of and inaugurated to secure dishes enough to supply even Emperor William's army. But doubtless we, the great uninitiated, cannot appreciate the stupendous amount of work necessary to be done to supply such an immense army as we, a few hundred men, camped in the very heart of a large city, constituted. Probably it still continued to be a "holiday, and the stores closed," as they told us on the Fourth, for which weighty reason we had taken in an extra hole or two in our belts, and consoled ourselves with the knowledge that if we were hungry, we at least knew the patriotic motives which caused us to be so. What! Ask a man to open his store on the Fourth of July, that greatest of all days in the history of our country! Never! Rather let our patriotic rank and file hunger (we may eat at an hotel) than desecrate that glorious day by common barter.

"And we praised the little General  
And we spoke in better cheer."

And so the trouble continued. On such days as this, when the company was divided, no separate rations were issued to the guard; of what use would it have been? The guard had no means of cooking it. But full rations for the company were issued at the camp. Though in other companies we have known this to have been cooked and eaten entirely by those in camp, no account being taken of their tired and hungry comrades on duty, in B Company, the best possible, though still very unsatisfactory, system was in use. Having received the rations the cooks prepared the meal, if possible, enough for all; if not, enough for the guard. This, at least, having been prepared, all the available tin plates, forks, knives, and cups were gathered, and, with the pots of food, were placed upon a handcar and pumped up the line to the place at which the guard was located. Here, those not on actual duty finished their share as quickly as possible, and then went out to relieve the sentries. These, too, having finished, the now empty utensils were returned to the handcar and brought back to camp. Here, of course, the men were by this time rampant, and another scurry would have to be made to appease their inner man, who seemed to find such loud expression of his woes.

The afternoon of this day, Tuesday, became so hot that the men on guard at the tracks felt constrained to organize and set in operation another shower-bath company; this they succeeded in doing, utilizing a shady and quiet spot amongst the lumber-piles in the yard, fortunately very close to a faucet, to which they attached a hose, purloined from, Heaven and the "taker" only know where.

At 6 o'clock Tuesday evening our guard was relieved, very tired, and glad to return to camp; though the dust did cover every thing, tents included, an inch thick, every incautious step raising a cloud which obscured even the sun.

Now the members of the relieved guard heard for the first time that Billy Tooker, that prince of hard workers, had that day received a furlough, and had already gone home. After his departure the work about camp languished, no man in the company being found who could take his place and do full justice to the position, as could the former incumbent. Billy returned to us, though not in time, we are sorry to say, to accompany us to Truckee.

Tuesday night gave our new arrivals their first experience of a sudden call for duty. Tattoo had sounded and all the



camp was quietly preparing to retire. Many had already wrapped themselves up in their blankets and gone to sleep, when suddenly several shots were fired by a sentry of the camp guard, who was posted just above the camp on the line of the tracks. Instantly the long roll played by the musicians of the guard echoed over the camp. Not waiting for orders, the men tumbled out of their tents, grasping their rifles in one hand and cartridge belts in the other, and formed in the company streets. Considerations of dress were put aside, each man thinking himself fully equipped for fighting if he had on his trousers and belt and his rifle in his hand.

On this, as on the former occasion, the cause of alarm proved but trivial. Some skulker amongst the fruit-cars had approached the line of camp sentries too closely, had been seen and promptly challenged. He escaped by darting round the end of a car and making off down the tracks. His escape, however, proved on investigation to have been very narrow. The bullet was found to have passed through the corner of the car, only half an inch from the open space above the trucks. The succeeding shots were fired by the sentries down the line, who had probably caught a fleeting glimpse of the now flying form as he dashed from one car to another. Others of the shots were doubtlessly fired by men whose fingers seemed to itch to pull the trigger whenever their rifle was loaded with ball cartridge.

No more skulkers or probable "angels of destruction" intent on using "dynamite with discretion" being found, the companies were dismissed, the men returning to their tents to seek the "arms of Morpheus" until awakened by the reveille next morning.

This recall from the land of dreams was sounded earlier next morning than usual. On the day before circulars had been issued by the management of the railroad company offering work to all who had not taken an aggressive part in the strike, and as a consequence many were expected to return to work, while serious trouble was looked for from the malcontents.

The principal entrance to the shops and yards is from the southeast, at about Sixth and H streets, to which point the first battalion of the First Regiment had been ordered to proceed and prevent any violence while the men were returning to work.

While we all knew what duty we were about to perform, the usual "joshing" went on in the ranks at the expense of the timid ones. Some joker professed to have heard that the strikers were going to make an effort, at last, to try their strength with us, and decide the question of supremacy for good. This form of joke soon wore out, and we turned our attention once more to dynamite, that most fruitful theme. We pretended to have heard that our company alone was about to be ordered to Reno, where we had heard the strikers were using dynamite "with and without" discretion—in fact, regulating the amount applied to each individual soldier in the most careless manner. We decided in the course of our debate on dynamite and its uses, to which those for whose benefit the long harangues were given listened with bulging eyes and chattering teeth, speaking only to ask questions, that death being the object, dismemberment, thus far an incident, was really unnecessary; a judicious use of that most costly explosive would fully express their displeasure at our principles and accomplish the desired result physically, without unnecessarily mangling our persons, and leave at least a small chance of collecting a respectable portion of our anatomy to which to give Christian burial.

Our rather gruesome fun was cut short, however, by the order to march. We proceeded along the tracks to the point at Sixth and H streets at which trouble was most likely to occur. None, however, did occur, and after having made a sufficient display of our strength to those who gave us a glance in passing, we were quietly returned to our camp and to our waiting breakfast, a far more important subject of discussion than strikes, or even dynamite.

During the day a rumor gradually spread that A and B were to be sent to Truckee, taking ten days' rations. Here, indeed, was a prospect of change. How we canvassed the question, and listened to each new rumor as it was brought in from goodness only knows where!

Three B men left for home on furlough during the afternoon. They were Private Max Claussenius, who had received his furlough some days before, Dr. Tom McCulloch, of the hospital corps, and Private Warren, who had received a telegram from his employers ordering his immediate return.

We passed the afternoon in a fever of expectancy, hoping against hope that the rumor would prove true. How anxiously we watched headquarters, where there did seem to be

an unwonted stir. Soon our suspense was relieved; we received the order to strike camp and have our outfits packed, ready to board a train for Truckee at six that evening. We received the order with cheers, and set to work with a will, rolling blankets, packing knapsacks, lowering tents, and carrying our baggage and rations to the track. It is safe to say that A and B were most heartily envied by the members of the less fortunate companies, and many were the hopes expressed by the members of other companies that theirs, too, might be sent. But no such good fortune was in store for them; A and B alone had been ordered to prepare, and there was little chance of a change. Never did National Guardsmen work more willingly or respond more promptly to the order, "Fall in!" as when, under the command of Major Burdick, our little battalion was formed in front of regimental headquarters.

Here Colonel Sullivan spoke to us feelingly, wishing us godspeed and exhorting us to do our full duty as patriotic soldiers and citizens under every trying circumstance which the future might have in store for us.

Giving three rousing cheers for our colonel, we were marched to the tracks in the rear of our camp, there to await the arrival of the train which was to bear us some two hundred and fifty miles away over the high Sierras to the scene of our future operations.

Shortly after six the train arrived, and, with a rush, we boarded our sleepers, threw down our knapsacks, and turned for a last look and wave of the hand at the camp and comrades we were leaving, for none could tell how long.

As here in Sacramento, so in the other parts of the state and in Chicago the great strike was on the decline. Since the train wreck and murder of the eleventh the chance of success had vanished, and public sympathy, to a great extent, had turned from the strikers. Worden, since sentenced to hang, was arrested for this crime on the fourteenth, and Harry Knox, the leader of the A. R. U. in California, was arrested on the day following as an accomplice.

Through the middle and southern part of the state, San Jose, Stockton, Fresno, Los Angeles, and San Diego, business remained at a standstill. The portion of the First Infantry, U. S. A., ordered to Los Angeles on July 2d still had charge of the depot and saw that no disturbances occurred. Affairs had quieted so in San Jose, that Company D of the Fifth Infantry, N. G. C., Captain Elliott, was recalled and ordered to

report to Colonel Fairbanks at Alameda. The work of the National Guard under General Muller had been thoroughly done from the start, in the San Joaquin valley, and now their work of guarding trains and bridges went quietly on.

In Sacramento and Oakland the deadlock was now thoroughly broken. On the fourteenth the first train in two weeks arrived in Sacramento from Oakland by way of Benicia and Davisville. Four trains, including an overland, left Sacramento, the overland being the first train to pull out with a Pullman car attached.

On the fifteenth and seventeenth, detachments from A and B of the Sixth Infantry, N. G. C., were sent to Dunsmuir from Sacramento under Colonel Nunan. Here they remained until the twenty-fifth guarding trains and bridges when they were relieved by Companies A and F of the Second

In Chicago, President Debs of the A. R. U. now seemed to despair. Arrested for conspiracy and thrown into jail, his followers from one end of the land to the other seemed to desert him. In vain did he send out telegrams beseeching them to stand firm. Vain were his announcements that business in Chicago was paralyzed. He realized the strike was lost, and knew the loss could be ascribed to no other cause than the strikers' violence.

Throughout California the strike was admittedly lost. On the twenty-third General Dimond issued orders for the Fifth Infantry at Oakland to withdraw from camp, for Sheehan's command to be dismissed, and at San Jose for the men to return home. At a conference held in the governor's office, it was decided to withdraw the different regiments of the National Guard as soon as practicable. The San Francisco regiments, the First and Third, would be soon ordered home, and their work taken up by Colonel Park Henshaw and the Eighth Infantry.

On the same day on which this conference was held eight hundred and twenty men returned to work in the railroad shops, and one thousand applications for work were received. Still with the tenacity of despair the different leaders were sending "success" and "stand fast" telegrams to all parts of the country.

Arrests of leaders on charges of obstructing the mails, conspiracy, and insurrection now became common. Marshal Baldwin was busily arresting all the active spirits of the strike,

and the trial of Worden, Hatch, Knox, and others for murder was progressing at Woodland.

Two different attempts at train wreck, now that the strike was lost, undoubtedly made for revenge, were frustrated, the second only after a lively exchange of shots between a detachment of regulars and the wreckers.

So toward the end of July the strike slowly resolved itself into a legal fight in the courts of the country. Every leader of prominence was arrested, and the minds of all were fully occupied in their various attempts to escape their threatened punishment.

This, then, a thousand criminal suits throughout the land, was the end of the greatest railway strike in the history of our country. A strange end indeed.



A NATIVE PATRIOT.



## CHAPTER X.

### OFF FOR TRUCKEE.

"No matter what the journey be,  
Adventurous, dangerous, far;  
To the wild deep, or black frontier;  
To solitude, or war—  
Still something cheers the heart that dares  
In all of human kind,  
And they who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind."

EDWARD POLLOCK.

**A**S the train started off, our thoughts reverted to those left behind. There were two, private William Tooker, and Doc. O'Malley. Tooker was absent from camp on a furlough, and was expected to return the following day; while the doctor, in response to a call for medical assistance, had been sent that morning to the guard stationed at the American river bridge.

Concerning Tooker, we felt sorry at the thought of the disappointment and suffering our absence would cause him; for who would care for William now? It pained us to think that he would be ordered about by rude and thoughtless officers, and made to do that which is so distasteful to his gentle nature—work. We anticipated the effect that our departure would have upon O'Malley. As the train rushed over the bridge and past the station where the guard was posted, we saw him sitting listlessly upon a camp-stool, dreaming his life away, and living, perhaps, only in the hopes that the night was drawing nigh, when once again he would be united to his

dear comrades. But, alas! So perfect was his listlessness that even the rattling of the train over the bridge failed to produce the slightest signs of life. He sat, like a lifeless mass; and it was only when our cries of "O'Malley, O'Malley, good-bye; we're off to Truckee!" echoed through the air, that he sprang to his feet and gazed around in a bewildered manner, as if doubtful what he heard or saw was real or fanciful. His face "grew sad by fits, by starts—was wild." Then, realizing only that he was being left behind, he started after the train at his topmost speed, crying, frantically: "Stop that train! Sto—p!" The last thing the company saw of O'Malley, on its upward journey, was a small, indistinct figure, waving its arms madly, as if it were trying to fly.

Tooker came back the next day and joined O'Malley in his grief and lamentations. They tried to console each other, not by making the best of a bad job, but by cursing and denouncing every one for miles around. Tooker couldn't see why the Colonel would n't send him up to Truckee to join his company, and took every opportunity of arguing with those he came in contact with, why he should be sent, and how foolish it was to keep him at Sacramento. He convinced every one, to his own satisfaction, that such was the case. O'Malley made life unbearable at the hospital, refusing to do any thing but nurse his own grief.

These two unhappy mortals met one day on the deserted and tentless street of the company, and, with clasped hands and bowed heads, silently contemplated the deserted spot, and, as they thought of their dear comrades far away, great tears rolled down their cheeks. "Billy," sobbed Doc., "we're the only ones left." Then they threw their arms around each other, and with their heads resting on each other's shoulders, their whole frames vibrating with convulsive sobs, stood for hours. It was while in one of these attitudes that Dr. Galwey came along, and, with his Kodak, took the picture which adorns the head of the chapter.

During our ride to Truckee, a guard was kept continually on the platform of the cars, with orders to drop off at each stop and prevent any one from interfering with the air-brakes. A guard also rode on the engine. We found, as we proceeded, that each bridge and trestle was guarded by United States soldiers, and it was then that the nature of the work intended for us became apparent.

As we advanced into the Sierras, we were entranced with

the beautiful scenery that surrounded us. Nature was in all its summer glory—not a cloud in the sky to diminish the radiance of the sun. On all sides the mighty and everlasting mountains reared themselves, height upon height, until their snow-topped summits seemed to join the earth and sky; and far beyond we caught glimpses of glistening, snow-clad tops, which looked like the foaming crests of mighty waves. Deep in the wooded canyons, seen through a maze of green, streams, like silver threads, pursued their tortuous and winding course.

The mighty effects of water caused in hydraulic mining were everywhere discernible, huge mountains having been worked away to get at the gold. The water used for this purpose was carried to the miner through miles of sluices. These sluices now, on account of the cessation of hydraulic mining, are neglected. Where they bridge a gully the water leaks out and falls in rainbow-tinted sheets into the depths below.

We arrived at Blue Canyon, where we had supper, about dusk. Here a great number of the "boys" were taken in by their curiosity to see the red bat (brick-bat) that this mountain town has on public exhibition.

Night brought with it a glorious moon and the snowsheds. Oh! how we did anathematize those snowsheds! What panorama of mountain, vale, and lake, bathed in moonlight, their rough boards shut out from our view! The little glimpses caught here and there at breaks in the sheds were only an aggravation.

Shortly before our arrival at Truckee, Major Burdick stepped into the car and made a little speech, the substance of which was as follows: He said he had been given to understand that the situation in Truckee had assumed a very serious aspect; that he would expect us to meet this condition bravely and with becoming gravity, and, by showing a serious and determined front to the strikers, impress them with the fact that we meant business. Furthermore, we would be under the eye of Col. Gunther of the regular army; and he hoped that, by our soldierly conduct, we would favorably impress the colonel with the worth of the National Guard in general and the First Regiment in particular.

This speech had its desired effect, for, during our stay in Truckee, not a striker approached the camp. No doubt, when they saw our fierce and warlike appearance, they fled to their mountain fastnesses, not to return "till the flying of the snow."





COMPANY B'S KITCHEN AT TRUCKEE, CAL., JULY, 1894.



We arrived in Truckee at 10:15 P. M. Our cars, with two freight-cars, were side-tracked and became our home while there. The cars were tourist cars, and we were therefore able to make ourselves very comfortable. It was a luxury to sleep on a mattress once more.

Thursday morning, July 19th, was ushered in with the regular camp routine, roll-call, Captain's speech, and breakfast. Clifford, with the aid of our head cook, Paul Rupp, had a breakfast prepared for us, consisting of fried ham and bacon, bread and butter, and coffee. We dined standing. Each man, before leaving Sacramento, was provided with a tin cup, knife, fork, spoon, and plate, and, of course, was supposed to see to the cleaning thereof himself, the result being that the dishwashing detail was done away with altogether—a great improvement indeed. The cleaning of pots and pans was looked after by the culinary department.

It may be just as well here to preface the history of our week at Truckee with a short account of the trials and tribulations of those who presided over the culinary department, together with the trials and tribulations of those who looked to it for three meals a day. For the first three days, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, all meals were cooked at camp. A kitchen was improvised in the road by the side of the cars, a wind-break erected, and a fireplace built. Sergeant Sturdivant was appointed commissary for the company, and in a short time was able to quote prices on canned goods and other kinds of provisions. He tried to do his best, poor man, but overlooked the fact that life was a howling wilderness to the dudes of the company without milk and sugar for their coffee and butter for their bread. There always seemed to be a great shortage in these articles. The tall sergeant explained this matter by stating that the lack of railroad communication was the cause in one case, and a scarcity of cows the cause in the other.

Sergeant Clifford, Musician Paul Rupp, and an able assistant developed in the person of Gus Ungerman, an old-time cook, who went about the pots and pans in a very professional way, presided over the kitchen. The great waves of disgust caused by internal strife and outward "kicking" occasioned the tendering of daily, or we might say "mealy," resignations of some one of the cooks. It is needless to say that the resignations were not accepted. Heated arguments with any of our cooks was out of the question; they were all able-bodied men, and were invariably armed with a stout ladle or long

cooking-fork, which they flourished in a most threatening manner.

At meal hours, or at times when the cooks started to prepare the meal, the adjustable tables in the cars were lowered, tin cups, tin plates, knives, forks, and spoons were put in place, and each man jack sat with a wolfish appetite and impatiently waited for an hour or more the arrival of the food. The waiters' lives were not happy ones; fortunately they were relieved every day, or the chances are we would have developed a number of raving maniacs.

The following is a pretty fair illustration of the service that prevailed: A man with a pot of mush dashes into the car yelling, "Who wants mush?" and, with a flourish of his ladle, goes down the aisle filling the outstretched plates. Close on his heels comes another man with a pot of potatoes bawling, "Who wants murphies?" Another meanders through with fried meats of some kind.

All this time the men are shrieking for milk and sugar for their mush. The coffee now makes its appearance, and men, whose cups had mysteriously disappeared, have been known to offer their plates as a receptacle for this dark colored fluid. The bread puts in its appearance now, but no butter. Meanwhile, from the car windows, the hungry soldiery are hurling anathemas at the bewildered waiters, or beseeching them for an extra allowance of stew or a little more hash, a conglomeration that would give an ostrich the dyspepsia. Finally, after the men in despair have waded through their mush, potatoes, coffee, and meat, the sugar and butter, with a very limited allowance of milk, put in their appearance. Men with foresight and taking ways committed the wholesale larceny of butter and sugar and took their chances as to the milk. Much butter and sugar seemed to stick to the long slender fingers of the learned McCulloch, who only let the replenishment of the inner man interfere with his study and discussion of recondite subjects. The strong military instinct of Burtis and Hayes impelled them to keep a good reserve of these dainties always on hand. Frequent battles took place upon the platforms, between rival waiters of each car, for the possession of some coveted pot of beans or stew, while the onlookers held their breath expecting every moment to see the contents of the pot dashed to the ground.

By Sunday the officers came to the conclusion that it would be more economical and convenient to eat in town, and were

successful in making arrangements for board at the Truckee hotel for the balance of our stay. This was a change that was hailed with joy by all, particularly Beseman, who developed a fearful and wonderful appetite while at this place. He was the first to sit down and the last to reluctantly leave the table.

Before proceeding further, we feel it our duty to gratefully recognize the efforts of our patriotic cook, Paul Rupp. His was a thankless job; and only a man of an extremely good natured disposition could have put up with the trials he was subjected to. Cooking for 50 or 60 men three times a day with the most primitive appliances, good Lord deliver us! Paul, a crown of glory awaits thee in heaven, for nothing mortal man could do would, in our estimation, sufficiently reward you for all you put up with while holding the position of head cook to the City Guard.

After breakfast the bedding was spread out on the road to air, with orders that it should be taken in at 12 o'clock; the boys cleaned out the cars, and got every thing in readiness for inspection of quarters. During the forenoon, as no restrictions had been placed on the men as yet, a number of them went into Truckee to make needed purchases, and incidentally to inspect the town. This last did not take up much time, as Truckee, though a railway center of some importance, is a very small place. The Truckee river runs through the town, its banks lined with the humble homes of the native American. As it is considered the finest trout stream in the state, it yearly attracts a large number of sportsmen. It is indeed an ideal stream, full of depths and shallows; dashing, whirling, foaming over rocks, to find rest in quiet stilly pools, or to move along with grandly irresistible force. Long stretches of its banks are devoid of brush, giving the angler ample opportunity to utilize his skill in casting. The fish caught is the gamest of the game, and any one who has ever had the pleasure of dining on Truckee trout will attest to its eating qualities.

Truckee is a great lumber district. A number of sawmills, driven both by water and steam power, border the river's banks. Apart from its lumber interests, Truckee derives a great deal of its importance from the handling of ice. Above Truckee there are a number of large ponds of smooth water which produce annually two or three crops of ice from twenty to forty feet thick. These two industries give employment to large number of men.

Some of the boys, anticipating an opportunity to try their luck fishing in the river, bought fish-hooks and lines. They met with very little success, however. The noble game in these waters are not to be caught by the primitive hook and line of the farmer boy.

Early in the afternoon five details were formed to guard bridges. The commissary issued provisions for each detail, sufficient for twenty-four hours, taking as a guide as to quantity the following list, furnished by a regular army officer.

For seven men—one day—three meals.

7 lbs. of fresh meat or 5 lbs. of salt meat; 10 qts. of coffee; 7 lbs. of potatoes;  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of beans; 11 lbs. of bread.

For four men—1 day—three meals

4 lbs. fresh meat or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. of salt meat; 6 qts. of coffee; 4 lbs. of potatoes; 2 lbs. of beans; 6 lbs. of bread.

Thus supplied we were soon speeding to our destinations. On the way it was discovered that one of the bridges to be guarded was beyond the state line, therefore no detail was posted there, as it is against the law to take the militia outside of the state for active duty. As we arrived at each post, Major Burdick and a few of his officers left the train to see what arrangements could be made for boarding the men; the desire being, if possible, to do away with the necessity of having the men do their own cooking. Their efforts were crowned with success at Prosser Creek, Boca, and Cuba, but the last station, No. 24, a bridge about three miles from the state line, was too isolated for any arrangement of the kind. The men at this post, therefore, had to do their own cooking. At the first station, Prosser Creek, a detail consisting of a corporal and three privates of Company A, were posted. They slept in the bridge-tender's house, and had their meals at an eating-house about half a mile up the cañon. The rose-colored reports brought back by these men about the goodly table set at this place made every man anxious to go there. It was the duty of the guard to watch the bridge vigilantly night and day, and allow no one to loiter on it, or in its vicinity; to challenge all persons approaching the bridge after dark, escort them across, and make sure that they continued on their way. Private Sullivan of ours, a few nights later, had the pleasure of doing the honors for a "Wandering Willie," bent on crossing the bridge. This character informed Mr. Sullivan

that if he had known he was to receive such distinguished consideration at the hands of so courtly a gentleman (Mr. Sullivan was at one time the Ward McAllister of Los Angeles society), he would have had a magnificent load aboard, many opportunities having presented themselves to him during that day for absorbing liquids that not only stimulate but intoxicate. The dread, however, of crossing the bridge in an inebriated condition had prevented him from embracing them. And as "Willie" shambled off, he heaved a heart-breaking sigh for the delights that might have been, resolving in his mind that should the tide of affairs ever be so favorable to him again he would take advantage of them, despite the dangers of a bridge or flood.

Prosser creek bridge is located almost nine miles east of Truckee. The Union Ice Co. has made this one of its largest supply stations. The company has built a dam across the cañon, imprisoning the waters of Prosser creek so successfully that the average crop of ice each season is sixty thousand tons. This immense crop necessitates the employment of a large force of men. Substantial quarters have been built on the lake shore for their accommodation. It was at this place the guard did its most effective work, punishing good food three times a day.

Boca was the next post. Here Major Burdick made arrangements with the Boca Hotel to provide the men with food. They bivouacked in a box-car. The duties and instructions were the same as those in force at Prosser Creek. Corporal J. N. Wilson, privates Frech, Fetz, and Gehret of our company were dropped off here. From this place, also, the men returned with expanded girths, in evidence of their sumptuous fare.

The next post proved to be a place called Cuba, distant about fifteen miles west of the Nevada state line. The detail posted here were men from our company, and consisted of Sergeant Walter Kelly, privates Adams, Bowne, Bannan, Baumgartner, Beseman and Claussenius. The property at Cuba to be guarded consisted of two trestle-bridges, one of them of considerable length and covered, a culvert, switches, and an ice-house. The men were quite comfortably situated. The superintendent of the National Ice Company placed a small storehouse near the track at their disposal, and furnished them with large, thick, strong mattresses. They had their meals at the superintendent's house; but after the second day he

refused to feed the men any longer, giving as his reason that he feared the strikers would wreak vengeance on him for harboring them, by destroying the property under his charge when the troops were removed. It is believed, however, that the appetites of the men had more to do with his change of heart than any fear of the strikers. He had not calculated to satisfy the cravings of men who had for two weeks been living on bacon, ham, canned corn-beef, and leather steaks, and whose appetites were sharpened by the bracing air of the mountains.



THE COVERED BRIDGE AT CUBA.

Negotiations were then opened with the superintendent of the People's Ice Co., and very satisfactory arrangements made for boarding the men.

The guard duty here was not arduous. The day watches were of one hour each, and only one sentinel was necessary. The night watches were two hours in duration, and during that period two sentinels were constantly on guard, one being posted at the west end of the long bridge, and the other patrolling the balance of the line, alternating hourly with his comrade.



During that night two men presented themselves, claiming to be section-hands sent there for the purpose of guarding the bridges. The sergeant informed them that he and his men were there for that purpose, and did not need their assistance. It was with difficulty that the sergeant restrained the belligerent Bowne and Adams from falling on these men and doing them great bodily harm. With a baleful gleam in his bloodshot eye Bowne watched them until they disappeared in the darkness to return no more.

The antiquated bridge-tender indulged in a fairy tale at the expense of our "boys." He told them that two wildcats came down to the clearing on the mountain side every morning at 6 o'clock to bask in the sunlight. The "boys" bit with avidity, and the bridge-tender had the pleasure of seeing them take positions commanding a view of the spot, and with loaded rifles watch and wait for the cats that never came.

The train containing the last detail continued in an easterly direction, following the course of the Truckee, the scenery becoming wilder and grander as we progressed. The mountains seemed to be closing in around us; the waters of the stream, in keeping with its surroundings, raced with maddening speed through narrowing channels, foaming, whirling, tumbling over miniature falls, until, gliding into broader space, it swept along with stately silent dignity, to be again transformed into a roaring torrent between confining walls of rock. Now and then the sides of the gamey trout flashed in the sunlight, as if the exultant spirit of life and strength within it, disdaining the confines of its watery home, longed to soar in the bright sunshine. At last the train stopped at what seemed to be the most delightful spot of all, the last railway bridge in the state of California, and within three miles of its boundary lines. This is a solidly constructed steel bridge, and spans the Truckee. To the left of the railroad, a short distance from the bridge, was a small cabin; it was beautifully situated, overhanging the stream, with a flight of steps leading down to its waters. The most fastidious disciple of Isaac Walton could not desire a more perfect spot for a camp. Corporal Burtis, privates Hayes, Heizman, and Keane, with their rations, were put off here. A more delighted quartet could not be found; the surroundings suited their sensitive, æsthetic natures. They did not care if they were stationed there for a month. Major Burdick, with Colonel Gunther,

United States Army, standing by his side, gave his instructions, to the effect that stranded theatrical companies, "hobos," etc., crossing the bridge should be watched closely until they were out of sight. He cautioned the men to be very careful about using their weapons, delivering himself of a sentiment that should go down in history as a shining illustration of the gallant major's humanity, a sentiment that no doubt will be found written in letters of gold upon the great judgment book, "that he would rather have them not shoot at all, than kill an innocent person." Think of it, ye beetle-browed sons of Mars, in whose breast the desire for martial strife is rampant, and whose fiercest delight is found in the shedding of human ber—lud! Think of the example set you by our dashing major; profit thereby, and let not your thirst for gore steel your hearts to the cry of the innocent. "And, corporal," he continued, "I do not think it advisable to let your men go in swimming." As the men gazed down into the raging waters, they wondered if the major thought them lunatics. No sane man surely would risk his life by attempting to bathe in that swiftly flowing current. From the burden and tenor of his closing remarks, it was quite plain that the major felt sorry at leaving the men in this lonely spot, and would no doubt have continued for some time longer with cautions and fear-allaying words, had he not been interrupted by Corporal Burtis, who respectfully saluted and told him "he need not be in any hurry to relieve them." This was too much for Colonel Gunther, who placed his plump little hand over his face and chuckled audibly. "Oh! you're in no hurry to get back then, eh?" replied the major; then bidding them good-bye, he clambered back into the car, the engine whistled, the train rolled away and left them alone in their glory. The opening of the cabin door revealed a very clean interior, and the men were therefore nothing loth to drop their blankets and equipments on the floor. One man was immediately detailed for guard duty, and the rest placed their arms where they could instantly put their hands on them and went out doors to inspect their surroundings. While wandering up a small canyon to the right, one of them called the attention of the others to a grave that he discovered; it was rudely fenced in and had a gate that was padlocked. The loneliness of this last resting place touched them deeply. Upon the humble mound were branches of withered flowers in various stages of decay, showing that

some one, to whom the departed one was dear, had at different times made a pilgrimage to offer sweet flowers on memory's altar. After vain conjecture as to the identity of the occupant of this isolated grave, they returned to camp.

The afternoon was now drawing to a close, and they began to make preparations for the evening meal. A fireplace was built, and George Heizman elected cook. Corporal Burtis took a can and went down the road to get some milk. A hatchet was part of their allowance, and with it Hayes chopped the wood; Keane was on guard. The flight of steps before mentioned placed a large supply of water conveniently at their disposal. By some men this convenience would not meet with the appreciation it deserves; water might be useful to float ships or bathe in once in a while, but for drinking purposes it failed to meet the requirements. Rather would they be camped in the shade cast by some brewery of vast proportions, and be lulled to rest with the hum of its machinery, than rest beneath the overhanging cliffs of giant mountains, and have their slumbers disturbed, their dreams of revelry by night broken in upon, by the varied sounds of water—water—water.

In due course of time Burtis returned with butter and milk. He and Hayes then went to their haversacks and each drew forth a can of oysters. Now some foolish people will wonder how they came to have these oysters. In accounting for their possession we will have to take our readers back to the day when camp was broken at the Capitol grounds. As related, Hayes took part in the raid made on the commissary's stores on that occasion. The spoils of this raid were placed in the safe-keeping of Quartermaster Clifford. Hayes heard nothing further of them. Not a cracker, not even a spoonful of deviled ham, something he dotes on, no, not even an empty oyster can did he get as a reward for his dash and daring. This ingratitude on the part of Clifford caused Hayes much inward grief and loss of sleep, and when, a few evenings later, through the flaps of Number One tent, he caught a glimpse of Clifford and a small coterie of his friends banqueting on the proceeds of his iniquity, a moan of anguish escaped his lips, and in that night of sleepless sorrow he resolved to be revenged. Into the ear of Corporal Burtis he poured his tale of woe, and enlisted his sympathies. Next day with unwearying eyes they watched the movements of the wary Clifford. Towards evening, in an unguarded moment, he left his chest

wide open in his tent, in answer to a call from the kitchen at the end of the street. Like eagles Hayes and Burtis swooped down upon this chest, and, with the aid of Doc. Sieberst, got away with a goodly store of dainties. The wailing of "the widows of Asbur" was nothing compared to the howl that went up from Clifford on discovering his loss. His suspicions fixed on poor Al Ramm, who vainly pleaded his innocence. When ordered to Truckee, four cans of oysters were left; they were divided between Burtis, Frech, Shula, and Hayes for transportation. Two of them helped to garnish the meal about to be described. Shula, tired of carrying his around, returned it to Hayes while at Truckee, but Frech retained his, and while he was away on train guard, Hayes took it from his haversack; these two remaining cans of oysters were carried all the way back to San Francisco.

The repast now prepared by Geo. Heizman at this secluded spot was the best cooked and the most enjoyable had by the boys since they left the city. George certainly missed his vocation; the stew he made with those two cans of oysters, milk, butter, and the rest, would have tickled the palate of the most *blasé* gourmand. Then they had some nice chops that in some mysterious manner got mixed in with their rations, a little fried bacon, bread and butter, and coffee. They feasted until they were black in the face. About dusk they received a visit from the section boss, who was accompanied by several of his men. In the course of conversation he was questioned as to the occupant of the grave on the side of the mountain. He informed them that it was a woman who had died a couple of winters back, and who, with her husband, had lived in the humble cabin in which they were bivouacked.

At the departure of the section hands the first watch of the night was posted. Beneath the careless and reckless demeanor of this little band was a stern realization of the responsibilities of their position, and they were prepared to protect and defend the property under their charge to the bitter end. With this idea in view, beside the sentinel on duty, the corporal remained awake and on the alert the greater part of the night, and those who slept had their loaded weapons lying by their sides. The queen of night now rose with regal splendor above the mountain tops and sailed slowly and serenely through the starry realms of heaven, shedding her beauteous and mysterious rays on mountain and cañon, stream and bridge, and on waving trees, giving life to shadows that ever

and anon startled the sleepy guardsman. The beauty of the scene and the mysterious influences of the night throw a subtle spell around him; dreamily his thoughts turn with a sweet pleasure to the dear ones at home.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet,  
The dream of home, the dream of home,  
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,  
When far o'er sea or land we roam?

He recalls them all, one by one. Never before did they seem so dear to him. In fond contemplation he lingers on each little characteristic; the sweet voice and the merry laugh rings in his ears; and he wonders if, at this hour, while bound in slumber's chain, some loving spirit, winging its flight across the land, mounts higher and higher, and looks down on him with dreamful eye, as he paces his lonely beat.

Ha! What's that? He cocks his piece—it has gone. No, there it is again, moving around yonder rock; it disappears. There it is again, and then the straining look relaxes; a feeling of relief comes over him. It is but a shadow cast by a tree whose boughs are tossing in the wind that sweeps up the cañon with the river, chilling him to the bone. He shakes himself, increases his pace, and wonders what time it is. Surely, his two hours are up. The relief at last comes, and he gladly surrenders his lonely beat for a comfortable blanket.

After a hearty breakfast next morning, Hayes shouldered his gun and started for a walk. The others staid around camp, and tried a little fishing, with no success. In the course of a couple of hours Hayes returned and reported interviewing a number of tramps in the course of his peregrinations and, further, that he had extended his walk into the confines of the state of Nevada. He seemed to be greatly put out that the governor of the state and a brass band were not there to receive him.

"This life is made up of disappointments," soothingly said Joe Keane.

While the noon meal was in course of preparation, the relief train rolled in upon the sylvan scene. The detail was relieved by acting Corporal Pariser and privates Heeth, Powleson, and Stealy.

The ride back to Truckee was a long and wearisome one, not so much as to distance, but as to time. Endless stopping, bumping, and jerking, the result of making up a long train of cars containing ice, tortured the weary men beyond endur-

ance. Almost worn out, but thankful, they finally arrived at Truckee at about dark.

Every morning the relief train went out with its quota of men, dropping them off at the different posts and on the return picking up those relieved, while at 8 o'clock every morning the camp guard was relieved. This morning Corporal Burdick, Privates Flanagan, Crowley, Gille, Wise, Overstreet, and Sullivan were relieved from camp guard.

The trains (both passenger and freight) now began to go through. We supplied guards for every west-bound train. These guards ate at Blue Cañon and at Colfax, and were relieved at the latter place by soldiers of the regular army. They returned to Truckee guarding east-bound trains. For the first two or three days part of the guard had to ride on the tender and engine. This was any thing but pleasant. From exposure to the heat of the sun, the flying cinders and smoke, the men, on their arrival at Colfax, looked like blackamoors. Finding there was no necessity for this, the practice was discontinued, the men riding in the cars, and dropping off at stations, to prevent any interference with the air-brakes or the running of the train.

The men were now kept constantly on the go; very few, if any, could boast of a continuous night's sleep. Those who were not away on post duty, or on camp guard, were liable to be awakened at any hour of the night, and ordered out as train guards. A list of the men who from this time on did various guard duties will illustrate the manner in which they were shuffled about. Friday, July 20th, privates Heeth, Powleson, Pariser, and Stealy went to post 24, Pariser acting as corporal. On the same day private Perry went to Boca, private Van Sieberst to Prosser Creek, and private Monahan on camp guard. Lieutenant Filmer was officer of the day. Sergeant H. B. Taylor, Corporal McCulloch, privates Flanagan, Frech, Gille, McKaig, O'Brien, and Radke went west with trains. Saturday, July 21st, Sergeant Sieberst, privates Crowley, Casebolt, Wise, Radke, Snell, and Unger went to Cuba. Privates Baunan, Beseman, Baumgartner, and G. Claussenius were on camp guard, and Captain Cook was officer of the day. Sergeant A. H. Clifford, who had thrown up his job in the kitchen, privates Adams, Bowne, and Gilkyson went out with trains. Sunday, July 22d, privates R. E. Wilson and Williams went to Prosser; Corporal Burdick, privates McKaig, Monahan, and O'Brien to Boca; Corporal McCulloch, pri-

vates Fetz, Gehret, and Sindler, to Post 24; Corporal Burtis, privates Hayes, Heeth, and Keane were on camp guard, and Sergeant Kelly, Corporal Wilson, privates Pariser and Perry went out with trains. Monday, July 23, privates Bannan, Claussenius, Flanagan, and Gille went to Prosser Creek, Claussenius acting as corporal. Sergeant H. B. Taylor, privates F. Shula, Gilkyson, Frech, Heizman, R. Radke, and our late cook, musician Rupp, whose occupation gone, now shouldered a gun, and who, while pacing his beat during the witching hours of the night, communed with the moon on the smallness of human greatness, went to Cuba. 1st Lieutenant E. C. Lundquist was officer of the day, and privates Bowne, Beseman, Baumgartner, and Overstreet were on camp guard, while privates Casebolt, Crowley, Powleson, Stealy, and Van Sieberst took a trip to Colfax. Tuesday, July 24th, the last day at Truckee, privates G. Radke, Sullivan, and Ungerman went to Prosser Creek, Sullivan acting as corporal, Sergeant Clifford, privates Heeth, Keane, Wise, Wear, and Zimmerman went to Cuba. Privates Adams, Monahan, McKaig, and Snell were on camp guard, and privates Fetz, Gehret, Hayes, and Sindler guarded an early morning train to Colfax.

In spite of our activity life became very monotonous towards the last of our stay in Truckee, so much so that it occasioned a very apt scriptural quotation from Corporal Burtis:—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

The men now began to shave right and left, particularly the older ones, privates Wear and Unger. Their beards grew out in patches of gray and black, giving them an old and grizzled appearance. A supreme disgust overcame private Hayes when he heard some one call him Red Mike, and his razor separated him from his whiskers forever. No man would blame Corporal Burdick for shaving, but he clung to the very end to an atrocious whisker of vermillion hue that adorned his face in patches, the hair bristling forth like copper wires. His brother, the major, would look at him with wonder and amaze, and say: "Well! if your mother could only see you now." (A tidy sum will be realized from that list of fines when the men get their money from the state.)

While around camp the men put in their time throwing quoits and reading. Horseshoes were used as quoits, while the reading matter consisted of a large number of magazines and papers, which were presented to the companies by kindly disposed people in the vicinity.

About three-quarters of a mile from camp, we located a very good place for bathing, which, despite the icy coldness of the water, received a number of visitors daily. The orders were that no one was to leave camp without permission, but the man who asked permission made a fatal mistake. To ask permission to do any thing was a great mistake, for one invariably met with a refusal. Now, when a sensible man discovers that he has made a mistake, he is not likely to repeat it. The result was, that a number of luminous minds, when they yearned to go into town, or explore the surroundings, or breathe the purer air from some hilly height, and view Donner lake from afar, naturally took French leave.

An object of particular interest to us all since our arrival at Truckee, and the subject of much conjecture when we saw it for the first time, on the night of our arrival, ablaze with electric lights, was a small, circular building, on the crest of the hill to our left. We soon found it was a museum, containing a large number of interesting curios, relics of the Donner party, and the famous rocking stone. Admission on Saturday to the museum being free, a number of us were piloted up there by Lieutenant Filmer. The center of interest, situated in the center of the building, and resting exactly in the center of a huge, flat-topped boulder, was the rocking stone. This stone weighs in the neighborhood of sixteen tons, and is so balanced that with a very slight pressure of the hand it can be rocked to and fro. Our attention was drawn by the exhibitor to its peculiar shape and significant position, and, in order that these peculiarities might be more easily discerned, we mounted a ladder that led to a little gallery that overlooked the rocking stone. From this position the stone appeared heart-shaped and pointed north. The exhibitor told us the boulder upon which the stone and building rested was in shape a fac simile of the smaller stone, only that it was flat on the top. Before this building was put up, and while the stones were exposed to the elements, it was the subject of much comment why the snow which falls to a great depth in these parts, never collected on the top of these stones. This was due to their situation. The wind had a constant sweep over them, and carried off the snow before it collected.

The peculiar position of these rocks is attributed by scientists to the action of glaciers, or floods.

After giving some time to an examination of the numer-



ous interesting curios with which this little building was stocked, we proceeded up the mountain side, until we came to a circular fence, that aroused our curiosity, and, on looking over it, we found a froggery in full operation. Myriads of frogs. More frogs than the boys, collectively, had seen in all their lives. It was a frog Elysium. In the center of the inclosure was a small pond fed with fresh mountain water that was borne to the spot by a minature V-shaped flume made of two planks. In the center of the pond a little fountain gently murmured, soothing, no doubt, the poetic soul of Mr. Frog who sat on a convenient plank, blinking at the sun and all creation. A stone cast among them created a small panic; frogs hopped in all directions.

Still further up the side of the hill we climbed until, reaching its crest, there, far away in the distance, we beheld Donner lake. A desire to go to the lake filled the breast of every man present. The lieutenant was also of the same mind, but in a moment of weakness, as we were making for the road that led to the lake, he dispatched private O'Brien with his compliments to Major Burdick, asking permission to go to Donner lake. We waited on the road for O'Brien's return. Though William has no wings attached to his feet, his shoulders, or his cap, he is very speedy, and soon returned bearing to Lieut. Filmer the compliments of Major Burdick, and a message to the effect that he did not think it advisable to take the men such a great distance from camp, as they might be called upon at any time for train guard or other duties. We then reluctantly retraced our steps along the road towards camp. No further compliments were sent to Major Burdick that day, though under the guidance of our gallant lieutenant we cut across the country and visited the sawmill on the banks of the Truckee, and wound up the trip with a swim.

Shortly after our return to camp, the redoubtable Bowne and Adams were seen coming from the direction of town. They had just arrived from Colfax, as train guards, where they had been sent the day previous on a similar mission. A peculiar characteristic of these two gentlemen is, that once they don the uniform of a soldier their whole nature seems to change, and a more desperate looking, or bloodthirsty pair it would be hard to find. On this occasion, when they returned begrimed with soot and dirt, glaring at us through bloodshot eyes, with sunburnt, perspiring unshaven faces, their ferocious appearance was enough to strike terror into the heart of

any one. Private Adams, when asked to explain the reason of this wondrous transformation, answered with the following lines from the immortal Shakespeare:

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As mild behavior and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment."

The train they took out the day previous consisted of about twenty ice cars. The trip was uneventful until they reached Blue Cañon, where they satisfied the yearnings of the inner man, Bowne scaring the female who waited on the table half to death by asking her for a cup of hot blood. At this place five prisoners were placed in their charge by the sergeant of the guard located there, with instructions to carry them safely through to Colfax. It is needless to remark that the duty, having been committed to members of the City Guard, was duly performed. Without deviating from the strict rule of military discipline, they were considerate, and accommodated their prisoners with berths in a refrigerator car, bringing them into Colfax literally on ice. They were subsequently passed through to Sacramento.

The guard at Blue Cañon were very anxious to have these individuals, whom they regarded with great suspicion, well out of their district, which included miles of snowsheds. The great danger feared was incendiary fires; so all characters who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves were promptly transported to other regions.

While the train stopped at Alta station, strains of music, mingled with happy laughter, were wafted to their ears from a school-house near by, where a dance was in progress. They longed to trip the light fantastic toe for a few blissful moments with the comely country lasses. But "some must work, while others play"; so from afar, with envious eyes, they viewed the merry throng, seeking doubtful consolation in the thought that it was just possible that distance lent enchantment to the scene. They arrived at Colfax about 10:30 P. M., and at 1 P. M. the following day boarded the train that bore them back to Truckee.

The marvelous way in which such articles as soap, towels, and washing laid out to dry disappeared was astonishing. George Claussenius late one night was heard bemoaning to his bunkmate Adams the loss of a pair of socks, expressing it as his opinion, that it was a shame that a man could not

put out a pair of socks to dry without some one taking them. (It will no doubt be noticed that we always used the word take during that three weeks campaign; the harsh word steal was dropped from our vocabulary altogether.) Hayes, hearing the sad little tale of woe, whispered in the ear of Corporal Burtis the question, "Did he have those socks"? a chuckle, and "I don't know," was the answer received.

As trophies of the war, Rupp bore away with him from Sacramento a nice pair of russet shoes which had found their way into his tent, and Corporal Burtis, a navy blue flannel shirt. Shortly after his arrival at Truckee the handsome little corporal bought a dark blue cotton handkerchief with white polka dots for ten cents, and thus added ten dollars' worth of improvement to his appearance, by the coquettish manner in which he arranged it about his neck.

Our gallant major also seemed to give more attention to his personal appearance than usual, blossoming forth in a very becoming light blue and white striped negligee shirt, with a very deep collar which he wore turned over on the collar of his blouse, producing a charming effect, and giving him a most debonair and youthful appearance. So much so in fact, that one of the wags of the company dubbed him "Little Lord Fauntleroy Burdick."

The example, set by our handsome Major, stirred up a spirit of emulation among the rest of our officers, all of whom have more than the average share of good looks. Captain Dr. O'Brien, the scientist and bonesetter of the expedition, is tall, and of atheletic build, and a handsome man under all conditions, and so is Adjutant Hosmer, photographer-in-chief; but when these two valiant warriors returned from town, after a seance with the village barber, with a few cents worth of handkerchief arranged with studied negligence about their shapely throats, they were a vision of loveliness. What lent their personality an additional charm was their utterly utter seeming unconsciousness of their good looks; they appeared to be totally oblivious of the unfeigned admiration of us poor privates, who felt like tramps in the splendor of their presence.

Our handsome captain, who disdains the petty details of the toilet, was most of the time wrapt in meditation, or lost in the contemplation of his astral form. Not so our first lieutenant (easy), Lundquist; he slicked up perceptibly; the hair of his head, from constant brushing, rose in all the glory

of the bristling pompadour from off his classic forehead, like the feathers of an Indian chief. While the graceful form of our second Lieutenant, with sloping waist and curving hips, seemed to take on added charms daily. Time or space will not permit any further digression or dilation on the personal attributes of the officers connected with the Truckee contingent. Suffice it is to say that the proximity of the young and beautiful feminity, for which this town is noted, caused these gallant men to spend much time before the small looking-glass that hung in the toilet compartment of the car.

Sunday afternoon, July 22d, another party, under the leadership of Lieutenant Lundquist, received permission to go and see the rocking stone. The party was composed of Sergeants Ramm and Clifford, privates George Claussenius, R. Radke, Frech, Baumgartner, Murphy, Gilkyson, Flanagan, McKaig, and Beseman. On arriving at the tower they found it closed, and, being unable to find the proprietor, concluded to take a tramp over the hills. The frog farm before mentioned first attracted their attention, and soon the curious city boys were deep in the study of the domestic life of frogdom. But just as the debate concerning the habits of frogs had reached its most interesting phase, the stone was thrown that caused an unfortunate remark by Al Ramm, that linked hops and beer together, causing the immediate desertion of King Flanagan, McKaig, and Gilkyson to some symposium where hops already brewed could be obtained. The rest, in line of skirmishers, continued the tramp, with eyes wide open and ears laid back, constantly on the alert for any thing that would be of interest, the fresh, bracing air making Lundquist, Ramm, and Clifford feel real young again. Suddenly they were startled by a yell from Dick Radke, and, on rushing to the rescue, found him in a great state of excitement: he had discovered a gold mine, and wanted every one to know it. George Claussenius, the mining expert of the party, after a cursory examination, declared it to be a worked-out claim, much to the disappointment of Dick, who thought he had struck a bonanza.

Hardly had Radke resumed his normal state, when Frech caused another sensation by announcing that he had found an ax. He placed it in evidence, and his active brain began immediately to cast a halo of romance about it. He asserted with much earnestness (and Frech can be very earnest) that it was his belief that the ax was a relic of the Donner party,

who perished in the neighborhood many years ago. Noticing how serious he was, they all concluded, after a very grave and critical examination, that it was a real curio. He clung to the ax lovingly, saying he would take it back to Frisco, and have some razors made out of the blade. Becoming enthusiastic over his find, he at once developed into a confirmed curio fiend, and was constantly finding other articles which he declared were relics of the "days of '49." With right good will his comrades aided and abetted him in his search. Things that had long since been cast away as worn out or useless, and, having fulfilled their humble offices to mankind, lay upon the face of mother earth, calmly awaiting the end of all things, suddenly leaped into a new and transitory value, and soon Frech was laden with an assorted collection of oyster cans, old shoes, bottles, etc. As each new find was made he discarded one of the old ones, insisting that the last find was always the best. When he reached camp, all that he had left was his ax, and the skeleton of an old pack-saddle found on the banks of the Truckee.

Lieutenant Lundquist suggested that they continue their tramp till a view of Donner lake could be obtained; so, like a bevy of seminary girls out with their chaperone, the lieutenant and his men went merrily on their way. They were traveling through what was once, apparently, the pathless forest, for all around them were the charred stumps of trees. The strong and relentless hand of man had spread destruction and death among the giants of the forest. But even here, where the nymph of the wood might well weep for the leafy shades that were no more, contrasting with the gruesome spectacle of destruction, the eye was gladdened with the sight of new, lusty, glorious life. In the intervening spaces young trees were putting forth their slender branches, the green foliage rustling and waving in the gentle summer breezes.

George Claussenius remarked that the majority of the trees were firs, and that the balsam extracted was worth \$20.00 a quart. At this Dick Radke pricked up his ears, and looked at the trees with renewed interest. Clifford took exception to the conclusions of Claussenius as to the identity of the trees, and insisted they were spruce. Every once in a while they would stop before some young sapling, and argue in a most learned manner as to its variety. One listening to them would imagine they were members of the State Board of Forestry. The others, not wishing to display their ignorance,

never ventured an opinion till Lundquist, realizing that these gentry were as much at sea as to the identity of the trees as the rest were, put up a job on them. He got the others to promise they would coincide with him, and then, with all the confidence of one able to judge, he proclaimed them apple trees. True to their promise they all agreed with the lieutenant. Clifford and Claussenius wasted much breath in trying to show them that they erred in their conclusions.

Meanwhile Radke had wandered away by himself. As he progressed he gave every tree he met the closest scrutiny. "Twenty dollars a quart! twenty dollars a quart! if I could only run across a fir tree that was spouting balsam, why it would be better than a gold mine; my fortune would be made." A yell of joy apprised the boys that Radke had surely struck a bonanza this time. When they reached his side they found him with his hands full of a sticky substance, and, with a look of triumph on his face, he invited all hands to help themselves to balsam. "Balsam!" said Clifford, "Balsam! why, what are you talking about? that's pitch." And so it proved to be.

They resumed their journey, and in due course of time reached an eminence, from which they beheld Donner lake. The scene was a beautiful one, and well repaid them for their journey. The lovely body of water lay calm and serene, reflecting the sun's rays like a sheet of silver. Precipitous mountains rose on all sides of it; to the left, for miles along the sides of the mountains, the eye could trace the snowsheds. Considerable time was spent in contemplating the beauties of nature, and it was with reluctance that they finally turned their faces toward the camp. They descended the hill on the side leading down to the Truckee river, and, when they reached its banks, discovered Bob Williams making his way down the river on the logs that covered its surface to the saw-mill about a mile away; this easy and direct way of reaching camp appealed to the eye of our easy lieutenant at once, and soon they were all hopping from log to log, and in a short time reached the mill without accident of any kind, then slowly retraced their steps to camp, all agreeing that they had a most enjoyable tramp.

The relieved squads that daily returned from the different posts brought with them moving tales of flood and field. The squad, composed of Corporal McCulloch, and privates A. Fetz, A. Gehret, and F. Sindler, had relieved a similar number of Company A's men at Post 24. No sooner had the

train left, than the learned corporal pounced upon the rations that were to keep the wolf from the door for the next twenty-four hours. A wail of anguish arose from him as the provender was exposed to view; no sugar, no milk, no butter, three "measly" steaks, a small quantity of beans, a smaller quantity of rice, about a pound of coffee, a small piece of bacon, and two loaves of bread. Ye gods! what had he done? He called upon all the great divinities of heaven to bear witness to his just and honorable career, a life spent in gathering a mass of learning, that, rarified by the fires of his poetic soul, was in the future to cast its electrical and beneficent rays upon the sons of men. How could they expect him to continue on the long and wearisome road to glory, the uncertain and treacherous pathways that lead to fame, to efficiently fill the exalted position for which he was ordained, if the springs of his young life were to be warped and dried up by the lack of sufficient nourishment.

While thus bewailing his sad fate, and comparing their unhappy lot with that of the men at the other posts, who were living on the fat of the land, they entered the lowly cabin that was to afford them shelter, when lo! and behold! there before his wondering eyes were sugar, pepper and salt, two potatoes, the gods be praised, one carrot, and a piece of bacon. Here, indeed, was a miracle; the gods were not unmindful; their faithful servant was not to be left to starve in the wilderness; these edibles were surely placed there by divine hands, for had not A's men just left, and were they ever known to leave anything behind them? Overcome by this revelation of the justice and goodness of an all-seeing Providence, the learned corporal reverently removed his cap, and with up-raised eyes, that seemed, from the glad and holy light that shone from them, to be contemplating heavenly scenes, silently gave thanks to his Creator.

The men, like others stationed there before them, were enchanted with their surroundings. The corporal, however, did not enchant until he had inquired into the cooking abilities of his command. He, after a careful consideration of their qualifications, appointed Al Gehret cook. This momentous subject off his mind, he went forth into the sunshine and began to rave about the mountains that reared their solid bastions to the sky, declaring that a being must be indeed callous, who, when cut off from the rest of the world, and alone in

nature's mighty solitude, did not feel the omnipotence of the Creator.

In appointing Al Gehret cook, the learned Corporal had made no mistake, (how could he) for Al proved himself to be very capable; he so ably manipulated the provisions placed in his charge that one and all sang his praises. But the look of contentment and pleasure that came over the faces of his boarders as each delicious morsel disappeared through their lips into the cavernous depths below brought more joy to Al than all the encomiums which could be heaped upon him. So intent was he in watching their joyous emotions that he forgot to eat himself, and the others were so absorbed in the enjoyment of the fare, that they failed to take notice of his forgetfulness. No high salaried chef contemplated with more pride the results of his skill than Al the results of his labors. The potato soup he concocted made the corporal, whose weakness is soup, his lifelong friend.

McCulloch, Fetz, and Sindler now vied with each other to perform some special feat that would render them envied by the rest. McCulloch, while wandering along the bank of the river, with the intention of baiting the wary trout, on springing from one rock to another, lost his footing and was precipitated head first into the cold stream. Withdrawing himself hurriedly out of the water, he hastened back to the cabin, where the others were gathered, and, showing them his dripping clothes, dared them to do some thing that would rival his adventure. The wet clothes were discarded and laid out in the sun to dry, while the corporal, picturesquely draped in an army blanket, squatted all the afternoon in the sun, like a Digger Indian. Both Sindler and Fetz took up the challenge. Sindler started out with line and hook, determined to catch a string of trout, that would lie for itself, and forever make him famous. He fished and fished until the gathering twilight warned him it was time to return. He quietly stole back into camp, with but three fish to show for his efforts, a humbled and heartbroken man. Not so with Fetz, who after a long absence returned to camp, proclaimed his name to be Fetz, and that he was the only man in the crowd that had stood in Nevada. For this he claimed the honor of having performed the greatest feat. This was the subject of a prolonged and undecided argument between himself and McCulloch, which is renewed whenever they meet. The relations of the boys had become so harmonious, and their environ-



ment so pleasing to them, that Fetz, the following morning, declared that he would be satisfied to stop where they were another twenty-four hours; but McCulloch, casting a side glance at their depleted larder, said that, under the circumstances, he thought he would rather return. Not that he appreciated their company less, they were all good fellows, or their beautiful surroundings, but there were other claims more strong that made him yearn once more to return to Truckee, and the bosom of the company. So they packed their little belongings, and awaited the train which was to bear them back to camp.

The squad composed of Corporal Burdick, privates Monahan, McKaig, and O'Brien, relieved the guard at Boca, Sunday afternoon, July 22d, at 3 p. m. Not having had any thing to eat since breakfast, and being anxious to try the fare of the Boca Hotel, which their comrades had praised so enthusiastically, Monahan, McKaig, and O'Brien, not content to wait until 6 o'clock, decided to try and get some thing to eat, though of course the noonday meal at the hotel had long since passed into history.

Burdick stood guard, saying that he would save his appetite, and endeavor to do justice to his dinner at 6 o'clock. By dint of tales of starvation that would do credit to Baron Munchausen, our three worthies prevailed on the hotel clerk, whose face, O'Brien said, seemed very familiar, to give them what he could get in the kitchen. A very good lunch was improvised, and during the course of its disappearance it flashed across the mind of O'Brien that this same clerk so strangely met with in a small town high up in the rocky passes of the Sierra Nevada's was none other than Jimmy Madden, an old schoolmate, and resident of the Mission. Mutual recognition was in order, and the future well feeding of this detail, at least, was assured. Even at midnight a fine meal of hot coffee, boiled eggs, tongue sandwiches, and (hold your breath) cream puffs! was furnished them by their kindly host. In regard to these same cream puffs "Kinky" Mac claimed, to use the common parlance, to "have a kick coming." Monahan and Burdick had gone up to the hotel at twelve to get the midnight repast, leaving O'Brien on guard, and "Kinky" asleep on the lee side of a clump of sage brush with his hat for a pillow. On their return, the can holding the solids was quickly opened, and O'Brien, holding the lantern above it, saw before his wondering eyes *three* cream puffs.

The sight of such luxuries made him gasp and press his hand to his palpitating heart. But *three* cream puffs for four men, what could it mean? He glanced quickly at lengthy Monohan and the little corporal who has read Gulliver's Travels, and saw a guilty look flit across their faces, half shown by the feeble light of the lantern which he still held above the precious can. He discreetly held his peace, however, and busied himself disposing of his share, which, of course, included *one* cream puff. They did the same and then wakened Kinky. He was enchanted with his eggs, sandwiches, and coffee. All would still have been lovely, but Monohan, intoxicated with good fortune, asked Ben how he liked the cream puffs!

"Cream puffs!" shouted Kinky, "Where's mine?"

Consternation in the enemy's camp. Explanations were useless. He wanted his cream puff and on its nonproduction branded all three as land pirates and highwaymen. The punishment of the guilty had overtaken them. "Kinky" talked, and when he talks "stand from under," for tho' he says little and rambles much, he keeps it up incessantly. All that night were the hapless men punished for yielding to the temptation which had been too great; and in the morning promises to reform were eagerly made if "Kinky" would only drop the cream-puff subject.

On leaving the hotel after their impromptu repast our three boys saw that, this being Sunday, the veranda was crowded with mountaineers of all descriptions. They were passing down the steps, when they were accosted by one, who wanted to know "Who the fourteen-year-old kid was you had on there last night, and waked the town crying for his mamma?" Answering him, not sharply, but decidedly, that "they did n't know who was on there last night, but they *did* know who would be on to-night, and would guarantee them," they passed on down the steps feeling that such a performance last night must be offset by a very decided tone to-day. This was a Sunday crowd and liable to be all drunk by night. Later in the evening one drunken lumberman informed Corporal Burdick that he intended to go up on the bluff above the bridge and fire off blank cartridges at the sentry; but no notice was taken of him by the corporal, and he was finally persuaded by a very sensible friend that "he'd better not try it. This was not the same crowd that was on last night."

Another approached private O'Brien while on guard, and wanted to know what four soldiers could do against all the

men in town if they wanted to take the bridge and burn it. He was promptly answered that the four soldiers considered themselves enough to hold the bridge until relieved, and proposed to do it, too. All this questioning seemed to indicate, at least, a desire to try to take the bridge, and to provide against surprise, the guard vacated the empty box-car, which was used as a guard-house, and carried their blankets, etc., across the bridge and onto a bluff which overhung it and held a commanding view of its entire length and all the approaches to it. Here they felt well able to hold their ground until relieved next day. No disturbance occurred, however, the night passing quietly, with the exception of the noise created by McKaig's tirade against criminals in general and cream-puff thieves in particular. The night was divided into watches of two hours each, one man standing guard on the edge of the bluff overhanging the bridge, while his comrades slept in the sage brush, rolled in their blankets, within reach of his hand.

The next morning, Monday, was spent by those off guard fishing in the Truckee or in Boca creek, half a dozen fish being secured, or in wandering over the ruins of the famous Boca Brewery, which had been burned the year previous. On account of the purity of the water used, this beer had the reputation of being the best made.

The belligerent spirits of the night before had all gone off to work, and no more excitement was furnished the squad.

At about 10 o'clock the relieving train passed through, dropping off the squad for the next day. Our squad did not have to wait for the return of the train, however, the details at Boca and Prosser being ordered to ride in on a freight train just arrived at Boca, and now, having taken on some extra ice-cars was ready to leave.

The ride in was uneventful, the two details arriving in Truckee at noon, just in time for dinner at the Truckee hotel.

The evenings, at the Truckee camp, were passed around a huge fire, singing songs and spinning yarns. One night Doc. Sieberst produced a huge roll of paper, and, with a voice containing as much music as the screech of a jackass, sang a parody on the song "Two little girls in blue," entitled: "Few little boys in blue." It contained thirty-two verses; but, ere he had waded through half of it, his audience had stolen away, and, deep in the seclusion of their bunks, with heads buried beneath blankets, tried to shut out the sounds of his

voice, at last falling into a sleep, visited by frightful dreams and distorted visions.

The Doc. was the originator of our famous Truckee war cry, which commends itself for its brevity.

“Hoopla! Hooplo! Hooplee!  
We were lucky,  
We went to Truckee.  
Not! what! A and B; don't you see?”

The tide of travel east and west was daily becoming greater—huge freight trains slowly rolled in, and rolled away again. Their favorite stopping-place was the sidetrack adjoining the one on which our cars stood. They were a nuisance by night and by day—by night disturbing our slumbers, by the never-ending sounds of escaping steam and throbbing machinery; and by day a great annoyance to both officers and privates, particularly to the officers, who, on the approach of a passenger train, were compelled to climb through the vulgar freight train in order to see, and more especially to be seen, by the fair sex traveling in the Pullman cars.

We were now out nearly three weeks, and the majority of us were longing to get back to Frisco; particularly as now all danger seemed to be passed, the report that the strike was off being verified by the employees of the railroad company who had returned to work. The men began to worry about the security of their positions in town, and the business and professional men connected with the company, feeling that their business interests were receiving serious injury by their prolonged absence, were impatient to return.

Time hung heavily on the hands of all, and, as no one had yet been to Donner lake, Monday afternoon, of July 23d, Corporal Burtis and private Hayes decided to take to themselves the distinction of being the only members of the company to visit that beautiful sheet of water. Forgetting to ask permission, they quietly meandered out of camp unobserved, and made for the high road that led to the lake.

This lake, glimpses of which were caught from the many bends of the road, the beautiful little stretch of country approaching it, now green with luxuriant verdure, in which mild-eyed cattle cropped the plentiful fodder, and the hills to the right upon which sheep are now feeding, were, one winter many years ago, the natural theater of a sickening tragedy, the horror of which thrilled all the country at the time. It was here that, after many wanderings, a party of emigrants, who had left

their eastern homes early in the spring of '46, and, taking a new route which led through the Great Basin—lying between the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevadas—found themselves stalled in the impassable snows of these mountains which reared themselves like a white wall on all sides. Out of the party of eighty, thirty-six perished. A cross now marks the last resting-place of the unfortunate ones.

Squads of men were constantly going and coming. And now that so many trains were getting through at all hours of the night and day, the first sergeant was busy making up squads to accompany them. The novelty of post duty had not yet worn off, the men being so much changed about, that hardly one of them went to the same post twice; and, as each squad went out, the members of it felt like men going to an undiscovered country. The men detailed to Prosser Creek, Boca, and Cuba, went there with light hearts, because the men who returned from these posts were never tired of praising the food with which they were supplied. The men, when not on guard, divided the time between eating and fishing. Degeneration had already set in—they seemed not to have a soul above their stomachs—meal time was hungrily looked forward to, and the bill of fare considered the only subject worthy of discussion. So when the squad, composed of privates George Claussenius, Bannan, King Flanagan, and Gille—Claussenius acting as corporal—arrived at Prosser Creek near noontime, on Monday, July 23d, Gille wanted immediately to locate the rotisserie that had earned such a reputation for itself. This he was not long in doing, and soon returned reporting that dinner would be ready for them at 1 o'clock. As it was near that time Bannan and Flanagan, with many misgivings, watched Claussenius and Gille depart for the eating-place. Both of these young men are long and thin, and, as is usually the case with young people so constructed, have enormous appetites. For over an hour and a half they dallied with the good things placed before them, and, after casting a last fond, lingering look at the table, reluctantly tore themselves away, and with difficulty waddled back to their companions. They were received with all kinds of reproaches by the hungry and disgruntled Flanagan and Bannan. "Why did n't they spend the afternoon?" or "Were they at a summer resort?" were some of the sarcastic questions that greeted them. The heel and toe pace that Flanagan and Bannan set,

as they departed for their dinner, would have surprised the veteran pedestrian O'Leary.

At Cuba Sergeant Taylor, musician Rupp, and private Frech opened the eyes of some of the residents with astonishment by some wonderfully accurate shooting, at 800, 400, and 200 yards. An old mountaineer, who was watching them, remarked: "Waal, they may say youse fellows ain't much good; but, I be gol darned, if I'd like to have any of ye shooting at me."

While at this place, Rupp, our ex-cook, assisted the cook of the eating-place to get up their meal. One of the principal features of the menu was pie. If there is one thing they can do better than another in the country, it is to make pie, and this place was no exception. It was looked forward to as a fitting climax, a delicious top-off to the meals that will ever be borne in mind with pleasant remembrance.

This guard found Frank Shula a very heavy sleeper—that beautiful and enlivening German song, entitled: "Oh! the little Augustine!" sung and danced by "the entire strength of the company," with all the force of their lungs and power of their legs and feet, hardly aroused him. The only thing that will awaken Frank is the sound of his own snore. This sounds so blood-curdling at times that it even startles himself, and with a gasp and grunt he sits bolt upright in his blankets, and stares around, panting with affright.

Late Monday afternoon the rumor reached us that we were to be relieved, and that part of the regiment had been sent home already. This was, indeed, joyful news, uncertain as it was.

At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning July 24th, a squad consisting of privates Fetz, Gehret, and Hayes were ordered out, and together with a similar squad from Company A, formed the guard of a passenger train, that finally pulled out of Truckee between 5 and 6 A. M. While stopping at one of the stations, in the snowsheds, a train pulled in from the opposite direction laden with militia. The men soon found out that they were companies from Grass Valley, and that they had been ordered to relieve the Companies A and B stationed at Truckee. The country boys were as fresh as new mown hay, their uniforms were spotless, and even at that early hour in the morning, think of it, had on immaculate white gloves. It was with light hearts that our boys continued their journey. A sumptuous breakfast was served at Blue Cañon. Colfax

was reached about 10 A. M. They found Casebolt, Crowley, Powleson, and Stealy there. They also were birds of passage, and were taking things very easy, as the new arrivals proceeded likewise to do.

It was rumored that morning in Colfax, that the night previous an armed body of strikers had captured the gatling guns from the regulars at Truckee. This made the boys smile, when they remembered that one of the last scenes their eyes rested on that morning before leaving Truckee was the peaceful camp of the regulars, the two gatling guns safely anchored on a flatcar, with the sleeping forms of soldiers on each side of them, and the alert sentinel pacing his beat by the side of the cars. So much for the rumors of war.

Captain O'Connor was the officer in command at Colfax. He is quite a martinet, and as exclusive as an "Indian king." The captain is quite an elderly man, and for hours he would sit on the veranda of the hotel with chair tilted back, and feet elevated above his head, his chin resting on his chest and his clasped hands lying in his lap. In this position, he seemed to be thinking mighty thoughts, or gazing down the vale of untold years, contemplating his glorious military achievements. His first sergeant, a tall, red-haired, quick, intelligent fellow and thorough soldier, was his *charge d'affaires*, and the only man who dared approach him. Our friend Stealy had the temerity the night previous to ask him for permission to attend a dance or fandango that was to take place in the town that night. The frowns that gathered o'er his wrinkled visage portended dreadful things for the then trembling Stealy, but he was ordered back to where he belonged, and told to kick up his heels there if he must.

It was here that poor Al Gehret lost his heart forever and a day. She was not fair to look upon, this copper-colored mountain maid, who won him at first sight, neither would you care to press her cheek. Her once lissome form had long since developed and filled out until the extent of her broadness was equivalent to her height. Those ebony locks were strangers to both comb and curling tongs. Hands had she like feet, and feet like flatirons. We are not prepared to say but that she might be able to make up in affection what she lacked in appearance. Some men are won by a pair of witching eyes. A wave of golden hair has often captured the hearts of others. Some succumb to a shapely form, some go in raptures over the classic curve of some fair girl's neck. A

refined intellectuality often appeals to others. But Al loved her for her arm alone, her brawny arm, part of which was exposed to view.

During the afternoon Casebolt, Crowley, Powleson, and Stealy left on different trains for Truckee.

The news of the arrival in Truckee of the Grass Valley contingent was hailed with joy by the members of both companies, and the delights of "pitching horseshoes" were given over for the pleasure of discussing the chances of an early return home. The arrival of the two companies made no difference in the regular routine of our camp duties, and the relieving squads were taken out to the different posts as usual. Our high hopes were blasted later on that morning by the report, that Colonel Gunther was unable to issue any orders with regard to the new companies, as he had not received any concerning them himself. The boys, however, put their little belongings together, and in various ways made ready for an early departure. With sleeves tucked up to the elbows Corporal Burtis presided over the washtub, and after a few hours hard work spread his own clean clothes and those of his absent comrade Hayes out to dry, and then with loaded gun stood watch over them.

Early in the afternoon orders were received relieving A and B, with instructions to be prepared to leave town at 7 P. M. Now the men began to hustle in real earnest; knapsacks were packed and blankets strapped to them; all hands were ordered out to scour pots innumerable. Doc. Sieberst secured a corner on the water-carrying job, and then would only work when his life was threatened. Corporal McCulloch, who was deeply interested in a yellow-covered book entitled "All for Her," treated the request of his comrades to join them in the wild hilarious occupation of scouring pots and pans, with fine scorn. Was he not a noncommissioned officer? How could they expect him to degrade the standard of his rank by mingling with rude uncouth privates? and as for scouring pots and pans, Ugh! every fiber of his æsthetic nature revolted at the idea. The boys in despair appealed to the captain. The wily McCulloch soon had him entangled in the meshes of an argument, the subtleties of which being too deep for the captain, he peremptorily put an end to it by ordering the corporal to join his comrades mid the pots and pans. This he did under protest, but showed by the dexterity with



which he brought forth the shining qualities of tin and copper, through a mass of black, much familiarity with that branch of kitchen work.

Later on Adjutant Hosmer, Lieutenant Filmer, Doc. Sieberst, Gilkyson, and O'Brien went for their last swim in the cool waters of the Truckee. Jack Wilson, Pariser, and Gille's boon companion, Wilson, left camp ostensibly for the same purpose, but slipped off to a dancehall from which they returned just in time to catch the train.

About 6 o'clock the men were ordered to remove their belongings from the cars, guns were stacked, and the knapsacks and blankets piled around them. Great was the dissatisfaction when it was found out that instead of going back in our tourist cars, to which we had become attached, and in which we had managed to make ourselves very comfortable, we were to return in ordinary day coaches. In consideration of the faithful way in which we had guarded the property of the railroad company, the least they might have done to show some degree of appreciation was to make our home-going as agreeable as possible; instead we were piled into ordinary coaches, the seats of which, with malicious intent, were locked, so that it was impossible to even derive the small comfort obtained by reversing them. But it will require the destruction of some millions of property before the upholders of law and order and protectors of life and property receive the recognition due them.

Lieutenant Lundquist, with a detail from the new arrivals, was sent out to relieve our boys at the various posts, and bring them back. His appearance at that time of day caused much surprise, and the object of his visit much satisfaction. The detail under Sergeant Clifford stationed at Cuba had settled down to the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of country life; the Sergeant had just started off in quest of a fishing-pole when the relief train arrived. He was hastily recalled, and the new detail turned over to him for instructions. Clifford found them "as green as they make 'em." They were all big, strapping country boys, clad in brand new uniforms, and were a marked contrast to the smaller men from the city, whose service in the field had given them and their uniforms—to use a most expressive slang term—a "dead hard" appearance. The new sergeant of the guard posted three of his men at once, but on Clifford's representation that only one was neces-

sary during the daytime, withdrew two of them. As Clifford never lost an occasion to indulge in his little joke, he made the situation appear very serious, and showed the place to be a very dangerous locality. He told them that a band of desperate strikers were expected about 6 o'clock. On hearing this one of the new guards turned very pale, grabbed a fishing-pole, and, saying that he would try a little fishing, made tracks for the river. The sentry, slowly pacing his beat, was told to increase his gait, to prevent his being shot by strikers hiding in the brush. The poor fellow almost ran.

The returning relief train now rolled in, the boys climbed on board, and, as they moved away, waved a last adieu to the new guard, leaving them in a very unenviable frame of mind.

The train arrived in Truckee in time to give the boys a chance to hastily eat a half cold dinner, and join their comrades on the train that at 7 o'clock, started westward, amid much heartfelt rejoicing among the members of Company B. While on the way the different members of the company met with on trains bound for Truckee were taken off. All were now accounted for but Fetz, the lovelorn Gehret, and Hayes. As night had settled down upon them, and being fearful that they would pass the missing ones in the darkness, the long snowsheds echoed with the cries of "Michael Hayes come into court!" Each train and station passed was greeted with the same yell for the absent Hayes and his companions. The train finally pulled into Colfax, and the missing ones were found peacefully sleeping on the floor of the baggage-room. After getting "Michael Hayes into court," together with Fetz and Gehret, our journey homeward was continued, amid continued rejoicing.

As the night advanced some sang songs, while the majority, tired and worn out with the hardships and trials of three weeks' campaigning, had fallen into merciful sleep, a happy sleep, pervaded with the pleasant sensation of being borne swiftly home.

There they lay, in all positions, on the floor, across seats, doubled up, some with their heads thrown back and mouths open, snoring lustily, some with their heads hung forward—not one in a comfortable position. But comfort by this time had become of secondary importance to the members of the City Guard. The habit of sleeping any and every where had inured them to all discomforts. And now the irrepressible

Doc. Sieberst again broke out. Small pieces of paper were put into the hands or mouths of the insensible sleepers; a match was then applied to the paper. The awakening of the unfortunate victim was watched with fiendish glee by the on-lookers. Some of the victims would toss the burning paper from them and fall back, dead to the world again; others would start up in a dazed sort of way, claw the air a bit, a piece of paper stuck in the victim's open mouth making him look laughably ridiculous, and stare around at their tormentors with comical gravity. This is what sleep amounted to that night. To feel that before another twenty-four hours we could rest in a nice, warm, soft bed, was a comfort and a joy. Through the long night's journey sentinels were posted on the platforms, allowing no one to go in or out.

About 7:30 in the morning we reached the Sacramento depot. Here a great disappointment awaited us. Instead of going through to the city as we expected, the cars containing the two companies were sidetracked, we were ordered out, and amid some of the most fearful, though low-toned, "kicking," shouldered our knapsacks and blankets, and were marched back along the tracks to the camp of our regiment. As we approached the camp we made the echoes ring with our Truckee battle cry: "Hoop-la! Hoop-lo! Hoop-lee! We were lucky, we went to Truckee! Not! What! A and B; don't you see?"—and were soon answering hundreds of questions all at once. We took possession of our tentless street and there piled our blankets and equipments. The weary ones spread their blankets and were soon asleep. The dreadful rumor then spread that we should not have left the train, and had not some mistake been made we would now be whirling on our way to the city. The question then arose, Who dared make such a mistake? The subject was quickly canvassed, and soon upon the luckless head of P. J. Conly, acting battalion sergeant-major, was poured the wrath of the whole company.

While in our tentless street, awaiting orders, the Irish crowd, headed by Flanagan, became involved in a little fracas with another crowd, composed of Jack Wilson, Gille, Wilson, and a few others. The neutral bystanders, in the heat of the battle, managed, unobserved, to occasionally get in an upper cut, and some one threw a brick. Through all the best of humor prevailed. About ten men were struggling for the possession of a barrel stave, with which Jack Wilson had been doing some

great execution, when the appearance of Colonel Sullivan put an end to the enjoyable proceedings. The Colonel shook hands with the boys, and expressed himself as being glad to see them all back safe. From beneath the flap of an adjoining tent appeared the head of Brien, who had arrived in Sacramento while we were at Truckee. Tooker now put in his appearance, a sadder but wiser man, but with the aversion to work as strong within him as ever. Later on we were joined by Sergeant Sturdivant; he was compelled to leave us the Monday previous to attend to some important business in the city, and had just returned.

Lieutenant Filmer obtained permission to take the men down town to breakfast, and the majority went. On our return we were greeted with the good news that the regiment would leave for home that day at 3 p. m. We got our equipments and blankets together, and were ready to leave at a moment's notice. Volunteers were called for to take down the officers' tents, and the hardy and experienced men of Company B became at once very scarce. We were the lions of the hour, and swaggered around like heroes, giving exaggerated accounts of our wonderful adventures to a crowd of open-mouthed listeners.

The week spent at Truckee had enabled our boys to overcome the prostrating effects of their stay in Sacramento, and was of incalculable benefit to them physically. There were a few, however, on whom the malaria contracted in Sacramento had taken such a firm hold that it was not to be so easily shaken off, and who only reached home to take to a bed of sickness. Notably Al Gehret; nature supported him until he reached home and received the welcoming embraces of friends and relations; he then succumbed, and for two months was confined to bed, his life at times being despaired of. George Claussenius and Frank Monahan were both laid up with severe sick spells.

At noon we had a very sensible and appetizing lunch, ham sandwiches and beer. Clifford, as usual, with an eye to the future, managed to get away with half a ham, and a few other sundries which were duly appreciated during our long ride to the city. Thus did Clifford to the very end remain faithful to his charge, and in a blaze of glory bring his official career to a close.

Why we refer to the lunch of that day as a sensible one is

because we were in the habit, when doing our own cooking, of preparing a hot lunch; this entails a lot of work, without satisfactory results. Cooking three meals a day is unnecessary. Men are satisfied with a light repast at the noon hour, when they have a good breakfast and supper. A lunch of sandwiches and beer (when you can get it), or coffee, answers every purpose, and is thoroughly enjoyed. During hot weather the man who abstains from cold drinks at meal time, and satisfies his thirst with warm tea or coffee, will find he is better able to stand the heat. Lengthy Monahan presided over the liquid refreshments on this occasion, and his administration was far from being satisfactory; it lacked the impartiality that characterized the *regime* of Jimmy Wear and Van Sieberst. William Flanagan sat at the right hand of Monahan, and his little tin cup was always kept full, with the result that William soon began to boast of his royal lineage, and to cast reflections on the "stuck-up, piano parlor Irish" at the same time looking very hard at their champion, Phil Bannan. On occasions of this kind the captain always had a big advantage over us, for he drank from a tin cup, which had the holding capacity of a dipper. This cup he became the proud possessor of in the early part of the campaign, and he clung to it to the last. It is believed by the members of the company that he bought it himself; others claim he had it made to order.

At last we received the order, "B Company fall in." We were marched to the cars, and after considerable confusion, in which we were changed from one car to another while the train was in motion, thereby endangering life and limb, finally got settled, in an uncomfortable cushionless day coach. At the Sacramento depot the train was boarded by the Third Regiment, and amid howls and yells of joy the train pulled out for 'Frisco. It is with pleasure we can say that on this occasion the members of the company comported themselves with the dignity of tried soldiers, and preserved a silent passiveness that was a marked contrast to the demoniac yells that proceeded from the other companies. Passing over the bridge which was the scene of the wreck two weeks previous, we could not help but feel genuine regret for the brave fellows that met death beneath the cars, that still lay tossed about below the bridge. Such, indeed, might have been the fate of some of us, had events taken a different course. While the train was swiftly flying towards the city, Clifford doled out

sandwiches for the last time; and a box of cakes and some bottles of wine that Fetz and Gehret found waiting for them at Sacramento were distributed among the boys with their compliments. At last the shores of the bay were reached, and across its shining waters we discerned the mansion-crowned hills of dear old 'Frisco. Long before it was necessary, the boys began to get their belongings together, and when we arrived at the end of the mole, every man was ready to step off the cars. On the other side of the bay we were received by a band, the Boys' High School Cadets, and the members of our regiment who had returned home before us. Under their escort we marched up Market street. The appearance of these men formed such a contrast to our own, with their white gloves, white collars, jaunty caps, and clean-shaven faces, that we began to wonder if we ever looked like them, or would we ever look like them again. These, indeed, must be the tin soldiers we had heard people speak of. And yet not one of us would change places with any of them, though we were unshaven, begrimed with dust and dirt from our leggings to the crowns of our much-dented campaign hats, and laden with guns, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and blankets; we were proud of every grease spot, every stain, our bursted shoes, our worn leggings, our torn and dirty blouses, our campaign hats. Even our little tin cups had a new value for us. Around all these, dirty and worn, were clustered the memories and associations of our three weeks' campaign. By the readiness with which we donned the uniforms that proclaimed us soldiers beneath the stars and stripes, and upholders of free institutions, did we prove ourselves not unworthy of the land we live in. And years hence, when the future members of this company are gathered around the festive board, the memory of the deeds of the City Guard during the Sacramento campaign will awake and fire the eloquence of the orator, and inspire the muse of the poet. Along San Francisco's highways we marched to martial strains, the endless amount and variety of whiskers among the men affording much amusement to, and calling forth innumerable comments from, the small boy.

At length we reached the armory, where we were greeted by an immense crowd. After a short speech by Col. Sullivan, wherein he dwelt on the efficient services rendered by the First Regiment, we were dismissed, and were immediately

surrounded by friends and relatives congratulating us on our safe return home. And thus ended the great Sacramento Campaign.

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## SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

Comrades known in marches many,  
Comrades tried in dangers many,  
Comrades bound by memories many,  
Brothers ever let us be.

Wounds or sickness may divide us,  
Marching orders may divide us,  
But whatever fate betide us,  
Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,  
Tried when death was near and nearest,  
Bound we are by ties the dearest,

Brothers evermore to be;  
And if spared and growing older,  
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,  
And with hearts no thrill the colder,  
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,  
Crimson, white, and starry banner,  
By baptism of our banner

Children of one church are we.  
Creed nor faction can divide us,  
Race nor language can divide us,  
Still whatever fate betide us,  
Children of that flag we'll be!

CHAS. G. HALPINE.







OFFICERS OF THE SECOND REGIMENT ARTILLERY AND NAVAL BATTALION, N. G. C., WHILE STATIONED AT OAKLAND, CAL., DURING THE STRIKE, JULY, 1894.



A HISTORY  
OF THE  
“CITY GUARD”

“B” COMPANY, FIRST REGIMENT INFANTRY  
SECOND BRIGADE, N. G. C.

IN A CONCISE FORM

Embodying the Principal Features from its Original Organization  
to the Railroad Strike of 1894

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BY  
CAPTAIN IRVING B. COOK  
COMMANDING COMPANY

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“SALUS PATRIAE ME EXCITAT.”

## PREFACE.

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In the absence of any previously compiled history of the "City Guard" I am beholden to a host of ex-members, and to many other gentlemen as well, for data and scraps of history which helped materially in this work. To them I wish to express my most sincere thanks for all kindnesses rendered. I wish also to express my appreciation for favors received from public libraries, especially the Mercantile, for the free use of their valuable collections of papers and books for reference, many having been examined and consulted by me.

IRVING B. COOK,

Capt. "City Guard," B Co., 1st Infantry, N. G. C.


Armory, 1327 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## CHAPTER I.

### "SAN FRANCISCO CITY GUARD."

"Build me straight, O, worthy master!  
Staunch and strong—a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

LONGFELLOW.

 PPEARING upon the charter-roll of the First California Guard, under date of organization, namely, July 27, 1849, will be found the name of J. Russel Gerry, M. D., company surgeon. Upon looking further along the roll we find the names of John A. Clark and George F. Watson, first and second lieutenants, respectively, of the company, both having joined on May 21, 1852. Second Sergt. R. M. Stephenson and Corporal John W. Conner also joined at the same time with the lieutenants. Third Sergt. E. W. Crowell, together with R. S. La Motte, H. D. La Motte, and Charles S. Simpson, date from July 13, 1852; and Thomas B. Parker from October 5th same year. Fourth Sergt. H. F. Wadsworth and Joseph Henriques joined in 1852, but the exact dates cannot be given at this writing. H. D. La Motte and E. G. Hilton, two of the three now living, who were among the organizers of the "City Guard," furnish evidence between them to show that the following named gentlemen were also among those who belonged to the California Guard just prior to March 31, 1854—the great day—but are unable to give the dates of their first joining same: Asa L. Loring, Charles Le Gay, John Ames, John McQuade, E. G. Hilton (who speaks for himself), John C. Briggs, P. R. Moore, Samuel C. Loring, E. R. Dimmock, and J. H. Pierce.

The records of the California Guard are very incomplete for the early years, particularly so for 1853, that year only showing two enlistments. This is the reason why the writer is unable to furnish the dates above left vacant.

The First California Guard was originally organized as a train of artillery, and exercised in the standing gun drill, besides drilling with muskets. Early in 1854, however, they changed into a horse battery, receiving from the state two six-pound brass guns with carriages and all appliances.

This change did not meet with favor from all the members of the battery, some particularly desiring to retain the old form of organization, as they did not care for the mounted work; nor did they relish the manner in which their captain, Woodworth, conducted the drills and affairs of the battery, he being absent therefrom, and very inattentive to the duties required of a company commander.

These members, therefore, turned their attention to the accomplishment of a new organization in accordance with their desires, the proceedings being entirely harmonious between all parties concerned.

With this object in view, they held a preliminary meeting pursuant to the following notice:

"You are requested to attend a meeting of the second company California Guard at the armory this evening, at 7 o'clock. Dated Monday, March 13, 1854."

At this meeting, or at one held perhaps a few days later, the name of the new organization must have been agreed upon, for in the columns of the *Daily Alta California* under date of March 21, 1854, the following notice and order appears:

"By virtue of the authority in me vested, I hereby appoint R. S. La Motte to superintend the election for officers of the 'San Francisco City Guard' as required by law. Dated, San Francisco, March 21, 1854.

"J. H. CREIGH, County Judge.

"In accordance with the above, an election for officers of the 'San Francisco City Guard' will be held at Armory Hall, on Friday evening, March 31, 1854, at 7:30 o'clock.

"R. S. LA MOTTE."

Pursuant to the above order, the twenty-two gentlemen previously mentioned in this chapter met, and duly accomplished the organization of the "San Francisco City Guard,"

electing the following officers and noncommissioned officers for the term of one year: Captain, John A. Clark; 1st Lieutenant, George F. Watson; 2nd Lieutenant, R. McLean Stephenson; Jr. 2nd Lieutenant, R. S. La Motte; Orderly Sergeant, Thomas B. Parker; and Sergeants, in order of rank, E. W. Crowell, James C. Briggs, who was also treasurer, John W. Conner; Q. M. Sergeant, H. Frank Wadsworth; the corporals, in order of rank, were, Asa L. Loring, P. R. Moore, Samuel C. Loring, and Charles Le Gay; Surgeon, J. Russel Gerry, M. D.; Secretary, John Ames.

Of these charter members there are now living, H. D. La Motte, Lake county, California; E. G. Hilton, New York; Charles Le Gay, Paris, France. Doubtful, H. Frank Wadsworth and R. McLean Stephenson.

By-laws for this new company were adopted, and the drill night set for Friday of each week.

Captain Clark spent a great deal of time and money in perfecting the organization of his command. His donations were used principally in purchasing the first uniform, which consisted of a close-fitting jacket of a very light fawn color, all trimmings and pipings being of red; the men wore any dark colored trousers. The uniform cap was a high affair of blue material, trimmed with red. This is the only uniform worn by the company for perhaps six or seven months, when a full dress was adopted.

The company, being organized as artillery, drilled as such with a large wooden bronzed model to represent a heavy gun. The drill, however, was mostly as infantry, and all parades were made with the musket.

Upon a proper requisition from the captain upon the state authorities, the quartermaster and adjutant general, the corps received the following arms and accoutrements: 60 percussion muskets; 60 ammunition and cap boxes, belts, and plates; 60 waist belts and plates; 60 musket appendages; 60 artillery sabers, belts, and plates; the company furnishing its own uniforms.

The organization thus becoming complete, the "San Francisco City Guard" sailed bravely forth to buffet and battle with the vast unknown.

"Like a stately ship,  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails filled and streamers waving."

The original company commander is described as being neither light nor very dark complexioned, but with black hair, 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighing in the neighborhood of 115 to 120 pounds—a small man. He was full of life, however, quick-witted, and a noble-hearted fellow. His father, Aran Clark, was at one time mayor of New York city. Coming to California, Capt. Clark was for a long time deputy county recorder of San Francisco. He died on November 22, 1877, at the age of 53 years, while in the employ of the treasurer's department at Washington.

Armory Hall, the first home of the "San Francisco City Guard," was situated on the northeast corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets, in Sam Brannan's new building, having a frontage of 60 feet on both thoroughfares. Four other companies also occupied this building, each having separate company rooms in the third story, with the use of the drill hall on the fourth for its allotted evening of the week.

Nothing that was particularly startling occurred during the balance of this, to the "City Guard," the most eventful year of 1854, nor during the next for that matter, to mar the calm serenity of ordinary military life. Drills, parades, outings, banquets, and social events vied with each other to fill the interim; all of which served to interest, not only the members themselves, but others as well, in the welfare of this organization. Many prominent men joined the ranks of the "City Guard," and the high standing thus early attained served to place the company on a firm and permanent basis, assuring to it a long, prosperous, and most honorable existence.

To chronicle all the different incidents and happenings of this early period, and those too of more recent dates, would be out of the question at this present writing; prominent among them, however, we find the following interesting items:

It was on the afternoon of the 3d of July, 1854, that the "San Francisco City Guard" journeyed by water to the town of Martinez for its initial excursion and outing, and, after celebrating the Fourth by a parade, drill, and prize shoot, the corps returned homeward, being received and escorted to the armory by the California Guard.

The 17th day of August following, found the company on the Oakland side of the bay for the regular target practice and medal shoot. It was upon this occasion that the company commander presented the now famous "Clark Medal" to the corps, the conditions being that it remain a permanent



annual prize in the company. This medal is still the valued property of the "City Guard," and is placed in competition as provided for in the original deed of gift. On one side of the large quartz medal is inscribed: "'City Guard,' organized March 31, 1854," and on the reverse side we have "Company medal, presented by Capt. John A. Clark, August, 1854."

It may be of general interest to the active guardsman of the present day to learn that on April 25, 1855, the legislature of California duly enrolled upon the statute books the law exempting active militiamen from jury duty.

Armory Hall remained the home of the "City Guard" until the 1st of June, 1855, when, during the following fifteen or sixteen months, the company occupied three different armories, namely: No. 95 Battery street, corner of Clay; northeast corner of Kearny and Clay, this being the place where the reorganization took place as the "I. C.G."; thence to an armory, for a very short time, on the northeast corner of Halleck and Sansome streets, over the American Theatre.



CAPTAIN JOHN A. CLARK.

## CHAPTER II.

### "INDEPENDENT CITY GUARD."



THE political corruptions, ballot-box stuffing, and the great number of homicides committed with impunity, were the causes leading up to the Vigilance Committee of 1856. These criminals depended upon their fellows, some of the worst then being themselves officials, to shield them from prosecution and to again set them free. The opinion steadily gained ground with the better element of society that it would be utterly impossible to correct these evils by due process of law; still none would make a move toward taking matters into their own hands, and the worse element thus held full sway.

It was while popular feeling was thus strained to a high tension that the *Evening Bulletin* made its appearance, with James King, of William, as editor. King devoted his energies in denouncing the crimes and all criminals who had given most offense to the community.

The crisis finally came when this fearless editor, on May 14, 1856, published in his journal the fact that James P. Casey, who had but lately stuffed the ballot-box with his own name while inspector of election, and had declared himself elected supervisor of the Twelfth Ward, was a graduate of the New York state prison at Sing Sing, which statement was true. Casey thereupon, within two hours, mortally wounded King. The news of this fresh homicide spread like wildfire, and Casey's friends hurried him to jail, deeming it the safest place.

An immense congregation of excited citizens assembled on the Plaza, closing upon and threatening to storm the jail in order to execute dire vengeance upon the murderer. This crowd grew to wonderful proportions.

In the mean time the authorities were not idle; the military were called upon to preserve order, and, in obedience to its sworn duty, the "City Guard," within an hour thereafter, left the armory (corner Kearny and Clay) for the scene of trouble. Although the company had but a short distance to go, it was a march to be long remembered, for upon appearing on the street, the members met with a warm reception. The crowd jeered, they stormed, they threatened, they threw all sorts of missiles (no one was seriously injured however), did every thing possible to impede their progress toward the jail, but with no avail. These soldiers, putting all their personal feelings aside, were doing but their duty, and they did that duty well.

Lieutenant Watson, who was in command during the absence of Captain Clark in the East, had the muskets loaded with ball, and it became necessary, not only to use the bayonet occasionally, but two or three times was the command "aim" given, and the men silently and with determination waited for the word "fire," so were their tempers worked upon by this time: it was a hot crowd. Fortunately for some one, however, the mob gave way under this pressure, and the "Guard" finally entered the jail, taking position best adapted for its proper protection. Here the company remained all night and until 10:30 o'clock the next day, when the excitement becoming somewhat abated, they returned to the armory and were dismissed, with orders to report again immediately upon hearing the alarm sounded.

This summons never came. But, on the other hand, notwithstanding the prompt response and constant readiness of the boys to perform their duty, Lieutenant Colonel West and Sheriff D. Scannell mistrusted them, and quietly removed the arms and accoutrements from the armory that day, thus leaving the organization without the means of effective service. This high-handed proceeding upon their part was resented by the "City Guard," as will be shown by the following proceedings of a meeting held at the armory at 2 o'clock P. M. of the following day, the 16th (it being duly advertised in the papers of that time), to take into consideration the removal of arms and accoutrements from their armory on the 15th instant:

"Lieutenant Watson in the chair.

"Lieutenant Colonel West appeared to explain his action in relation to the removal of said arms and accoutrements, stat-

ing that said arms were removed by order of Major General Sherman,\* and that he held himself personally responsible therefor.

"After which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, that in the opinion of this corps we have been unjustly and improperly deprived of our arms without the consent or knowledge of our commandant.

"*Resolved, therefore*, that a committee be appointed to wait on Colonel J. R. West and request the return of the arms, and, in the event of said request not being complied with, the 'City Guard' do immediately disband.

"Meeting adjourned to 7:30 o'clock P. M.

"Pursuant to adjournment, the corps assembled at the armory, when the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted upon the call of the roll:

"WHEREAS, the request for the return of our arms and accoutrements has been refused, we find ourselves wholly unable to equip our members, and deprived of the power to respond, as ever heretofore, to the call of duty that may be made upon us, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the 'City Guard' do hereby disband.

"*Resolved*, That the events of the past few days prove that we have ever held ourselves ready for the prompt discharge of a soldier's duty."

These resolutions were signed by the sixty-one members.

On Tuesday evening, May 27, 1856, the members again met and organized the "Independent City Guard," and elected the following officers and non coms.: Captain, John A. Clark; First Lieutenant, George F. Watson; Second Lieutenant, Asa L. Loring; Bvt. Second Lieutenant, Peter Van Pelt; Orderly Sergeant, E. M. Crowell; Sergeants, Wm. H. Watson, H. Van Pelt, Nathaniel M. Ford; Corporals, H. H. Thrall, Luke Wilder, John Ames, and Chas. E. Rand; Quartermaster Sergeant, Ephram B. Cleenent; Treasurer, W. H. Watson; Secretary, John Ames. By-laws were adopted on June 25th following.

Through the generosity of the citizens who fully indorsed the action of the company, the "Independent City Guard" was fully equipped with a full set of arms and accoutrements similar to those taken away. The donations thus furnished

\* Commanding Second Division, C. S. M.

for the equipment amounted close on to \$2,000. The corps retained, of course, the uniforms previously adopted, they being the personal property of its members.

Immediately following the shooting of King, and of the events above described, many prominent business men and citizens determined upon decisive action, and, without further delay, the Vigilance Committee was formed, many companies armed and equipped. Within a comparatively short time three thousand men were enrolled into the companies and regiments thus raised. Although the "Independent City Guard" took no part as an organization, the members individually did, and they played a very prominent part in this array. Chas. Doane, afterwards captain of the company, was Grand Marshal over all the troops, Watson and many others being officers therein, while the balance went into the ranks.

On Tuesday, May 21st, Casey, together with Cora, who had killed United States Marshal Richardson, were taken from jail, there being no resistance, and hurried to the headquarters of the committee. There they were tried, convicted, and both hanged on the 22d, the day that King was buried.

The Law and Order Party were also well organized, and many conflicts were narrowly averted. The committee's troops, however, succeeded in disarming the others, making them practically powerless.

Both the California Guard and the National Guard followed the example of the "City Guard," and formed independent organizations.

It may be well to here add that, in all, four persons were executed, and a great many others were banished. On August 18th following, all these troops, 5,137 in number, after a grand review and parade, were mustered out, the object of the Vigilance Committee having been accomplished.

The three years following this important epoch in the history of the company were uneventful as to military requirements. The company drilled regularly, besides parading on both stated and public occasions.

During the month of July, 1856, or perhaps a little earlier, the "I. C. G." moved from the armory then occupied to one at 112 Sacramento street, between Montgomery and Sansome, where they remained until the first month of 1860.

Captain Clark resigned on April 15, 1857, and 1st Lieutenant George F. Watson was advanced to the captaincy on May 14th following, with Asa L. Loring as 1st Lieutenant;

Nat M. Ford 2nd Lieutenant; Benjamin H. Freeman being Junior 2nd Lieutenant, and William C. Little Brevet 2nd Lieutenant.

The company's fancy uniform, modeled after the uniform of the City Guard of New York, was adopted during either April or May of 1858, nearly all having been made in the East; the first parade with them took place on July 4th of the same year. The cost to each individual member, including the high bearskin shako, was one hundred dollars.

May, 1858, found Lieutenant Freeman in command of the company, Watson, Loring, and Ford having previously resigned. On June 6th following, Charles Doane was elected captain, and John W. McKenzie 1st Lieutenant, Freeman and Little 2nd and Junior 2nd Lieutenants respectively. H. H. Thrall being advanced to Brevet 2nd Lieutenant.

Here ends the career of the company as the "Independent City Guard," for on March 11th, 1859, the organization was again admitted into the service of the state as the "City Guard," being attached to the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Div., C. S. M. Witness the following order:

"WHEREAS, certain petitioners, citizens of the county of San Francisco, have presented to me, the undersigned, county judge of the county aforesaid, a memorial praying that they, the said citizens, being eligible to military duty, may be duly enrolled as a volunteer corps, attached to the Second Brigade, Second Division C. S. M., under the name of 'City Guard,'

"Now, therefore, in pursuance of authority vested in me, I do hereby nominate and appoint Captain Thomas D. Johns to superintend an election to be held by the subscribers aforesaid, on the 11th day of March, 1859, at No. 112 Sacramento street, for commissioned officers, in manner prescribed by law, between the hours of 7 and 10 p. m.

"Witness the Honorable M. C. Blake, county judge of the county of San Francisco, this first day of March, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine."

[SIGNED] "M. C. BLAKE, County Judge.

"Attest: WM. DUN, Clerk.

"By D. P. BELKNAP, Deputy."

In compliance with the above, the company met and duly organized the "City Guard," electing the same officers as on June 6, 1858, with the exception that the position of brevet second lieutenant was left vacant.

### CHAPTER III.

#### "CITY GUARD" FROM 1860 TO 1870.

**J**ANUARY 1, 1860, found the "City Guard" just located in their new armory, in an iron building, situated on the north side of California street, a few doors above Montgomery street, over Wells, Fargo & Co's Express. The Union Club occupied the corner over the bank. Many of the "City Guard" members belonged to this club, and both headquarters were connected by a doorway. Here the corps remained until November 20, 1865—nearly six years.

The re-election of Doane, McKenzie, Freeman, and Little occurred on April 14th following, John Hill being raised to the dignity of brevet second lieutenant.

Following close upon this election of officers, the First Battalion was organized, which consisted of all three arms of the service, namely, infantry, artillery, and cavalry. This organization was completed on June 15, 1860, the companies comprising same being the "City Guard," "California Guard," "Black Hussars," "Light Guard," "Fusileers," and "French Guard." All of the members comprising these six companies participated in the election for field officers, which was by ballot, there being over two hundred votes cast. Captain Doane was duly elected lieutenant colonel, commanding the battalion, and First Lieutenant McKenzie was raised to the rank of major. The result of this election gives to the "City Guard" the honor of furnishing the only two field officers of an organization which afterwards became the nucleus for our present First Regiment; the "National Guard" and "California Rifles" being added later, in order to make the eight-company regiment.

In consequence of the above, another company election was necessarily held for officers to fill vacancies. John A. Clark was again made captain, *vice* Doane; Asa L. Loring, first lieutenant, *vice* McKenzie; Little and Freeman retaining their former positions, while George J. Griffing was advanced to brevet second lieutenant, *vice* Hill resigned.

We now come upon the eve of the War of the Rebellion. Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and opportunities became numerous for able generals, and brave men to show their mettle and loyalty to preserve our glorious Union. In California, although far removed from the seat of conflict, everyone took a lively interest in the progress of hostilities. This state furnished many thousands of volunteers for the strife, the proportion being very large for the then population; in fact, California furnished many soldiers who were accredited to other states, as history will plainly show. The "C ty Guard" furnished a long list of fighters, among whom were the following: J. M. McNulty, M. D., brigadier surgeon, California Volunteers; John Hill, lieutenant with Colonel Baker, California Volunteers; J. P. Hackett, captain Sixth Infantry, California Volunteers; Nat M. Ford quartermaster's department; Asa L. Loring; Robert S. La Motte, captain Thirteenth New York, afterwards lieutenant-colonel United States Army; H. B. Mellon, now retired, major United States army; William Bryan, Seventh New York; George F. Watson, captain 180th New York Volunteers; W. C. Allen, captain 101st New York Volunteers; Joseph Hilton, captain Twelfth New York Volunteers; Joseph Henriques, captain Fourth New York Volunteers; William Barstow, assistant adjutant general, General Dix's staff; E. G. Hilton, quartermaster's department, and L. Parks, with California Hundred. There are others, but the writer is unable at the present time to name them. Many of these gentlemen rose to higher rank in the service during the progress of the war.

The vast majority of people on this coast elected to maintain these United States one and inseparable, still there were those who warmly supported the secession, and conditions threatened at times to become more serious in California than would have been agreeable to peace-loving people. This would be particularly the case when any news came of the defeat of the northern arms.

The provost marshal, who was on duty at all times, made many arrests of those who were too outspoken, and the militia



were constantly on the alert, although they were but occasionally under arms. Armories had to be guarded, however, and the "City Guard" did full well its share of duty.

Throughout the period covered by this chapter the members of the "City Guard" continued with their regular routine duties as required, with occasional battalion drills and military ceremonies, parades and escort duties, the latter being quite numerous. This company had no difficulty whatever in keeping its ranks full of enthusiastic members, who made the corps a truly crack organization.

The writer can give no better evidence or proof of the condition of the "City Guard" than that offered in the adjutant general's report for the year 1861. In this report, speaking of the company, he says:

"This is one of the oldest and best drilled companies of the state, is well officered and equipped, and composed of men who take much pride in the military art—numbering eighty-eight men. Has had upon its roll this year one hundred and forty-three members; has furnished from its ranks during this year one brigadier general,\* one surgeon, and one captain of volunteers in the United States service, and three general staff officers. Much praise is due the members of this company for the military enterprise at all times displayed, and authorities of the state can rely upon its efficiency for active service."

The "First Regiment of Infantry, California Militia," was organized on May 28, 1861, with the previously named companies composing same. John S. Ellis was elected colonel, J. W. McKenzie as lieutenant colonel and Robert Pollock major. The companies taking the letters in accordance with the dates of their original organization, as follows: "California Guard, Company A," "City Guard, Company B," "National Guard, Company C," "Black Hussars, Company D," "California Fusileers, Company E," "Light Guard, Company F," "French Guard, Company G," and "California Rifles, Company H." Many changes have since taken place in the regimental organization, and now, July, 1894, of the original companies there remain but three, namely, "City Guard, Company B," "National Guard, Company C," and "Light Guard, Company F."

\* Lieutenant Colonel Charles Doane promoted brigadier general, 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, C. S. M.

At the annual election for officers of the company in 1861 the same ones were continued in office, with the exception that the position of brevet second lieutenant was left vacant, *vice* Griffing.

Up to June 28, 1861, the "City Guard" drilled with, and used for the purposes of the state, the same arms and accoutrements so kindly furnished them by the citizens in 1856; at this time, however, the state authorities issued the following to the company, all being of the same pattern as previously owned by the corps: sixty muskets, gun-slings, bayonets, and scabbards; sixty cartridge-boxes, belts and plates; sixty waist-belts and plates, with the same number of cap pouches; four sergeant's swords and scabbards, belts and plates.

The several companies of the regiment wore different style uniforms, representing, as has been said, all colors of the rainbow. The board of officers determined upon adopting one for the entire regiment, one that would be serviceable in case they were called upon for active duty. They therefore addressed themselves to the citizens of San Francisco, who soon came forward with the requisite amount to purchase same, and along toward the middle of the year 1861 the regiment was finally fitted out with a gray regimental uniform, the cost of which was twelve dollars.

All the troops in the Second Brigade, Second Division, C. S. M., during the month of November, 1861, were required to take the oath of allegiance before Judge Blake, in substance as follows: "To support the constitution of the United States and of the state of California, solemnly agreeing to defend both against all enemies, both foreign and domestic." The "City Guard" came forward with a larger membership than any of the other companies.

The company was well received by the best society in the city of San Francisco. This fact is abundantly evident from the many events that transpired during its early history. It will be impossible, however, to detail all the interesting social festivities of these days, but in order that the writer's assertions may carry conviction with it, the following historical fact is recited: A military and civic subscription ball was given at Platt's Hall, on the evening of Friday, December 27, 1861, complimentary to the officers of the Russian steam corvette *Calevala*, by the citizens of San Francisco, as a

token of the public appreciation of the friendly spirit manifested by the Emperor of all the Russias toward our federal government. All arrangements for this ball were confided to the members of the "City Guard" by a committee of the most prominent people. Lieutenant Wm. C. Little was floor manager, assisted by four noncommissioned officers of the company. Captain Clark, chairman of the reception committee, was assisted by all the other members of the company, every one being in the full fancy uniform of the corps. The "press," in describing the affair, spoke thus of the "City Guard": "One of the most spirited and efficient of our local uniform militia companies, whose proverbial good taste was fully sustained in the admirable manner in which the ball was conducted."

In May, 1862, Little was advanced to Second Lieutenant, *vice* Freeman, Fred W. Macondry, Jr., was made junior second lieutenant, *vice* Little promoted. The result of the election for officers of the company with rank, from August 8th, following was: Captain, Wm. C. Little, *vice* Clark, promoted lieutenant colonel First Regiment; Fred W. Macondry, Jr., first lieutenant, *vice* Loring; R. M. Noyes, second lieutenant, *vice* Little promoted; John Hoyt as junior second lieutenant, *vice* Macondry promoted. This quartet of officers remained thus until September 4, 1865.

The first camp of the state militia was held in May, 1863, in pursuance to orders from general headquarters. This camp was named "Stanford" after the commander in chief, and the expense was borne by the state.

The legislature of California opened its heart to help the militia financially, on April 25, 1863, the first time on record. Appropriations were made for its maintenance, three hundred dollars per year for each company of infantry, besides requiring the counties to furnish twenty-five dollars per month for armory rents. It also provided for two encampments, the above being one of them, and for full-dress uniforms for the entire force. These, made of blue, were issued during same year. It also passed the clause to exempt militiamen from jury duty after serving faithfully for a period of seven years.

Company B, "City Guard," First Regiment of Infantry, participated as a company in its first camp, a Second Brigade affair, from the 6th to the 16th of October, 1863. Camp

Allen, named after the commander of the Second Division, was held near San Antonio, Alameda county, the state defraying the expense.

The company received its first improved arms on February 20, 1865. These were the "rifle muskets" of 58 caliber, model 1861. Sixty of these, together with a full set of accoutrements, the same kind as before used, were issued to the company, and those previously carried were returned to general headquarters during the following month. Twenty extra muskets came to the company during October following.

In April of the same year, when the news of the assassination of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, was received, San Francisco became wild with excitement; mobs quickly gathered, and endeavored to wreck the printing-offices of those who had advocated secession, and of those who had been so rabid in their utterances that they had really done the next thing but actually advocate the killing of the President. The feeling against these people can well be imagined. Some considerable damage was done before the authorities were able to act; finally, when the militia was called upon, the "City Guard" was the first company to report at the rendezvous, and it was the only company whose every member was in complete uniform. Guards were kept on the other offices that had escaped the fury of the mob up to this time. Guards were also kept over loyal newspapers, for fear that the rioters would so far forget themselves as to wreck them too. Considerable trouble was experienced, and many broken heads was the result. As soon as matters quieted down the troops were dismissed.

Little was again re-elected September 4, 1865, with William M. Noyes as first lieutenant, *vice* Macondry; George W. Granniss, second lieutenant, *vice* Noyes promoted; T. Van Tassel, junior second lieutenant, date from October 3, 1865, *vice* Hoyt. The latter remained in his position but a short time, going again into the ranks, presumed to be upon the reorganization as the National Guard of California.

On November 20, 1865, the company moved from California street to an armory situated on the top floor of a three-story building on the south side of Market street, opposite Dupont. Remaining there until April following.

April 2, 1868, saw the last of the "California State Militia," for upon this date the Legislature passed the law creating

the "National Guard of California," together with a general revision of the codes governing the state forces. Among the principal features of this bill we find: A limit to the number of companies; allowing but three officers to each infantry company, same to hold office for two years; field officers to be elected for four years.

Soon after this bill became a law a complete reorganization took place, and many companies were necessarily mustered out of the service. Orders were issued from general headquarters on July 12, 1866 (see S. O. No. 3 series of 1866), directing the immediate organization of the Second Brigade, in accordance with this law. This was accomplished the next month.

The "City Guard" Company B, retained its position in the First Regiment, and sixty-seven members of the company took the following oath on the twenty-first day of August, 1866, before the mustering-in officer, Major George W. Smiley, Asst. Adj. Gen., 2nd Brig., N. G. C.

"COMPANY "B," FIRST REGIMENT INFANTRY; SECOND BRIGADE,  
N. G. C.

"STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }  
"City and County of San Francisco.} ss.

"You do solemnly swear and pledge your honor that you  
"will support the constitution of the United States, and the  
"constitution of the state of California, and that you will  
"maintain and defend the laws and all officers lawfully em-  
"ployed in administering the same."

Little, Noyes, and Granniss were retained as the three company officers, Van Tassel taking the oath as a private.

April 24, 1866, again found the "City Guard" located in a new armory, this time at No. 617 Howard street, opposite New Montgomery, in the second story, the California Guard being on the ground floor. This was its home until February, 1871.

During October, 1866, the company received eighty new full-dress uniforms from the state. They were of the same pattern as those of 1863, but without the piping of white cord.

George W. Granniss was elected captain during October also, *vice* Little, promoted major; Stephen H. Smith, first lieutenant, *vice* Noyes; and David Wilder, second lieutenant, *vice* Granniss promoted.

Two years after, October 19, 1868, found another change in officers. Granniss having been elected major, Douglass Gunn was elected captain, and Chalmers Scott first lieutenant, *vice* Smith. Wilder was re-elected second lieutenant. Gunn resigned, and Chalmers Scott was raised to the captaincy on November 1, 1869. At the same time Wilder was made first lieutenant, and Horace D. Ranlett, second lieutenant.

During the latter part of 1869 the company readopted the "fancy uniform," which lasted, as near as the writer can determine, until 1874 or 1875. It was not worn much, however, during the latter part of the period named.

During the month of November, 1869, a fire occurred, which did considerable damage to the arms and accoutrements of the company. These arms and accoutrements were condemned by a Board of Survey, and new ones issued on December 21st following, those damaged having been returned to the state authorities.

## CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1870 TO 1880.



WITH July, 1870, came another change in the officers of the company, Thomas J. Johnson being elected captain, to rank from April 15th, *vice* Scott, resigned on account of his removal to the southern portion of the state, the other officers retaining their former positions.

Following close upon this election of officers, the company received a full fatigue uniform through the exertions of Colonel Barnes. The description of this uniform is not at hand at the present time, but it is presumed that the only addition was a blue single-breasted blouse of about the pattern now (1894) worn, together with the regulation cap.

The building on the northwest corner of Howard and New Montgomery streets became the armory of the "City Guard," in February, 1871. The company occupied rooms on the second floor, together with other companies of the regiment, the first drill being held on the 7th of that month. This place was retained as headquarters until November, 1875.

1st Lieutenant David Wilder was elected captain, to rank from March 14, 1871, *vice* Johnson, resigned on account of sickness. Ranlett was promoted to the 1st lieutenancy, and J. Henry P. Gedge to fill the position left vacant by Ranlett, both to rank from March 23d.

An organization in Amador county, this state, known as the Laborers' League, was formed for the protection of white labor, and not only miners, but many others, belonged to it. They assumed to fix the wages to suit themselves, and any one who refused to accept their terms was not allowed to work. Trouble, therefore, ensued between them and the mine-owners,

as the latter would not recognize the right of the league to interfere in their business arrangements. A strike was ordered in consequence. The mines were shut down, for the league would not allow any one to work, not even at the pumps, in order to keep the mines free from water. Damages to the extent of about \$75,000 having been accomplished by the strikers, the owners of these mines called upon the governor for protection.

This was the condition of affairs on June 22, 1871, when Colonel W. H. L. Barnes, commanding the First Infantry, received orders from general headquarters at Sacramento to immediately detail a battalion of two companies for service in the field. The entire regiment was assembled, "B" reporting with forty-eight rank and file, but companies "C" and "E" were selected for this campaign. As more men were necessary than were available in the companies named, details from the balance of the regiment were made to fill up the ranks of the battalion. Although the "B" boys were all anxious to go, Captain Wilder was only allowed to detail one sergeant, two corporals, and ten privates, namely: Sergeant T. N. Weightman, Corporals James J. E. Hawkins and Arthur A. Palmer, Privates George G. Bergstrom, Charles W. Bryant, James M. Guerin, August G. Jenny, John Martin, William V. McConnell, Harry F. Middleton, William M. Noyes, E. E. Stacy, and H. Nelson Wright. The battalion was under the command of Major J. F. Bronson.

The detailed battalion left the same day that the order was received, and was gone twenty-seven days. Their duty was performed so well that they experienced no trouble from the miners.

Major Bronson died soon after his arrival home, caused by the exposure during the campaign. C. Poindexter gives evidence to the fact that James Guerin of "B" also died from the same causes after arriving at his home.

In the latter part of the year 1871, another fire occurred in the armory of the "City Guard," this time destroying the records of the company, and doing great damage to the arms and other property of the organization. S. O., No. 34, series of 1871, from general headquarters at Sacramento, and dated December 20th, condemns the arms and accoutrements of the "City Guard," Company B, First Regiment of Infantry, N. G. C., *which were damaged by fire*, and a requisition for new approved.



Lieutenant Gedge resigned on December 28, 1872, and Sidney M. Smith was elected second lieutenant to fill this vacancy, with rank from January 2, 1873. June 5th following found Wilder re-elected to the captaincy, while Smith was advanced to first lieutenant, *vice* Ranlett; Henry A. Plate, second lieutenant, *vice* Smith promoted.

In 1873 the First Regiment received new arms and equipments, and the new regulation uniform. General Order No. 1, from headquarters of the National Guard of California, dated January 30, 1873, adopts the United States regulation uniform for the forces of this state. These arms and equipments, together with the uniforms, were paid for through the efforts of Colonel W. H. L. Barnes, who raised upwards of \$30,000 to pay for same. These rifles were the first of the breech-loaders to be received by any organization on the coast, and it was because of the energetic leaders that the regiment was so fitted out. On June 22d the "City Guard" received its quota of the new arms, duplicate receipts being given to Colonel Barnes, Lieutenant Colonel George W. Granniss, and Major Oscar Woodhams, as trustees for said property, the same to be returned upon demand, viz., sixty each of the following: Sharp's metallic cartridge army rifles, caliber fifty and model new, bayonets, cartridge boxes and plates, cartridge-box belts, waist-belts and plates, uniform hats. The company returned the old ones to Sacramento on the 25th, three days later.

The uniform adopted was of the same general description as that of 1866, with perhaps a few minor changes.

The following officers were elected with rank from April 1, 1875: Henry A. Plate, captain, *vice* Wilder promoted major; Thomas J. O'Keeffe, first lieutenant, *vice* Smith; Edward F. Sellick, second lieutenant, *vice* Plate promoted.

#### COMPANY BADGE.

The first mention of a badge for the company was made on October 9, 1873, a number of designs being offered, but no immediate action was taken. Between this date and the New Year discussions were had upon the subject, and in February, 1874, an attempt was made to abandon the idea, but this was voted down. Matters rested until the early months of the following year, when about fifteen designs were again offered, and from these, five or six of the best ones

selected, and given into the hands of a committee. This committee made up one design, adopting the best features of those in hand, and presented the result to the company for final action. This badge was accepted, as near as the writer can determine, some time during June, 1875. A *facsimile* of this badge can be seen on the cover of this book.

The "City Guard," together with the entire regiment, participated in the 2nd brigade encampment held at San Rafael on the 20th, 21st, and 22d of May, 1875, Brevet Major General W. L. Elliott, U. S. A., being in command. Quite a number of United States troops were also present.

One of the most pleasing episodes in the history of the company occurred on August 7, 1875, when Captain Plate, on behalf of himself and sister, Miss Josie Plate, presented to the organization a beautiful silk national flag, which has ever been prized most highly by the members of the "City Guard," and many are the times that they have paraded beneath its classic folds.

Upon this same evening the captain also presented to the company what is known as the Plate Badge. This badge is the permanent property of the "City Guard," and it is annually placed in competition as a shooting decoration. This badge is described as a massive scroll shield, weighing almost two ounces in gold. In the center of this shield is the monogram "C. G." in large lettering, surmounted by a bear, over which stands in bold relief the name "Plate Badge," all of which is enameled in black, the groundwork being beautifully hand chased. On the reverse side is the following inscription: Presented to the "City Guard" by Captain H. A. Plate, August 7, 1875. Miss Josie Plate was elected an honorary member of the company on the 19th of August. She is the only lady who has that distinction.

Some time previous to September, 1875, this company received the breech-loading Springfield rifle from the state authorities. These are the 45-70 now in use. Sixty were allotted to "B."

The second week of November of this year found the company located in a new home. This time the move was made to No. 318 Post street, opposite the square, between Stockton and Powell streets, on the north side. This armory was owned and occupied by Company C, the "National Guard" of the First. Here the "City Guard" remained until the last of July, 1879.

Another beautiful annual shooting prize was presented to the company by Miss May C. Bourn, on the evening of May 4, 1876. This handsome affair is in the shape of a heavy solid silver cup or vase, and is known generally as the "Bourn Cup." The winner of this cup holds it for one year, when it is then again competed for.

Not to be outdone by others in this era of beautiful gifts, Color Corporal Louis R. Townsend, the old-old veteran, came gallantly forward on July 4th with another very appropriate gift to the company of a flag-case. This flag-case is built of oak and ebony woods, with the entire front of glass. It is sufficiently large to hold the full spread of the "City Guard" flag so kindly presented during the previous year. The case, with the flag therein, now adorns the wall of "B's" headquarters. With the true characteristic feeling of a "City Guard" veteran, and a true soldier, the corporal caused the following inscription to be carved upon the base of this gift:

Beneath thy folds we march at duty's call,  
With thee we'll conquer, or with thee we'll fall.

On October 20, 1876, the company was under arms in anticipation of a riot and threats of attack upon the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. November 7th following found the organization again under arms, and this, too, for the same reason. The National Guard was held in readiness during this period for active duty, there being considerable excitement in the city over the troubles caused by unscrupulous agitators.

December 28th found the "City Guard Rifle Range" completed at San Bruno. This range was the gift of Captain Plate, who with William Unger, Charles Slocum, and the old veteran Lou Townsend, devoted their labor to its construction. This range was used for a good many years; but, finally, on account of the time lost in traveling to and fro, and to the lack of interest in shooting, it was finally given up.

At the election for officers in 1877 John H. Dickinson was elected Captain, *vice* Plate; E. F. Selleck, First Lieutenant, *vice* O'Keeffe; and Louis R. Townsend, Second Lieutenant, *vice* Selleck promoted; all to rank from April 5th.

The excitement of the previous year continued well into 1877 and 1878, and things began to get warmer and warmer for the Chinese as time rolled on. Kearney and his crowd of agitators were at work, endeavoring, as they claimed, to drive

the hated race from our shores. Matters got beyond the control of the local authorities, and they called upon the governor for aid. That part of the National Guard located in San Francisco was ordered under arms on July 23, 1877, and were held in its armories for a period of seven days. The Safety Committee, having been organized into pick-handle brigades, patrolled the streets of the city, while the organized and well-disciplined troops were cooped up in their armories, and were not allowed to do the duty which they had taken an oath to perform. Was this not strange? Perhaps the following will serve to explain matters somewhat.

The chief of police, together with the other civil authorities, was jealous of his powers, and feared to put matters into the hands of the military. Why? Because they feared that some one else would reap a little benefit besides themselves, and that they might lose a vote or two, perhaps. 'Tis the same old story, which is told and retold so many times over, jealousy and the narrow-minded policy of self-interest. In the absence of martial law the civil authorities were, of course, in full control, and the military were subservient unto them. They saw fit to keep disciplined organizations in their armories, while the undisciplined citizens were parading the streets with their bits of wood. Time and again have the National Guards of our different states been placed in just such a predicament, and when politics are thrust into the background, and civil offices are occupied by fair-minded men whose sole aim is the welfare of the state, and not till then, will the National Guard occupy the place designed for it in the government of our country.

But we're outflanking our story. Therefore to resume. These much abused civil authorities must have become ashamed of themselves, for, upon the night of July 29th, they detailed the military to the water-front in order that they might protect the piles of potatoes that were strewn around on the wharves. From what? It must have been from the wharf-rats, as all trouble had ceased to exist in the city, as is evidenced by the fact that next morning, the 30th, all were dismissed to their homes, military, pick-handle brigades, and all.

On November 10th, the troops were again called out for duty for a period of nine days, the cause being the same as above stated. Again, on January 16, 1878, the troops were called upon for aid in quelling rioters. This time their tour

of duty lasted for eleven days. It is needless to say that the "City Guard" was prominent among the city's defenders, even to the guarding of the potato-sacks.

The "City Guard" participated in the regimental encampment held at Sacramento from September 18th to the 22d, 1878, inclusive. This camp was named after the Commander-in-chief, Governor Irwin. It was at this camp that the State Agricultural Society gave two prizes for a competitive drill. Each competing company was to drill for an hour, three regular army officers being judges. Company "D" of the First took the first prize of \$300, and the "City Guard" the second of \$200. The first prize was won by but a very few points indeed.

April 5, 1879, found Captain Dickinson and First Lieutenant Selleck re-elected, and Henry A. Plate as 2d Lieutenant to rank from the same date, *vice* Townsend.

The company was on duty again during the Kalloch-De Young troubles of 1879. The members, with few exceptions, placed their pay direct into the treasury of the company.

On August 1st of this year the company removed from the armory then occupied to No. 428 Post street, north side, between Powell and Mason streets. The building was once known as Mrs. Mirasole's dancing academy. Many a good time was had there, too. Here the company remained until June 1, 1881.

Camp Walsh was the camp pitched by the First Regiment at Sacramento, from September 10th to the 14th, 1879, inclusive. The members of the "City Guard" enjoyed themselves very much indeed at this camp.

During the ten years covered by this chapter the "City Guard" of course paid considerable attention to the social features that necessarily take place in an organization of this kind. Parties, picnics, target excursions, out-of-town trips, camps, and rackets claimed their proper attention. It became hard, however, for company commanders to keep their companies up to a proper military standard, and the attention to these duties was of a lukewarm nature. A great many things worked against the making of prosperous commands. The "City Guard" felt the influences of these conditions, and continued to feel them, too, away along toward the middle of the eighties, when new life was gradually let into the organization, and conditions became more encouraging and satisfactory to those who took the deepest interest in company affairs.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM 1880 TO 1894.

**E**ARLY in the year 1880 the company experienced quite a boom in membership, the roll reaching to considerable proportions, prizes having been offered to the two members who would do the most recruiting within a given time. The company had in view the new uniforms to be presented by a committee of citizens, and it was the general desire that the roll be increased. The "City Guard" duly received its proportion of these uniforms, which were the regulation as previously worn.

First Sergeant Paul E. Scott was, on April 5th, elected second lieutenant, *vice* H. A. Plate resigned. On July 26th, following, Selleck was made captain, *vice* Dickinson promoted Colonel First Infantry, and J. C. B. Hebbard, first lieutenant, *vice* Selleck promoted.

That part of the Second Brigade located in San Francisco was on duty at the county jail, and in their armories, during the troubles of April, 1880, when Chas. de Young was shot by young Kalloch. The companies were hastily summoned, but again dismissed in a few days, when the excitement had subsided.

Camp Barnes, regimental, in which this company participated, was held at Sacramento from the 18th to the 26th of September, 1880. While returning to San Francisco, the train bearing the regiment, ran into an open switch on the Oakland Mole. Engineer Wm. C. Browne, by his presence of mind and heroic action in sticking to his post of duty, saved the members of the regiment from a fearful death, he being the only one who lost his life. The engine went through the wharf into the bay, and, when afterwards found, Browne was still standing upright, with his hand on the throttle, dead.

Proper action was taken by the board of officers, in an elaborate set of resolutions, and substantial aid was given to his mother and sister, who were dependent upon him for support.

The next camp, Camp Upton, was held at Santa Cruz from the 2d to the 10th of July, 1881.

On June 1, 1881, the "City Guard" took possession of its new quarters on the N. W. corner of Howard and New Montgomery streets, this being the second time that the company had had its armory upon that corner. This was also regimental headquarters; remained there until early in 1888.

Samuel J. Taylor was elected first lieutenant, *vice* Hebbard resigned, on June 27, 1881, and, on the 15th of September following, August F. Plate was made second lieutenant, *vice* Scott resigned. March 2, 1882, found Taylor captain, *vice* Selleck retired; Plate, first lieutenant, *vice* Taylor promoted, and J. C. Conrad, second lieutenant, *vice* Plate promoted.

The regimental camps of the two following years, 1882 and 1883, were held at San Jose, from July 1st to the 9th of each year. In both cases a return trip was made to San Francisco for the Fourth of July parade, the regiment reaching San Jose again in time for the parade there in the evening. The camp of 1882 was named Camp Sheehan, and that of 1883 Camp San Jose.

Second Lieutenant Conrad resigned on July 11, 1883. Francis J. Krempfle was elected first lieutenant, *vice* Plate resigned, to rank from December 12, 1883, the second lieutenantancy being left vacant.

In 1884 the regimental camp was held at Santa Rosa from the 6th to the 14th of September.

The first division camp held by the State troops was at Santa Cruz, from August 15th to the 23d, 1885, the camp being named after the Commander in Chief, Governor Stoneman. Company "B" was comfortably situated in its quarters with the regiment, and cheerfully performed all duties required. The First Regiment, through its own commissary, furnished the meals to its members; other regiments, however, were not so fortunate, they depending upon a caterer for their subsistence. This caterer furnished anything but what was satisfactory to the men, the principal "kick" being against so much "tripe," which was served out too frequently for their tastes. After the sham battle of Saturday the hill

upon which it took place was christened "Tripe Hill," and is known as such to this day.

Frank J. Warren succeeded Kremple as first lieutenant on May 28, 1885, the latter having resigned; the second lieutenantcy being left vacant. Ex-First Sergeant George R. Burdick was elected to the captaincy of the company on October 22, 1885, *vice* Taylor promoted major of the regiment. There was no second lieutenant.

Major Taylor, upon leaving the "City Guard," presented the company with what is known as the "Taylor Badge." The inscription on the back of this handsome gift is as follows: First prize, Thanksgiving Day Shoot. Taylor. November 26, 1885.

The so-called Sutter street riots, including both the Sutter and Geary cable roads, received the attention of the forces of the Second Brigade, although they were not sent out against the rioters, the police being ample for that purpose. Heavy guards were kept at the armories, however, for nearly two months. Dynamite and coercion were used by small parties of the strikers and individuals, but as a body they made no riotous demonstrations. The armory guards were posted on December 13, 1886, and were continued until February, 1887. Many of the members who then belonged to the "City Guard" will perhaps remember the pay received, and will undoubtedly remember the "one dollar and sixty cents" chalked all over the city's walls and fences, with the accompanying witticisms of would be wags. The pay of the enlisted man was as follows: Allowance for meals, seventy-five cents; for quarters, forty cents; for pay proper, forty-five cents; a grand total of one dollar and sixty cents for a day of twenty-four hours. Officers received nothing whatsoever.

"Soldier, will you work"?

Irving B. Cook was elected first lieutenant, to rank from May 19, 1887, *vice* Warren appointed signal officer, regimental staff.

The first brigade camp held for quite a number of years was at Healdsburg for eight days, from the 2d to the 10th of July, 1887. Camp Bartlett was named after the governor, and commander in chief. Company "B" made its accustomed showing at this school of instruction, occupying the street allotted to it by the regimental commander.



This camp was styled the "Jonah camp" by the boys, as three deaths occurred, two by drowning, and one, Sergeant Major William Mitchell, appointed from this company, died from the effects of exposure.

The "City Guard" moved into its present quarters, at 1327 Market street, on April 4, 1888. The company expended a great deal of money in fitting its rooms up appropriately. "B," with companies "A," "D," "F," and "H," leased this armory, which had been built expressly for them, for a period of ten years, each having two rooms for the use of its members.

San Jose, for the third time, received the regimental camp, for the year 1888, on July 21st, for eight days.

The company received new uniforms during the year 1888. These were the United States regulation as previously worn. The state furnished this lot of uniforms, and the general fit of them was some thing terrible to look upon, being the fault of the contractors. Ten new Springfield rifles, model of 1883, came to the headquarters of company "B," these rifles being an improvement over those of 1873, in that the safety notch was added, with the Buffington rear and front sights. At different times subsequent to 1888 two more issues were made of ten and nine respectively.

At a social reunion of the "City Guard," on Monday evening, October 22, 1888, L. D. Stone, Esq., an honorary member of the company, presented the organization with a magnificent bearskin screen.

Camp Orton, named after the Adjutant General of this State, was a regimental camp held at Santa Rosa, from the 20th to the 28th of July, 1889. The next two were Second Brigade affairs, both being held at Santa Cruz—that of 1890, Camp Waterman, from the 16th to the 24th of August, and that of 1891, Camp Markham, from the 4th, after parade, to the 12th of July. In all three of these camps the "City Guard" participated.

On October 28, 1889, F. A. Baldwin was elected 2nd Lieutenant, *vice* self, resigned October 5, 1888, the vacancy not having been filled in the mean time.

By an amendment to the codes governing the National Guard of California the Legislature authorized the issuance of service medals for ten years and upward, the material being of bronze with a bronze bar for ten years, silver bar for fifteen, and a gold bar for twenty years' service.

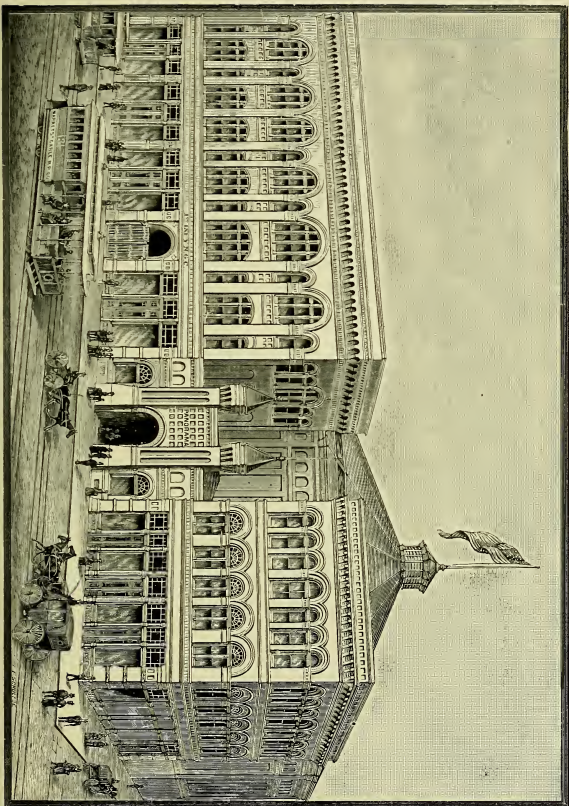
On January 10, 1891, First Lieutenant Irving B. Cook was elected captain, *vice* Burdick promoted major. Upon the same date, First Sergeant Charles J. Wesson was raised to the dignity of first lieutenant, *vice* Cook promoted. On June 22d, same year, Edward C. Lundquist took Baldwin's position as second lieutenant, he having resigned, and, on April 25, 1892, Lundquist was promoted to first lieutenant, *vice* Wesson resigned, George Filmer taking the second lieutenancy upon the same evening, *vice* Lundquist promoted.

The second division camp, Camp Columbus, was held at Santa Cruz, from the 5th to the 13th of August, 1892, Major General W. H. Dimond commanding.

Perhaps the most enjoyable and most satisfactory camp participated in by the members of "B" was "Camp City Guard," a company affair held for five days at Stockton in 1893, from July 1st to the morning of the 6th. The river steamer *Mary Garratt* was chartered for the transportation of the men both ways. Companies "A" and "B" of the Sixth Infantry, located at Stockton, headed by their band, escorted the "City Guard," upon their arrival, to Goodwater Grove, where the advance guard had already pitched the tents. Regular routine duty was immediately inaugurated. Fifty-nine officers and men participated in Camp "City Guard," and all regretted the time for leaving, the reception accorded them by the boys and citizens of Stockton having been most pleasing indeed. The expense of this camp was paid out of the company treasury, and amounted to a little less than \$4 per man, including transportation, entertaining, and every thing.

Early in the year 1894 new fatigue uniforms were issued to the guard. The Legislature, in 1893, practically did away with the regulation full dress, giving to regimental organizations the privilege of adopting a distinct uniform, to be purchased at their own expense. (None have thus far availed themselves of said privilege.)

One of the crowning glories of the "City Guard," "B" Company, First Infantry, N. G. C., was when the company received the elegant Silver Loving Cup, a trophy presented by Major General W. H. Dimond to the regiment for competition by the seven companies, and cadets composing same, while at Camp Dimond, Santa Cruz, covering the eight days from June 16th to the 24th, 1894. The judges for this



ARMORY OF THE FIRST REGIMENT INFANTRY, N. G. C., 608, TENTH AND MARKET STS., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



competition were First Lieutenant George W. McIver, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A.; First Lieutenant E. C. Holly, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A.; and Captain T. J. Cunningham, Second Artillery, N. G. C.

This trial for supremacy was to continue for the entire week at camp, the conditions being the best general discipline, deportment, promptness in performing all military duties, knowledge of said duties, general appearance of the men, both in camp and in town, best general condition of tents and company streets, soldierly bearing of the men, general efficiency in drill for the entire week, and the manner of conducting same, and any other military details that the judges may notice. All to end with a competitive drill at the end of the week.


On the Sunday that the regiment returned from camp General Dickinson presented the cup to the company, the judges having unanimously decided that the City Guard had fairly won it.

The writer has given in chapter 6 of this history a narrative of the company in musket and rifle practice, together with the improvements made in arms and shooting conditions, since its organization in 1854. It will be noted that "B" company is not only well up in drill, but the members know how to shoot also, as the following chapter will amply demonstrate.

It is certainly unfortunate that lack of both time and space will not allow of detailed descriptions of the "City Guard's" many social and pleasurable events of the past forty years; it would indeed fill volumes to enumerate them all. For the same reasons the long list of members cannot be given at this writing. Notwithstanding these conditions, every one who has ever been actively connected with the old "City Guard" will assuredly recall the different events that transpired during his time as though it were but yesterday. Think of the many parties, musicales, rackets, two-day outings you have enjoyed; banquets, smokers, and many, many other celebrations of the past, and recall the many happy days spent with comrades in the ranks of your old love, the "City Guard."

## CHAPTER VI.

### FORTY-ONE YEARS' TARGET PRACTICE.

HE first experience of the "City Guard" in rifle, or rather musket, practice, was on July 4, 1854, at Martinez. Upon that occasion the members shot for an elegant gold watch, which had been donated by a friend of the organization. One shot only was allowed each man at a target placed sixty yards distant. The firearm used was the one then carried by the corps. This shoot was not the regular one as required by law.

The company journeyed to the Oakland side of the bay on the 18th of August following, for its regular medal and prize competition. This is where the "Clark" medal first made its appearance, and constituted the chief prize.

The gun used in the early days of target practice, and as issued by our State to the company, was the old style muzzle loading, smooth bore percussion musket, model of 1842, with a very long barrel, one upon the muzzle of which an average size man could easily rest his chin while standing, the butt of the piece being on the ground. The caliber of this firearm was .69 of an inch. Members were allowed to use any charge powder they wished, the bullet being round. This musket superseded the old "flint lock." No dependence could be placed upon it for close shooting, however, even at the short range of those days. It continued to be the principal arm of the California service until 1865, when an improved musket was issued.

The regulation target consisted of a one-inch board painted white, 22 inches wide by 6 feet long in the clear, to represent the size of a man, without taking the outline of one. The bull's-eye was black and round, 4 inches in diameter, and

placed equidistant from each edge of the target, and two feet from the top. Three shots were allowed each man, their value being determined by "string measure," that is, the distance from center of bullet hole to center of bull's-eye. The aggregate of each man's three shots was taken, and the one with the shortest "string" took first prize, the next shortest the second, and so on. All misses, and there were many of them, counted forty-nine and one-half inches, this being the distance from the bull's-eye to the extreme lower corners of the target. Many times did the average number of hits fall below 40 per cent of the shots fired.

Other styles of targets were sometimes used by the company, but when this was done it was an exception to the general rule. A round target, two feet in diameter, occasionally met with favor, and upon one or two days of that period the company put up a target which represented the figure of an Indian warrior, nicely painted, bearing the usual bull's-eye. The guests, as a general thing, fired away at a round target about thirty inches in diameter.

Three judges, usually officers of other military organizations, and selected from the guests of the company, and who were generally stationed at a safe distance from one flank of the target, did the marking and scoring. A shot having been fired, they hastened to investigate the result, and, finding a hit, would duly measure it, plug up the hole with a wooden or cork plug furnished for the purpose, and number it to correspond with the man shooting, also numbering the target alongside the shot. Before retiring they would indicate the shot to the firing point by pointing at it, and if a miss by waving a white handkerchief. The judges kept the score by recording the value of each shot in a book kept for that purpose against the man's number. After the close of the competition, then would the winners be declared, and prizes distributed at once. It took a long time for a company of say forty or forty-five men to shoot under these conditions. This is why only three shots were allowed.

An elegant lunch was always provided by the members of the "City Guard" upon the shooting days, and the commissary wagon was loaded down with all good things that money could buy. In the evening it was the usual thing for them to entertain their guests at a banquet given at some well-known hotel of the city. These excursions cost a great deal

of money, which was generally provided for by assessing the members. This custom remained in vogue for quite a number of years. In 1861, when the "City Guard" became Company "B" of the First Infantry.

1860 brought with it the first change in the regulation target, by the addition of a vertical and a horizontal black stripe, four inches in width, each passing through the bull's-eye, thus dividing the target into four parts. The writer notes that upon one or two occasions this black stripe, of only one and one-half inches in width, divided the target into four equal parts. The United States targets were twenty-two inches wide by six feet high, for distances, from one hundred and fifty yards up to two hundred and twenty-five, the material being of white cloth, or canvas, stretched upon a frame, generally made of iron, sometimes of wood; the width of the target, as did the width of the black stripes, increased at the longer ranges, one thousand yards being the extreme. Our range remained as it was previously, sixty yards, as the regular army already had the rifle that was not issued to us until 1865.

The United States Government, in 1855, after satisfactory tests made at the Springfield arsenal, adopted the Springfield percussion muzzle-loading rifle, caliber fifty-eight, with the length of barrel at forty inches, rifled with three grooves, making a half turn in its length. The bullet was of lead and cylindro-conical in shape, with expanding base, and weighed five hundred grains. Sixty grains of powder was the regulation charge. This rifle, together with the bayonet, weighed about ten pounds. Ten years after its adoption, or in other words, on February 20, 1865, the "City Guard" received its quota. The shooting distance was then increased to one hundred and fifty yards. In 1866, the following year, the rifles remaining in the arsenal were changed to breech-loaders, and the regular army furnished with them, but California did not receive any.

The first competition for prizes between teams from the different companies composing the First Regiment took place on September 12, 1865. These teams were of three men each, with three shots per man. The "City Guard" carried away the second prize, with a score of 92.02 inches, not counting one miss. Company "C" took first prize, also making one miss.



Ladies attended the State shoot of the company for the first time, by invitation, on November 12, 1866, also the shoots of 1867 and 1868, the latter being a regimental affair, held May 8th, at Schuetzen Park, Alameda. Upon this occasion the targets were, on account of limited space, close together, and it became necessary that pits be dug at their base for the accommodation of the judges; it was so arranged that the targets slid down into these pits to be marked and plugged. All marking and scoring was done on the same principles as before described. The width of the target was increased at this shoot to twenty-four inches.

1869 found somewhat of a change, in so much that the company held its prize competition, the sixteenth annual, alone, dispensing with the usual accompaniments of brass band, cold collations, etc., and issuing no invitations to guests, the parade being solely to comply with the requirements of law. Thus the old custom was abandoned. The company continued to shoot each year regularly in accordance with regulations, sometimes by itself, but generally with the entire regiment as an organization.

The National Guard was given the option to use either of the following described targets for the state shoot of 1873: First, that which was previously provided for, the black stripes being but one and one-half inches wide instead of four; or, second, the same size target painted black, with a four-inch white stripe the full length down the center, black four-inch bull's-eye, two feet from the top, surrounded by a white circle, the outside diameter of which was eighteen inches.

The "City Guard" received its first breech-loading rifles, the Sharp's, 50 caliber, on June 22, 1873, which were purchased and paid for by the regiment, and was not the U. S. A. regulation. This rifle was shorter than the Springfield muzzle-loader, the caliber, however, being the same. It was rifled with twice as many grooves, 6 in number, these grooves having a much heavier twist than that contained in the old barrel. The square-butt bullet weighed about 400 grains, while the charge of powder was heavier, from 65 to 70 grains. It is said that the Sharp's rifle did not give the satisfaction for target practice that was expected from it. The reader will not confound the model just-referred to with the Sharp's Buchard, caliber 45, that many individual shooters used quite extensively in later years, and which gave ample satisfaction.

When the National Rifle Association of America was organized in 1871, it adopted the "Hythe" system of targets, then used by the English. These targets were made of iron, painted white, the bull's-eye being square and black, and with a value of four points; the next larger square counted 3, the balance of target, 2 points. These were classed as follows: Class "A," for distances up to and including 300 yards, 4 feet wide by 6 feet high; class "B," from 300 up to and including 600, 6 x 6 feet; class "C," including all distances above 600 yards, 12 feet wide by 6 high. The bull's-eyes were 8, 22, and 36 inches square, respectively. These targets were used, unofficially, in California as early as 1873, and Interstate matches were shot upon them, as well as other local competitions between companies and individuals; but they never became the regulation targets for the National Guard of this State. Annual shoots continued to be fired at the old style 2 x 6 target.

About the time that the California Rifle Association was incorporated, in June, 1875, a change was made from the "Hythe" target to the "Wimbleton" or "Creedmoor" system, as it is known in the United States, taking the name from the famous rifle ranges at Creedmoor, Long Island. These targets were of the same size as the others, but the bull's-eyes and rings became round instead of square, also adding one extra ring, thus giving the bull's-eye the value of 5 points, the center, 4, the inner, 3, and the outer, 2 points. These targets, instead of being made of iron, were of canvas for a backing, stretched upon a frame of proper size. The "Creedmoor" target was the first one adopted by the California Association, none other being in use by them. Sizes of bull's-eyes and rings as follows: Class "A" target, bull's-eye, 8 inches in diameter; center, 26 inches; inner, 46 inches; outer, balance of target. Class "B," bull's-eye, 22 inches in diameter; center, 38 inches; inner, 54 inches; outer, 70 inches diameter; this ring was subsequently dropped, thus giving balance of target for the outer. Class "C," bull's-eye, 36 inches in diameter; center, 54 inches in diameter; inner was square, being 6 x 6 feet; outer, balance of target. The Creedmoor rules of the National Association were taken, which soon became generally recognized throughout California, the State adopting them later for the government of the N. G. C.

The Springfield breech-loading rifle, caliber 45, was adopted by the Government in 1873, after the Small Arms Board had

tested 99 samples of different designs. The "City Guard" received their quota during 1875. This rifle is described as follows: Made of low steel, caliber 45, and rifled with 3 concentric grooves of equal width, with 3 lands; uniform twist of one complete turn in 22 inches; length of barrel, including receiver, 36 inches; weight, without bayonet, 8.38 pounds; trigger adjusted to 6 and up to 8 pounds pull.

General orders No. 8, Adjutant General's Office, Sacramento, April 24, 1876, adopts the class "A" target for our State troops, and the distance for the Springfield, model 1873, was placed at 200 yards. Men were prohibited from changing the sights, or to put the minimum pull of trigger at less than the regulation 6 pound pull. The number of shots was increased to 5, possible 25 points.

Some shooting was done at 1,000 yards, but not with the Springfield. The 500 yard target was considerably used, but the bulk of the shooting was at the 200 yard range. The "City Guard" opened up its San Bruno range in 1875 with targets at both 200 and 500 yards, possibly the 1,000 yard also. This continued to be the shooting headquarters of the company for quite a number of years. Monthly competitions were held, and many of the members participated in the regular "meets" of the California Rifle Association, the company once in a while entering a team to compete for prizes; but they won nothing. The interest in rifle practice in the "City Guard" was not particularly strong at any time during the early periods, and it was not until later years that their interest improved to any great extent. The time consumed in going to and from San Bruno, together with the expense, finally closed that range some time during the early eighties. The company sent one man East with the famous California Creedmoor team that won the great International Military Match in 1877. This team consisted of 12 men and 3 alternates.

No particular change was made in the shooting conditions for a number of years. Company and individual matches continued to be held, contestants firing from five, seven, and ten shots to the string, occasionally shooting fifty shot matches, and even up to one hundred shots consecutively, in order to test the endurance of the men. Five shots, however, continued to be the number allowed at the State shoots, with no sighters. The one thousand yard range, as also the five

hundred, was discontinued some time in the eighties, the two hundred yard target, because this shorter range could be obtained more conveniently, receiving all the attention. In 1885 the "City Guard" inaugurated its annual Thanksgiving day competitions for prizes, and it was so arranged that every one firing, including both life and honorary members, received a prize, all of which were presented at an entertainment held subsequently thereto.

The Legislature, during its session of 1887, provided that decorations be awarded members of the National Guard for rifle practice, and that they parade for same at least once each year. In accordance with this law, General Order No. 8, Adjutant General's office, Sacramento, dated September 6, 1887, promulgated the following conditions to govern the issuance of these medals: That the score (for the first time) consist of ten shots, with no sighters. Attendance at drills, in order to receive a decoration, must not be less than fifty per cent. That each guardsman in first class, those making ninety per cent or more, receive a bronze medal, with the gold sharpshooter's clasp pendent therefrom; for the second class, eighty per cent and up to ninety per cent, the same style medal, but with the silver rifleman's clasp; for the third class, not less than fifty per cent and up to eighty per cent, the bronze marksman's clasp attached to the bronze medal. Members winning decorations in subsequent years, after once receiving the medal, were presented with the clasp or bar only. The law was amended in 1889, making it compulsory for two parades to be held for the State shoot, and that both count in awarding medals. In 1891 general orders raised the minimum percentage of the third class to sixty per cent, at the same time making the drill requirements sixty per cent also, and giving a silver medal instead of the bronze. By this order Blunt's Manual for Small Arms Practice was adopted. These are the conditions under which the National Guard of California shoot at the present day.

Blunt's regulation targets, as to size, material, number of rings, and mode of counting, are the same as those of the Creedmoor system, otherwise they are not alike, the bull's-eyes and rings of the new being ellipses set vertically, also of different dimensions, viz: Class "A" target, bull's-eye, 8 x 10 inches; center, 24 x 30; inner, 40 x 50; outer, balance of target. Class "B," bull's-eye, 18 x 24; center, 36 x 48; inner, 54 x 72;



CORPORAL LOU. R. TOWNSEND IN HIS OLD CITY GUARD UNIFORM. REPRODUCED FROM  
OIL PAINTING, BY MRS. MCHENRY, JUNE, 1859.



outer, balance of target. Class "C," bull's-eye, 32 x 50; center, 51 x 72; inner, square of 72 x 72 inches; outer, balance of target.

The company has participated in a great many matches, particularly within the last two or three years. As a general thing, these matches were for glory, with a trophy occasionally thrown in. Some of these matches the company lost, while on other occasions the rooster crowed very loudly for "B." Here are a few of the principal events:

On March 11, 1893, the company entered a team in the Midwinter Fair prize shoot for trophies. Entrance fee, twenty-five dollars; ten men to each team, and ten shots per man. The "City Guard" took third prize, an elegant one, with a score of four hundred and twenty-five points out of five hundred, an average of eighty-five per cent.

Perhaps the greatest and most satisfactory achievement of "B" Company was at Sacramento, on December 17, 1893. Company "C" of the First Regiment shot against "F" of the Eighth, located at Oroville, and this company shot against "C" of the Eighth, of Marysville. All four organizations shot on the same ground, and at the same time, the targets adjoining. This match was for thirty men on each team, ten shots per man, and to be shot upon neutral ground in the open, man for man. To accomplish this it was necessary that "B" and "C" of the First, and the other two companies meet half way at Sacramento, which they did. "C" beat Oroville, scores, 1225 to 1195. "B" beat Marysville, score 1233 to 1143, the "City Guard" coming out with the best score of the day, making an average of 41.1 points per man, a very large average for thirty men.

As a result of the Sacramento match the company received a match from the famous "Carson City Guard," of Nevada. This interstate match was for thirty men a side, ten shots per man, the watch being held on each shooter for the time limit. The shoot was what is termed telegraphic, and targets were to be exchanged by express after the firing ceased. Each company had its representative at the other's range. "B" was again victorious, beating their opponents by ten points, scores 1223 to 1213. This was on May 6, 1894.

The following three matches were undoubtedly the largest ever shot by military companies anywhere in the United States or elsewhere. They were shot man for man, under the

existing rules, at two hundred yards, with ten shots for each competitor, making the possible number of points 2,500. It will be noted that two of these matches were shot upon B company's opponents' ranges, both of which being strange to the members of this company.

On December 2, 1894, at Schuetzen Park, San Rafael, with D Company, Fifth Infantry, N. G. C., B wins by five points. Scores: B, 1,846, or an average per man of 36.92 points. D making 1,841, an average of 36.82.

Both companies having strengthened their teams, a return match was made for May 5, 1895, this time at B's headquarters, Shell Mound Rifle Range. B again wins by fifty-three points. Scores: B, 1,951 points, an average per man of 39.02 points, D making 1,898, an average of 37.96. Each company made a marked improvement over the previous match.

On May 19, 1895, this company shot another fifty-man match this time with C company, Eighth Infantry, N. G. C., upon their own range at Marysville, Cal., B journeying there for that purpose. This time B lost. Scores: B, 1,907 points, an average of 38.14 per man; their opponents making 1,982, an average of 39.64. The score made by C company was an elegant one, and the members are deserving of a great deal of praise for their splendid shooting.

The "Tobin Trophy" was presented to the First Regiment by the relatives of Colonel Robert Tobin, of the Third, in 1890, after his death, the regiment having performed the escort duty at the funeral. This trophy is a permanent affair for competition every year by teams selected from each company. For the first five years these teams consisted of twenty men each; but in 1895 they were increased to twenty-five men. B's record is as follows: Possible points, 1,000. In 1890, the company made 784, average, per man, 39.20. In 1891, 707; average, 35.35. In 1892, 766; average 38.3. In 1893, 787; average, 39.35. In 1894, 824; average, 41.20. In 1895, for twenty-five men, possible number of points 1,250, the company made 1,032, an average of 41.30 points to the man. In these shoots for the trophy the City Guard took second place, with the exception of the years 1891 and 1892, then falling to third place. The trophy competition was at the 200 yard range

The members of B company have received the following State decorations since the system was adopted, as previously



noted, in 1887. For the year 1887: gold bars, 0; silver, 3; bronze, 11. Total, 14. In 1888: gold, 0; silver, 7; bronze, 9. Total, 16. In 1889: gold, 1; silver, 6; bronze, 19. Total, 26. In 1890: gold, 1; silver, 11; bronze, 14. Total, 26. In 1891: gold, 0; silver, 5; bronze, 14. Total, 19. In 1892: gold, 0; silver, 4; bronze, 16. Total, 20. In 1893: gold, 1; silver, 11; bronze, 20. Total, 32. In 1894: gold, 1; silver, 16; bronze, 23. Total, 40.

The City Guard originally set the pace in the matter of shooting rifle matches with teams composed of fifty men from a company. It is a recognized fact that a soldier should know how to shoot, and, in order to encourage the members, some inducements must be given. What is better than placing them in a large shooting team? Any member of a company will strive very hard indeed to win a place on such a team, especially if he thinks there is any possible show for him, while otherwise he would be rather lukewarm if simply competing for a personal decoration. Hence the desirability of large team shooting. The better shots will always take care of themselves; foster the poorer ones by interesting them in their art, and they will, in their turn, take care of themselves.

It has been, particularly for the past two or three years, the determined policy of this company to steadily increase the shooting efficiency of its members. Not only have the better shots received their proper attention, but the poorer ones have been encouraged, and, under the fostering care and instruction freely given them, they have gradually improved in their marksmanship; many of them now rank among the best shots of the company. In closing this chapter the writer predicts a brilliant future for the City Guard in rifle practice, and with proper care, attention, and enthusiasm, the "old company" will yet be the peer of them all.





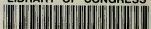








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