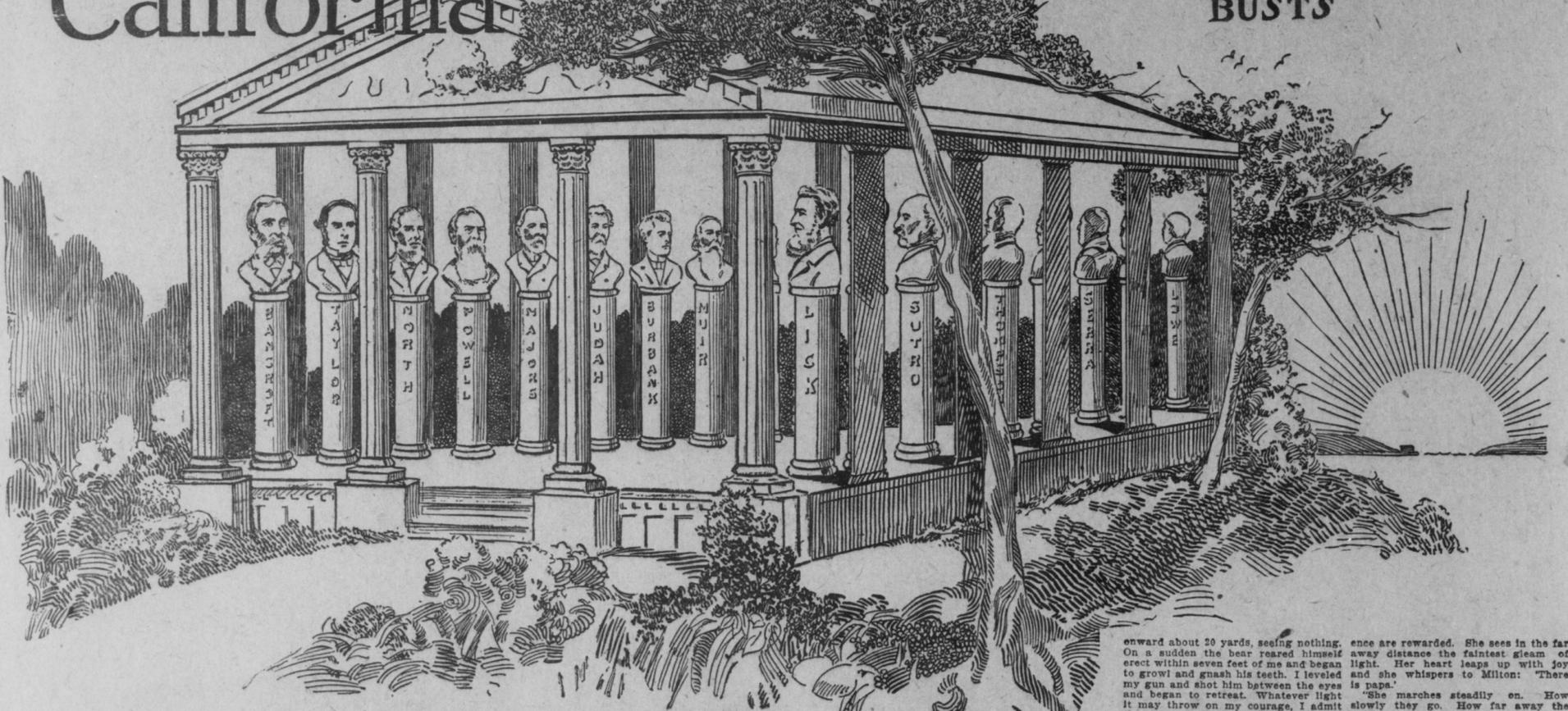


Heroes of California

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES CREATES A WESTERN HALL OF FAME AND CROWNS ITS PEDESTALS WITH MANY BUSTS



- GEORGE WHARTON JAMES' CALIFORNIA HALL OF FAME**
- The dauntless hero-explorer, Alarcon.
 - The watchful hero-commander, Melchior Diaz.
 - The self-sacrificing, self-disciplined, pioneer missionary hero, Junipero Serra.
 - The indefatigable hero, Captain de Anza.
 - The faithful hero, Padre Sarria.
 - The untiring hero-trapper, James O. Pattie.
 - The hero of the Sierras, Jerediah Smith.
 - The typical hero of early gold days, John Bidwell.
 - The great hearted hero of the snows, Charles T. Stanton.
 - The midnight heroine of the plains, Virginia Reed.
 - The generous heroes of Death valley, Manly and Rogers.
 - The unknown heroes of Death valley.
 - The watchful hero scouts, Carson and Beale.
 - Sailor heroes of pioneer times, James P. Beckworth.
 - The daring heroes of the pony express and the overland stage.
 - The street preaching hero of "forty-nine," William Taylor.
 - The fearless civic hero of San Francisco, James King of William.
 - The eloquent hero of patriotism, Thomas Starr King.
 - The heroic hunter of grizzly bears, James Capen Adams.
 - The mail carrying hero of the snow-crowned Sierras, "Snowshoe" Thompson.
 - The mountain climbing heroes of the Sierras, Clarence King and Richard Cotter.
 - The engineering hero of the Sierras, Theodore D. Judah.
 - The building heroes of the Central Pacific, Huntington, Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins.
 - The brilliant hero of intellect, Stephen J. Field.
 - The saving hero of philanthropy, James Lick.
 - The tenacious hero of the Comstock, Adolph Sutro.
 - The far sighted hero of the orange colony, John Wesley North.
 - The outspoken hero of the public service, J. W. Powell.
 - The practical hero of invention, Andrew Smith Hallide.
 - The intrepid heroes of a gentle science, John Gill Lemmon and Sara Plummer Lemmon.
 - The studious hero of the mountains, John Muir.
 - The tender heroine of Indian friendship, Helen Hunt Jackson.
 - The persistent hero of a great history, Hubert Howe Bancroft.
 - The patient hero of agriculture, Luther Burbank.
 - The sympathetic hero of land reforms, Henry George.
 - The inventive hero of Mount Lowe, Thaddeus S. C. Lowe.
 - The reclamation heroes of the Colorado desert, Wozencraft, Beckwood and Chaffey.
 - The poet hero of humanity, Edwin Markham.
 - The honest hero of the free harbor, Stephen M. White.
 - The executive hero of irrigation, William Ellsworth Smythe.

By Arthur L. Price

OBVIOUSLY, from the appended list, there has been omitted the name of one hero, who, for recklessness, temerity, intrepidity, has achieved an act which far transcends in daring any deed of note recorded in the new book, "Heroes of California." (Little, Brown & Co. Boston. By George Wharton James.)

Therefore, I beg leave to amend the submitted list by adding a line: "The Prodigal Hero of Hero Manufacturing, George Wharton James."

There is no particular reason why the name of George Wharton James should not be included on the scroll of fame he has devised for the heroes of California. It might simply be modesty on his part, or it might have been lack of room that crowded out the distinction of the writer which should have been included.

For it is a distinction for any man to set himself to work on a history of California, to cull from it the men of parts who have contributed to the history of the state with their lives and their brains and their physical and mental vigor; to cull from the great list certain typical men who may be selected as the "heroes," the supermen and women of the state. The value of such a work can not be gained, if it be considered no further than as a book of anecdote and a bibliography—and George Wharton James' new volume is much more. But it is a brave man who will do as James has done—create a California Pantheon, construct a California Hall of Fame and expose the structure to the slings and arrows and critical dynamite of a state full of people, many of whom are the contemporaries of the heroes-elect of the James temple.

Forty-eight heroes are mentioned by name in James' book and others are included collectively.

Right there is the material for nearly 48 fights, though I will admit that there are certain heroes, men of the type of Junipero Serra, Kit Carson and possibly James King of William, men who typify three different periods of the state's history, whose claim to the title of hero may be open to but little objection. But in a work that includes among its heroes such opposite types as Collis P. Huntington and Henry George, where can there be found a unity of opinion? The book seems an absolute paradox, but James makes it all rather convincing if it is approached with an open mind. It can not be denied that there is an added value to the book on account of the wide sweep of George Wharton James' pen. The

volume, with its 500 pages, rapidly combs the history of California from the early part of the seventeenth century to the present day and I would not be startled if a revised edition came out tomorrow with an added chapter on "The Latest Aviating Hero of the Barograph." In its combings there are to be found many quaint pictures of early California life, many spirited accounts of heroic deeds, many curious sidelights on California's development. It is fortunate that James gives such a wide connotation to the word hero, otherwise many interesting anecdotes and thrilling instances would have been omitted. But one would like to see the list of heroes he rejected.

Before proceeding further in the consideration of this work it is most fair to see what James himself has to say of its purpose and his selection. In the introduction he writes:

"I trust it is not necessary to assure my readers that I have no thought that I have exhausted the list of California heroes and heroines. I have written of those whose acts have impressed me, those who have stood out as 'beacon lights' in my reading. I doubt not, however, that many readers will wish this or that or the other character who has loomed up as heroic to them should have found a place in these pages. So that, were the list to be revised, possibly a hundred more names, each as worthy as those I have selected, could be added. In this is one of my great satisfactions. I confidently hope some such awakening will be the result of the publication of this book and that the columns of our newspapers will contain many admirable stories of heroism that I have overlooked. Thus the good work will go on and the youth of our golden state will be quickened to high and nobler endeavor and greater achievement because of the emulation that will be stimulated by the recital of these noble deeds of the past."

One of the heroes omitted by James is General John C. Fremont. He explains in the introduction by saying, "I felt that General Fremont's work was so fully treated in the histories of the state, and every phase of his character so fully presented by more learned and able writers than myself, that it would be a piece of perfunctory duty to introduce anything of mine about him in these pages."

The dedication reads: "To those heroic men and women of San Francisco who, after the earthquake and fire of 1906, as they gazed upon their devastated homes and business houses, then and there began to plan for their improved restoration, which now, in 1910, is more than accomplished, these varied chapters of California heroism are dedicated as a sincere expression of appreciation and admiration."

Of this heroism of the San Franciscans James says in his introduction: "Here (in San Francisco) was collective heroism such as the world never before saw. Scarce a whimper, scarce a falterer, scarce a deserter, though desolation and ruin were on every hand. As serene and indifferent as though this great disaster were but a trifling and passing episode, the work of rebuilding the city has gone on until now, four years after, comparatively little remains to be done to hide com-

pletely the work of shake and fire." While in the body of his book his men are heroes of eminence, James, in the introduction, is not above throwing a little cooling water on the warmth of his subsequent chronicle. Even Padre Sarria is not spared the higher criticism of James' introduction. Beckworth, the man who discovered the pass now used by the Western Pacific (popularly corrupted in spelling to "Beckwith pass"), would fare disastrously if James were his contemporary and not his historian, for in the vitiated introduction he says: "In Beckworth's book there are statements in regard to his sale of liquor to Indians. If Beckworth were alive today and were to go to business in the manner there described, I would hasten to the nearest court and swear out a warrant for his arrest and urge the officials to see that he received severe punishment."

Other heroes are modified in the introduction, but then an introduction is always an afterthought of the author and an unknown land to the reader, so what ho? Mr. James, however, as a picturesque literary man, should have had the courage of his own convictions and not have urged the convictions of his own clients.

Better let us proceed with the interesting matter of the manifold heroes of the James book.

Wherever possible and practical, James has had his heroes tell their stories in their own way, with excerpts from the published works of the heroes, and these works are enumerated in a bibliography in the book, and the list shows that California is only second to Indiana in the number of its writers.

The first five heroes of California in James' chronology and those men who flourished in the Spanish-Mexican days—Alarcon, who discovered the mouth of the Colorado river; Melchior Diaz, who followed in Alarcon's footsteps and successfully fought Indians as well as traversed the weird region where California, Arizona and Lower California hold their torrid communion; Junipero Serra, the indefatigable Franciscan monk whose story is written on the California landscape with a distinctness that no other's history can dim; Captain de Anza, a brave soldier of Spain, who in 1773 made what was probably the first overland march to the sea coast of California from Sonora, Mex., with two priests, a dozen men and 20 soldiers; and, as the last hero

of this Latin period of California, the faithful hero, Padre Sarria.

Of this group the first two explorers were of the type that braves the unknown land for their king, and Serra, as every Californian must know, is of the type who braves the unknown land for his God. De Anza was of the soldier type, too. Of Padre Sarria, the last survivor of the Soledad mission, less is known among us than should be. For he was of the type of the patient, holy, faithful servant of his duty. As James says: "When a library of books shall have been accumulated, each one dealing with this epoch (the mission) of California life, there will be not one containing more real pathos, real power, than the simple truth told about Padre Francisco Vicente de Sarria, who died of starvation at the Mission Soledad in 1835."

The venerable missionary was serving his church in California when Mexico freed itself from Spain and assumed sovereignty over California. The government demanded that all the people take an oath of allegiance to Mexico. This the high spirited Spanish priest refused to do. He was arrested several times, but the Mexican authorities did not dare remove him to Mexico, but he was isolated at his mission, among his few faithful Indians, and one morning in August he offered his last sacrifice of the mass, and with it his life, worn to death by exhaustion, hunger and grief, but faithful to his few converts to the end.

It is impossible to review seriatim the complete list of James' heroes. But there are some fascinating bear stories in James' book that can not be neglected, even though we fall to recite the more important achievements of the demigods of James' California pantheon. One of the best bear stories is that of James O. Pattie, though it does not compare in picturesqueness to those of James Capen Adams, who, according to James' veracious chronicle, used to train grizzly bears to save his life and pack his burdens. Pattie's story is given in his own words, reprinted from "The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky."

The Pattie bear story is as thrilling as one would want to read on a winter evening. The hunter, Pattie, found that his quarry had taken refuge in a cave. "I lashed my torch to a stick and placed it parallel with the gun barrel, so that I could see the sights on it, and entered the cave. I advanced cautiously

onward about 20 yards, seeing nothing. On a sudden the bear reared himself erect within seven feet of me and began to growl and gnash his teeth. I leveled my gun and shot him between the eyes and began to retreat. Whatever light it may throw on my courage, I admit that I was in such a hurry as to stumble and extinguish my light. The growling and the struggling of the bear did not at all contribute to allay my apprehensions. On the contrary, I was in such haste to get out of the dark place, such haste to get out of my heels, that I fell several times on the rocks, by which I cut my limbs and lost my gun. When I reached the light, my companion declared that I could believe it, that I was as pale as a corpse. It was some time before I could summon sufficient courage to re-enter the cavern for my gun. But having rekindled my light and borrowed my companion's gun, I entered the cavern again, advanced and listened. All was silence, and I advanced still farther and found my gun near where I had shot the bear. Here again I paused and listened. I then advanced onward a few strides, where, to my great joy, I found the animal dead."

As a measure of the dangers and hardships encountered by the Pattie party when it came to California in 1824, out of 116 men who left the United States together, there were not more than 16 alive when the far west was reached.

Virginia Reed, whom James, with unnecessary melodramatic effect calls, "The Midnight Heroine of the Plains," is the first woman to be cited in the collection. Virginia Reed was one of the heroes of the Donner party disaster, but the particular act of heroism which James cites was achieved before the party found itself blockaded in the Sierras. While they were traveling through the Nevada desert James T. Reed, Virginia's father, killed a young man named Snyder, and was sentenced to banishment from the party. He was sent out into the desert without food, water, bedding, gun or ammunition, leaving behind his wife and 12-year-old daughter, Virginia Reed. After night had fallen this 12-year-old girl set out to find her father. She was accompanied by a young man named Milton Elliott, but it was the child who took the initiative and, young as she was, controlled the expedition. They had to slip past the camp sentinel.

"Lying upon the ground," says the narrative, "they (Virginia and Elliott) crawled and silently dragged their bodies along until out of his (the sentinel's) hearing, and then, feeling with their feet lest they fall into unseen dangers, they again started by some noise that suggests to their excited senses the presence of wild animals or wilder men, they slowly increase the distance between themselves and the camp. At last Virginia whispers: 'Stop, Mill. Let us light the lantern,' and, stooping down, she spreads out her skirt so that not the slightest flash or match or beam of light can reach the sentinel or any other member of the camp. Elliott lights the lantern, which she then takes in her own hands and covers with her scant skirts, so that its beams illuminate only the small circle in which she stands. Now, carefully looking, she searches eagerly for the footprints of her father's horse. To and fro, back and forth she peers. Though feverishly anxious and ready to fly on the wings of lightning, there is no careless haste in her search. She is thoughtful and deliberate. She then completely circles the camp in her intelligent determination to find those tracks.

"At length her bravery and persist-

ence are rewarded. She sees in the far away distance the faintest gleam of light. Her heart leaps up with joy and she whispers to Milton: 'There is papa.'

"She marches steadily on. How slowly they go. How far away the light is. Will they ever reach it? It seems as if the more they walk the farther away it gets, until, glad moment, in its beams the eyes of discerning love at last recognize the beloved form and, with almost maternal yearning Virginia, sobb out: 'Oh, papa, my papa,' and the next moment is convulsively clutched to the heart of her despairing father."

The story of Manly and Rogers, heroes of Death valley, who well deserve a place in James' book, is as dramatic and intense as the story of Virginia Reed, and James' chapter on their splendid deed is well worth wide circulation. James' account is taken from Manly's book, "Death Valley in '49," a book now out of print, but of which James has copies for sale. Equally exciting is the exploit of Kit Carson and Lieutenant Beale, U. S. A., which James relates.

Kit Carson's life was a thrilling medley of adventure, but his heroism reached a high point when, with Lieutenant Beale, in 1846, the two men, by tramping to San Diego from San Pascual, by a most desperate march, saved Carson and a detachment of men from the United States troops under General Kearny. The American troops were surrounded by the Mexicans and Carson and Beale had to break through the enemy's outposts, with their hands and three rows deep around the American camp. For a distance of two miles Carson and Beale crawled through the lines on their hands and knees. Even when clear of the Mexican lines their danger and hardships were not over. In their bare feet and in darkness the men tramped through thickets of prickly pears, with nothing to eat and without rest. The hardships were so intense that Beale went insane and two years passed before he had recovered from the effects of the adventure, which, for war, was an unselfishness evinced in his planning and the boldness with which it was carried out, without mentioning the good results it produced, was not excelled in any feat performed during the Mexican war."

One picturesque chapter is devoted to William Taylor, the "street preaching man" of San Francisco, a man who contributed by contrast to the romance of early San Francisco life, and who by the sheer force of personality and eloquence won the admiration of the rough men of that day. James King of William, "the fearless civic hero of San Francisco," the editor whose murder was such an important stimulus to the vigilance movement, is given extended consideration in the book, as is Thomas Starr King, the patriotic Unitarian pastor, who was more influential, it is said, than any other single man in saving California to the union in the days of the civil war.

Theodore D. Judah is one of the California heroes whom James draws from undescribed obscurity and places on the highest plane of accomplishment. Judah was the man, according to the writer, who located the Central Pacific railroad, who discovered the pass in the Sierras by which it could enter the state, who aided materially in securing the necessary federal legislation to insure the financing of the gigantic enterprise and who made comparatively nothing of his genius. On him James delivers an eloquent panegyric, which is but the logical climax of the stimulating chapter devoted to the man's wonderful achievements. "The fact," says James, "that in a few short years since 1853 the name of Judah is almost forgotten and his work is known to but few is proof of the need of the proper instruction of our youth in the lives and works of such heroes of the past." Another fine character to whom James gives worthy praise is Helen Hunt Jackson, the author and friend of the Indians.

No better epitome of certain developments of the state could be found than the chapters on the work of Judah, J. W. North, "the far sighted hero of the orange colony," Adolph Sutro, Luther Burbank, John Muir and other distinguished citizens of California. The book is fairly well illustrated and is rather handsomely bound.

