Wolfville Stories by Alfred Henry Lewis

The Troubles of Dan Boggs.

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"THIS yere," remarked the Old Cattleman, at the heel of a half-hour lecture on life and its philosophy, "this yere is a evenin' when they gets to discussin' about luck. It's doorin' the progress of this dispote when Cherokee Hall allows that luck don't alternate none, first good an' then bad, but sort o' travels in bunches like cattle or in flocks like birds. 'Whichever way she comes,' says Cherokee, 'good or bad, luck avalanches itse'f on a gent a whole lot. That's straight!' goes on Cherokee. 'You bet! I speaks from a voloominous experience an' a life that, whether up or down, white or black, ain't been made of nothin' but luck. Which nacherally, bein' a kyard sharp that a-way, I studies luck same as Peets yere studies drugs; an' my discov'ries teaches that luck is plumb gregar'ous. Like misery in that proverb, luck loves company. It shore despises to be lonesome.'

"'Cherokee, I delights to hear you talk,' says Old Man Enright as he signs up Black Jack for the Valley Tan. 'Them eloocidations is meant to stiffen a gent's nerve an' do him good. Shore; no one needs encouragement nor has to train for a conflict with good luck; but it's when he's out ag'inst the iron, an' the bad luck's swoopin' an' stoopin' at him, beak an' claw, like forty hawks; that's when your remarks is doo to come to his aid an' uplift his sperits some. An' as you says a moment back, thar's bound in the long run to be a equilibr'um. The lower your bad luck, the higher your good luck when it strikes camp. It's the same with the old Rockies, an' whereaer you goes, it's allers a never failin' case of the deeper the valley the higher the hill. As I observes, these yere reflections is mighty consolatory a lot.'

"'As is frequent with me,' says Dan Boggs, after we sets quiet a moment, meanwhile tastin' our nose paint some thoughtful—for these outbursts of Cherokee's an' Enright's calls for consid'rations—'as is frequent with me,' says Dan, 'I reckons I'll string my chips with Cherokee. The more ready, since throughout my own checkered c'reer—an' I've done most everything, 'cept sing in the choir—luck has ever happened bunched like as he asserts. Which I gets notice of these pecooliarities of fortune plumb early. While I'm simply doin' nothin' to provoke it, a gust of bad luck pounces on me that a-way, an' I gets thwarted in a noble moosical ambition, rooins my social standin', an' busts two of my nigh ribs all in one week.

"'I'm a colt at the time, jest about big enough to break. My folks is livin' in Missouri over back of them Sni-a-bar Hills. By nacher I'm a heap moosical, so I ups—givin' that genius for harmony expression—an' yoonites myse'f with the "Sni-a-bar Silver Cornet Band." Old Hickey is leader; an' he puts me to play the snare drum; the same bein' the second rung on the ladder of moosical fame, an' one rung above the big drum. Old Hickey su'gests that I start with the snare drum an' work up. Gents, you-all should have heard me with that instrument! I'd shore light into her like a storm of hail!

"'For a spell the "Sni-a-bar Silver Cornet Band" used to play in the woods. This yere Sni-a-bar commoonity is a mighty nervous neighborhood—an' thar's folks whose word is above reproach who sends us notice they'll shoot some if we don't; so at first we practices in the woods. But as time goes on, we improves; an' at last we plays well enough so we don't scare children; an' then them Sni-a-bar people consents to let us play now an' then along the road. Of course, all of us virchewosoes is locoed to do good work, so Sni-a-bar would get reconciled an' recognize us as a commercial factor.

"'At last it comes. Well do I recall the day of our first public appearance. It's at a political meetin' an' everything, so far as we're concerned, at least, depends on the impression we-all makes. If we goes to a balk or a break-down, that "Sni-a-bar Cornet Band's" got to go back an' play in the woods.

"'It's not needed that I tells you gents that we-all is plenty on paige. Old Hickey gets that perturbed he shifts me onto the big drum; an' Catfish Edwards, yeretofore the custodian of that instrument, is given the snare. This play comes mighty clost to breakin' my heart; for I'm ambitious moosical, as I states, an' it galls my soul to see myse'f goin' backwards that a-way. It's the beginnin' of that bad luck. Thar's no chance to duck the play, however, as Old Hickey's word is law, so I sadly buckles on the giant drum.

"'We're jest turnin' into the picnic ground where this yere meetin's bein' held an' I've got thoughts of nothin' but my art—as we moosicians says—an' elevatin' the local opinion of an' concernin' the meelodius merits of the band. We're playin' "Number 18" at the time, an' I've got my eagle eye on the paper that tells me when to welt her; an' I'm shorely leatherin' away at that instrument to beat a ace-flush.

"'Bein' I'm new to this yere big drum, an' onduly eager to succeed, I've got all my eyes picketed on the notes. It would have been as well if I'd reserved at least one eye for scenery. But I don't; an' so it befalls that when we-all is in the very heart of the toone, an' at what's it's no exaggeration to call a crisis in our destinies, I walks straddle of a stump. An' sech is my fatal momentum, the drum rolls up on the stump an' I rolls up on the drum. That's the finish; next day the Silver Cornet Band by edict of the Sni-a-bar folks is re-exiled to them woods. But I don't go; Old Hickey excloodes me, an' my hopes of moosical eminence rots down right thar.

"'It's mebby two days later when I'm down by the postoffice gettin' the weekly paper for my old gent. Thar's goin' to be a gander-pullin' by torch light that evenin' over to Hickman's Mills, with a dance at the heel of the hunt. But I ain't allowin' to be present none. I'm too deeply chagrined about my failure with that big drum; an' then ag'in, I'm scared to ask a girl to go. You-all most likely has missed noticin' it a heap—for I frequent forces myse'f to be gala an' festive in company—but jest the same, deep down onder my belt, I'm bashful. An' when I'm younger I'm worse. An' I'm bashful speshul of girls; I soon discovers that it's easier to face a gun than a girl, an' that the glance of her eye is more terrifyin' than the glimmer of a bowie. That's the way I feels. It's a fact; I remember a time when my mother, gettin' plumb desp'rate over my hoomility, offers me a Morgan hoss if I'd go co't a girl; on which o'casion I feebly urges that I'd rather walk a whole lot.

"'On the evenin' of this yere dance an' gander-pullin' I'm pirootin' about the Center as I tells you, when I meets up with Jule James; Jule bein' the village belle. "Goin' to the dance?" says Jule. "No," says I. "Whyever don't you go?" asks Jule. "Thar ain't no girl weak-minded enough to go with me," I replies; "I makes a bid for two or three, but gets the mitten." This yere last is a bluff. "Which I reckons now," says Jule, givin' me a look, "if you'd asked me I'd been fool enough to go." Of course, with that I'm treed; I couldn't flicker, so I allows that if Jule'll caper back to the house I'll take her yet.

"We-all gets back to my old gent's an' I proceeds to hitch up a Dobbin hoss we has to a sidebar buggy. It's dark by now, an' we don't go to the house, nor indulge in any ranikaboo uproar about it, as I figgers it's better not to notify the old gent. Not that he puts the kybosh on this yere enterprise; but he's powerful fond of talk, an' his long suit is never wantin' you to do whatever you're out to execoote that a-way. Wherefore, as I ain't got no time for a j'int debate with the old gent over technicalities, I puts Jule into the sidebar where it's standin' in the dark onder a shed; an' then, hookin' up old Dobbin a heap surreptitious, I gathers the reins an' we goes softly p'intin' forth for Hickman's gander-pullin' shindig.

"'As we-all is sailin' thoughtlessly along the trail Dobbin of a sudden ups and bolts. Sech bursts is omprecedented in the case of Dobbin—who's that sedate he's jest alive—an' I'm shore amazed. But I yanks him up a lot an' starts anew. It's twenty rods when Dobbin bolts ag'in. This time I hears a flutter an' reaches 'round Jule some to see if her petticoats is whippin' the wheel. They ain't; but Jule—who esteems said gesture in the nacher of a caress—seemin' to favor the idee, I lets my arm stay 'round. A moment later an' this yere villain Dobbin bolts the third time, an' as I've sort o' got my one arm tangled up with Jule a heap, he lams into a oak tree.

"'It's then, when we-all is plumb to a halt, I does hear a flutter. At that I gets down to investigate. Gents, you-all may jedge of my horror when I finds 'leven of my shawl-neck game chickens roostin' on that sidebar's reach! They're thar when we pulls out. They've retired from the world an' it's care for the night an', in our ignorance of them chicken's domestic arrangements, we nacherally takes 'em with us. Now an' then, as we-all goes rockin' along, one of 'em gets jolted off. Then he'd hang by his chin an' beat his wings; an' it's these yer frenzied efforts he makes to stay with the game that evolves the flutterin's I hears.

"'Jule—who don't own chickens an' who ain't no patron of cockfights neither—is for settin' the shawl-necks on the fence an' pickin' 'em up as we trails back from the gander-pullin'.

"'"As long as it's dark," says Jule, "they'll stay planted; an' we rounds 'em up too easy on our return."

"'But I ain't that plumb optimistic. I knows these chickens an' they ain't so somnolent as all that. Besides it's a cinch a mink or a fox comes squanderin' 'round an' takes 'em in like gooseberries. 'Leven shawl-necks! Why, it would be a pick-up for a fox!

"'"You're a fine Injun to take a girl to a dance!" says Jule at last, an' she's full of scorn.

"'"Injun or no Injun," I retorts a heap sullen, "thar ain't no gander-pullin' goin' to jestify me in abandonin' them 'leven shawl-necks, an' me with a main to fight next month over on the Little Bloo!"

"'At that I corrals the chickens an' imprisons 'em in the r'ar of the side-bar, an' goes a weavin' back for camp. I picks up three more shawl-necks where they sets battin' their he'pless eyes in the road, as I returns.

"'But I shore hears Jule's views of me as a beau! They're hot enough to broil meat! Moreover, Jule tells all Sni-a-bar, an' I'm at once a common scoff an' jeer from the Kaw to the Gasconade. Jule's old pap washes out his rifle an' signs a pledge to plug me if ever ag'in I puts my hand on his front gate. As I su'gests, it rooins my social c'reer in Sni-a-bar.

"'While I'm ground like a toad that a-way beneath the harrow of this double setback of the drum an' Jule, thar's a circus shows up an' pitches its merry tent at Sni-a-bar. I knows this caravan of yore—for I'm a master hand for shows in my yooth, an' allers goes—an' being by virchoo of my double troubles ready to plunge into dissipation mad an' swirlin' midst, I sa'nters down the moment them wagons shows up; an' after that, while that circus stays, folks who wants to see me, day or night, nacherally has to come to the show.

"'The outfit is one of them little old-jimcrow shows that stays a month; an' by the end of the first day, me an' the clown gets wropped up in each other like brothers; which I'm like one of the fam'ly! I fetches water, an' he'ps rub hosses an', speakin' gen'ral, does more nigger work than I ever crosses up with prior endoorin' my entire life. But knowin' the clown, that a-way, pays for all; sech trivial considerations as pullin' on tent ropes an' spreadin' sawdust disappears before the effulgent honor of his a'quaintance. It's my knowin' the clown that leads to disaster.

"'This yere merrymaker—who's a 'jocund wight,' as Colonel Sterett says—gets a heap drunk one evenin' an' sleeps out in the rain. This makes him hoarse as bullfrogs. He ain't able to sing his song in the ring. It's jest before they begins.

"'"Dan," he croaks, plenty dejected, "I wish you'd clown up an' go in an' sing that song."

"'This yere madrigal is easy; it's "Roll, Jurdan, Roll," an' I hears it so much at nigger camp meetin's an' sim-lar distractions of my yooth that I carols it in my sleep. As the clown throws out his bluff, I considers awhile some ser'ous. I feels like mebby I've cut the trail of a cunnin' idee. When Jule an' Old Hickey an' the balance of them Sni-a-bar outcasts sees me in a clown's yooniform, tyrannizin' about, singin' songs an' leadin' up the war jig gen'ral, they'll regret them opinions they so freely expresses an' take to standin' about, hopin' I'll bow. They'll regyard knowin' me as a boon. With that, I tells the clown to be of good cheer; I'll shore render that lay, an' his hoarseness won't prove no set back to the gayety of nations.

"'But I don't sing the song none after all; an' I don't pile up Jule an' old Hickey an' them sports of Sni-a-bar neither in any all 'round jumble of amazement at my genius.

"'"Of course, Dan," says the ringmaster when we're in the dressin' room, "when the leapin' begins you-all will go on with the others an' do a somersault or two?"

"'"Shore!" I says.

"'I feels as confident as a kangaroo, that a-way! Which I never does try it none; but I figgers that all you has to do is hit the springboard an', nacherally, that springboard does the rest. That's where I'm barkin' at a knot!

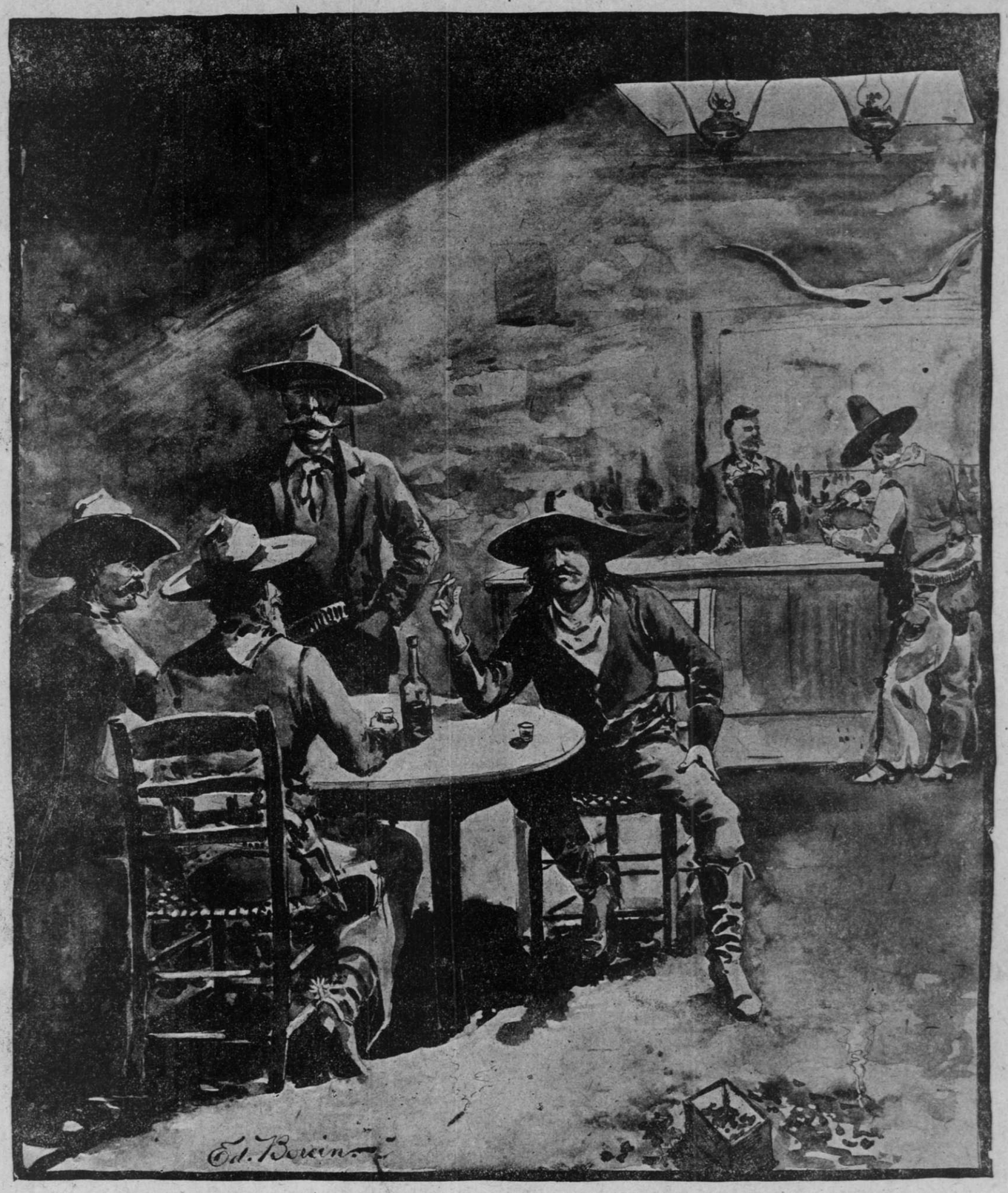
"'This yere leapin' comes first on the bill. I ain't been in the ring yet; the tumblin' business is where I makes my deeboo. I've got on a white clown soote, with big red spots; an' my face is all flour. I'm as confident of makin' a hit as a wet dog. I shore allows that when Jule an' old Hickey observes my graceful agility an' then hears me warble "Roll Jurdan, Roll," I'll make 'em hang their heads an' wish they was dead.

"'The tumblin' is about to begin. The band's playin', an' all us athletes is ranged Injun file, along a plank down which we're to run. I'm the last chicken on the roost. At last it's my turn.

"'Even unto this day, it's a subject of contention in circus cirkles as to where I hits that springboard. Some claims I hits her too high up; an' some says too low. For myse'f, I'm plumb ignorant on the p'int. All I saveys is the fact. I flies down the plank like a antelope! I hears the skirl of the drums! I jumps an' strikes the springboard!

"'It's at this juncture things goes queer. To my wonder I don't turn no flipflap. It's like a draw shot in billiards. I plants my mocassins on that springboard; an' then instead of going on an' over a cayuse who's standin' thar a-waitin' sech events, I nacherally shoots backward about fifteen foot an' lands in a confoosed an' ondistinguishable heap. An' as I strikes the plank, I shore smashes a brace of my ribs.

"'For a second I'm sort o' blurred in my intellects. Then I recovers; an' as I'm bein' steered back into the dressin' room by the fosterin' hands of the ringmaster an' my pard, the clown, over in the audience I hears Jule's laugh as her old pap allows he'd shore give a hoss if I'd only busted my neck. Also, I catches a remark of old Hickey: "Which that Boggs boy allers was a edjiot!" says Old Hickey.'"



"AS IS FREQUENT WITH ME," SAYS DAN, "I RECKONS I'LL STRING MY CHIPS WITH CHEROKEE"

FIRST BOATBUILDER ON THE PACIFIC COAST

CAPTAIN DOMINGUEZ MARCUCCI is the pioneer boatbuilder of the Pacific Coast, and the first to establish a shipyard in San Francisco. Captain Marcucci is now retired from business and lives at his pleasant home, 2011 Golden Gate avenue. He is a well-preserved gentleman, nearing his seventy-fifth year, above the medium height, of strong build and compact frame and has a large head and mild, expressive eyes. His general features denote a man of energy, strong will power and a determination to succeed.

In speaking of boatbuilding in the early days, the captain said: "The contrast between then and now is very great and no doubt it will seem amusing to shipbuilders of the present to know what kind of craft we had in those days. Before coming to San Francisco I had worked as an apprentice in the shipyard of Mathew Van Duzen at Philadelphia, who was a very good man—one of the best. I began in 1840, when I was 13 years of age. I was born in Venezuela and came to Philadelphia from that country. I arrived in San Francisco on September 18, 1849, on the steamer Oregon. She was built in New York, and was one of the three steamers built for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company—the Panama and the California being the others. There came with me Jacob Albertson, a boatbuilder; Jacob Price and William Kendall, ship joiners; Hugh May, Joseph Alderman and Nat Thompson, engineers, and Captain Isaac Warren. I came out with the intention of establishing a shipyard here, and was employed to put together a small sternwheel steamer which had been built in sections in Philadelphia and shipped here on the Oregon by George W. Aspinwall, brother of H. Aspinwall of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The day after our arrival we landed the material of that steamer and began to put it together. My shipyard, as it may be called, was on the beach just south of Folsom street and east of Beale. Yes, the water came up to those streets in those days.

"Well, to get back to the first boat," said the captain. "In about two months we had built that steamer—the first built in San Francisco or on the Pacific Coast—and she was the first to run on the bay from San Francisco to Stockton. Joseph Alderman put in the machinery, Price and Kendall built her cabin, Hugh May was the engineer and Isaac Warren was captain. This boat was named the Captain Sutter, in honor of the man who first discovered gold in California. She was 90 feet long, 18 feet beam and 6 feet hold. She had a single engine, 13½ inches bore and 4½ feet stroke of piston, with an old-style firebox tubular boiler. She was a good, strong boat, but not very fast. The freight was carried in the hold, and the boat was always heavily loaded on the up trip, but came back light, carrying only passengers—miners from the diggings coming to town on business and pleasure. The charge was $30 for a ton of freight and the same for passengers. Miners from the 'diggings' paid their fare in gold dust, the purser keeping scales for weighing it. I paid workmen in my shipyard $9 a day, but the price soon afterward advanced to $16 a day, but the work was good. We got our timber where we could find it—sometimes it floated down the bay and lodged at the 'Long Wharf,' and later we went across into the country and cut it with whipsaws, as there were no sawmills here in the first days of shipbuilding.

"The next work," continued the captain, "was the steamer El Dorado. She was sent from Philadelphia by the Pacific Mail Company. She sailed here, rigged as a three-masted schooner, coming through the Straits of Magelian, and arrived in November, 1849. I put guards and a cabin on her, which had been made in Philadelphia, and, the machinery being placed, she was completed on the 1st of January, 1850, and placed on the San Francisco and Stockton route. She had only one engine. Edward Thomas was the first engineer and A. B. Rowley, who afterward built the Alviso flour mill, was the second engineer. I do not remember the dimensions of this boat. My next boat was the keel of a small side-wheel steamer, sent out by the same company, and named the Georgiana. She was 75 feet long, 16 feet beam and 4½ feet hold. The keel was laid on February 22, 1850. I launched her with steam up and she started on her trial trip at once. The machinery was put in by George K. Gluyas. She was named the Georgiana after the Georgiana Slough, which connects the Sacramento with the San Joaquin, because she was the first steamer that went through that slough from one river to the other.

"The first trip was made in April, 1850. During that season I built two sloops for freighting on those rivers, and later on I built two other sloops with water tanks in them, to supply the shipping with fresh water, which was mainly obtained from Sausalito, there being many fresh springs in that vicinity. These sloops, our original water company, were named Clara and Emma. About the same time I also built the sloop Kittura for the Sacramento trade, and in the fall of 1850 the Game Cock, a light-draught stern-wheeler, to run up to French Camp, on a slough of the San Joaquin. She was only sixty feet long, sixteen feet beam and three feet hold. She had no cabin. I built the sloop G. W. Aspinwall that year and two small freighting sloops for Macondray & Co.

"Other ship yards had been established in this city and the harbor, rivers and the bays were well stocked with all sizes of craft to suit the especial demands of the growing commerce. While the vessels were small, as you see by the descriptions I give, it was because of our lack of facilities, and as we had none of the improved machinery of the Eastern yards I think we did well.

"About this time there was an opposition line on the Sacramento route and things were very lively. The rate was $30 for a ton of freight and $30 for a passenger, and the boats had as much as they could do in both freight and passenger traffic, but the down trip was usually light—only passengers, who were coming from the mines on business and pleasure—sometimes more for pleasure, for they spent money freely in those good old days. Finally the rate war reduced the passenger charge to as low as $1, and the same for a ton of freight. But the 'war' did not last long. The California Steam Navigation Company was formed in 1851, and bought all of the opposition steamers and consolidated them into one line. Captain W. H. Moore and Captain J. G. North owned a few steamers and these were the beginning of that company. The members of this great company were Richard Jessup, Captain James Whitney, Samuel Hensley, C. W. Gunnell, Captain James Blair, General James Reddington, Benjamin Hartshorne, Captain James Seymour and William Norris. Captain Blair was general manager and Mr. Norris was secretary of the company. This combination, or trust, for it was a trust, controlled the entire shipping business of the country, and realized millions of dollars. Yes, it was far more profitable than the most productive gold mines of those days of gold.

"In 1850 and 1851 the bay and rivers were full of boats," continued the captain. "In 1851 I built the C. M. Webber, another steamer sent out in sections. A. B. Rowley was engineer and Captain Lamb was in charge. I then went to Philadelphia, leaving here in May, 1851, returning in November. Within the next few months I built for myself and Captain William Kohl a sloop for the Sacramento trade. We named her the Bianca. Captain John Hutton was commander. She was 70 feet long, 18 feet beam and 6 feet hold. I next built a side-wheel steamer called the Uncle Sam for Captain Turnbull and shipped her to the Colorado River. She was the pioneer boat in that river. He was a Government contractor, I believe. Early in 1853 I built the Pike for Captain E. J. Weeks. She was built and launched in twenty-eight days. She was then taken to the site of W. T. Garratt's brass foundry, where her machinery was put in by Gordon & Stein, who then had a machine shop there.

"I then laid the keel for a side-wheel steamer for Charles Minturn, which was the first ferry-boat built in San Francisco. She was 120 feet long, 24 feet beam and 7 feet hold. George Coffee put in the machinery. The engine was low pressure. I launched her in sixty days from the day the keel was laid. She was strongly and well built, and though I paid $9 a day for laborers I could not to-day duplicate that boat for the same cost. She was named the Clinton and ran as a ferry to Oakland, going up the creek as far as San Antonio. She lasted for many years and was as good work as I ever turned out. My next work was the Louisa Harker for John Ortley, for the Alviso trade. I also put up a dredge for Mr. Minturn, the machine being in use at Stockton until a few years ago and perhaps yet. My shipyard at that time was at the foot of Third street. In 1854 I built the Kate L. Heron for myself and others. We put her in the Stockton trade; also the Flora Temple for myself and Charles McLaughlin for the Sacramento trade. She was 130 feet long, 28 feet beam and 7 feet deep. She was a side-wheeler with one engine.

"In the same year," continued Captain Marcucci, referring to his memoranda, "I changed the old brig Columbia into a steam propeller and towing boat for a man named Holmes, who called her the Abbie Holmes. She was used for watering ships and stored water in tanks located at the foot of Washington street. George K. Gluyas put in the machinery. About this time boat building became dull, the rivers and bays being well supplied, and I went into the coal business, my office being on the south side of Market street, opposite Sansome. I did not succeed and sold out. In May, 1856, I decided to try my luck in mining and started out for Shasta County, stopping at what was called Horsetown. I worked at hydraulic mining for about two years with no success, and returned to San Francisco financially stranded and with one of my hands crippled from a premature blast. I then concluded that I knew nothing about mining and would thereafter work at a business I knew something about," said the captain, smiling at the recollection of his sad experience.

"In 1858," said the captain, "I went to work at the Government yard at Mare Island, on the old sloop-of-war St. Mary. Though I had met reverses I knew the only way was to go to hard work again, which I have always done, and I have seen some discouraging times in my long career in this city. In the summer of 1858 I quit working at Mare Island, and began again at San Francisco. Here I laid the keel for a sidewheel steamer 120 feet long, twenty-four feet deep and seven feet hold for Coffee & Risdon. She had two high pressure engines, fourteen inches bore, and two cylindrical tubular boilers. The engines were built in this city by Devoe & Dinsmore. She was named the Princess, and put in the Sacramento trade in opposition to the California Steam Navigation Company.

"I next built the Rambler, a sidewheel steamer of nearly the same dimensions, for Mr. Lunnerton. She was put in the Petaluma trade. She carried one single high pressure engine, of the same size as that of the Princess, and which was also built by Devoe & Dinsmore. In the early days of mining the principal freight was, of course, supplies for the mines, but by this time the kinds of freight had largely increased.

"In 1860, with my yard again at the foot of Third street, I built the lumber schooner Fannie, and, later, the barkentine Monitor for the lumber trade, also the sternwheel steamer for Captain Mills for the upper Sacramento trade, and several barges for that trade, which was now being opened up with considerable activity. Another vessel was a side-wheeler for Pope & Talbot named the Cyrus Walker. Captain Bullene put in the machinery and took her up to Puget Sound to tow logs to the lumber mills, which were then being established at points on the coast convenient to boat-building. I built in 1865 the Reliance for the Alviso Transportation Company, which was composed of James Lick, A. B. Rowley and others. She was a propeller, 120 feet long, twenty-six feet beam and nine feet deep, with one high-pressure engine. The engine and the two boilers were built in this city at the Pacific Iron Works. I next built the Pioneer, a sternwheeler, for the Sacramento trade. The engines were built by the Globe Iron Works at Stockton, and the boilers by the Coffee & Risdon Works of this city. The Pioneer was built at the foot of Second street, on the Tichenor ways property, for I had then moved my shipyard to this point. In those days we moved our shipyards to the most convenient point on the water front, or at any point where a man wanted a boat built. We had no modern machinery for launching a boat, and the launching was done by workmen pulling at the ropes. In 1868 I built the Santa Claus for Goodall & Perkins—she was a propeller with twin screws, 130 feet long, thirty feet beam and ten feet hold. The engines were built by John Lockhead of this city.

"In the same year I built the Brisk for Banker W. C. Ralston. Lockhead also made the machinery, including a Lockhead patent boiler, which was not a success. As there was not room enough to put in an old-style boiler, I hauled her out, cut her in two in the middle and put in twenty-five feet to lengthen her. I then put in two tubular boilers, but—she was never very brisk and belied her name," said the captain, smiling. "In 1869 I built the Vallejo for the California Pacific Railroad Company to run to Vallejo. She was a propeller, 130 feet long, 28 feet beam and 8 feet hold. The machinery was built by the Risdon Iron Works of this city. I also built about the same time two freight barges for the same company. I also built at Stockton the Mary Garratt for the California Steam Navigation Company. And now," said Captain Marcucci, "from this time, 1869 to 1877, I quit boat building and was engaged in other business. In 1878 I left the city again for the East and went to Venezuela to see my mother. I returned here in the early part of 1879, and at the request of W. T. Garratt took the position of superintendent of the California Steam Navigation Company's line and subsequently became one of the directors and vice president of the company. I held this position for about two years, when, owing to a combination against Mr. Garratt's interests, which I represented, I was squeezed out. But very soon another combination was made, Mr. Garratt again got control and I was reinstated.

"Well," continued the captain, "in 1889 the California Steam Navigation Company and the San Joaquin Improvement Company consolidated and formed the California Navigation and Improvement Company. In this new company I was given a subordinate position. The next year this company bought out our interest and I was again out of business," said the captain, smiling at the many changes of the current. "In 1890 I made the plans for the Dauntless and the Captain Weber for the Union Transportation Company of Stockton. This was my last boat work.

"In December, 1890, I was appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury to the position of assistant inspector of hulls of steam vessels for the port of San Francisco. I resigned this position on the 1st of January, 1900, two years ago, because of my advanced age. I will be 75 years old on the 28th day of April next. I have retired from all business, and, though I take good care of myself, I feel that my body is growing weaker as age advances. While my life has not been one of great adventures, I have had many reverses, but I never gave up. I always depended upon myself, believing that by hard work one must succeed. I have seen San Francisco grow from a small town to its present size, and the boat building industry increase from the primitive shipyards, with their crude materials, to its present dimensions. It is a long, long time in one's life," concluded Captain Marcucci, changing his musings of the past to the future, as he again referred to his retirement from an active and busy life.

J. M. SCANLAND.