EXECUTED FOR ROBBERY.

HOW GARROTERS WERE DEALT WITH IN THIS CITY IN 1851.

The Hanging of Robinson, Gibson and Hamilton for Robbing a Man on L Street.

The Vigilance Committee was in full blast in San Francisco in 1851, a fact which caused much emigration from that place, and the "gentlemen from Sydney" became quite numerous in Sacramento. The *Union* of the 26th of June says it was informed by the Mayor that at least 150 of that undesirable element infested the city, and that a large number had arrived that day from the Bay. On that statement of facts the *Union* made the following suggestive remarks: "These vile miscreants are not to be deterred from the execution of their fiendish plots by any threats of vengeance we may hurl against them; they bid defiance to all law and order, and can only be prevented from doing mischief by their removal from our midst." The *Union* was correct; the gathering storm had nearly culminated. No one had been hanged here as yet for any crime less than murder, and only one (Roe) for that; but the people were getting very impatient over the daily burglaries and highway robberies, and the apparent impotency of the Courts of criminal justice. But the day for the first legal and second illegal hanging was fast approaching.

On the 9th of July, 1851, three men, Wm. B. Robinson, James Gibson and John Thompson, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon,

KNOCKED DOWN AND ROBBED, ON L STREET,

Between Fourth and Fifth, a man from the Cosumnes, named James Wilson. The perpetration of the crime was witnessed by several, and the offenders soon arrested. The news flew from man to man with the rapidity of the burning brand sent forth by a Scottish Thane when calling his clan to arms. Before 4 o'clock more than a thousand men had surrounded the station-house. Violent speeches were made; the crowd organized with Demas Strong in the chair and David B. Milne as Secretary. A jury of eleven men was impaneled, and sent to the Orleans Hotel to hear testimony and announce a verdict. The jury could not agree, but reported the testimony to the people, and asked time until more evidence, one way or the other, could be obtained. This the people declined, but at the suggestion of Rightmire, one of the jurors determined to give the prisoners seventy-five rawhide lashes each, and then turn them over to the civil authorities. Speeches were made for and against it, but upon the Judge pledging himself that he would call a special term of the Court, it was agreed that they should be indicted and tried on the following Monday. The special term commenced at the appointed time, and the parties were indicted for robbery. The commonwealth's attorneys, McKune, Monson and Sunderland, insisted upon a venire for a petty jury, and that the trial should proceed forthwith. The defendants' attorneys, Manchester, Tweed and Long, objected and demanded time to prepare, at least two weeks. The Judge thought that under the circumstances it would be best for all parties that the trial should proceed at once, but that if defendants' counsel insisted, he felt it his duty to grant them time, and set the case for the following Thursday, and the prisoners were sent back under a strong guard.

THE STATION-HOUSE WAS IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDED,

A new meeting organized, another jury selected, and a committee appointed to wait upon the prisoners' counsel, and inform the latter that if their clients were not ready to be tried before the Court that day there was a jury outside the Court-room that was not only ready and willing, but intended to proceed with the trial, and had a *posse comitatus* to support its action. Counsel had changed their minds and were quite ready, so the prisoners were taken into Court again. Here counsel filed a protest that they had only consented from fear of their clients' lives, and insisted on time. The Court stated its views, calmed down the listeners, and set the trial for Monday. The prisoners demanded separate trials. On Monday Robinson's trial commenced, and ended on Tuesday, with a verdict of guilty, and assessed the punishment at death. At that time the jury fixed the grade of punishment. On the 16th Gibson was convicted, with a similar punishment fixed, and on the 18th Thompson also. On the 21st of July Judge Willis sentenced all three to be hanged on the 22d of August.

THE PRISONERS' STATEMENTS.

The prisoners, while in jail and upon the scaffold, made some confessions, which may be epitomized as follows: They all agreed that Carothers, one of the four charged and found guilty, but whom the jury recommended to imprisonment and was sentenced for ten years, was innocent—in fact, that he was only accidentally with them.

Robinson's real name was William B. Heppard; he was 32 years of age and a native of New York City. He said the worst he did was to agree with the other two to get Wilson's money from him and divide it; but his original intention was to have won it by gambling, and not to have taken it by force. He was so startled when Thompson knocked Wilson down and jerked the bag of dust out of his pocket and threw it to him (Robinson) that he ran off with it without thinking, and when he heard the officers and people in pursuit he hid himself, because he was afraid they would not believe his history of the affair.

Gibson said his real name was James Hamilton; he was from Londonderry, had been transported for robbery, was guilty of this one but thought the punishment too severe, particularly as he was only an aid in carrying out a plan of Robinson's; it was true he had committed other robberies in this State and some other crimes in San Francisco, but they were not what he was tried and found guilty of. If he was hanged it would be murder, mob murder, as the jury was afraid to render a verdict against the will of the mob.

Thompson said that he was an old English thief, originally from Manchester. He had been guilty of many felonies, but his hands had never been stained with blood; Robinson planned the robbery when they were drinking with Wilson in the morning; he was pretty tight, and we tried to make him more so; he was just in from the mines, and Robinson coaxed him to go with us to see some senoritas; I knocked him down and took the money whilst Gibson held him; gave the bag to Robinson, and he ran off with it and kept it all.

THE DAY OF EXECUTION.

At dawn on the morning of the 22d of August, teams, horsemen and pedestrians commenced coming into the city to witness the triple execution. In a few hours the town was crowded with strangers. Between 9 and 10 o'clock it was reported that Robinson had been reprieved. As the report spread, store after store, shop after shop, was closed, and by noon all business had ceased. The people were furious. There were no staying voices. The community was unanimous. All three of the prisoners were to be hanged, either by the Sheriff or without him. A meeting was organized in front of the Orleans Hotel, with Dr. Volney Spaulding as President, and Dr. Wake Brierly as Secretary, which appointed Joseph R. Beard, J. A. Scranton, D. B. Milne, C. W. Stiles, S. Conrad, John T. Bailey, J. B. Starr, Charles A. Miller, E. J. Barroll, H. A. Smith, A. D. Rightmire, Lucius Curtis, Charles Allen, Walter Biscoe, John C. Coachman, George Wheeler, Napoleon Smith, Edward Norton, Samuel C. Bruce, Thomas Stearns, Joseph Grant, Alex. Moreland, H. Olmstead, Freeman McGilvery and John M. Freeman, to see that the sentence of the Court be carried into effect as well against Robinson as against his companions. While this was going on at the Orleans Hotel the Sheriff attempted to read the order of the Governor reprieving Robinson until the 19th of September, but the effort was drowned in shouts of "We'll hang him, too!" "Hang him first!" "He's the worst of the lot!" etc.

THE STARK GUARD, FULLY ARMED,

But in firemen's dress, marched on to the ground and formed a hollow square in front of the station-house. A wagon, and Benj. McCullough, the Sheriff, with a strong body of deputies, were in the center of the Guard's square. The three prisoners were brought out, and Thompson and Gibson placed in the wagon, and the square opened to allow it and the officers to pass through towards the place of execution—the old sycamore tree at Sixth and O streets. As they passed out the Sheriff directed the Guard to close up and convey Robinson to the prison brig. They attempted to obey orders, but had scarcely left the station-house before their ranks were forced and their prisoner taken. As the soldiers evidently sympathized with the people, no real resistance was made; but if it had been it would have proven totally useless, as they would have been overpowered, and their own and other lives would have been lost. Another wagon was procured, the prisoner placed therein, the Guard formed around it, and it slowly followed the other to the place of execution. At the scaffold McDermot was accompanied by a Catholic priest and Hamilton by an Episcopal minister.

At about half-past 2 the drop fell, and a simultaneous cry arose as if there was but one voice in that vast crowd, "Now for Robinson; bring him here and send him after the others!" A tremendous

RUSH WAS MADE FOR THE PRISON BRIG,

The people trampling one another in every direction, and each man apparently trying to find a near cut to outrun all others and get there first. This crowd did not know what had occurred in the march to the brig, until some one sprang upon the scaffold and shouted: "We've got Robinson; we took him two hours ago; he's within a block of here, and will be brought up as soon as the others are cut down!" During the lull caused by this speech the muffled drums of the Stark Guard, beating the "dead march," were heard advancing, and Sheriff McCullough and his deputies, knowing that resistance was useless, retired. Robinson was placed upon the scaffold, remaining until the end perfectly calm.

In the evening the committee above named reported their proceedings to an immense meeting in front of the Orleans Hotel. Mayor Hardenbergh asked for an indorsement of his action, and the meeting with one voice decided that everything had been done just as it should have been, and as self protection required.

WAYSIDE SMILES.

A PARENT'S COUNSEL.

Shakey, take a fader's plessing,
Take it, for you ket it sheap;
Go in hot for making money,
Go in for to make a neap.
Don' you do no dings vot's grooked,
Don' you do no dings vot's mean—
Alver rake right in dot boodle,
Qviet, calm and all serene.

Don' you lend your gash to no one,
Not for less dan ten per cent.—
Don' you make no vild expenses—
Dot's de vay de money vent.
And, I tells you, little Shakey,
Put dis varning in your ear—
Be a man of pizness honor—
Never fail but tvice a year!

It is said that "an Ohio man planted the first American flag in California soil in 1833." Whether it grew or not is not stated; but we suppose of course it did. They have a glorious climate out there. [Lowell Citizen.

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes; so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly. "Sometimes he indulges too much, does'nt he?" They no longer speak to each other. [Chicago Rambler.

"He laughs best who laughs last." The man at the theater who begins to laugh at a joke after everybody else has got through, is probably the exception that proves the rule. And if he doesn't laugh best, he attracts the most attention.

Wife—"Aren't you going to eat your pudding, dear?" Husband (poking it disparagingly with his spoon)—"It would kill me to eat that mess of indigestible stuff." Wife—"I know it's not very nice, but you had better eat it, dear. I hate to see it wasted."—[Chicago Mail.

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that owned him, "if I turn Mormon and marry another helpmate, she shall be a Mary, too, for your own dear sake." "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife; "in my opinion another would be merely a super-new-Mary."

"Times are dreadful hard, now," said the grumbling passenger; "money is hard to get, and after a feller gets it, it doesn't seem to do much good. A dollar doesn't go very far nowadays." "Oh, yes, it does," broke in the man with a blue flannel shirt; "here's a dollar that I've carried with me all the way from 'Frisco. I've tried my best to get rid of it, and can't. It's a stayer, if it is bogus."—[Chicago Herald.

"Oh, I have the greatest surprise for you, George," said a young Hartford wife to her husband. "Mother is coming, and Ruth and her three children and May and her new beau, and—why, what makes you look so glum?" "Oh, oh, I'm not, that is, I'm not glum. I'm de-delighted—that is, I'm just overjoyed." The turkey he had ordered only weighed six pounds and a half.—[Hartford Post.

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.

John Webb, Jr., has been appointed Revenue Agent, in the place of George W. Wilson, resigned.

The Southern Pacific Company is about to begin sinking artesian wells on the Mojave desert, near Mammoth Tank.

A boiler explosion at Lake Merced, near this city, Thursday, instantly killed two men and fatally injured two others.

Horace K. Drake, a mining man, living at 703 Market street, died suddenly Thursday morning, presumably of heart disease.

The Custom House has received from the Treasury Department a new American flag, and the old flag will be taken down and carefully preserved.

The Tax Collector was kept busy Thursday with citizens who were treating themselves to presents of receipted tax bills. He deposited nearly half a million dollars with the Treasurer Thursday.

E. T. Dooley, of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, has commenced a suit against Carlo Oliva to recover $7 50, the value of an umbrella, and $50 damages for the illegal detention of the rain protector.

Patrick O'Connor has brought suit in the Superior Court against the United Carriage Company, to recover $5,000 damages for personal injuries sustained, so it is alleged, by being thrown from one of the company's carriages in which he was riding in August, 1884.

All the "Silver Palace" sleeping cars of the Southern Pacific Company are being massed at the Oakland yards. They will be used during the winter for excursion travel and other special purposes. These cars are the oldest sleeping coaches in the service.

The police have been notified that a man was drowned Wednesday while bathing in the bay off Black Point. The bather's clothing found on the beach was turned over to the police and it has been ascertained that it belonged to R. Cameron of Victoria, B. C., who was here on a visit.

There is a great deal of anxiety manifested among the owners of whaling vessels on account of the non-arrival of the whaling bark Amethyst. Everything points to the fact that the vessel is wrecked in the ice of the north, for she has been due for several weeks, but nothing has been heard of her.

The following Christmas gifts to charitable institutions have been made by James C. Flood: Protestant Orphan Asylum, $1,000; Roman Catholic Asylum, $1,000; Hebrew Orphan Asylum, $1,000; Ladies' Protective and Relief Society, $1,000; Catholic Orphan Asylum of San Rafael, $1,000; Magdalen Asylum, $500; Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, $250; California State Women's Hospital, $250.

THE MICA WONDER.—The Cœur d'Alene *Record* says:

The Mica Wonder is the name of a mica mine lately discovered and now being worked in the Cœur d'Alene district. The vein is said to be between seven and ten feet thick, between well-defined walls of shale and granite. The mineral lies in slanting veins separated by layers of soft spar. It is a continuation of the Denver, is easy of access, and can be easily and economically worked. The owners have already declined an offer of $40,000 for the Mica Wonder, and also have bonded the General Grant for sixty days. It takes but a small cake of clear mica to be worth $100, as the mineral now brings $14 to $22 per pound, according to the quality.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The earliest mention of the 25th of December as Christmas day is found in an ancient catalogue of church festivals about 354 A. D. And it is surprising to see with what alacrity the date was received and the Nativity celebrated throughout Christendom. It seems as if the world had been waiting for this festival of divine and human childhood, and was ready to welcome it at once with songs of joy. In the year 360 it was already celebrated in Rome by vast multitudes thronging the churches. Twenty years later Antioch had taken it up with great popular enthusiasm. And in little more than fifty years from its earliest suggestion the observance of December 25th as the day of the Nativity had become the universal practice of Christmas. St. Chrysostom, in a Christmas sermon preached at Antioch, called it the fundamental feast, or the root from which all other Christian festivals grew.—[Harper's Magazine.

ART IN MUSIC.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE GREAT MASTER, BEETHOVEN.

The Wonderful Power of His Interpretation, and the Inspiration of His Touch and Theme.

In studying the lives of the various musicians, said Agatha Tunis, in a recent article in *St. Nicholas*, the musical work of each succeeding one seems richer and rarer than the last, so that each time we are tempted to exclaim anew, "Here is the noblest musician of them all." But if we were to explore the whole realm of music, we should always return to Beethoven as the greatest of the masters, the one supreme genius who has created the sublimest strains which have ever stirred the soul.

The early life of this great man, like that of so many geniuses, was far from happy. So obscure was his family that it was with some difficulty that the date of his birth could be ascertained. On December 16, 1770, Ludwig van Beethoven was born in the little village of Bonn, Germany. The family was very poor, and the father, a cruel, dissipated man, was only anxious to make money out of his son's extraordinary power. When Ludwig was a very little boy, he always lingered by the piano when his father played, and his greatest happiness was to be taken on his father's lap and to be allowed to pick out a melody on the piano. When a little older and obliged to practice, he often worked, as so many of us have toiled, with tears in his eyes, and frequently had to be driven to the piano. The child's dislike to the instrument was probably owing to his father's unreasonable treatment, for in after life no trouble nor care was too great for the master to spend over his beloved art.

Beethoven was sent for a time to a school, where he received instruction in Latin and some of the more common branches, but before long he gave his whole attention to music. When at school he was very shy, making few friends, and always leaving them at a chance to hear a strain of music. Soon his gifts attracted the attention of Van den Eeden, organist to the court, who, out of love for his art, offered to teach the child. He laid the foundation of Beethoven's musical education by drilling him in the works of Sebastian Bach. The young pupil made marvelous progress on the organ and piano; in his eleventh year he could play Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier" with a power and ease beyond many of the first pianists. He had begun to compose when only nine, and in his fifteenth year he was appointed organist to the electoral chapel.

In 1787 Beethoven met Mozart at Vienna. After hearing the boy improvise, Mozart said: "Pay attention to him; he will make a noise in the world some day." At this time it needed no urging to induce Beethoven to play, but in after life it was almost impossible in society to drive him to the piano.

In 1792 Beethoven again went to Vienna, then the center of all musical culture in the German-speaking world; Mozart's influence still lived with the people; Haydn himself gave Beethoven instruction; and Mozart, Gluck, Haydn and Bach were the idols of the nation. It was music, music, everywhere; it was part of the a-b-c of every one's education, and to hear the best music was almost as necessary to the cultivated people of that day as was a knowledge of the alphabet.

To Vienna, then, Beethoven traveled, there to perfect himself, and to win bread and fame. He left very warm friends in Bonn, who predicted the greatest success for their favorite. They even expected him to outshine Haydn and Mozart, so strongly had he inspired them with belief in his power. On arriving at Vienna, he placed himself under the tuition of Haydn, who set him to studying Bach's style, whom he calls the "patriarch of harmony."

Beethoven was, of course, very poor when he began his career in Vienna; but, though he lived in a wretched little garret, he soon attracted the attention of the most powerful people in the city. He had the most wonderful faculty for drawing people to him. It was something more than his music; for, as has been said, he was very reluctant to play for people; it was not owing to any charm of manner, as he was eccentric, and his behavior was often brusque even to rudeness. Yet he fascinated almost every one he met. Every one wished to be his friend and to remain his friend, in spite of any differences which might arise between them. His face, though full of strength and spirit, could not be called pleasing; he paid little attention to his dress and outward appearance; he was extremely awkward in all his movements; yet he had the aristocracy of Vienna at his feet. Until now, an artist had been held by the nobility as little better than a servant, but Beethoven treated the peer and the peasant with equal ceremony, and by his course made it impossible for any artist to ever suffer such insolence from those above him in rank as musicians before his time had been compelled to bear.

In 1816 Beethoven began to keep house, and a sad kind of home he had. He was like a child in the hands of servants and landlords, and rarely found himself at peace with either. He constantly changed his lodgings, and seldom had time to get things settled in a house before in was necessary to move again. It was seldom that a servant staid more than a few weeks, and the house frequently took care of itself. His room was generally a model of confusion. Letters strewed the floor, and the remains of his last meal, sketches of his music, books and pictures covered the chairs and tables. Sometimes it would be weeks before he could discover a manuscript which he sorely needed. He broke nearly everything he touched, and sometimes upset the ink in the piano. He loved to bath, and frequently would stand pouring water over his hands, shouting his music; if any musical idea occurred, he would rush to the table and note it down, splashing water over everything in the room. Every day, whatever the weather, Beethovan took a long walk; he had his favorite haunts around the city, and nearly all his musical ideas came to him in the woods or meadows, amid the trees, the rocks and the flowers. He was never without a little book in which he wrote down any thought which seized him; and then at home the thought would grow into a song or symphony. He thought no labor too great to spend on his art; from daybreak till dinner at 2 o'clock, he worked steadily, always giving every care to the smallest detail; some one has said his symphonies arose like a plant or like a tree, and we think so ourselves when we find it was a common thing for him to rewrite a bar a dozen times. After he had once finished a work, however, he could not be induced to change it. This is what might be called hard work, and when we remember that he supported himself by playing and giving lessons, we can see that his was a busy life. In his improvisations, he touched the deepest emotions of the heart. Czerny tells us that he drew tears from people, often forcing them to sob aloud. This power, he says, was due even more to his marvelous expression than to his ideas. What a picture he must have been when at dusk—his favorite hour for playing—he flooded his little room with music; his face aglow with love of the strains which possessed him, his small body growing larger and larger till it seemed to match the size of the giant spirit within! He passionately loved everything connected with his art; the very instrument on which he played was sacred. In dedicating his many works, we never find him inscribing them with empty compliments to King or Prince, in order to receive position or money; he had consecrated himself to his art, and all his compositions were dedicated to loving friends or to lovers of music. With Beethoven, it was all for love.

Perhaps much of the effect he produced was due to his smooth, or *legato*, style of playing. He disliked the disconnected, or *staccato*, playing, which he called "finger dancing," and said that only by *legato*-playing could the piano be made to sing. He always obliged his pupils to so place their hands on the key-board that the fingers were raised as little as possible. His own fingers were broad at the ends, from long practicing. He was quiet and rapt when at the piano, rarely making a motion; but we are told that when conducting an orchestra, his movements were violent. At the *diminuendo* he would gradually crouch lower and lower, till he dropped entirely out of sight, rising slowly during the *crescendo*, when he would almost jump into the air. With his pupils he had the sweetest patience, repeating a correction over and over again; he would always forgive a wrong note, but woe to the pupil who failed to give the right expression to a phrase or bar, for this the master thought indicated a lack of soul, and this he would not forgive. He sometimes said that music would not make the true musician weep; it should strike *fire* from his eyes rather than tears; and surely it burned with unquenchable flame in his own fiery soul.

Early in his career he felt a terrible shadow creeping over his life, and at last he was forced to recognize that no help could lighten it. A cruel and pathetic fate was now his, for he slowly found it more and more difficult to hear, until, in the year 1800, he became quite deaf. For a long time he struggled against his doom, keeping out of society and growing more despondent. His anguish was so keen that he almost despaired; he would allow people to think he was rude or absent-minded rather than ask them to repeat a remark. All through his later life he carried an ear-trumpet and a book and pencil. This affliction made it much less easy for people to talk with him, and drove him more and more to seek entire solitude. This, though the great, was by no means the only trouble that came upon him. He adopted a nephew as his son, and made great sacrifices for his support and education; but the young man grew up ungrateful and dissipated, and was a source of sorrow to his benefactor as long as Beethoven lived. The deceptions practiced on him by this boy made him suspicious of others; and so we find him in constant difficulty with his friends. Knowing how true and loyal the master was at heart, they often endured much, rather than break with him; but sometimes the most loving could endure his treatment no longer, and withdrew their friendship. When he realized that he was in the wrong, Beethoven would overwhelm himself with reproaches, and make the most generous atonement for the mistakes he had made. He also suffered during his later years from a lack of appreciation, some of his works being played to empty houses; indeed, nothing seemed to go smoothly with him.

On the 2d of December, 1826, he rode with his nephew in an open carriage driving a severe storm, and took a heavy cold. The youth was sent for a doctor, but, owing to the neglect of the wretched boy, the doctor did not arrive until some days after lung fever had set in, and it was too late to cure the patient. He died in much pain, while a furious storm was raging throughout the city. Schubert was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral.

Few have been truer to an ideal than Beethoven. "Nothing is good," he says, "but to have a beautiful, good soul which one recognizes in all things, and before which one need not hide oneself. One must be something if one would appear something." His modesty equaled his genius. In dedicating his beautiful "Adelaide," to the author of the poem, he begs to be forgiven for attempting to set such beautiful words to music, only wishing that he had the power to give a worthy frame to such poetry. He writes shortly before his death: "I feel as if I had written scarcely more than a few notes;" and again he says: "I hope still to bring a few great works into the world." This was worthy of the author of the nine eternal symphonies; eternal, for so long as music lives, so long the creations of Beethoven live. No school nor fashion can disturb their sway. He spoke to the heart; he *felt* from the heart; his sufferings sound in his music; it was necessary that he should suffer, or he could not have touched, as he has touched, every thought and emotion that can be expressed in music. Shut off from people, alone with his own suffering, sensitive spirit, he wrote the divine strains which have in them more of heaven than earth. Beethoven is to music what Michel Angelo is to sculpture, or what Shakespeare is to literature.

UNISON.

(XMAS—1885.)

Out from the darker line that marks the Land,
Into the vast mid-ocean runs the Song,
Shouting its praises to the Universe
In measures loud and long.

With deep resounding through the salty main
The swift-sent message of an iron throat
Reaches the monsters of the nether-sea
In hoarse prolonged note.

Clear speed the winds from mizzen-sky-sail down,
Now toying with the taffrail as they lag,
Forth to the jib, and up the mainmast sheets
To kiss the starry Flag.

Across the stormy petrel's swaying path
From polished decks the music in delight
Rushes and, like the beating wings of birds,
Takes onward, upward flight.

Unto the Earth, its hills, its plains, its dales,
Gladness has come because the Christ is born.
Concordant murmurs ever flowing out
Welcome to Christmas Morn!

The Morn that brings a promise every year
From seraphs watching near the Bethlehem shrine
Or Fold, we call a Manger, but a Court
Whose Courtiers are divine;

The Morn that brings no message back to those
Whose creed with Fashion shifts its course or pass;
Or as the wild field-bird that suits its plumes
To foliage and to grass.

The heart of Frin rings in all its bells.
England and Scotland, as in early days,
Give to the Heavenly Prince of Orient birth
Honor of words of praise.

In gold and white, and scarlet as the flowers
Investured are, as kings of ancient Rome,
The inner walls of each Italian fane
From lintel unto dome.

Show the fair garb of holiday attire,
With many a gleaming light that shines afar,
In semblance of that jewel of the skies
We name the Shepherd's Star.

From storied Rhineland's castle-bordered slopes,
From stately spires of Switzer-Alpine vales,
Broad-surging hymnal greetings floating out
Are borne on frosty gales.

Through Spain and Portugal, and France and Greece,
In this our Land, from shore to farthest shore,
Stirreth a sound of sweetness and of joy
To Him whom we adore.

The Bugler's silvery calling from the Fort
Winds far across the prairie's untouched snow,
Startling among the shallow-reefed bluffs
The sad-eyed, timid roe.

As o'er Pacific's angry, heaving tide
The Gun proclaims the Dawn unto the West,
So breaks the sweeter blast of bugle sounds
The cold Sierra's rest.

—[Esmeralda Boyle, in the United Service Magazine.

Secretary Bayard's Reply to the Chinese Minister.

[By Telegraph.]

WASHINGTON, December 24th.—The following is the reply of Secretary of State Bayard to the letter of the Chinese Minister, inclosing a check of $500 as contribution to the proposed monument in New York to the memory of General Grant:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 22d.

Dear Mr. Minister: It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge your Excellency's note of the 21st instant, accompanied by a check for $500, in aid of the completion of the monument proposed to be erected in New York to the memory of General and ex-President U. S. Grant. Let me, for myself and for all my countrymen, and not in a merely formal way, but with much better feeling, express my own and their gratification at this evidence of widespread human sympathy for the American people in aiding them to perpetuate the memory of one who was their chieftain in military and in civil government. I beg you to convey to the illustrious Viceroy Li Hung Chang an expression of my high appreciation of his gift of $500, and accept my equal thanks for your own contribution of $200. The total sum shall be transmitted to the custodians of the monument fund in New York, with a copy of your letter and with the renewed acknowledgment of your proof of sympathy and friendship to the people of the United States and one of their most heroic representatives. I am, my dear Mr. Minister, very sincerely yours. T. F. BAYARD.

CIVILIZATION DISGRACED.—The *Modoc Independent* thus speaks of the manner in which Harris, lately killed in Alturas, was buried:

We are reliably informed that the body of Lafe Harris, who died a tragic death in Alturas, was consigned to its last resting-place in a manner which was a disgrace to the fair name of our town, and which, to put it in the mildest possible manner, reflects great discredit on our citizens, and especially upon those having charge of the body and who conducted the funeral in such an unchristian-like manner. It is said that the body was not even washed; that the clothes were not changed, and that the dirty rags or stockings that covered the dead man's feet were used to tie his hands across his breast. No notice was given of the hour at which the funeral was to take place, and when it was accidentally discovered that the corpse was being loaded into a wagon, R. F. Nichols endeavored to find a minister to go to the grave and perform the usual rites, but before he could succeed the wagon had rolled up the hill, and the body had been dumped into the hole prepared for it, and Lafe Harris was covered without a word having been spoken. We understand that Harris had means enough of his own to defray all funeral expenses; but even had he been a pauper, he should have received a better burial. It grieves us to publish such an occurrence, but when such statements come from reliable citizens, we cannot pass them unnoticed.

The death of Alphonse Libault at Sherlock's, Mariposa county, has already been noted. It appears he was a French nobleman, Marquis de la Barossiere, whom political troubles had driven to America.

On the Mojave desert among the yuccas grass is six inches high, a hitherto almost unprecedented occurrence.

DISGUSTED HIGHWAYMAN.

Ineffectual Attempt to Secure Wealth from a Printer.

[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.]

On Sunday evening Phil. O'Rourke, a well-known printer, was escorting home a lady who resides at the north end of the city. When they reached a point beyond North street, on the grade, a man suddenly appeared in front of them, presented a revolver and ordered Phil. to throw up his hands. The request was complied with, the printer making no protest and losing no time in obeying the mandate. The highwayman went through Phil.'s clothes, but found nothing in his pockets except a printer's rule, a few leads, a broken key and the handle of a pocket-knife minus the blades. As Phil. was flashily dressed, the road agent looked at him in blank astonishment, and expressed his disappointment at not finding any wealth about the person of a man who put on so much outward style. Phil., who was never known to miss a meal or have a cent, apologized in a deprecating manner—stating that he had just spent the last quarter he had for oysters. [The aforesaid quarter was borrowed from Steve Gillis early in the evening.—Rep.] At this juncture the highwayman caught sight of a massive brass chain dangling from Phil.'s fob, and in the dim moonlight he mistook it for gold. Remarking that he guessed he would "take the watch along, anyhow," the highwayman seized the chain and gave it a jerk, expecting, as a matter of course, to find a valuable timepiece at the other end of it; but his indignation knew no bounds when he discovered that it was attached to an empty and battered tin lucifer match-box. The trembling O'Rourke attempted to explain the absence of his watch, but the indignant and disgusted road agent poked the cocked weapon directly under Phil.'s nose and ordered him to get out of his sight in a second or he would blow his brains out. Phil. lit out on a dead run, dragging his frightened companion after him, and never looked back to see what became of the disgusted road agent.

PASSENGERS FROM THE EAST.

[SPECIAL BY TELEGRAPH TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

NEWHALL, December 24th.—The following overland passengers passed here to-day, to arrive in San Francisco December 25th: J. A. Allan, Petaluma; Mrs. R. Y. Alfred, San Francisco; Harold A. Ayers, Chicago; I. A. Booth, Oakland; R. Bohn, Los Angeles; John A. Black, A. Baker, San Francisco; Geo. Bailey, Fort Bowie; G. H. Bernick, Michigan; Mrs. M. Bellegarde, San Francisco; John Chislett, St. Paul; Wm. Chislett, San Francisco; H. Clark, Los Angeles; M. W. Clark, Arizona; George Condict, Los Angeles; E. L. Cook and wife; Flag-staff; Jas. W. Dolan, San Francisco; J. L. Dinwiddie, Petaluma; Martin Dolan, Missouri; D. G. Dick, Winnipeg; H. L. Edman, Santa Fe; Wm. F. Gwin, W. M. Griffin, San Francisco; Mrs. E. W. Hollingsworth, Kansas; A. E. Haskell, Fort Dodge, Iowa; Mrs. J. F. Henry, Joe Henry, Canada; G. H. Henry, Chicago; C. B. Johnson, Colton; P. S. Kane, Pittsburg; Kannaman, San Antonio; Mrs. W. E. Lamb, L. Leaves, San Francisco; W. R. Marrian, Washington Territory; Mary Morales, Los Angeles; J. K. Mackinney, Kingman; John Nelson and wife, Los Angeles; T. Olendorf, Benson; Wm. Omeivena, Indiana; John Reming, Missouri; Mrs. J. M. Root, San Francisco; L. Swanson, New Orleans; Otto Schmidt, Missouri; E. H. Winchester, New Hampshire; R. M. Wilkins, M. L. Wick, Los Angeles; W. R. Wheeler, Oakland; Mrs. C. Willmer, San Francisco.

NEWHALL, December 25th.—The following overland passengers passed here to-day, to arrive in San Francisco December 26th: Mrs. F. D. Ambrose, El Paso; E. P. Bates, California; Peter Birge, Galveston; L. Caszega, New York; Captain B. Cogan, Morristown, N. Y.; V. Craig, Oakland; Thomas Carney, Los Angeles; Wm. Cox, Pittsburg; E. C. Cully and wife, Bitter Water, Col.; M. J. Coelin, Boston; Sam Deering and wife, St. Paul; John Ericson, Ravena; Rev. M. Eberhardt, Chicago; Mrs. Ida Fuson, Los Angeles; T. W. Fenn, J. W. Gardner and wife, D. W. Harsburg and wife, James Harsburg, Jr., San Francisco; Mrs. T. J. Hamilton, Kansas City; S. Levy, Mexico; Alexander Lambert and family, Tex.; J. A. Moore, Kingston; N. M.; T. J. Mack, Berlin; J. Miller, El Paso; L. P. Moore, G. K. Porteri San Francisco; S. M. Pickett, Los Angeles; Miss L. A. J. Richards, Boston; M. Rosenthal, New York; E. M. Scott, Jr., Tombstone; Ellen Smith, San Francisco; G. Smith, El Paso; D. B. Sewell, San Francisco; W. Stewart, Toronto; G. W. Tuthill and family, Chicago; Mrs. H. Thornton, T. B. Warington, Los Angeles.

PROMONTORY (Utah), December 25th.—The following overland passengers passed here to-day, to arrive in Sacramento December 27th: W. Adams, Oakland; Miss O. K. Adams, W. Arnold, Sacramento; Jos. H. Borrows and wife, Aspen, Col.; S. Byngton, Pittsburg, Pa.; N. A. Barmore, Columbus, Kansas; Chas. A. Bode, Sanford, Me.; Miss K. D. Beck, Boston; Mrs. A. R. Clark, Madison, Dakota; J. C. Donald, Montreal, Canada; Olive Drake, Eberhardt, Nevada; James Dougherty, Baltimore; Charles Estberg, Quincy, Illinois; O. Edwards, San Francisco; P. F. Flood, Philadelphia; W. B. Fisher, Boston; Wm. Gerhe son, Hotaling, Cal.; F. Gans, J. M. Horne and wife, San Francisco; F. E. Hewitt, Ord, Neb.; W. K. Hill, W. K. Hill, Jr., Sioux City, Iowa; G. Johnson, Wayne, Illinois; G. W. Lockwood, Utica, Michigan; A. McKeen, Montreal, Canada; Miss McKugh, North Attleboro, Mass.; Thos. Murphy, Baltimore; P. McFarren, Pittsburg, Penn.; E. T. Mills, San Francisco; W. Neal, Omaha; G. V. Northsy, Brooklyn, J. L. Nichols, San Francisco; C. O'Neill, Pittsburg, Penn.; Jerome Pease and wife, Minnesota Lake, Minn.; Mrs. Annie Peterson, Corrinne; A. Russ, Ord, Nebraska; Edwin C. Stone and wife, Edgar, Nebraska; B. F. Saul, Chas. R. Storres, New York; S. Tudermuhle, Cleveland, Wisconsin; C. Tudermuhle, Mrs. D. V. Voorhies, Omaha; E. S. Wright, Sanford, Maine.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Fourteenth-street Presbyterian Church, between O and P—Pastor, Rev. George R. Bird. Christmas services at 11 A. M. Sermon: "Human Interest in Christ." At 7 P. M., sermon: "Angelic Interest in Christ." Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.

Calvary Baptist Church, I street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. A. C. Herrick. Subject: "The Nearness of Death." Evening, at 7 o'clock, subject: "Lessons from the Old Year."

M. E. Church South, Seventh street, bet. J and K—The pastor, H. C. Christian, will preach morning and evening. Subject for both hours: "The Visit of the Wise Men and the Star in the East." Everybody invited. Strangers welcome.

Central M. E. Church, Eleventh street, between H and I—Services appropriate to Christmas all day. Morning subject: "The Holy One of Israel." Special choral and praise service by the choir and congregation from 7 P. M. All are welcome.

Sixth-street M. E. Church, between K and L—The paster, Rev. E. R. Dille, will preach. Morning subject: "No Room for Jesus"—a Christmas sermon. Evening: "How Old Art Thou?"—a sermon for the closing year. Special Christmas music will be rendered. All are welcome.

United Brethren Church, corner of Fourteenth and K streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday-school at 9:45 A. M. Seats free. Everybody invited.

Congregational Church, Sixth Street, between I and J—Rev. W. C. Merrill, pastor, will preach to-morrow at 10:45 A. M. Subject: "The Christ Child." The service will be largely musical, consisting of special Christmas numbers prepared by the choir. Sunday-school at 12:15 P. M. Special praise service and Sunday-school concert in the evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to these services.

Preaching at the First Baptist Church by the pastor, A. J. Frost. Morning subject: "The Man, Christ Jesus." Evening subject: "Christmas Lessons." Public cordially invited.

Westminster Presbyterian Church, Sixth street, corner of I—The pastor, Rev. H. H. Rice, will preach on Sabbath at 10:45 A. M. Subject: "Pressing Towards the Mark." At 7 P. M. a Christmas praise service. The public are cordially invited.

MARRIED.

Foster's Bar township, Yuba county, December 22—By Rev. S. C. Elliott, John C. Forbes to Emma Gumpry, both of Yuba county.
Woodland, December 22—Ed. C. Woods to Laura J. Rawlins.
Near Knight's Landing, December 23—W. L. DuBois to Elizabeth Gibson.
Auburn December 23—S. F. Hastings to Elizabeth Davis.
Logtown, El Dorado county, December 23—Lewis Jenkins to Virginia Hill.
Randolph, Sierra Valley, December 16—John S. Treasure to Mrs. Lizzie Knutzen.

BORN.

Florin, December 24—Wife of James Tootell, a son.
Marysville, December 20—Wife of John Walsh, a daughter.
Near Bieber, December 7—Wife of H. O. Page, a daughter.
Red Bluff, December 20—Wife of G. T. Jones, a daughter.
Red Bluff, December 20—Wife of A. Lingsheid, a daughter.
Red Bluff, December 20—Wife of John Masterson, a son.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
**When she was a Child, she cried for