TWO CALIFORNIA SKETCHES.

WILLIAM WATT,

REPRESENTATIVE MINER,

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

LELAND STANFORD,

Ex-Governor of California and President of the Central Pacific Railroad.

A BIOGRAPHY.

SAN FRANCISCO:
THOMAS' STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 505 CLAY STREET.
1880.

WILLIAM WATT.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY EDWARD CURTIS.

PEARL has dropped from its shell. A golden bowl has melted at the fountain. A noble name has been stricken from the rolls. WILLIAM WATT is no more. Dying in the fullness of exuberant manhood, his work was not half done.

> "The unfinished window
> In Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain."

He whose strength and life was cut down so suddenly has been mourned during the past week as few are ever mourned. The press of the whole coast has fittingly echoed the grief of the people over his untimely loss. The State, by her officers and by her representatives in a score of Legislatures, was presen' at his funeral to mourn with paternal sorrow her illustrious son. His friends from all parts of the commonwealth, and his neighbors for fifty miles around, came to mingle their tears with those of his devoted family, as they stood around his new-made grave. Every store, and residence, and mill, and factory, and office in the two cities nearest his home were closed on that day in honor of his memory. The Masons, the Firemen, the Miners' Union and all the societies of his county, joined with hundreds of men on horseback, and thousands on thousands of men on foot and in carriages, in the solemn march to his sepulchre.

The schools were there, to show their affection for the eminent departed. The ladies of that mountain region were also there, to scatter flowers over and around the place where "his virtues smell sweet and blossom in the dust." And now that the funeral bells have ceased to toll, and the vast concourse of sincere mourners have separated and gone their many ways, and he is left alone, I come, last of all, to say farewell. If, in adding my mite to the wealth of praise which Mr. Watt's appreciative friends have in the past week embalmed him; if, in uniting my tribute to the graceful and eloquent eulogies which even now rise like a golden halo around his tomb, I shall seek to draw useful lessons from his life and character, by saying some things that have been left unsaid by others, I am sure that such a tribute would only be in keeping with the motives and principles that governed him whose talents and virtues I am attempting to portray.

He whose eye shone with the keen, sharp flash of broken steel in the sun, saw nothing that was not practical. And, therefore, in expressing a few thoughts suggested by his notable career, I will try and be as practical as I can.

When I saw that great wave of sorrow spreading over Grass Valley, as the waters cover the sea, and felt that universal grief, which seemed to be atmospheric in all the neighborhood of Mr. Watt's late home, I said to myself: How is it that a man, born on a foreign soil, and of humble parents, who in early life earned his daily bread with pick and shovel, who had held but one office, and that nearly twenty years ago; how is it, I said, that a man who had always cared more for others than himself, and who had really tried to keep himself out of the public eye; how is it, I thought, that such a man should become so widely known and so universally beloved? But soon I recalled a striking passage from Emerson, which I think explains the secret of William Watt's fame and influence. It is as follows:

"If you love and serve men you cannot by any hiding or stratagem escape the remuneration. Serve and thou shalt be served. Without the truth man is a clod indeed. Let him find superiority in not wishing superiority; find the riches of love which possesses that which it adores; the riches of poverty; the height of lowliness; the immensity of to-day. and in the passing hour the age of ages. Wondrous state of man! Never so happy as when he has lost all private interests, and regards and exists only in obedience and love of the Author."

And then, too, I remembered that beautiful chapter on charity "which is not puffed up," "which claimeth not its own;" "for the greatest of these is charity." Mr. Watt was a living example of the man Ralph Waldo Emerson described or wished for in the lines I have quoted; and his was indeed the charity "without which, though we give our bodies to be burned, we are as sounding brass." Born in the very shadow of classic Edinburgh and her great University, he yet was not privileged to enter the gates of learning; yet he must in his boyhood have imbibed some of the culture that surrounded his birthplace, for he took kindly to books, and was, for a self-educated man, uncommonly intelligent. When William Watt was six years old, a neighbor of his—and no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott—sickened, and, in the year 1832, that mighty star in the literary world calmly went out. As he lay on his dying bed, the great author called his favorite son-in-law to his side and said: "Be a good man, Lockhart—be a good man. It's all that will comfort you when you come to lie here." What unspeakable comfort these words of his countryman must have given Mr. Watt when he, too, lay on a dying bed. For he was, in all the word implies, "a *good* man." He was just such a man as Tennyson had in his mind when he wrote:

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

Mr. Watt was not only a good man; he owned another title—he was a gentleman. The richest word in a whole bonanza of rich words—A GENTLEMAN !

When Mr. Thackeray stood, one evening, gazing on a great society ball, and saw hundreds of fashionably dressed men floating with their fair partners in the waltz, he suddenly turned to a friend and pointing to the crowded room remarked: "But, of gentlemen, how many?" Mr. Thackeray's friend, who had a large acquaintance in society circles, could only reply: "But of gentlemen, how few!" Early education and special advantages and respectable family ties are good things, but they do not necessarily make a gentleman. There are men among us who are nothing but drones and loafers who have had all these. "You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. Good clothes are

not good manners. A gentleman is a *gentle* man—a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough." Such a gentleman was Mr. Watt. Full of mirth and anecdote and vigor in expressing his thoughts, he yet was never coarse or vulgar. He would leave the most charmed circle of boon companions any time to go and assist some poor unfortunate. He was a man who would have gone without his dinner any time if, by giving it to a fellow-man, he could have made him content. He was just such another gentleman as Sir Philip Sidney was, who, when he lay in his own blood on the battle-field, waived the draught of cold water that was to quench his mortal thirst in favor of a dying soldier. To comfort the afflicted, to console the broken hearted, was William Watt's religion.

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small."

Social condition had nothing to do with Mr. Watt's charities. He went down even to the borders of poor humanity to help his fellow-creatures. Though no man ever loved virtue more than he did, yet his great heart was not shut against the sufferings of any, however ostracized they might be. Poor girls, who, perhaps, were once their mother's pride, when sick and in poverty have had a good Samaritan to visit them—sent there by William Watt; and, dying, they have had a decent burial because of his thoughtful generosity. If there be those straight-laced and cruel enough to criticize such an act as this, I commend to them the loving words of that noble woman, Alice Cary:

> "Sweet Heaven, be pitiful! Rain down upon her
> The saintly charities ordained for such;
> She was so poor in everything but honor,
> And she loved much—loved much!
> Would, Lord, she had thy garment's hem to touch.
>
> 'Haply, it was the hungry heart within her,
> The woman's heart denied its natural right,
> That made her the thing men call a sinner,
> Even in her own despite;
> Lord, that her judges might receive their sight!"

Now, when there is so much unrest, and such apparent antagonism between labor and capital, the career of a rich man like William Watt held up to view is a public benefaction. His enterprise and his wealth were felt in every part of Nevada

county, where he had lived for a quarter of century. To how many thousands of industrious men has he furnished employment, a support and a home. And this must be one of the best rewards that the managers of large mines and railroads, and other great works, have—the blessed remembrance that they have furnished employment, and, with it, happiness, to hundreds and thousands of those who can never in this world forget them. When such men pass away they do not die entirely. No! When a man like William Watt is called up to a higher sphere, a part of him remains. He is not dead, for his spirit throbs to-day in the locomotives which cleave the air as he *directed*. His immortal spirit beats yet in those great mines which he managed so wisely, and his words of counsel and hope still dwell in the hearts of his political and personal associates, and they will continue to dwell there until each and every one who loved him has started for that country where it is said no enemy ever enters and no friend ever goes away.

The excellent use Mr. Watt made of his wealth must show to any rich man how smooth and easy is the road that leads to popular favor and measureless esteem. Unlike some others, he did not give it all in one lump. His charity was not a spasm—a sudden deluge or burst of wondrous vision, like the first full view of Niagara. But it was more like a perpetual shower of golden raindrops—most refreshing and replenishing—until they rise again to the skies on the silver clouds of thankfulness.

Twelve years ago, this very month, Thomas Carlyle, another great countryman of Mr. Watt, commenced his address, as rector of Edinburgh University, with these words: "There is a greater ambition than gaining all California would be." This sentiment recalls a passage from an inspired writer, which I think is most appropriate right here: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Mr. Watt showed how high a value he placed on money by giving away more than half he ever made. He showed how ennobling wealth could be to a man; how good and excellent a thing it is to have, when it is put to such uses. Just as, on the contrary, some men show how mean and contemptible a thing money is when they put a padlock on their better natures, and, like the miser, refuse to help anybody. The rich

nobility of England, I sometimes think, are wiser than the generality of rich Americans; for, as a rule, they spend or give away all their incomes, however large, and thereby strengthen themselves with the people. It is this national trait that has given the House of Lords such permanence in the English Government, and made its throne the oldest and most lasting in Europe. Had the French nobility displayed equal foresight and generosity, they, too, might have saved themselves from being torn to pieces several times in their history.

To those classes of workingmen who think the rich are their natural enemies, I point to Miss Burdett Coutts, the wealthiest woman in England, and, next to the Queen, the most popular. I point again to the Crossly Brothers—worth ten millions apiece —and who, by establishing the co-operative system in their manufactories, have made themselves universally beloved among the poorer classes. And I would direct the workingmen's attention, also, to that shining light in the world's freedom—John Bright—himself a very rich man, but who has given all the years of his manhood to the improvement and elevation of his countrymen, and to the struggling sons of toil in every other land as well. In our own country I could point the workingmen to many names that were worn by rich men, whose principal ambition in life was to do good to their fellows. To Girard of Philadelphia; to the Lawrences of Boston; to Hopkins of Baltimore; to George Peabody and James Lick; and, among the living, to Corcoran of Washington; to Cornell, to Peter Cooper, and Vassar of New York; and, I trust, there are to be many more public benefactors among the wealthy who are yet to make their names immortal.

To those who are constantly assailing the rich companies, uttering again and again the inuendo that "corporations have no souls," I wish to say, that there is scarcely a day in the year that some private beneficence or public liberality is not displayed by the managers of some of these same "corporations." William Watt himself did most of his large business through the agencies of corporations. He was an active director in a railroad, and a trustee in more than half a score of mines.

Though he would accept no salaried office during the last sixteen years of his life, he yet took a decided interest in political affairs. He was a power in his party. In County Conventions

and in State Conventions, who was so wise in council as he? Who so brave and energetic in planting the flag of his party on the ramparts of victory? And who so tolerant toward political foes? Yes, he was a politician in the best sense; and would to God we had more such! In the three State Central Committees with which I have been connected, no face so welcome as William Watt's to our rooms. In the most heated campaigns he was calm and reasonable; but when the contest was lukewarm and unexciting, and it seemed as if it was impossible to arouse the people, whose inspiring voice was that I heard, pealing like an alarm bell in the middle of the night, and echoing through the mountains as leaps the live thunder across the Sierras? It was the voice of William Watt, eloquent and ringing. The "Lion of the North" was aroused. "Men, follow your colors! Nail your banners to the outer wall, and invite the attack," he would say, in commanding tones:

> "Now these her princes are come home again;
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we will shock them!"

The enthusiasm he could always arouse among his people was contagious, and there was never much difficulty in rallying the party after we had heard from Nevada county. Mr. Watt was a strong believer in party organization and discipline, as was that greatest of Irishmen and most philosophical of statesmen, Edmund Burke, who said:

> "In connection the most inconsiderate man has his value and his use; out of it the greatest talents are wholly unserviceable to the public. No man should flatter himself into the idea that his single, unsupported and unsystematic endeavor has much power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When men are not acquainted with each others' principles, nor experienced in each others' talent, they can only act without concert, order or discipline. Without common counsel they can have no common strength. When bad men combine the good must associate."

The history of constitutional government in Great Britain and America also shows that every advance in liberty and political intelligence has been made by and through party organization. Mr. Watt had no fears of the future because of the elevation to office of workingmen and artisans. He read how Lord Brougham went into an ecstasy of wonder at hearing an English working-

man make a tolerably fair speech. To-day there are thousands of English and American laboring men who can make better speeches than the average British or American office-holder. J. G. Eccasius, a London tailor, has recently published an able and exhaustive work, entitled "Refutations of John Stuart Mill's Economical Doctrines." George Odger, a shoemaker, probably prevented Great Britain from interfering in our late civil war. Karl Marx, a mechanic, is the author of a volume on "Capital," which has exerted almost as great an influence in Europe as did "The Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith. These are among hundreds of other examples I might mention to illustrate the truth of what Mr. Gladstone recently remarked that the popular judgment on political questions is often more just than that of the higher orders, and that from the middle classes has sprung the greatest reform measures of this century. And the history of this country proves the same thing.

Mr. Watt scouted the idea that there was anything necessarily demoralizing in politics; for he knew that some of the purest and best men living have been in politics all their lives—engaged in that highest occupation known to men, statecraft. Granted that sometimes political associates are exceedingly uncongenial; granted, that unscrupulous work has sometimes been done in the name of one's party—still, the affairs of States and Nations are the noblest objects that can entertain the human mind. Is popular suffrage being corrupted, and the standard of public morality lowered? Then all the more need in party counsels of honest and patriotic men like the late William Watt. What gentleman, seeing a valuable piece of jewelry lying in the mud, would not stoop down and pick it up, even if his dainty fingers were soiled in securing it. The government of this country is worth more than all the jewelry in the world, and is better worth preserving.

Mr. Watt was a firm believer in free institutions, and in the permanency of the American Republic. He believed ours to be to-day a stronger and more enduring form of government than any in Europe; and it was loathsome for him to hear the gloomy forebodings of those people who doubted it. He was too much an American to sympathize in any particular with those who, having traveled in "Europe," come back to their country

dissatisfied with its constitution and laws, and are constantly using their feeble intellects to prove that we are, as a nation, fast going to destruction! He detested the men who one often hears quoting approvingly Lord Macaulay's doleful prophecies about the future of this country—Lord Macaulay, the apologist of tyrants and imbecile rulers in other countries—Lord Macaulay, of whom Harriet Martineau wrote, "He is a failure. He wants a heart. And for this reason, probably, he has never achieved any complete success." This is the picture England's greatest woman drew of the Lord Macaulay whom certain Americans dare to hold up as knowing more about this country than the statesmen who made or the thinkers who govern it.

Mr. Watt was firm as the Eternal Hills in his political convictions and ideas of government. As I heard him remark one day: "Upon some questions there *is* no other side." Universal suffrage was one of them. His reasoning in substance was like this: "If we concede that there are in any community one, two or a dozen persons who would govern it better than it governs itself, now, the question arises, how are these few to be got at? If they are to select themselves, and each is to recruit an army to fight it out, we have a Mexican government. If they are to be selected by merely a school examination, we have a Chinese type of rulers. But if they are to be chosen by the popular vote, then we have a republic after all." The larger the body of voters, the less easy to cajole or bribe them. It was one of the shrewdest of French thinkers who said: "There is one who knows more than anybody, and that is *everybody*."

In literary matters I think Mr. Watt had a nice discrimination. I remember his saying to me once that he thought of Bret Harte's poems in dialect, "Her Letter," had more touches of nature than even the "Heathen Chinee" or almost anything else he had written. Living so many years in that favored mining region, made famous forever by Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, how he must have relished "Sandy," and "the Pastor," and "the Judge," and the "Poet" in Miller's powerful play of "The Danites," and, also, his "Songs of the Sierras." How he must must have enjoyed "Tennessee's Partner," "Saleratus Bill," "Miggles," "Poker Flat," and "M'liss!" Was not "Roaring Camp," just over the hills from Red Dog, and near Mr. Watt's

home? "There is a street up there in 'Roaring' that just lays over anything in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Injun baby." Of Mr. Watt's social life a volume could be written. He was genial and entertaining to a surpassing degree. He was always a favorite with half-grown schoolgirls, and the hero of every picnic he attended. He was fond of outdoor sports. He liked to get away from business occasionally, and, with a few friends, go a-fishing—and he was always mindful of dear Izaak Walton's injunction when handling his suffering frog: "Treat him tenderly, as though you loved him."

Mr. Watt, in his intercourse with men, was as attentive to the humblest miner as he was to the most distinguished millionare. No man, however poor, ever went to him in his troubles that he did not find a good and sympathetic listener. But there is a great difference between recognition and familiarity. None of the men he had assisted would think of addressing him by his given name. There was that easy dignity about him that absolutely forbade it. William Watt was, in early life, a marine engineer, and spent several years upon the ocean; and when I think of him falling at his post, doing duty to the last—dying with his whole armor on, and every inch of it bright—his last days remind me of "Old Ironsides," or Lord Nelson's ship "Victory," which, when it had ended its cruise and swung its anchors at the bow, was allowed to lie in a peaceful haven "where the red sun weds the sea" and be manned or disturbed no more. What an inspiration is his life to every youth in California! How it bids them rise up and be somebody!

As I think how, wide as the State, has been the tender feeling and respect shown the subject of these lines during the past week, the words of Thomas Carlyle come back to me, doubly emphasized. Yes, "There *is* a higher ambition than gaining all California would be." Suppose Mr. Watt had really possessed all the gold this State has ever produced, what good would it do him now? His nerveless hand could not grasp a single piece. But, possessing the good opinion of his neighbors and countless friends, the unmeasured and immeasurable wealth of their love, he is forever rich, indeed.

As he lay on his bed of pain, bruised and broken, could he not, almost joyfully say, in the beautiful lines of Bonar:

"Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon,
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulses' fever beating
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home,
Sweet hope,
Lord, tarry not, but come,
Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon.
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home,
Sweet hope,
"Lord, tarry not, but come."

If there be a place where "angels ever bright and fair" dwell in a house of many mansions, whose golden floors are covered all over with the dust of stars; if there be a land of perpetual sunshine, where the true and the good of this world congregate after life's conflicts are over, then, oh, then, the bereaved family and bosom friends of William Watt will meet him soon again—some summer morning.

LELAND STANFORD.

WHETHER it be true or not that the world knows little of its greatest men, certain it is that California knew little of her foremost men till recently. He who, in the quickly-coming future, was to be her all-accomplished and most statesmanlike Governor; he who was to lead in building the Pacific Railroad for her; and he whose good fortune it was and is to drive the locomotive through all her great valleys, and thereby fill them with settlements, towns, cities, an industrious people and a new civilization, was a quiet, unobtrusive merchant in Sacramento, as late as the year 1860, scarcely known at all except to his neighbors, his customers and a few business correspondents. Leland Stanford never held an office until he was elected Governor. He would not take a renomination, giving this as his reason: "Because I had rather build the Central Pacific Railroad than to be President of the United States." He evidently felt that if he succeeded in the stupendous work of uniting the confines of our broad public with a bridge of iron, his name would cut so deep a score in history, that any political office he might fill would be forgotten dust by the side of it. And did he not, in his laudable ambition, form a proper estimate of true fame? He who has succeeded in doing some great thing productive of good to a whole country, will live in the memory of the people when Presidents and Governors are remembered no more. Other men may improve upon what he has originated or accomplished, but they can never eclipse his fair renown. Ships larger and far superior to that which first crossed the Atlantic have since been built, and have been commanded by learned navigators; but in all the world there has been but one Columbus. Other canals of greater capacity than the Erie,

as it was first constructed, have since been dug in the United States; but there has never been but one De Witt Clinton. No Pacific Railroad of the future, however grand, will take anything from the glory and honor of the first; and there never will be but one Leland Stanford. His was the energy that never wearied, his the patience never exhausted, and his the faith that could never be shaken in the final triumph of the mighty work he had said in his heart should be done. Difficulties that would have crushed every hope in the breasts of most men, he encountered, and put aside as only a giant could. Opposition in Wall street, and violent opposition from prominent men of his own State, pursued his Company from the very beginning of the Pacific Railroad enterprise. At times it rolled mountain high in its endeavors to combat and ruin its young railroad Presdent; but he rose superior to it all. His strength of will and that power of imagination which enables him to see far and correctly into the future, added to a mind of almost unlimited resources, carried him successfully through the most trying financial and engineering problems that, without doubt, any railroad builder was ever required to solve. How often the Central Pacific Railroad, in its earliest days, tottered on the verge of bankruptcy, or how often it seemed as if every precipice and mountain spur in its pathway had found tongue to say to its invading army of graders and tracklayers: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther," only those who are near to Mr. Stanford and in his confidence can ever know. But the road has been built in spite of all these obstacles, and it stands to-day a far more eloquent eulogy to the genius and rare qualities of the MAN who did so much to make it a success, than any mere words can bestow. And it will remain forever eloquent as the years of American history and progress roll on.

Leland Stanford was born about eight miles from the City of Albany, State of New York, March 9th, 1824. He is the fourth of seven brothers, all of whom are still living, save one. His ancestors came over from England more than fifty years before the Revolution of 1776, and settled in the Mohawk Valley. They were farmers, of good repute, thrifty and industrious. Five generations of them have lived to till the soil of the Empire State. Josiah Stanford, the father of Leland, was a man of marked public spirit and energy. Besides cultivating his farm,

he took contracts for building roads and bridges in all parts of his native county. He was among the first advocates of the Erie Canal, and watched its progress and completion with the keenest interest. He saw with prophetic eye that it was but the beginning of that vast system of internal improvements that was to make his State so famous. In 1828 the locomotive burst upon the world like a miracle. More than all the agencies of previous times combined, it came charged with a power to revolutionize commerce and to immeasurably improve man's social and physical condition. The great news of the success of George Stephenson's locomotive engine, "The Rocket," on the Manchester and Liverpool road, had crossed the Atlantic but a few months before a charter was obtained in 1829 from the Legislature of the State of New York for a railroad between Albany and Schenectady. Josiah Stanford was among the foremost in the new enterprise. He took large contracts for grading, and pushed forward the work with the greatest vigor, and from that day to this the Stanfords have more or less been engaged in the honorable business of railroad building. One of them commenced work on the first iron road built in the United States, and one, the subject of this sketch, and a son of that pioneer, forty years later, drove, with his own strong hand, the last spike of the great Pacific Railroad. The Albany and Schenectady Railroad, fifteen miles in length, now forms one of the links in the overland road, which measures three thousand three hundred miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific. What the father commenced, his son gloriously completed two score of years afterward. Grand coincidence! precious heirloom, of which even a royal family might be proud, is this. Till he was twenty years of age, young Leland's time was divided between the healthful occupations of a farm life and his studies. At school he is well remembered as a large, handsome boy, genial, affectionate and popular. His happy temperament and sweet disposition made him a special favorite with his young associates. As a scholar, he did not strive to achieve a brilliant reputation. He had little ambition to dazzle or shine. Conjugations, translations and the mere rules of the books he studied, were bitter and distasteful to his practical mind. He could remember things, but was apt to forget the words that encased them. He stored his mind richly with facts, but not with forms. From the time he was

old enough to reason and reflect, he accepted nobody's conclusions till he had investigated for himself. Such has been his habit through life. This independence of thought, added to original views which, in the fullness of his manhood, he has formed on nearly every social, financial and political question of the day, has made him pre-eminently a thought-producing and not a thought-repeating man. He was never known to make a quotation in anything he has ever written, yet he is well read in the writings of our best modern authors. Books that treat on the philosophy of history, social statics and political economy, as developed during the last two centuries, he prefers. The works of De Tocqueville, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and Buckle he delights to read, though he does not hesitate to reject as so much sophistry some of the theories and arguments advanced by these writers. It is to be regretted that a man self-nurtured on the most advanced ideas of the age, and at the same time possessed of such a discriminating and conservative breadth of mind, has not written more than he has for publication. But early in life he adopted this as his mottos "It's not what a man says so much as what he does that makes him of use to the world." He has been a *doer*, and though for years his heart and brain have been filled with one great absorbing purpose, yet there have always been side tracks to his mind on which his thoughts have run in the intervals of sterner duties. Topics which are in no way kindred to the work he has devoted the balance of his life to perform, he has analyzed and examined into whenever a leisure hour would permit, and many there are who have been astonished at the knowledge he possesses on subjects which an active business man is supposed to know but little about. In the way of lighter reading, he prefers and has read all the writings of Oliver Goldsmith, Walter Scott and Washington Irving. In his schoolboy days he never was fascinated by the dead languages. Indigestible and repulsive to him were all the technical rules and exceptions about the nominative and accusative cases and Latin versification, and he fully agrees with the German wit, Heine, who said: "How fortunate the Romans were that they had not to learn the Latin grammar, because if they had done so they never would have had time to conquer the world." Greek mythology, and even mediæval history, to a

mind like young Stanford's, were dry and mouldy crusts compared to the rich and bountiful repasts to be found in the physical sciences, and in that new world, beautiful and altogether lovely as it is, that chemistry and geology and astronomy open-up to us. Mathematics and the sciences were the life blood of his studies and speculations while at school. Not that he delighted in the abstract formulas of Euclid, or of the differential and integral calculus, or in the mysteries of Trigonometry, but rather did he enjoy the sifting of evidence and the weighing of probabilities, and of seeking principles and facts, and then working out the conclusions. These habits and peculiarities of the schoolboy are dwelt upon somewhat at length here, because they are characteristic, and have become part of the man.

As a lawyer, as a merchant, as a Governor, and as a railroad President, Mr. Stanford has exercised the same modes of thought, the same nice calculations, the same adherence to the real and practical things of the world, to the exclusion of all that is merely ancient, the same absorbing interest in the present and future, while not thinking or caring particularly for the dead past, that were his chief distinctions when a pupil at Cazanovia, N. Y. But, like many another great man, his education really began after he left school.

It was when he commenced to educate himself that he saw more clearly than ever before how many hundred thousand things there are worth knowing in this world, which are not found in school books. He devoured newspapers; listened to every lecture and speech made in the neighborhood of his home, and conversed ardently with every person that could enlighten him. His thirst for knowledge was boundless; every fact that came in his way was seized and digested. His memory strengthened under its new and increased burden, while contact with the world hardened and made sinewy every fibre of his intellect, and he rapidly grew to be a young man marked for his versatility and the excellence of his information. In 1846 he entered the law office of Wheaton, Doolittle and Hadly, eminent attorneys in the city of Albany. After three years of patient and hard study, he was admitted to practice law in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Soon after this he took Horace Greeley's advice, " Young man, go West," and set out to find a new home on the frontier. He settled in Port Washington, in the northern

part of the State of Wisconsin, and for four years he was engaged in the practice of his profession at that place. Though moderately successful as a lawyer, it is not impossible that he had mistaken his calling. His brain was too much occupied with outside matters for a profession that always demands constancy and the closest attention as essential conditions to success. Besides, hair-splitting technicalities were distasteful to him. Nature never made him for a special pleader. But he studied deeply and broadly the philosophy of jurisprudence, the spirit more than the letter of the statute, which studies would have made him a good legislator, and an excellent judge of what the law ought to be. In his practice the doctrine of *stare decisis* was often in his way. New conditions, and a public policy that is constantly becoming more liberal and expanded, he always contended should have more weight in assisting to interpret the law than mere former decisions, however numerous or musty they might be. But unfortunately for lawyer Stanford, neither the bar nor the bench of the times were as progressive as he, and he felt fettered. Yet such was his perseverance that, in all probability, he would have continued through life in legal chains had not a conflagration in the Spring of 1852 swept out of existence all his worldly possessions, including his law library. Though momentarily disheartened at his loss, it was undoubtedly the most fortunate event of his life up to that time, for it was the cause of his coming to California, and of his abandoning the legal profession. It is said that had not want, discomfort and distress warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare himself would probably have continued killing calves and combing wool till his death, and the world and posterity been no wiser for his having lived in it; and that had the Ethel boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Had not the fire at Port Washington destroyed Leland Stanford's library and other property, the Pacific Railroad might not have been in existence yet, or even commenced. He arrived in California July 12, 1852, and at once became associated in business with his brothers, three of whom had preceded him to the Pacific Coast, and had already established a mercantile house in Sacramento and stores in several of the larger mining camps that were scattered over the State.

The subject of this sketch was first stationed at Michigan Bluffs, at that time a central business point in the great mining county of Placer. Here he carried on an extensive trade, and, though merchandizing was an occupation he had no previous experience in, he still prospered exceedingly well at it. Scrupulously honest and honorable in all his dealings, he speedily won the patronage of a good and increasing class of customers. His bland and affable manners, uncommon intelligence, and fine conversational powers drew around him a host of warm friends. A kind neighbor and a good citizen, no man ever left that mountain country more regretted than was Mr. Stanford when, in 1856, he removed to Sacramento to engage in mercantile pursuits on a larger scale. The house of which he was a partner soon took rank amongst the largest and most substantial in California. Here he improved his business qualifications very rapidly. Having become an importer, he watched the movements of trade in nearly all the markets of the world. He sifted statistics, and weighed and measured the laws of supply and demand. He looked into tariffs, and all legislation, State and National, of a financial character, and calculated the effects of it upon business. He made commerce a science which he studied with all the ardor of an enthusiast. He extracted philosophy and financial wisdom from every fluctuation in prices, and in short became a first-class merchant. The knowledge he acquired in trade was of inestimable value in his later and more public life and occupations. It was in his store and while carrying on large transactions that he developed those powers of generalization, that executive ability and organizing talent for which he has since become so eminent.

But he was something more than a successful merchant. He was a philanthropist, and a bold, out-spoken lover of freedom. Like Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, he could truly say that he never despised a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black. As a very large proportion of the population of California originally came from the Southern States, an anti-slavery man before the war was almost as much ostracized in this young State as he would have been in South Carolina. But though it often cost him pleasant social relations and loss of patronage, he never hesitated to avow his principles nor to express his sympathy for the slave. He contributed

largely of his means to bring into existence the Republican party of California, and for the support of that organization through its five years of continued and overwhelming defeats. Twice he was nominated, against his wishes, for office, once in '57 and again in '59; but the Republican ticket in neither of those years was little heard of or mentioned, the contest being almost entirely between the two wings of the Democratic party. In 1860 he was chosen a delegate to the Chicago convention. He there made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, an acquaintance that ripened into an intimate friendship, which remained warm and unbroken till the President's martyred death. Being in Washington at the time of Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration, he remained there several weeks by special request of the President. During those perilous times, when the very air was filled with revolution, trouble was anticipated in California, for it was known that preparations were being made to take her out of the Union. Mr. Lincoln was a wise and shrewd judge of men, and he readily saw that Mr. Stanford, above all other men he had met, was the true representative man of the Pacific Coast. The President, Secretary Seward, and other members of the Cabinet took him into their confidence, and followed his advice relative to nearly all the federal appointments *for* and as to what measures would preserve peace and loyalty *in* California. A most conscientious and capable adviser he proved to be. The policy he suggested, when adopted by the Government, produced the most satisfactory results, and the appointees made at his request proved themselves, without exception, excellent officers, and abundantly qualified for their several positions. The laws of the United States were in no place better enforced than in California during the war. Learning, while in Washington, that a movement was on foot to nominate him for Governor of his adopted State, he immediately wrote a letter, declining the use of his name for that or any other political position. But his friends at home did not publish the letter as he requested them to do, and he was disappointed to find, on his return from the Capital, that his nomination to the first office in California was a foregone conclusion. Seeing that he was fairly in for it, and that there was no escape, he entered upon the contest with all the zeal and strength there was in him. Possessed of perfect physical health and an iron constitution, he was capable of

traveling for days and nights together without scarcely rest or sleep. He visited personally about every important polling place in the State. Everywhere he went the people saw in him a man of great force of character and superior cultivation, and, by the influence of mind over mind, that "sign and signet of the Almighty to command," which he so largely possesses, thousands and tens of thousands were brought to believe in him and his cause. Seldom has there been a greater political revolution than that which he led in the Golden State, in the Summer and Fall of 1861, and on the waves of which he was elected Governor, receiving 56,300 votes, while his highest competitor obtained but about 33,000. At the last preceding State election to this the Republicans did not carry one county, nor did they poll 9,000 votes in all California. Two years later, with Stanford as their standard-bearer, they increased their votes six hundred per cent.

There was great rejoicing over his election. It was welcomed as the beginning of a new, infinitely better era. At last a man had been elevated to the Governorship who was not a trading politician nor a time-serving demagogue, but a man who dared to do anything and everything that was right to do; an honest, loyal man who could no more tolerate corruption, or allow disobedience to the laws, than he could tell a lie, or be a traitor to his country. Such men make the world wholesome. Place one of them in command of a State and its political atmosphere at once becomes purified. Fresh and bracing as the mountain breezes is the air he breathes over the commonwealth and among his people. The example of such a man must quicken the pulse of every ambitious youth, and add a tonic to his blood. It shows what honors and good fortune may be won by any young man who has the pluck to earn them. No man's poor who's young. Worth more than all her gold mines was such a Governor to California during the earlier and darker days of our late civil war. Treason, bold and defiant before his election, dissolved or sank out of sight as soon as he had taken the oath of office. Against this strong man it dare not raise its head. Yet Governor Stanford was ever tolerant of the opinions of others. He favored the largest liberty of thought and action when it did not plainly conflict with the Constitution he was sworn to support. He

deplored the war as much as any one, and longed religiously for the reign of law and tranquility through the whole country.

> "Amid the church bells' sweet vibrations
> He heard the voice of Christ say—peace."

But he loved the Union more than peace, and believed that no sacrifice was too great to preserve it.

Almost the first topic discussed in his inaugural address was that which, next to his country, lay nearest to his heart—the Pacific Railroad. He calls it "the great desideratum of California, the world and the age;" and in another place he remarks, "No more could the commercial world dispense with the use of this road, when once its relations have been regulated and accommodated to it, than could the West dispense with the great lakes and Erie Canal, nor the Southwest with the Mississippi River." His messages to the Legislature are pressed full of information on every point of interest which touches the welfare of the State. Nowhere are there to be found public documents containing less emptiness or surface writing. His State papers abound in weighty sentences and practical ideas. They are clear, methodical, and exhaustive essays on a vast number of topics relative to the wants, industries, institutions and conditions of a young and growing territory. For instance, in one of his addresses he writes learnedly and well on the following subjects: State finances and taxation; federal relations; geological survey; agriculture; harbor defences; reform schools; codification of the laws; Chinese labor; education and the common school system; forest and timber lands; swamp and overflowed lands; Indian affairs; State militia; public buildings; insane asylums and charitable institutions. The fact of a man who had never held office before he became Governor, possessing knowledge and statistics sufficient to clearly state the whole truth, and be considered good authority on all the above named subjects, is the best evidence of the close observer and deep thinker he has been from boyhood.

Up to the year 1862, a large amount of land in the most fertile regions of California was held by persons whose only title to it was that of possession. By brute force the rightful owners of those lands were kept from occupying them, and the "squatters" had frequently seized with impunity sheriffs and others officers

of the law who sought to eject them. Stanford was the first Governor who put down by the heavy arm of the State the "squatter riots," and thereby protected the lawful owners in their property. During the administration of Governor Stanford, the State debt of California was reduced more than one-half. A State Normal School was organized which has since become a great power in the cause of education. Economy, retrenchment and reform were severely practiced in all the public offices, and the State rejoiced in the blessings of prosperity, peace and happiness.

At the close of his term the Legislature bestowed upon Governor Stanford the unusual compliment of a concurrent resolution, passed by a unanimous vote of all parties, in which the Senate and Assembly returned him "the thanks of the people of California for the able, upright and faithful manner in which he discharged the duties of Governor of the State for the past two years." Said the leading newspaper of San Francisco, as he was taking off the robes of his high office: "Now let Governor Stanford build us a Pacific Railroad; if he do that speedily and well, the glory of the Governorship will be as tainted, rusty brass compared with his fame." Said the Chicago *Tribune:* "Build the Pacific Railroad in twelve years, and no fifty years of our history will compare to it;" and yet it was built in less than six years.

Governor Stanford's name is so thoroughly interwoven in every part of this great work of the age, his genius and energy are so conspicuous in every step of its progress, that to write a history of this iron highway of the nation without making him the central figure, would be like the play of Hamlet with the immortal Prince left out. He it was who shoveled the first earth that commenced it, and he it was who drove the last spike that completed it.

start

The space allowed for this biographical sketch will permit of but a few glances at the work done by the Central Pacific Railroad Company under the Presidency of Leland Stanford. The company was organized in Sacramento, July 1, 1861. One year from that date Congress passed an Act granting to the corporation a loan of bonds averaging $35,000 per mile, principal and interest to be repaid at the expiration of thirty years. In addition to this, alternate sections of unoccupied land on either

side of the road were donated to the company absolutely. None of this subsidy could be obtained till fifty miles were completed and furnished with rolling stock. As all of the iron and most of the other material had to be transported from the Atlantic States along two oceans and across a foreign country on its way to California, but little work was done till the fall of 1863, and it was not till July 1, 1864, that the first thirty-one miles were completed. From this date commences the mighty struggles and trials of the company. The next hundred miles lay across a chain of mountains, the most difficult to pierce, grade and subdue of any in the world. Imagine a series of lofty cones rising one above another, till in a distance of 70 miles an elevation is reached of 7,042 feet above the starting-point, and that the proposition was to build a railroad up and across those mountain peaks and down the other side into the valley, 3,000 feet below, and some idea can be formed of the magnitude of almost the first work commenced by the Pacific Railroad Company.

Many engineers examined the proposed road, and declared it impossible to construct, and Governor Stanford himself once having climbed to the top of one of the snow-capped Sierras, exclaimed, with a sigh: "Is it possible a railroad can be built here?" But his depression was only momentary, for his penetrating eye quickly saw that those lofty piles of clay and granite when cut up could be made available in filling the chasms and precipices that yawned between. Besides, his was a faith that could, as it literally did, "remove mountains," and he never allowed himself to doubt afterward. And so armed, with shovel and pick, powder and steel, did his army of workingmen go forth to battle with the everlasting hills that towered to the clouds above them. Greater than the army with which Cæsar,

"The foremost man in all the world,"

achieved his most brilliant victories, was that for which four long years incessantly by night and by day laid siege to the Sierras, until they were bound in irons. During this time sides of whole mountains were torn off, and many a granite hill of vast proportions blown to ten thousand pieces. On the brinks of precipices down which they could sometimes look 1,600 feet, were the railroad builders frequently required to toil; and at other times amid avalanches of snow and ice, which had thundered down with

awful velocity into their pathway from crags that seemed hung in the skies above them. But by the steady and well directed storm of sweat and steam, hammer and drill, and amid the boom of blasts that rocked the ground like an earthquake, the mountains were finally battered down, and, on the 28th day of August, 1867, the locomotive ascended to the summit, a point higher than the top of Mount Washington, the loftiest peak in New England. On that day congratulatory dispatches were received from many of the leading public men of the nation. One signed by Governor Bross and others of Illinois, is as follows:

"CHICAGO, August 28th.—To Hon. Leland Stanford: Our congratulations on the completion of the Summit Tunnel. The locomotive crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains marks one of the noblest triumphs of energy and enterprise ever known to history. All honor to you and to California."

The cost of constructing this one hundred miles of railroad was not less than $20,000,000. The Government subsidy for the same distance only amounted to about one-third of that sum, and of course the balance had to be procured elsewhere. Often the financial difficulties of the company seemed insurmountable, and but for the honesty and remarkable ability which characterized the managers of the road, it would have been swamped before it crossed the foothills. Capitalists who knew them saw that it would do to loan money to such men as Governor Stanford and his four or five associates, viz: Messrs. Crocker, Hopkins, Huntington and Miller, and upon their individual credit alone millions of dollars were advanced to prosecute the great work. Having unbounded confidence in their integrity, the State of California, through its Legislature, donated them, without asking for conditions or security, $1,500,000, and several of the counties of the State subscribed in the aggregate about as much more. Afterwards the Company's bonds were placed upon the great money markets of Europe and the Atlantic States, but the large money-lenders of the East considered it a hazardous undertaking, and for a long time refused their much needed aid. This refusal was in many instances caused by the enemies of the Pacific Railroad, who were banded together as closely as conspirators ever were; and strange it is—but true it is—there were many in California who tried to neutralize every effort put forth by the company. Proprietors of stage lines, toll-roads and express companies, who were making fortunes out of the freight

and passenger travel across the monntains to and from the silver regions of Nevada, knowing that all of their immense profits would disappear if the Pacific Railroad was built, pursued and made war upon Governor Stanford and his company with sleepless vigilance. He felt their hostile influence in Washington when he was trying to get the original bill passed. They annoyed his Company with vexatious law suits and injunctions at every step of its progress. Some of these men were millionaires, and therefore had no difficulty in raising large sums of money for supporting agents in Wall street and in Europe, whose business it was to destroy, if possible, the company's credit abroad. But these trying embarrassments only seemed to bring out the masterly abilities of the great railroad President. His enemies were checkmated in every move they made. He upset and demoralized every clique and corporation that dared oppose him, and finally established a credit for his railroad in the money centers of the world second to no other company in the United States. The financial troubles of the Central Pacific at last having been cleared away, its progress across and beyond the mountains was extremely rapid. 530 miles were built in 293 days; ten miles of it in a single day—a feat unprecedented—showing the thorough discipline of the men who did it, and the perfect organization of the Company which controlled them. On the 10th day of May, 1869, on Promontory Mountain, at a spot overlooking Salt Lake, the last rail was laid and the last spike driven that finished the Pacific Railroad. A telegraph wire was attached to the handle of the silver hammer used by Governor Stanford on that occasion, and as he struck the concluding blow which completed the great work, the event was instantly flashed to all parts of the United States. It was a day of national praise and jubilee. Celebrations, ringing of bells, the roar of cannon, and vast processions all over the country, showed how joyfully the people welcomed the glad news. The hero of that day is well described by a newspaper editor who was present at the laying of the last Pacific Rail, as follows:

"Leland Stanford is a splendid specimen of American brain and muscle. He is large and imposing in stature, and weighs about 230 lbs; has a massive, deep head, prominent jaws, round, close-shut month, superlative grey eyes, forehead of Olympian height, dark skin furrowed with the evidence of responsibility and many cares. On every feature is written firmness, energy and

intelligence. He looks like a man who has done a great deal, but who still felt that he had a good deal more to do. He has a pleasant musical voice, and is an agreeable conversationalist. Can talk well on almost any subject that is suggested, and is withal, I am told, something of a philosopher, though by no means a dreamer, as is evident by his wonderful achievements and success in life. From what I have seen of him during the past few days, I take him to be emphatically what the Germans call "a many-sided man," that is, one who is capable of winning laurels in almost any practical work or calling that should happen to engage his talents and attention. A born leader of men he undoubtedly is, having the indescribable something about him that creates followers and admirers wherever he may go."

Governor Stanford's annual report to the stockholders of the Central Pacific for the year ending July 1st, 1879, was worthy the illustrious man who prepared it, and eminently worthy the careful attention of the press and the study of all thinking people. Every page of this model report fairly sparkles with facts and statistics the most suggestive, financiering the most remarkable, and with evidences of executive ability of the highest order. Nowhere else are there recorded any such exhibit of assets and resources acquired and developed in so short a time. Search the whole history of railroad building through, and we shall find nothing to equal in scope and arrangement, in brilliancy of plan and execution, in rapid progress and towering success as that which marks the graphic statements and ingenious array of details that so richly fill this last of President Stanford's reports. It is also a document crowded with far-sighted thoughts and unanswerable arguments briefly but concisely stated.

From its commencement the Central Pacific has been so honorably conducted, and managed on such thorough business-like principles, that it has always paid one hundred cents on the dollar with exact promptness. Not a single one of its coupons due has ever been deferred payment for a single moment. But few railroad companies in this or any other country can say as much. Considering that over one hundred million dollars of Central Pacific securities are held in the United States and all through Europe, the above fact is of much significance and highly important.

Not less creditable is the statement that the Central Pacific Company has never yet caused the death of a single individual by neglect, or by faultiness of material in the construction of the road—though it has already transported many million souls over

its main and branch lines. Since the last spike was driven in 1869, there has never been a moment nor an instant that trains have not been in motion *somewhere* on the Central Pacific track, and often fifty trains are under full headway at the same time, though of course they are moving at different points. The able man who in all these years has watched over the unfolding grandeur and growing usefulness of the great enterprise his brain did so much to fashion, has given it its last and best touches in this remarkable report.

The Central Road is the only Pacific feeder to sixty thousand miles of Eastern Railroads. It unites the Bay of Manhattan with the Bay of San Francisco by one iron highway 3,300 miles in length, and runs through 48 degrees of longitude, and traverses more than one-eighth the circumference of the globe. The earnings of the company for the year ending July 1, 1879, were $18,851,489.24, a sum larger than the whole revenue of the Government of the United States fifty years ago, and much larger than it was under the administration of Thomas Jefferson. The American people quarrelled a long time over the then large sum of $3,000,000, with which we made the Louisiana purchase and out of which has been carved six large States. The Central Pacific now earns an equal sum in less than sixty days. On the last day of the Fifteenth Century, Queen Elizabeth signed the charter of the East India Company. That great corporation was in existence 255 years. Macaulay, Allison, Froude, and all the celebrated English historians have devoted many chapters to the great success and enormous revenue of this mammoth company. But in ten years the Central Pacific of California acquired a richer property than did the East India Company during its whole career of 255 years.

This railroad, of which Leland Stanford is President, has come into possession of lands containing a larger area than three of the New England States, and much larger than many of the principalities and kingdoms of the Old World. Such an extent of territory—such an amount of revenue was never added to the dominions of Rome by the most successful Pro-Consul who marched "under arches of triumph down the sacred way and through the crowded Forum to the threshold of Thyperion Jove." The fame of those who subdued Antioch and Turanius grew dim when compared to the splendor of the exploits which these young

California railroad builders, led by Stanford, achieved at the head of an army of workingmen but equal in numbers to a Roman legion. Not by the spoils of bloody war—not by confiscation or by plundering have they won this great property. But theirs is a victory of peaceful industry, and of the high achievements of applied science. Theirs is a victory that has made no man poorer, but tens of thousands richer—a victory over which there can be no tears nor sorrow, but the more noble and glorious for all that.

At the age of 26, Leland Stanford was married to Miss Jane Lathrop, daughter of Dyer Lathrop, Esq., for many years a prominent merchant of Albany, N. Y. Mrs. Stanford is an estimable lady, queenly in person and endowed with an exalted sense of the duties of her high social position. Possessed of many domestic virtues, there is a daily beauty in her life and character which belongs only to those true women who are the nobility of their sex. Mr. and Mrs. Stanford have but one child —a fine boy twelve years old—the pride and hope of his fond parents.

Mr. Stanford has strong agricultural tastes, and is especially fond of farming and farm life. Had not circumstances pulled him into the channel of the law, and afterwards to merchandising, and later still into politics and railroad building, he would undoubtedly have made an extensive and perhaps famous farmer. He will discuss for hours—while riding through the agricultural regions—on the nature, growth and rotation of crops ; the time for plowing and for seeding ; the different varieties of soil, how it should be dressed or cultivated, etc., etc. One of the ablest and most exhaustive addresses ever given before the State Agricultural Society of California was delivered by him in 1863. Starr King was present on the platform on that occasion, and paid Mr. Stanford the compliment of saying that "it was the most thoughtful and instructive agricultural address he ever listened to."

It is said of Daniel Webster, that one of his chief delights was in great cattle and good horses, and that it was his habit, while at Mansfield, to rise early in the morning and go through his principal barn, with his hands full of ears of corn, with which he would feed his favorite animals. His farm hands used

to say that the beasts all knew him from any one else. He towered above other men even, in his stable. This love of animals is a marked characteristic of many great men. Leland Stanford, as is well known, is the owner of a famous stable, in which are to be found such celebrated horses as "Occident," "Edgerton," "Gov. Low," "Prussian Maid," and "Aurora." Not for the profit they bring him—for he never bet a dollar in his life—but for the delightful recreation they afford him does Mr. Stanford keep such stock. When "Occident" won the $2,000 plate offered by the State Agricultural Society to any horse that could equal the fastest time ever made in America, Mr. Stanford generously gave it back to the Society to be again presented to any horse that should ever equal "Occident."

When Webster was on his last bed of sickness, he had a few pairs of his finest oxen driven up to the window, that he might look once more into their great, gentle eyes, and feel their steaming, honest breath, as it was wafted through his window, filling that room of pain with an aroma that to the dying statesman was sweeter than the perfume of flowers. In the words of his chosen biographer: "Webster had some of his friends around him when his loved oxen were driven up to his window. He sat there talking to Mr. Curtis and Mr. Thomas, and looking at the same time at his creatures and enjoyed it. It was his last enjoyment. It was about a week before he died." And so near to his beloved horses, and surrounded by friends, we doubt not the great Railroad President would desire to pass his last days on earth. He is never more happy than when walking around among his colts, watching their growing beauty, and the gradual unfolding of their good points. The hypocrisy, cunning and trickery that mark the faces of too many of the politicians he is *forced* to encounter or conciliate, he does not find in the open, honest faces of his noble animals, and the contrast must be refreshing indeed.

Among the many shining virtues that distinguish the subject of this sketch, is that of charity—the greatest of all. He gave $10,000 to the suffering people of Chicago immediately after he learned of their great fire. He has donated $25,000 towards the establishment of an Odd Fellows' College, and his smaller and unostentatious gifts to libraries, benevolent institutions, and for the relief of private suffering are really too numerous to men-

tion. The large number of young men he has helped to a start in life, by giving them or obtaining for them good positions, if their names were printed—they would fill many pages. He is a warm admirer of deserving young men, and many of his chief assistants and counselors are men young in years. To members of the press he has ever been a generous friend indeed. He fully recognizes the immense influence the American newspaper has upon this country, and he has been heard to remark that: "Not the richest banker on California street, nor the ablest member of the bar wield as much power as even an ordinary newspaper reporter." He is a large reader of newspapers, and derives from them, perhaps, his keenest enjoyment. Though no man in the nation has been more unjustly criticised or abused by certain journals than has Governor Stanford, yet in his magnanimous, forgiving nature, he bears no malice toward any editor, living or dead. In his lofty mind there is no place to "harbor up a wrong" permanently. In this age, newspaper attacks upon a man are generally in proportion to his ability and influence. It is the price of greatness.

Since the completion of the Central Pacific, its President has not been idle. He has helped to establish woolen mills, sugar manufactories, and his name is at the head of the most prosperous insurance company in the State. The vast railroad organization which obeys his gentlest touch, as the keys of a piano obey every pulsation of the master's hand, has been so thoroughly systematized that not all of his time is now required in its management. He is largely interested in the Southern Pacific Railway, and has assisted in advancing it very materially. His company has purchased the California and Oregon road, which is being rapidly pushed into the mountains that separate the two great States. It has also purchased the Western Road, running between Sacramento and San Francisco, and it is building branch lines through nearly all the great valleys of California.

Under the administration of Governor Stanford, the Central Pacific Railway has grown, as before mentioned, in the period of fifteen years to be one of the largest and most powerful corporations in the world. Its capital stock is ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS. In its schedule of assets are to be found ferries, shipyards and steamboat lines. Its fleet of boats more than

equals, in tonnage and capacity, the celebrated Spanish Armada. Its long, smoking trains, crossing and re-crossing the Continent, are loaded with the fatness of all lands. Its ramifications to the West and South extend to China, Japan, India, Australia, and South America; and to the North and East as far as civilization. In fact, the Central Pacific is fast revolutionizing the carrying trade of the globe.

Victor Hugo says that at Waterloo the world changed front. It changed front again—or rather the world's commerce did—when on Promontory Mountain the last rail was laid, and its Wellington was Leland Stanford.

The following are extracts from Governor Stanford's last annual report to the stockholders of the Central Pacific Railroad, made July 22d, 1879:

"When you consider the vastness of our country and its undeveloped resources, you may anticipate, as time advances, a greater and greater increase of traffic. When the arts and sciences of China and Japan shall be supplemented with those of Europe and America, the people of these countries will be, in their productive capacity and in their readiness and ability to exchange, substantially equal to the same number of Europeans or Americans. No man can estimate what the business from that source will be, but it will be vast—probably far beyond what the most sanguine now anticipates. On the whole, the prospects of your Company are now as bright as ever they were, and since the time when your road made its junction with the Union Pacific, its future has been steadily brightening.

There is no foundation in good reason for the attempts made by the General Government and by the State to specially control your affairs. It is a question of might, and it is to your interest to have it determined where the power resides. Perhaps it is not strange that the attempt should be made to control the railroads of the State, however unwise it may be, or however arbitrary and absolute the manner, because upon them depends so largely the question of production, and the exchange of the products of the labor of the citizens of the State. Through the aid of the telegraph, the printing press and of steam, the whole

civilized world is, in many respects, one great neighborhood; and the only question to be considered in the matter of the free exchange of the products of the most extreme portions, is that of transportation. The products, the wealth of the country depend upon the cheapness of transportation. It is a problem that interests all, and particularly the managers of railroads.

* * * * * * *

San Francisco, located as it is upon the Bay of San Francisco, has an open highway for her products to almost every market in the world. As a seller, she has the advantage of the competition of purchasers, and as a buyer she has the same advantages of all markets at which to buy cheapest. She avails herself of competition. She profits by it, as people always do. She discriminates in her markets and in her routes of transportation; and so it is that San Francisco is a large, prosperous, commercial city, and is located upon this peninsula because of its great, natural advantages. She is able because of her location, to substantially dictate the price she will pay to the railroad companies for the transportation of freight from one ocean to the other. She has a route by the way of Cape Horn, another by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and the prices she pays the railroad companies are regulated by what she can command from these routes. In fact, the railroad company, aside from the one class of freight which pays the maximum, has no power to arbitrarily fix the price of freights. They are fixed by circumstances which the railroad company cannot control. About seven per cent. only of the freight moved upon your road pays the maximum, and probably the price to the consumer is not increased upon a single pound of this freight because of any charges made by your Company. In managing their business, railroad companies are influenced by a consideration of their own interests, the same as all corporations and all individuals. When, from any circumstances, the price of grain in Europe is high, and European purchasers are in the market as competitors with our own purchasers for the commodities of our State, we find the farmer takes advantage of that competition and obtains from the home purchaser a price equal to that which the foreign purchaser offers. In this way the farmer sometimes obtains double the price for the product of his farm that he would have received if it were not for this competition. In like manner,

competition is availed of by all classes of people in all kinds of business, and it is a factor that must be considered and cannot be denied to any corporation or person, except at the expense of the business.

When we reflect that the whole question of production, the exchange of products, and commerce itself, is dependent upon transportation, it seems strange, indeed, that investments which tend to facilitate and cheapen it by offering additional accommodations, or by increasing competition which increase and develop the resources of the country, should be discouraged or hampered, and their profits limited—possibly destroyed. It would seem that wise statesmanship requires that a business of this kind, which harms nobody, but which almost always tends largely to the benefit of the commonwealth, even though the stockholders should fail to reap the anticipated profits, would be encouraged, and, if regulated at all, that the State should provide a guarantee against loss of profits because of such regulation. It would seem but fair that if the State should regulate any legitimate business, so as to endanger its profits, it should make such a guarantee, and such will be the conclusion of a wiser statesmanship than was exhibited in the formation of the new Constitution. Your Company, however, has little to apprehend from the ill-digested and ill-considered article in the new Constitution, providing for the election of commissioners with autocratic powers, because the act of Congress authorizing the construction of your road has given to you the regulation of your own freights and fares up to a certain point, as appears in Section 18 of the Act of July 2, 1862. If the commissioners should be inclined to rule hardly against the railroad companies, the interests of the State (which cannot be developed fairly except through the construction and operation of many more miles of railroad than it now has,) will require that they shall practically do no injury to existing railroads; because, if they do, there will surely be no further construction of railroads in this State, for no capitalists can be found so reckless as to make investments where the gross proceeds are to be regulated by somebody aside from those who make the investment and who may be the owners.

This question of transportation is not settled by the new Constitution. It is so important that it will never be settled except

upon a just and wise basis. This the new Constitution does not do; and while it will, in some respects, injure existing railroads, it will probably, in a narrow sense, benefit them by substantially guarding them against competition in the construction of new and competing lines. Your railroad, however, is so located, being a trunk line, that its interests are above any such narrow view, but will be best subserved by the larger development of the industries and the resources of the State.

How community of interests becomes a factor in the regulation of freights may be illustrated by assuming a country without railroads and unimproved. It may be rich in agricultural and mineral resources. One body of men may desire to cultivate the land, another to mine, and so on, and another may be willing to furnish means of transportation, the price to be regulated by what the commodities can afford to pay and by what the carrier can afford to move them for. Thus, if the product of the mines is gold, a very high rate could be charged on it, but if it is iron or coal, the rate must be so low as to permit the producer to meet competition in the market. The same rule applies in the case of agricultural products. In such cases, among other factors, not only should the products of the country be taken into consideration, their bulk, their value, but also the volume of business the railroad may have to do, and whether the freight moves principally in one direction or equally both ways. The prosperity of the railroad depends upon the prosperity of the State. The railroad, therefore, is always interested in building up the country, as is the public in maintaining the railroad in order that it may have transportation.

Our Government is peculiar in that it was really founded upon a civilized idea and has thus far been mostly maintained upon it. Other governments have been founded in force, and have been maintained by force. Our fathers, declaring the inalienable rights of man, and, further, that governments were instituted to secure him in those rights, proceeded to form a constitution based upon those principles, and for their maintenance, under which the one citizen was to be as safe in his person and his property as all the others; but, unfortunately, scarcely was the Constitution adopted when came the declaration that the majority should rule, intensified afterwards in its application by that calamitous declaration that to the victors belonged the

spoils. The idea of the Constitution was that the majority should administer, but that the Constitution should always rule. As the idea that the majority should rule has grown, the protecting force of the Constitution has been weakened until, at last, the "Granger Cases," the "Warehouse Cases," the railroad laws of the northwest, your own case, under the "Thurman Bill," and the decisions in those cases, have been made possible. The principles laid down in those decisions seem to recognize two things: the communistic idea of the distribution of property, and the absolutism of control by a majority of the people. Absolutism may be as complete, and has oftentimes been more complete and tyrannical and oppressive, under a republican than under a monarchical form of government; and statesmen and teachers will be compelled to take consideration of the present tendencies to absolutism in our Government and instruct the people as to the true interest they should follow. We shall then soon return to the civilized government of our fathers, which gave protection to the individual and made him truly a free and independent citizen. The idea of our Government was averse to the paternal or patriarchal idea of guardianship of the individual in his person, and in the acquisition and disposal of his property, that so long prevailed in the formation of governments. The intention of our system was, that every man should be perfectly free and independent, subject simply to police regulations, restraining him simply from using his own to the detriment of his neighbor.

The changes in the organic law in relation to railroad corporations were undoubtedly influenced by the consideration that your Company has received in some manner aid from county, State and national governments; but, as to what this aid was, there is unquestionably great misapprehension. The fact is, there has never been any donation made to your Company either by the national, the State, or the county governments. The counties of Sacramento and Placer subscribed to the stock of your original Company, and gave their bonds in payment. Afterwards they disposed of their stock for as much as, or more than, the bonds were worth at the time they issued them. The city and county of San Francisco, apprehensive of possible liability for the debts of the Company when its affairs did not look very bright, compromised with the Company, and, in lieu

of subscribing for stock, gave four hundred of her bonds. The only aid rendered by the State was, under contract, to pay the interest on 1,500 of the Company's bonds of $1,000 each—the Company to pay the principal, and in return it was to render, and has been rendering, very important service. The aid derived from the Government of the United States was its bonds loaned, and alternate sections of land given upon a contract very onerous upon your Company, and of which only its possible want of ability to construct the road, justified acceptance. Your Company has not been enriched by donations. The county, State and national governments have, under their contracts, not only realized all, and more than they expected, but have had much the best of the bargain If, when they made those contracts, they wanted something else than therein provided—a freer exercise of power of regulation, for instance—they ought to have so nominated in the bond. To claim and take what is not so nominated, is to take by the exercise of might—not of right. Under the contracts the Company owes the counties, the State, and the United States, nothing but its good will and loyalty.