

### Opening of the Packard Library.

Following is the dedicatory address of C. C. Goodwin:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I congratulate the devoted people who, toiling through many years, finally made this fine library a permanent and splendid reality.

The work began thirty-four years ago, when twelve public-spirited ladies combined and started the nucleus of a library and established a public reading room. They called their organization "The Ladies' Literary Society." Those twelve names should be embossed on a tablet and hung upon these walls. All, or nearly all of them, have passed to the clearer light, but the present generation should honor itself by remembering them.

When overborne by hard times, they were forced to close their reading room and store their books, then the Masonic orders of this city and state took up the work. Their first library consisted of fifty dollars worth of books, and occupied two little shelves in a fifteen-foot square room. But they progressed, obtained more books and opened a public reading room. A few of the men who did the work, Mr. Diehl, Judge Bennett, Mr. John Scott and others are still here. Mr. Diehl informs me that among the first subscribers to their fund were Wilford Woodruff and George Q. Cannon. They also obtained the books of the Literary Society and for twenty years their reading room was a source of pleasure and instruction to thousands of people. The names of those devoted men who began the work and carried it on so long should be inscribed here. Then came another change. The Pioneer Library Association was incorporated and a new home for the library was found. But when, under the stress of hard times, the whole scheme seemed on the verge of collapse, the new "Ladies' Literary Club" took the matter in hand, by tireless and superb work they put the library once more on a living basis, and finally, backing with their personal presence and influence, the few in the legislature who favored the plan, obtained from the state a statute which insured the continuance and prosperity of the library. The names of those ladies should be embossed on a tablet and hung upon these walls.

And now this wandering library that has been tossed about without a habitation or permanent home for a generation past, has found a sure haven at last. This surely is a day for congratulations.

The reason I am here tonight is because of the memories the thoughts of this dedication have awakened. "All the burial places of memory are made to give up their dead."

It lacks but a few days of fifty-three years since I first knew John Q. Packard.

It was in December, 1852, in the little city of Marysville, California. It was a place then of perhaps eight thousand people. Of all who were there then, whom we knew, Mr. Packard and myself are almost the only ones left.

One by one that glorious company has passed on. I trust they are waiting with down-stretched arms and the old glad faces to welcome us.

There were no old men there then. Young men and boys from every state and nation had gathered there, but as they looked into each other's faces, they knew that a struggle for fame and fortune was on; that the dross was all going to be melted out of men, that only the gold would remain.

How exultant were their hearts, how radiant and limitless their hopes!

And how that bright land ministered to their dreams. All the plain around the city was carpeted with flowers; the mighty rampart of the Sierras, like an embattled wall drawn around us, shone blue in the distance to the first summit and beyond that was snow-crowned; the air was

a tonic; the winds that came down from the heights were filled with promises of fabulous treasures, those that stole in from the not-far-away sea seemed laden with whispers of sun-kissed isles, while the sunlight was like the smile of God.

There was a life and abandon there which made men forget the restraints that had hedged them about from childhood; there were no children's voices to give enchantment to the air, it was before the trailing of the robes of pure women gave benediction to the streets.

The houses were mostly of thin boards and canvas with the result that there were few secrets kept in the city.

A peculiarity of a canvas house is that voices do not die away in them, but seem to grow louder and louder as the sound of them passes from room to room.

At that time, too, the rats had a fashion of galloping over our blankets at night. Unless you have had experience, you do not know how sociable an old gray rat will become, when he thinks he has established confidential relations with you. There were so many of them that people ceased to expostulate with them, and they had full right of way. A few weeks after I reached Marysville, a flood swept the city and a million of them were drowned.

Speaking of that flood, an incident of it may be worth relating that you may know something of the free and easy customs of the place. The first story of a large store was inundated, but some fifteen or twenty men had taken refuge in the upper story.

One night two of those men who had been drinking a little, engaged in a discussion about pistol shooting, when one said he could outshoot the other. "Not for \$50.00," was the reply. "But how can we test the matter?" asked the first speaker. "Easily enough," said the other. "Take a candle and your gun, go to one end of the room, I will go to the other. I will give you the first shot, and bet you \$50 that in six shots a piece, I can snuff your candle oftener than you can mine." The rest of the company ranged along the wall on the other side of the room. The men held their candles in their hands, one would

shoot, then the other would drop his candle to his side, and shoot at the other candle sixty feet away, and so they emptied their revolvers. One candle was extinguished three times, the other four.

Of course, there were some tough men there. When one of those died, his friends always gave him a grand funeral, and the band invariably played Pleyeles' Hymn. I never hear that stately hymn now with organ accompaniment, that those festive funerals are not recalled to memory.

When I reached the city, he who was later the famous Justice Field of the Supreme Court of the United States, had just retired from the office of alcalde, which is the Spanish for justice of the peace.

William Walker, "the gray-eyed man of destiny," who later went as a fillibuster to Nicaragua, and was shot, was a poor lawyer there.

Of course, there were many drinking and gambling haunts, and to soft Spanish waltzes, "Fandango houses" ran all night.

I mention these things merely to give you an idea of a California town when Mr. Packard and myself were boys. In that school we took our post graduate course.

But despite the excitement and the sin, despite the fact that many a young man was lost in those days, there was many a splendid soul there, fine scholars, lawyers, doctors, and merchants who answered the description of the New York merchants of three-score years ago, who were called "merchant princes," and from the first, among those fame and fortune seekers, the one attribute prized above all others was manhood. A narrow, and mean and petty man was isolated in a week; great souls always had the right of way.

If men had sorrows and troubles they locked them in their own hearts and turned a smiling face to the world.

The experience of going to California in those days had expanded and softened men's hearts, the absence of women and children drew them closer together and there were friendships formed there that in their intensity were deep as the love of woman.

Some men grew into the habit of doing grand

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