

COLONEL STRONG'S COLLECTIONS

THE OLD TIMER CONTINUES HIS REMINISCENCES

OF SAN FRANCISCO MEN AND EVENTS IN THE FIFTIES

BY IRVING STOCK

"Let us walk up Stockton street a little ways and look at Pfeiffer's Castle," said Colonel Reuben D. Strong after he had told of the manner in which three inquests were held on one corpse in olden times.

"There are no castles at this end of the City," I ventured to say.

"I refer," continued the colonel, "to that brick building on the corner of Stockton and Chestnut streets, adjoining the one on which I see the sign, 'Toled Medical College.'"

"Why, that's the Home for the Care of Inebriates," I said to him, wishing to enlighten him. By that time we stood opposite the building which for so many years has been a house of restraint for those of almost unconquerable passion for strong drink.

"I will not dispute what you say," continued the colonel, "but my recollection of the old structure is that it is as it was when I knew it, except that some bay-windows have been added, also a long flight of stairs, which was not there, but has a modern appearance. At that time the street was up to the level of the ground floor and it was known as 'Pfeiffer's Castle.' Pfeiffer had quite a history. When he was about 18 years of age he went to the plains from the East bound with a party for Oregon. This was in 1842.

"After the party had been out some time and had endured the hardships of a trip over the almost trackless territory, the members of it became divided on one point, and that was as to where it should proceed. Some wanted to go to the original point of destination, while others wanted to go to Santa Fe, and there were others who wanted to go to California, which was then but little known, still talked of. Those who favored California were of the opinion that as it was a new country it certainly must be a good one to locate in. The result was a vote in favor of the party electing to go with that crowd. The others headed for California, but were deterred by a trapper, who told them that they would perish in the snows in the Sierras if they attempted the journey, for winter was approaching and travel was very slow in those days. They decided to keep right on for Oregon.

"It was not long before the other half of the party turned about and headed for Oregon. When that party arrived there Pfeiffer fell in with some missionaries, I believe, and took a great interest in books, particularly scientific works. His mind seemed to run to inventing something that would bring him a great fortune. That seemed to be his ambition even when I knew him in the early fifties. While in the northern part of the territory, he was told of a mine in California, and he was seized with the desire to go to it. He was accompanied by a man on a vessel belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, that was coming down for hides and tallow.

"To tell the truth Pfeiffer did not like the people of California and their ways, so he returned with the vessel, and remained in Oregon until the discovery of gold. He then moved away. With a party of fortune-seekers he started to cross the Oregon line, and after many weeks of hard travel reached the New Heavens at Sacramento. It was called at the time General A. Sutter built his fort there. One of his first business ventures was the purchase of a hen and a rooster, paying \$30 for the hen and \$20 for the rooster. \$30 were worth their weight in gold at that time. That pair multiplied and in time the chicken ranch he started paid him handsomely, eggs being purchased at the rate of \$1 piece in gold dust. He secured a hen and a rooster, and then he went into the business of supplying miners with such goods as they needed, and accumulated a great deal of gold, so much, he once told me, that he used to spread it out on the floor and walk through it to clear it of black sand, and then he would sweep it up with an ordinary shovel into boxes which he used to hide in holes dug inside the adobe, or place it on top of the broad walls. He had put up a ceiling to hide the gold that supported the roof and the place was closed and the windows darkened.

"In 1850 he married in Sacramento a German girl who had come to the United States from Wurtemberg, and had made the trip across the mountains. He went out his business to come to this city and locate. The next night the whole of Sacramento was swept away by fire. On arriving here he sought a northern location and he found it here. The knowledge of what the great fires that had swept over this city, and the one in the city he left, made him resolve that he would build a house that would not be destroyed by flames, so he built a house which is of such odd architecture that while he was constructing it, people who watched the work of the masons, asked if he was building a castle, and that is how it came to be called 'Pfeiffer's Castle.'

"His property extended to Francisco street on the north. Through his land he opened a small street, dedicated it to the public, and called it Pfeiffer street, and while I see by the lamp-post sign is still known by that name. He was constructing a large flourmill. A portion is still standing on Francisco street, but is now used, I noticed, for dwelling purposes. The medical college occupies a part of his ground, but the mill had a capacity of 200 barrels a day. He did well for a time, but it was expensive to run a flourmill in those days; his coal bill, he told me, was \$80 a day, and other expenses proportionately high.

"While he lived here he turned his attention to a number of inventions, one of which was a steamer that was to be moved by compressed air, but before he had completed it misfortune visited him, and he sent a shipload of flour, valued at \$30,000, to Australia, on which he expected to realize a handsome profit, but the ship went down and his loss was total; then he found it necessary to borrow money at high rates of interest, and the rest of the time he was unable to pay \$6000 to satisfy a mortgage given on the castle, and in a suit for foreclosure the property went to the mortgagee. Then while the suit was pending in 1859, on Thanksgiving night, three of his children lay dead in his parlor. He did not have much to be thankful for that year.

"After misfortune overtook him his mind became somewhat affected, and while those who knew him pitied him they called him 'Cranky Pfeiffer.' His wife, as noble and as good a woman as I ever knew, secured a position in the Mint, and up to the time I left she was the sole support of Pfeiffer and the rest of the family. She made several attempts to recover the property, which by law she had been forced to leave, and several times I saw her in the Mint, and she was given in her favor, but when it came to the final resort she, somehow or other, had judgment rendered against her and she lost all. There were times when Pfeiffer

comment, and that was that the saloon attached to the hotel was 'closed out of respect to the memory of the dead Senator.' The remains were visited by almost the entire community, and great was the concourse of people who followed the body to its last resting-place at Lone Mountain, where the funeral oration was delivered by Colonel E. D. Baker, the hero of Balls Bluff, he who in '54 delivered the address on the occasion of the dedication of Lone Mountain Cemetery."

"I informed the colonel that the cemetery where stands the monument to Broderick is known as Laurel Hill Cemetery, and he said: 'It was Lone Mountain when it was dedicated.'

"The body of Broderick was the first that lay in state in the old Union Hotel building."

"And the last," I added, "was that of Dave Scannell, chief engineer of the Fire Department, who died on the 30th of March, 1883."

"That reminds me," said the colonel, "that they were both members of Empire Engine Company 1 of the Volunteer Department, and that Dave Broderick was the first foreman of the company."

"And Dave Scannell," I said, "was the last foreman of that company."

"The exciting incidents in connection with the Terry-Broderick affair recall the difference in the newspapers of thirty-six years ago and those of to-day. News—that is, what is now considered news all over the United States—was treated in

rather an indifferent manner by the proprietors, who were generally the managers—managing editors and Sunday editors and news editors not being part of the then newspaper staff.

"I remember that the day before the duel did take place Terry was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Broderick, a State Senator, both high officials, were arrested near Laguna Merced on a warrant charging them with preparing to fight a duel. They had their hearing before Henry P. Coon, Police Magistrate, and the next morning the papers came out with a ten-line notice with a side head stating that the parties named had had a preliminary hearing, and that the charge against them had been dismissed because the statute which declared it a felony to fight a duel had been repealed, and that the then existing law applied only to individuals after the duel had been fought. And then when the duel was actually fought the whole affair was dismissed in an account of less than half a column in length. What would the managing editor or the editor of the CALL of to-day say to a reporter who would bring in such an account of so important an event?"

"No pictures! no interviews!" I asked.

"And the colonel replied, 'Not a picture, not an interview.'"

"The reporters in those days were a jolly set of fellows, and they did not break their necks trying to get what you newspaper men of to-day call 'scoops.' There was among them Billy White, Ned Knight, Ned Pepper and others whose names I cannot now recall. They had in the rear of Ellen Moore's 'Ivy Green' on Merchant street, near the old City Hall, a room in which they met every day, and which was known as the 'Hall of the Reporters' Union.' The reporters for the morning papers would meet there at

created spheres sounding through the purple of the primal dawn down the fleeting ages.

John Purdy apparently was above the tridings of earth and the whirl and discord of life's current around him never reached the deep central calm in which he stood. He was the ship's cook—the greasy genius of a grub, as the first-class petty officers' mess called him.

John Purdy sat on his chest and searched the Scriptures. The ebb and flow of the tide in the affairs of sailor men around him never seemed to disturb John in his earnest seeking after life through the pages of Holy Writ.

When Saxie Fisher and Quartergunner Johnson stood under the break of the to'gallant forecastle and alternated in the most incredible yams during the whole watch, talking, talking until the bolts started from the deck beams and the iron stanchions around them began to wilt, Purdy read on and on.

When Tom Walker, agriculturist, U. S. N., and George Romer, who was always leaving the navy to ship on a ranch, sat on their diddy-boxes down the maintopmast's gangway and lifted their deep sea-bass pipes in angry discussion, notwithstanding they always agreed in every particular, upon the respective merits of pigs and ducks as a farm-livestock output, John was lamenting with sad-voiced Jeremiah over the daughters of Jerusalem led into captivity.

When David Clark, ship-jurist, feet-barrister and all-round sea-lawyer, was interpreting unwritten and unheard of decrees in a large, weighty tone and using words not calculated to inspire respect for his court, Purdy had left the sea and was gleaming with sweet Ruth among the bearded barley in far-off Palestine.

When Paddy White was tramping up and down his plank in the deck, growling loudly and profanely at every stray speck of dust that got on it with him, Purdy was sitting down in the ash-heaps alongside of sore Job, holding converse with his three "comfortors" on the pleasures of plagues.

When the soft winds were purring over the sun-tinted wave and the ship swung stately to the heave of a long, rounded swell, John was walking under the river-washed willows of Babylon, where the exiled harps of Israel hung joyless and mute. When the yell of the gale through the gear and the boiling noises of storm-scoured ocean sounded around the ship John Purdy was breathing the incense from the valley hills, robed in beauty far surpassing Solomon in all his glory.

When Gustavus Adolphus Petersen, an instrumental musical prodigy from some Norwegian fjord which shall be nameless here forevermore because it can't be pronounced, began to pump "The Ship That Never Returned" out of a big gurgling accordion, and the cat fled in terror to the soundless depths of the forehold, John Purdy heard in fancy the triumphant song of Miriam on the farther shore of the Red Sea.

When old Alexander McGrath, the sailmaker's mate, whose voice had been tuned to the shrill note of an English Channel gale, began to evolve a vocal melody not unlike a circular-saw going through a hard pine knot, John Purdy heard the grand chorus of the newly

odoriferous chunks of salt horse upon which the men of the sea are to brave and wade; the usual quarreling with mess-cooks who buzz around the ship's cook like bees about a bear; the childish wrangle and contention that eddied around him, were unnoticed in that deep reaching down of the mind into the nobler springs of the human passions. Purdy did not intellectualize. He could not reason out an abstract theory into concrete actuality. Neither was he theological. The peculiar method and special direction of man's movement into spiritual perfection or the hair-splitting ideas of argumentative religionists never weighed heavily on his soul.

He made idols out of the strong, godly men of the Hebrew hierarchy, and unconsciously he tried in the footsteps they left deeply indented on the shores of time.

John Purdy's testimony before a board of eminent theologians would not have stamped him as a man of profound piety, nor would his interpretations of the sacred word have been accepted as samples of faultless orthodoxy; yet, aboard the ship to disagree with "the chaplain's mate," as he was rated by the crew, were rank heretics.

His faith found favor with Protestant, Catholic, Jew or Moslem alike, not because there was so little of it, but because it was so simple. A little child could not err therein, and they all understood that first precept of all religions—the golden rule, which John Purdy taught by example. Saxie Fisher still told improbable stories, but if in Purdy's presence they were made as mild as the dissipations of a George Romer, who was a little more technical points of sea law, but quoted largely from Moses, Daniel and St. Paul when in Purdy's presence. Tom Walker's agricultural experiences were very moderate when narrated around the galley, and George Romer was a little more satisfied with the navy when moored on the chest alongside of the ship's cook. Only Paddy White was unmoved, or at least he never appeared sensible of the odor of sanctity that was supposed to be apparent around John Purdy.

THE CONVERSION OF JOHN PURDY.

BY TOM GREGORY.

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So the regenerated chief of the galley lived and died and passed beyond the horizon of time, and the chronicles of his life in the traditions of the golden rule, to be recounted in the long mid-watches of after years.

The Rebekah Mining Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$500,000, subscribed as follows: John A. Fair, Moses Adler and Aaron A. Adler, \$125,000 each; Sanford Sachs and Samuel L. Sachs, \$62,500 each.

engineer and doctor received a scorching, and even the chaplain caught a whiff of brimstone as the master-at-arms and the sergeant of marines conveyed him away from the mast.

Down in the brig Purdy sat and pondered for several days. Occasionally he varied his occupation by reconnoitering the executive officer to perdition, but this being an unsatisfactory way of passing the time he concluded to let that person remain where he was. In the corner of his small Bible he found several stray leaves from a small Bible containing portions of the Book of Job. Having nothing else to do he read the pages and became interested in Satan's scorching ministrations of the man from Uz.

He did not quite understand why Job had been so grievously smitten, but the man bore up under his afflictions nobly and flung his defiance straight at the gates of hell, and hell prevailed not against him. "That was a good crit, about the only thing on earth that John ever admired. Job had rubbed ashes on his head and liniment on his bruises and talked like a philosopher, while John Purdy, who had been put in the brig for disobeying an order, had howled like a honey-hunting bear in a wasp's nest."

In one chapter of the book he read the answer to the "comfortors," and in another the sublime questioning of the Almighty:

"Who shut up the sea with doors when it brake forth * * * and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shalt thou proud waves be stayed? "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? "Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou gird about Arcturus with his sons?"

Many such queries came to John out of the darkness of his prison, and he girded up his loins like a man and answered them by turning to and taking charge of the galley. He didn't tender any apologies to the executive for the eloquent abuse he had piled on that officer's head, for that wasn't John Purdy's way. He might be sorry for things he had said or done, but he never went over them.

The first lieutenant didn't ask for any penitential acknowledgments in "baby-sit" pleadings for that wasn't his way. He was pleased to bend the rugged spirit of the man down to discipline, but not to break the spring in him.

The regenerated sailor started the fires under the coppers and accepted the situation and the despised "buzzard" job. He didn't put on any outward armor of faith or clothe himself in the regiments of holiness, nor make any public avowal touching a change of heart, or erect a shining fabric of good intentions for the future. He was never seen to pray, nor ever heard to give his religious experience. His life as known about the decks was replete with the small woes that round out the existence of a ship's cook. The serving out of hot water for coffee, soup, and the

odorous chunks of salt horse upon which the men of the sea are to brave and wade; the usual quarreling with mess-cooks who buzz around the ship's cook like bees about a bear; the childish wrangle and contention that eddied around him, were unnoticed in that deep reaching down of the mind into the nobler springs of the human passions. Purdy did not intellectualize. He could not reason out an abstract theory into concrete actuality. Neither was he theological. The peculiar method and special direction of man's movement into spiritual perfection or the hair-splitting ideas of argumentative religionists never weighed heavily on his soul.

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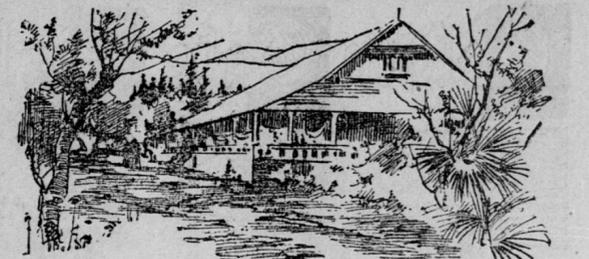
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The San Francisco Trading Company was incorporated yesterday with \$15,000 subscribed on a capital stock of \$50,000. The shareholders are: A. P. Lorenzen, Alameda, \$4,000; Thomson Colle, Alameda, \$2,000; H. S. Jarvis, Oakland, \$2,000; William H. Tabot, San Francisco, \$2,000; George Boole, Oakland, \$2,000.



SUMMER REPORTS

HIGHLAND SPRINGS, Gilroy Hot Springs

ON THE BORDER OF CLEAR LAKE, Lake County, Cal.

DO YOU ENJOY A SUPERB CLIMATE? Do you like fine bathing, boating, hunting and fishing? Do you need recuperation and rest afforded by over thirty kinds of mineral springs? Shortest stage route into Lake County.

SEND YOUR WIFE AWAY WITH THE CHILDREN, AND IF YOU CAN, GO YOURSELF, FOR A VACATION TO ETNA SPRINGS.

THE STRICTLY TEMPERANCE RESORT, **Cazadero** NOW OPEN.

MADRONE MINERAL SPRINGS, Santa Clara County.

DUNCAN'S SPRINGS, Hopland, Mendocino County.

REVERED RATES Board \$8 to \$10 Per Week. \$8-ROUND TRIP TICKET-\$8. **ANDERSON SPRINGS.**

BALDWIN'S TALLAC HOUSE, LAKE TAHOE. THE SUMMER RESORT OF CALIFORNIA.

MARK WEST SPRINGS. NEAR SANTA ROSA—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN SONOMA COUNTY.

HOWARD SPRINGS, LAKE COUNTY, CAL. HOT AND COLD MINERAL SPRINGS OF CALIFORNIA.

LAUREL DELL HOTEL. LAUREL DELL LAKE (FORMERLY Lower Blue Lake), the most beautiful spot in the county.

JOHN DAY'S RESORT. ON THE BANKS OF RIVER LAKE, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN CALIFORNIA.

Place Where the Invalid Can Surely Recover Health. Write the Tourist May Regale Himself Upon Magnificent and Picturesque Scenery.

A Mecca for the Annual Seeker After Rest, Refreshment and Relaxation. A Mecca for the Annual Seeker After Repose and Recuperation.

TAKE 2:20 P. M. TRAIN FROM FOURTH and Townsend streets, arriving at Springs at 6:30 P. M. Fare \$7.15 for round trip.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR ANGLERS AND THEIR families is at the **BOCA HOTEL,** BOCA, CAL.

LAKE INDEPENDENCE, The queen of mountain lakes. Now is the time to fly-fish, grand lake. Average catch, 200 trout per day.

MOUNTAIN HOME, The Recognized Family Summer Resort in Santa Cruz Mountains.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION AND AFFAIRS OF THE ROYAL INSURANCE CO.

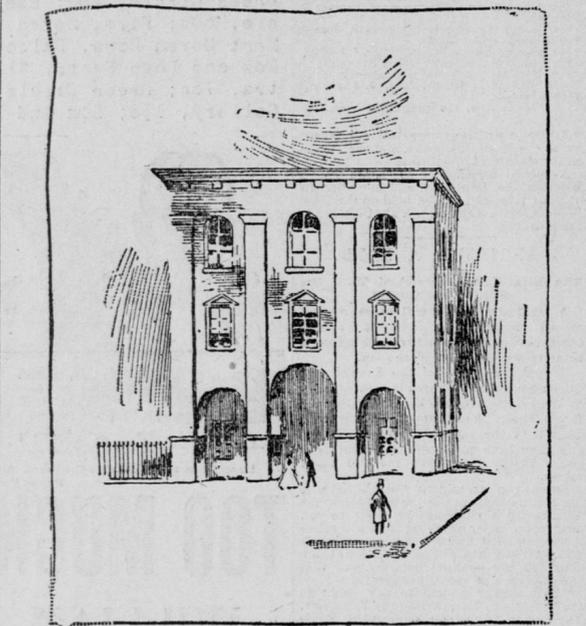
OF LIVERPOOL ENGLAND, ON THE 31ST day of December, A. D. 1894, and for the year ending on that date, as made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to the provisions of sections 610 and 611 of the Political Code, condensed as per blank furnished by the Commissioner.

Amount of Capital Stock, paid up in cash. \$1,785,610 00

Real estate owned by company. \$4,788,176 73

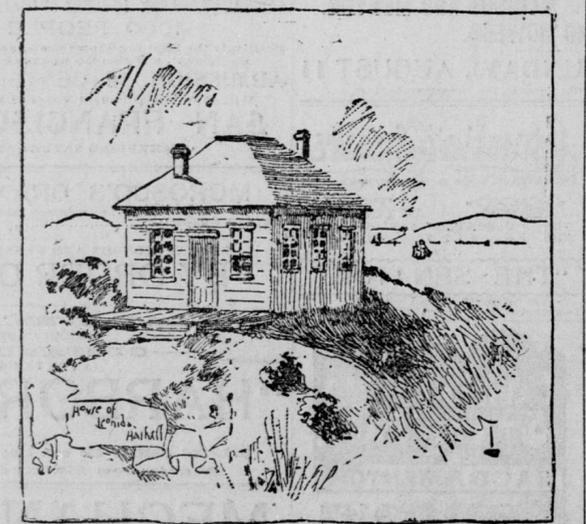
Net cash actually received for fire premiums. \$10,150,025 00

Net amount of risks written during the year. \$2,607,008,152



A PICTURE OF THE HOME FOR THE CARE OF INEBRIATES, WHICH, WHEN ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED, WAS THE PFEIFFER CASTLE.

Point San Jose. I knew it as Black Point and so did all the old Californians. I went to see if the house in which Senator Broderick passed away from earth was still there. It is still there, but it has been altered by having had additions put on and changes made to the exterior. The last time I saw it before last week—that is to have a good look at it—was in the latter part of 1859, at the time that Dave Terry's victim was in there hovering between life and death. It was then the residence of Leonidas Haskell, who was a member of the firm of Moore, Folger & Haskell, owners of a tallow factory on Lombard street, near Franklin street would cross it. Upon inquiry I learned that after the Government took possession of the point the Haskell residence was taken by the commandant for his quarters, altered to suit the times and additions built to it. It is now used as the residence of the post surgeon.



HOUSE OF LEONIDAS HASKELL AT BLACK POINT, IN WHICH SENATOR BRODERICK DIED. [From a pencil sketch by Colonel Strong.]

of an ambulance, Broderick was jolted over a rough road for many miles and finally taken to Haskell's home and placed in a room having windows on the north and the east sides.

The best physicians of the day were summoned, and what they had to say about the condition of their patient was sought for eagerly by the people, who were in a state of great excitement. Hundreds like myself went to the Haskell home to learn of the wounded Senator's condition and what hope there was for his recovery.