

accordingly. Losing all relish for study, from being at the head I dropped to the foot of my class. Instead of seeking to merit a name for good behavior, my only ambition was to annoy the tyrant placed over me. He treated me harshly, and I suffered severely. He beat me constantly and cruelly. Under these influences my nature hardened rapidly. I received no sympathy except from my mother, and she did not understand my position. I felt that *she* loved me, though she evidently thought I must be in the wrong. My father laid all the blame on me, and, with a stern sense of justice, refused to interfere in my behalf. At last I began to look upon him as an accomplice of my persecutor, and almost hated him too. I became suspicious and misanthropic. I loved no one but my mother, and sought the love of no other. Thus passed several years. My time was wasted, and my nature perverted. I was sent to college, for which I was poorly prepared. Here a new life began. My effort to rise above the influences that had been so hurtful to me failed. My college career soon terminated. I could not shake off the effects of the early injustice and mismanagement of which I was the victim. I came to California in a reckless spirit, and am now mortgaged to the devil. What I might have been under other circumstances, I know not; but I do know that the best elements of my nature were crushed out of me by the infernal tyrant who was my teacher, and that I owe him a debt I would be glad to pay."

He spoke truly. The mortgage was duly foreclosed. He died of *delirium tremens*. A single act of injustice sowed the seeds of bitterness that marred the hopes of a whole life. The moral of this sketch is commended to teachers and parents.

STRANDED.

JUST as the sun was going down, after one of the hottest days of the summer of 1855, while we were sitting in the rude piazza of the parsonage in Sonora, enjoying the coolness of the evening breeze, a man came up, and in a hurried tone inquired: "Does the preacher live here?"

Getting an affirmative answer, he said: "There is a very sick man at the hospital who wishes to see the Southern Methodist preacher immediately."

I at once obeyed the summons. On reaching the hospital my conductor said, "You will find him in there," pointing to one of the rooms.

On entering, I found four patients in the room, three of whom were young men, variously affected with chronic diseases—rough-looking fellows, showing plainly in their sensual faces the insignia of vice. The fourth was a man perhaps fifty years old. As he lay there in the light of the setting sun, I thought I had never beheld a more ghastly object. The deathlike pallor, the pinched features, the unnatural gleam of his eyes in their sunken sockets, telling of days of pain and nights without sleep—all told me this was the man by whom I had been sent for.

"Are you the preacher?" he asked in a feeble voice, as I approached the bedside.

"Yes; I am the preacher. Can I do anything for you?"

"I am glad you have come—I was afraid I would not get to see you. Take a seat on that stool—the accommodations are rather poor here."

He paused to recover breath, and then went on: "I want you to pray for me. I was once a member of the Methodist Church, in Georgia; but O sir, I have been a bad man in California—a wicked, wicked wretch! I have a family in Georgia, a dear wife and"—

Here he broke down again.

"I had hoped to see them once more, but the doctors say I must die, and I feel that I am sinking. No tongue could tell what I have suffered, but the worst of all is my shameful denial of my Saviour. What a fool I have been, to think that I could prosper in sin! Here I am, stranded, wrecked, by my own folly. I have been here in the hospital two months, and have suffered intensely all the time. What a fool I have been! Will you pray for me?"

After directing his attention to various passages of the Bible expressive of the tender love of God toward the erring, I knelt by his cot and prayed. His sighs and sobs gave indication of deep feeling, and when I arose from my knees the tears were running from his eyes. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you," he said, repeating the words which I had quoted from the word of God—"return unto me, and I will return unto you"—lingering upon the words with peculiar satisfaction. He seemed to have caught a great truth.

I continued my visits to him for several weeks. He gave me the history of his life, which had been one of vicissitude and adventure. He had been a soldier in the Seminole war in Florida, and he had much to say of alligators and Indians and Andrew Jackson. All the time his strength was failing, his eyes glittering more intensely. His bodily sufferings were frightful; the only sleep he obtained was by the use of opiates. But an extraordinary

change had taken place in his mental state. To say that he was happy would be putting it too tamely. There was some unseen Presence or Power that lifted his soul above his suffering body, making that lonely room all bright and peaceful. What it was, no true believer in the Saviour and lover of our souls will doubt.

"There's a great change in the old man," said the nurse one day; "he doesn't fret at all now."

"O I have been so happy all night and all day!" he said to me the last time that I saw him. "I have only refrained from shouting for fear of disturbing these poor fellows, my sick roommates. I have felt all day as if I could take them all in my arms, and fly with them to the skies!" And his face was radiant.

The next morning he was found on the floor by his bedside—dead. He had died so quietly that none knew it. His papers were placed in my possession. In his well-worn pocketbook, among letters from his wife in Georgia, receipts, and private papers of various kinds, I found the following lines, which he had clipped from some newspaper, and which seemed tear blotted:

COME HOME, PAPA!

A little girl's thoughts about her absent papa.

Come home, papa! the ashes of night
Are gathering in the sky;
The firefly shines with a fitful light,
The stars are out on high,
And twinkles bright the evening star:
We have waited long—come home, papa!

Come home! the birds have gone to rest
In many a forest tree;
Within thy quiet home, thy nest,
Thy bird is waiting thee;
She softly sings, to cheer mamma,
The while she waits—come home, papa!

Come home! a tear is glistening bright
 Within my mother's eye;
 Why stay away so late to-night
 From home, mamma, and I?
 "Alas!" "alas!" her moanings are
 That thou canst not return, papa!

She says the white-sailed ship hath borne
 Thee far upon the sea,
 That many a night and many a morn
 Will pass nor bring us thee;
 But bear thee from us swift and far,
 And thou mayst not come home, papa!

I thought thou wouldst return when light
 Had faded on the sea:
 How can I fall asleep to-night
 Without a kiss from thee?
 Thy picture in my hand I hold,
 But O the lips are hard and cold!

Come home! I'm sad where'er I go,
 To find no father there:
 How can we live without thee so?
 I'll say my evening prayer,
 And ask the God who made each star,
 To bring me home my dear papa!

ANSWERED.

I'll come! I'll come! my darling one,
 Though long from thee I've tarried.
 For thee within my anxious breast
 The fondest love I've carried
 Where'er I've roamed o'er land or sea.
 Be not dismayed, I'll come to thee.

When evening shades around thee fall,
 And birds have gone to rest,
 O sing, thou sweetest bird of mine,
 Within thy lonely nest!
 Sing on! sing on! to cheer "mamma"
 "The while she waits" for thy "papa."

O tell thy mother not to weep,
 But let her tears be dry,
 And ne'er for me to let them creep
 Into her cheerful eye;
 For though I've strayed from her afar,
 She soon shall welcome home "papa."

Though "white-sailed ship" hath borne me far
 Across the restless sea;
 Though many nights and morns have passed
 Since last I dwelt with thee,
 Yet, loved one, I tell thee true,
 But death can sever me from you.

O lay that picture down, sweet child,
 And calmly rest in sleep,
 And for my absence long from thee
 I pray thee not to weep!
 I'll come! I'll come again to thee,
 In "white-sailed ship" across the sea.

But no "white-sailed ship" ever bore him to
 the loved ones across the sea. He sleeps on one
 of the red hills overlooking Sonora, awaiting the
 resurrection.

As these are not fancy sketches, but simple re-
 citals of actual California life, the lines above were
 copied as found. The friendly reader therefore
 will not judge them with critical severity.

LOCKLEY.

HE was eccentric, and he was lazy—very eccentric, and very lazy. The miners crowded his church on Sundays, and he moved around among them in a leisurely familiar way during the week, saying the quaintest things, eating their slapjacks, and smoking their best cigars. He occupied a little frame house near the church in Columbia, then the richest mining camp in the world, in whose streets ten thousand miners lounged, ate, drank, gambled, quarreled, and fought every Lord's day. That bachelor parsonage was unique in respect of the furniture it did not contain, and also in respect to the condition of that which it did contain. Lockley was not a neat housekeeper. I have said he was lazy. He knew the fact, accepted it, and gloried in it. On one occasion he invited four friends to supper. They all arrived at the hour. Lockley was stretched at full length on a lounge which would have been better for the attention of an upholsterer or washerwoman. The friends looked at each other, and at their host. One of them spoke: "Lockley, where's your supper?"

"O, it isn't cooked yet," he drawled out. "Parker," continued Lockley, "make a fire in that stove. Toman, you go up town and get some crackers and oysters and coffee and a steak. Oxley, go after a bucket of water. Porterfield, you hunt up the crockery and set the table."

His orders were obeyed by the amused guests,

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who entered into the spirit of the occasion with great good humor. Oyster cans were opened, the steak was duly sliced, seasoned, and broiled, the coffee was boiled, and in due time the supper was ready, and Lockley arose from the lounge and presided at the table with perfect enjoyment.

Two of these guests had a tragic history. Oxley and Parker were killed in Mexico, at the massacre of the Crabb party. Porterfield died in Stockton. Toman, I think, lives somewhere in Indiana.

I saw one of Lockley's letters from Los Angeles, whither he had been sent by Bishop Andrew, in 1855. It was as follows:

LOS ANGELES, August, 1855.

Dear Porterfield: I have been here six months. There are three Protestant Churches in the place. Their united congregations amount to ten persons. My receipts from collections during six months amount to ten dollars. I have been studying a great scientific question—namely, the location of the seat of hunger. Is it in the stomach, or in the brain? After consulting all the best authorities, and *no little experience*, I have concluded that it is migratory—first in one, and then in the other! Take care of my cats.

LOCKLEY.

I had a letter from him once. It was in reply to one from me asking him to remit the amount of a bill he owed for books. As it was brief, I print it entire:

MARIPOSA, April, 1858.

Dear Filz: Your dunning letter has been received and—placed on file.

Yours,

E. B. LOCKLEY.

The first time I ever heard him preach was at San José, during a special meeting. Poising himself in his peculiar way, with an expression half comic, half serious, he began: "I have a notion, my friends, that in a gospel land every man has his own preacher—that is, for every man there is

some one preacher, who, from similarity of temperament and mental constitution, is adapted to be the instrument of his salvation. Now," he continued, "there may be some man in this audience so peculiar, so cranky, so much out of the common order, *that I am his man*. If so, may the Holy Spirit send the truth to his heart!" This remark riveted attention, and he held it to the close.

Lazy as he was out of the pulpit, in it he was all energy and fire. He had read largely, had a good memory, and put the quaintest conceits into the quaintest setting of fitting words. His favorite text was: "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." That was his idea of heaven—rest, to "sit down" with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. On this theme he was indeed eloquent. The rapturous songs, the waving palms, the sounding harps of the New Jerusalem were not to his taste; what he wanted, and looked for, was rest, and all the images by which he described the felicity of the redeemed were drawn from that one thought. His idea of hell was antithetic to this. The terrible thought with him was that there was no rest there. I heard him bring out this idea with awful power one Sunday morning at Linden, in San Joaquin County. "In this world," said Lockley, "there is respite from every grief, every burden, every pain in the body. The mourner weeps herself to sleep. The agony of pain sinks exhausted into slumber. Sleep, sweet sleep, brings surcease to all human griefs and pains in this life. *But there will be no sleep in hell!* The accusing conscience will hiss its reproaches into the ear of the lost, the memory will reproduce the crimes and follies by which the soul was wrecked forever, the fires of retribution will

burn on unintermittingly. One hour of sleep in a thousand years would be some mitigation; but the worm dieth not, the fire is not quenched. God deliver me from a sleepless hell!" he exclaimed, his swarthy face glowing, and his dark eyes gleaming, his whole frame quivering with horror at the thought his mind had conceived.

He was original in the pulpit, as everywhere else. At one time the preachers of the Pacific Conference seemed to have a sort of epidemic of preaching on a certain topic: "The Choice of Moses." The elders preached it at the quarterly meetings, and it was carried around from circuit to circuit and from station to station. There was not much variety in these sermons. They all bore a generic likeness to each other, indicating a common paternity, at least for the outlines. The matter had become a subject of pleasant banter among the brethren. There was consequently some surprise when, at the session of the Annual Conference, Lockley announced for his text: "Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." It was the old text, but it was a new sermon. The choice of Moses was, in his hands, a topic fresh and entertaining, as he threw upon it the flashes of his wit, and evoked from it suggestions that never would have occurred to another mind. "Mind you," he said at point, "Moses chose to suffer affliction *with the people of God*. I tell you, my brethren, the people of God are sometimes very aggravating. They fretted Moses almost to death. But did he forsake them? Did he leave them in the wilderness to perish in their foolishness? No; he stood by them to the last." His application of this peculiar exegesis to the audience of preachers and Church

members was so pointed that the ripple of amusement that swept over their faces gave way to an expression that told that the shot had hit the mark.

One warm day in 1858 he started out with me to make a canvass of the city of Stockton for the Church paper. We kept in pretty brisk motion for an hour or two, Lockley giving an occasional sign of dissatisfaction at the unwonted activity into which he had been beguiled. Passing down Weber Avenue, on the shady side of a corner store he saw an empty chair, and with a sigh of relief he sunk into it.

"Come on, Lockley," said I; "we are not half done our work."

"I shan't do it," he drawled.

"Why not?" I asked.

"The Scripture is against it," he answered with great seriousness of tone.

"How is that?" I asked with curiosity.

"The Scripture says, 'Do thyself no harm,'" said he, "and it does me harm to walk as fast as you do. I shan't budge."

Nor did he. I spent two or three hours in different parts of the city, and on my return found him sitting in exactly the same attitude in which I had left him, a picture of perfect contentment. Literally he had not budged.

While on the Santa Clara Circuit he drove a remarkable little sorrel mare named by him Ginsy. Ginsy was very small, very angular, with long fetlocks and mane a shade lighter than her other parts, a short tail that had a comic sort of twist to one side, and a lame eye. The buggy was in keeping with Ginsy. It was battered and splintered, some of the spokes were new and some were old, the dashboard was a wreck, the wheels seersawed in a curious way as it moved. And the

harness!—it was too much for my descriptive powers. It was a conglomerate harness, composed of leather, hay rope, fragments of suspenders, whip cord, and rawhide. The vehicle announced its approach by an extraordinary creaking of all its unoiled axles, a sort of calliopean quartet that regaled the ears of the fat and happy genius who held the reins. Lockley, Ginsy, and that buggy made a picture worth looking at.

While Lockley was on this circuit the Annual Conference was held at San José. As Bishop Kavanaugh was to preach on Sunday morning, it was expected that an overwhelming congregation would crowd the San José church, that eloquent Kentuckian being a favorite with all classes in California. Lockley asked that a preacher be sent to fill the pulpit of his little church in the town of Santa Clara, three miles distant. The genial and zealous James Kelsay was sent. At eleven o'clock he and Lockley entered the church, and ascended the pulpit. After kneeling a few moments in the usual way, they seated themselves and faced the—not the audience, for none was there. Nobody had come. In a few minutes an old man came in and took a seat in the farthest corner from the pulpit. He eyed the two preachers, and they eyed him in silence. The minutes passed on. There they sat. As might have been expected, everybody had gone to hear the bishop, in San José. That old man was the only person who entered the church. It was evident, however, that he had come to stay. He rigidly kept his place, never taking his eyes from the two preachers, who repaid him with an attention equally fixed. A pin might have been heard to drop—not a sound was uttered as they thus sat and gazed at each other. An hour passed, and

still they sat speechless. Lockley broke the silence. Turning to his companion in the pulpit, he said gravely: "*Brother Kelsay, how shall we bring these solemn services to a close?*"

"Let us pray," said Kelsay.

They knelt, and Kelsay led in prayer, the old man keeping his place and sitting position. The benediction was then formally pronounced, and that service ended.

His death was tragic and pitiful. A boy, standing in the sunken channel of a dry creek, shot at a vicious dog on the bank above. The bullet, after striking and killing the dog, struck Lockley in the chest as he was approaching the spot. He staggered backward to a fence close at hand, fell on his knees, and died praying.

AN INTERVIEW.

AS I was coming out of the San Francisco post office one morning in the year 1859, a tall, dark-skinned man placed himself in front of me, and, fixing his intensely glittering eyes upon me, said in an excited tone: "Sir, can you give me a half-hour of your time this morning?"

"Yes," I replied, "if I can be of any service to you by so doing."

"Not here, but in your office, privately," he continued. "I must speak to somebody, and having heard you preach in the church on Pine Street, I felt that I could approach you. I am in great trouble and danger, and must speak to some one!"

His manner was excited, his hand trembled, and his eye had an insane gleam as he spoke. We walked on in silence until we reached my office on Montgomery Street. After entering, I laid down my letters and papers, and was about to offer him a chair, when he hurriedly locked the door on the inside, saying as he did so: "This conversation is to be private, and I do not intend to be interrupted."

As he turned toward me I saw that he had a pistol in his hand, which he laid on the desk, and then sat down. I waited for him to speak, eyeing him and the pistol closely, and feeling a little uncomfortable, locked in thus with an armed madman of almost giantlike size and strength. The pistol had a sinister look that I had never before

recognized in that popular weapon. It seemed to grow bigger and bigger.

"Have you ever been haunted by the idea of suicide?" he asked abruptly, his eyes glaring upon me as he spoke.

"No, not particularly," I answered; "but why do you ask?"

"Because the idea is haunting *me*," he said in an agitated tone, rising from his chair as he spoke. "I have lain for two nights with a cocked pistol in my hand, calculating the value of my life. I bought that pistol to shoot myself with, and I wonder that I have not done it; but something has held me back."

"What has put the idea of suicide into your mind?" I inquired.

"My life's a failure, sir; and there is nothing else left for such a fool as I have been," he said bitterly. "When a man has no hope left, he should die."

I was making some reply, when he broke in, "Hear my history, and then tell me if death is not the only thing left for me," laying his hand upon the pistol as he spoke.

When he told me his name I recognized it as that of a man of genius, whose contributions to a certain popular periodical had given him a wide fame in the world of letters. He was the son of a venerable New England bishop, and a graduate of Harvard University. I will give his story in his own words, as nearly as I can: "In 1850 I started to California with honorable purpose and high ambition. My father being a clergyman, and poor, and greatly advanced in years, I felt that it was my duty to make some provision for him and for the family circle to which I belonged, and of which I was the idol. Animated by this



"Have you ever been haunted with the idea of suicide?"

purpose, I was full of hope and energy. On the ship that took me to California I made the acquaintance and fell into the snares of a beautiful but unprincipled woman, for whom I toiled and sacrificed everything for eight years of weakness and folly, never remitting a dollar to those I had intended to provide for at home, carrying all the while an uneasy conscience and despising myself. I made immense sums of money, but it all went for nothing but to feed the extravagance and recklessness of my evil genius. Tortured by remorse, I made many struggles to free myself from the evil connection that blighted my life, but in vain. I had almost ceased to struggle against my fate, when death lifted the shadow from my path. The unhappy woman died, and I was free. I was astonished to find how rapid and how complete was the reaction from my despair. I felt like a new man. The glowing hopes that had been smothered revived, and I felt something of the buoyancy and energy with which I had left my New England hills. I worked hard, and prospered. I made money, and saved it, making occasional remittances to the family at home, who were overjoyed to hear from me after my long and guilty silence. I hadn't the heart to write to them while pursuing my evil life. I had learned to gamble, of course, but now I resolved to quit it. For two years I kept this resolution, and had in the meantime saved over six thousand dollars. Do you believe that the devil tempts men? I tell you, sir, it is true! I began to feel a strange desire to visit some of my old haunts. This feeling became intense, overmastering. My judgment and conscience protested, but I felt like one under a spell. I yielded, and found my way to a well-known gambling hell, where I lost every dollar of my

hard-earned money. It was like a dream—I seemed to be drawn on to my ruin by some invisible but resistless evil power. When I had lost all a strange calm came over me, which I have never understood. It may have been the reaction, after nights of feverish excitement, or possibly it was the unnatural calm that follows the death of hope. My self-contempt was complete. No language could have expressed the intensity of my self-scorn. I sneaked to my lodgings, feeling that I had somehow parted with my manhood as well as my money. The very next day I was surprised by the offer of a lucrative subordinate position in a federal office in San Francisco. This was not the first coincidence of the sort in my life, where an unexpected influence had been brought to bear upon me, giving my plans and prospects a new direction. Has God anything to do with these things? or is it accident? I took the place which was offered to me, and went to work with renewed hope and energy. I made a vow against gambling, and determined to recover all I had thrown away. I saved every dollar possible, pinching myself in my living and supplementing my liberal salary by literary labors. My savings had again run high up in the thousands, and my gains were steady. The Frazer River mining excitement broke out. An old friend of mine came to me and asked the loan of a hundred dollars to help him off to the new mines. I told him he should have the money, and that I would have it ready for him that afternoon. After he had left, the thought occurred to me that one hundred dollars was a very poor outfit for such an enterprise, and that he ought to have more. Then the thought was suggested—yes, sir, it was *suggested*—that I might take the hundred dollars to a faro bank and

win another hundred to place in the hands of my friend. I was fully resolved to risk not a cent beyond this. The idea took possession of my mind, and when he came for the money I told him my plan, and proposed that he accompany me to the gambling hell. He was a free-and-easy sort of fellow, and readily assented. We went together, and after alternate successes and losses at the faro bank, it ended in the usual way: I lost the hundred dollars. I went home in a frenzy of anger and self-reproach. The old passion was roused again. A wild determination to break the faro bank took hold of me. I went night after night, betting recklessly until not a dollar was left. This happened last week. Can you wonder that I have concluded there is no hope for as weak a fool as I am?"

He paused a moment in his rapid recital, pacing the floor with his hand on the hammer of the pistol, which he had taken up.

"Now, sir, candidly, don't you think that the best thing I can do is to blow out my brains?" said he, cocking the pistol as he spoke.

The thought occurred to me that it was no uncommon thing for the suicidal to give way to the homicidal mania. The man was evidently half mad, and ready for a tragedy. That pistol seemed almost instinct with conscious evil intention. If a suicide or a homicide was to end the scene, I preferred the former. "How old are you?" I asked, aiming to create a diversion.

"I am forty-five," he answered, apparently brought to a little more *recollection* of himself by the question.

"I should think," I continued, having arrested his attention, "that whatever may have been your follies, and however dark the future you have to

face, you have too much manhood to sneak out of life by the back door of suicide."

The shot struck. An instantaneous change passed over his countenance. Suicide appeared to him in a new light—as a cowardly, not a heroic act. He had been fascinated with the notion of having the curtain fall upon his career amid the blaze of blue lights and the glamour of romance and the dignity of tragedy, with the wonder of the crowd and the tears of the sentimental. That was all gone—the suicide was but a poor creature, weak as well as wicked. He was saved. He sunk into a chair as he handed me the pistol, which I was very glad indeed to get into my hands.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, sir," I continued. "You are only forty-five years old; you are in perfect health, with almost a giant's strength, a classical education, extensive business experience, and a knowledge of the world gained by your very mistakes that should be a guarantee against the possibility of their repetition. A brave man should never give up the battle; the bravest men never give up."

"Give me the pistol," he said quietly; "you need not be afraid to trust me with it. The devil has left me. I will not act the part of a coward. You will hear from me again. Permit me to thank you. Good morning."

I did hear from him again. The devil seemed indeed to have left him. He went to British Columbia, where he prospered in business and got rich, became a pillar in the Church of which his father was one of the great lights, and committed not suicide, but matrimony, marrying a sweet and cultured English girl, who thinks her tall yankee husband the handsomest and noblest of men.

FATHER COX.

FATHER COX was a physical and intellectual phenomenon. He was of immense girth, weighing more than three hundred pounds. His face was ruddy, and almost as smooth as that of a child, his hair snow-white and fine as floss silk, his eyes a deep blue, his features small. His great size, and the contrast between the infantile freshness of his skin and white hair, made him a notable man in the largest crowd.

He was converted and joined the Methodist Church, after he had passed his fiftieth year. He had been, as he himself phrased it, the keeper of a "doggery," and was, no doubt, a rough customer. Reaching California by way of Texas, he at once began to preach. His style took with the Californians; great crowds flocked to hear him, and marvelous effects were produced. He was a fine judge of human nature, and knew the direct way to the popular heart. Under his preaching men wept, prayed, repented, believed, and flocked into the Church by scores and hundreds.

Father Cox was in his glory at a camp meeting. To his gift of exhortation was added that of song. He had a voice like a flute in its softness and purity of tone, and his solos before and after preaching melted and broke the hard heart of many a wild and reckless Californian.

His sagacity and knowledge of human nature were exhibited at one of his camp meetings held at Gilroy, in Santa Clara County. There was a