

SANTA CRUZ CARNIVAL BEGINS

Thousands Gather to Honor the Naiad Queen of the Fete.

FESTIVITIES STARTED BY THE GRAND PARADE.

Led by the Men From the Cruiser Philadelphia and Monitor Monadnock.

TRIUMPHANT MARCH THROUGH THE CITY'S STREETS.

Great Enthusiasm Shown by People Who Line the Walks and Fill the Windows Along the Route.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., June 17.—Beautiful Santa Cruz! Beautiful in the early sunlight that drove the gray of dawn from the peak of Loma Prieta and started down toward the chilly waters of the San Lorenzo. Beautiful in all that nature has done and all that artifice of men can do for the entertainment of the Queen of the Carnival and her royal subjects.

From early morn till noon there was bustle and action by the royal following that they might be in place when their Queen should be crowned. Up and down the street the people moved with restless tread, anxious for the grand events that should herald the coming of their Queen. Up and down they paced, ready to catch the first sight of the white battalion, whose entrance into the city was to be the first act in the ceremony of the day. All too long the hours seemed. The restless moving mass divided and then came together again. Hundreds wandered to the river as though anticipating some spectacle there in advance of the hour announced. Others crowded the beach and loitered on the white sand bent on catching the first glimpse of the white battalion and spending the intervening time watching the gentle rolling of the two ships in the surf or were swung with the current that added to the life on deck, where the blue-jackets were preparing for their landing and capturing of the hearts of the people of Santa Cruz. In fact, the people were wild with the delight of anticipation. They did not forget their Queen. They did not forget that there were to be many grand features of the carnival, but they were alive to the fact that it is not often that a city is fortunate enough in holiday time to be honored with the presence of the White Squadron of the Pacific.

And so this was the subject uppermost in the minds of the people—this was the great event of the opening day—the greatest honor that Queen Josephine could ask. It was indeed a great honor that she, a mimic queen, ruler of a people whose pleasure alone she sought, a queen in romance only, should be heralded to the people by the dignified presence of the commander of the Pacific white squadron and his sailor-soldiers came for the formation of the parade the excited interest grew intense, and a great crowd of people

moved up Pacific avenue and to Beach Hill, from whose flat crown they could see the movement of the parade and hear the cheery music of the bands. Other crowds lined the sidewalks and filled the windows of the stores and offices and dwellings.

Arriving at the wharf the battalion of the flag ship lined up and was ready to move promptly at the hour of 2 o'clock. Grand Marshal Rice rode down the wharf to meet them; the Santa Cruz Naval Battalion marched down the wharf, dressed in their blue uniforms, ready to fall in the rear of the white battalion.

The order of march from Lieutenant-Commander Ingersoll was taken up by the lieutenant along the line and with uniformity and precision of movement the white uniformed blue jackets stepped forward as one man, bearing arms at shoulder marching in platoon.

The mass of piles and timber that has borne many a railroad train along its length from the main track to the steamer landings away from side to side, moving with the "left, left, left" of the sailor-soldiers' step, till it seemed as though the structure would go down with its burden of dignity and human clockwork. Under the command of Lieutenant Moorey, the Santa Cruz fourth gun division swung into line, following the movements of the white battalion, and the great parade had begun.

Reaching the foot of Pacific avenue the battalion formed in four and then to the lower plaza at the further extremity of the avenue. Keeping time in their precision of step with the music of the battalion band and Roncovieri's band that played alternately and kept a continuous run of music from the beginning to the end of the parade, with an occasional intermission when the steady footfall of the soldiers in white and the soldiers in blue sounded above the time-beating of the snare-drums.

Admiral Beardslee and his staff, with Mayor Clark, occupied a carriage, which waited in the rear with another bearing Captain Cotton of the Philadelphia, Captain Sumner of the Monadnock and first officers.

As the battalion approached marching in harmony with music the order of port arms sounded down the line and this silent salute to the admiral, his staff and

officers and the Mayor of the city was responded to by Admiral Beardslee with doffed cap. When the line passed the carriages brought up the rear.

Reaching the plaza, the battalion counter-marched and formed again into platoons, then into company front, and then a halt was called, and immediately the battalion filed into extended order for physical drill with arms.

That was a grand picture—a picture that can be seen only when the white battalion of the Philadelphia and Monadnock present it. It was a picture so simple, so graceful, so beautiful, that it charmed all.

Even one who had never seen a blue-jacket nor a soldier on parade could not have failed to appreciate this simple drill that puts the soldier on his mettle in the matter of physical culture. He must be a careful student, an artistic actor, a conscientious, painstaking sailor and soldier.

This physical includes four exercises and the blue jackets go through with it handling their guns as easily as if it were a part of their training from childhood. The entire battalion moves as though it were one man. There was not an instant of time in the motion of one man in advance or behind that of another.

The first exercise was that of extending guns held firmly yet lightly over the head, back of the neck, forward again, down to the ground. The second exercise was the swinging of the extended guns from right to left, that was a pretty motion.

The third exercise was the right-to-left motion with guns extended. The fourth consisted of four motions to left, four to the front, four to the right, with arms extended. This was done to the tune of "Daisy Bell," which seems to be a favorite



QUEEN JOSEPHINE OF THE SANTA CRUZ VENETIAN CARNIVAL AND HER MAIDS OF HONOR.

with the blue-jackets, and that lovely air as played by the battalion band was in perfect harmony with the movements of the soldiers.

When these exercises had been concluded the battalion formed company front and marched to the carnival arena,

where they occupied a section of seats and witnessed the entry of the Queen and her maids of honor, whom they saluted with present arms.

Admiral Beardslee and staff, Mayor Clark and Irving M. Scott, escorted by Lieutenant Morey and staff, followed in a

float and were saluted by the battalion.

Queen Josephine won the hearts of the people by her quiet dignity, graceful carriage and modest acknowledgment of her queenly powers uttered in the shouts of welcome as the barge moved steadily under the stroke of the galley slaves below.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In our imagination we behold the representation of Bunker Hill Monument. It reflects honor upon all concerned in its design and construction for this occasion. The spectacle seems to eliminate distance and enable us to view the veritable monument standing on Bunker Hill as the glorious beacon of American liberty—a liberty unlike that of the Democracy of ancient Greece, or that of the republicanism of France, or that of hydra-headed modern anarchism. Indeed, American liberty is of a kind peculiar to itself—a liberty restricted in practice as well as in theory by the maxim: "To so use your own as not to injure another."

The initial battles of the Revolutionary War were fought April 19, 1775, at Lexington and the other at Concord, and to Lexington and the Americans that fell in combat there, Kosuth said in 1852:

Lexington is the birthplace of American liberty. It is the sacred blood of the fallen heroes with which is written the preface of your Nation's history. Their death was and ever will be the first bloody revelation of America's destiny, and Lexington the opening scene of a revolution that is destined to change the character of human governments and the condition of the human race.

The battles of Lexington and Concord, though of themselves inconsiderable in magnitude, were most potent in inspiring the people to take up the sword against British tyranny. Blood-American martyr blood—had been wantonly spilled. Boston and its environs calling for succor; the cry, "To arms!" rang in clear tones through the country.

The response was prompt. Putnam, leaving his plow midway in the field, seized his arms and spurred his horse to full speed on the road to Boston, is an incident illustrative of the promptness of that response in general. The American army, consisting of 20,000 volunteers, its line extending from Roxbury to Cambridge, was under command of General Artemus Ward. General Gage, reinforced by the army divisions of Generals Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton, was in command of the British. The enemy had a powerful battery on Copp's Hill and a strong naval force in Boston harbor.

The American officers, having learned June 16, 1775, that General Gage would begin fortifying Bunker Hill the 18th, sent the night of the 16th Colonel Prescott with 1000 men to forestall the British general's plans. Colonel Prescott, in command during the night, lost no time in converting fences, stone walls, and mounds of earth into a powerful battery on Copp's Hill and a strong naval force in Boston harbor.

The British opened fire when within gun-shot. But on the American side all was silent as the bomb until the forces of the enemy were within close range, when along the crest of the redoubt a storm of fire burst, hurling volley after volley of leaden hail into their ranks, causing them to rush pell-mell back to their boats.

They were, however, soon reinforced by 400 marines, and provided with artillery in making the second attack. Howe sought to turn to his advantage the dense volumes of

smoke rolling up from Charlestown, set on fire by the hot balls from Copp's Hill battery. But as he was leading his forces, enveloped in these dark volumes, to strike the American works by surprise, a breeze from the faning of a good angel's wing, wafted the smoke and disclosed the insidious foe. When he came within close range, the battle storm from the breastworks burst upon him with the same deadly effect as at first. His ranks were thinned, and the remnants fled in confusion.

Howe's forces, being re-enforced by those of Clinton, made a third attack and succeeded in scaling the ramparts, since the patriot defenders had discharged their last cartridge. As the enemy's troops came pouring over these works a hand to hand conflict ensued in which the Americans used their guns as clubs.

Owing to the overwhelming numbers of the British, Prescott ordered a retreat. He and Warren were the last to quit the works. General Warren, as he was leaving, fell, shot through the head. Starke and Knowlton, with their forces, held their position until the retreat had been successfully accomplished, and then retired in good order. In this world renowned battle the Americans lost 450 men and the British 1000.

On June 17, 1825, General Lafayette laid the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument. It was at that time, the last survivor of the major generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first brick in that grand structure. Amid the silent attention of 50,000 spectators this aged veteran and friend of Washington, with uncovered head, performed the imposing ceremonies and "long live Lafayette!" swelled up from the top of Bunker Hill.

Bunker Hill monument was finished in 1842, and was dedicated June 17, 1843.

Time, in his course down the ages, from Eden's primal dawn to the present day, has witnessed all the world's splendors and objects of worth—has seen vast numbers of monuments of surpassing magnificence, but none of them comparable in glory to that plain, granite structure on Bunker Hill. Though mute, yet more eloquent than the tongues of Demosthenes or that of Tully! It tells of the valor, the virtue, the sacrifices and the mighty deeds of those who are now winged icons of immortality—Lafayette, Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Knowlton, Ridley, Fomeroy, and the 1500 patriots under their command in the first great battle for American liberty. Immortal heroes all!

It is not only a memorial monument of our venerated dead, but is a monument of glorious victory. Though the defenders of its sacred site were overcome by superior numbers, yet they were not conquered. The principle of American liberty, for which they so bravely fought, was eventually victorious and ever will be.

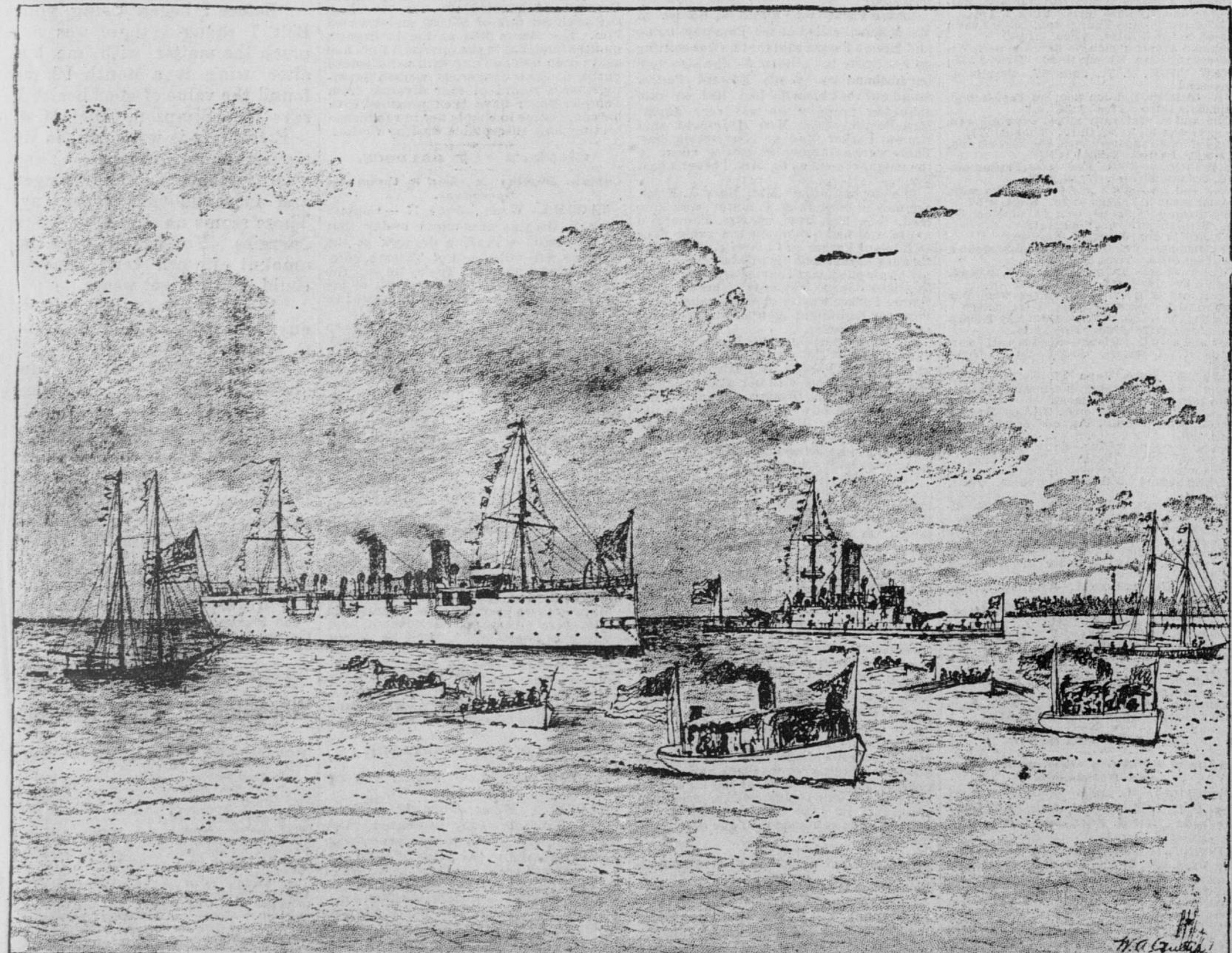
In the evolution of human affairs, during 6000 years, the form of government developed by the principle of American liberty seems the closest approximate to perfection. The principle, with respect to all classes, embraces equality of rights—civil and religious—of intelligence, honor, fidelity, in a word: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

"The art of government," says Confucius, "is the great study." It is the cover-all of wisdom, experience and learning.

Monarchy, to maintain its scepter'd sway, is wont to lean for support upon the subtle devices of priestcraft. It hedges itself about with preposterous pretenses; sets forth that it is of divine origin; that it rules by "divine right," and that "the king can do no wrong."

Priestcraft, to further the ends of monarchy and its own ends, works upon the superstitions of the masses—upon their hopes and fears and longing after immortality. The masses, not understanding the cause of natural phenomena and the frailty of human nature, accept without question statements no matter how marvelous; impostures no matter how preposterous. Gods, ghosts, genii, men, animals and things inanimate may figure together without outrage to probability, so long as superstition goes unrestrained by cultured reason.

The ancient Romans excelled not more in arms, in arts, in eloquence and in almost everything that can adorn human nature, than in superstitious folly. They deified not only beasts and things void of all sense, but worshipped the very worst of mankind; such a penchant had they for gods, that they paid



THE SANTA CRUZ WATER CARNIVAL.

Scene in the harbor yesterday when Admiral Beardslee and his staff came ashore, accompanied by the detachment of blue-jackets, who later in the day took part in the parade. The admiral's launch is in advance flying the American ensign from the stern and the flag of a rear-admiral at the prow. The cruiser Philadelphia, flagship, and the coast defense monitor Monadnock are anchored in the harbor, where they will remain during the continuance of the festivities.