



ONE of the places that I love upon the western coast is that lighthouse at Point Bonita. I love the view of it—a white pillar, upon the purple-dark rocks of that bold, square headland, a terminal of a seaward spur of the San Rafael, and seen across the heaving waters of the Golden Gate. I love, too, the sudden sight one gets of the building—after having strolled among the sturdy live oaks—from the picturesque little town of Sausalito, in the northwest corner of San Francisco Bay. From the grassy hillside, sprinkled with aurore flowers, the millions of clustered poppies, that toss their flaming colors against the sky, the pleasing outline of the lighthouse is sharply defined against the deep blue of the distant ocean horizon. But most of all, I love to stand in that small recess, in the brink of the headland, and to see the tower of the lighthouse peep over its steep, glistening front, and to watch the water chafing upon the rocks below, those rocks so flint-like, so obdurate, so unyielding.

Grinding afresh some vessel's broken planks—  
And that lift their black, threatening heads above the brine and break the long, curved, polished waves into disordered heaps of foam.  
When the waves come full from the sea, when the commotion of the waters makes the cliff echo back their roarings, when the great wave-fountains leap far up the rocks, and the gulls becoming restless, beat with that enchantingly graceful wing-motion of theirs against the wind, or wheel suddenly with angry, piercing cries, up to the highest cliff-line and there hover with watchful eyes upon the boisterous flood, then it is a joy!

But days that are sparkling and bright; days that are misty and sad, days when we hear from hour to hour, the warning voice of the fog-horn; days that are ambient and still—these, too, are moods of nature in the Golden Gate.  
On an afternoon there is a livelyst scene from the lighthouse cliffs. Then many a sea-bound vessel is passing through the Gate. That jaunty clipper will double the Stormy cape; that steamer which turns to the north, will pass in sight of those snow-crowned monarchs, Shasta, Hood and Ranier, and rest in Puget sound, or seek Alaskan waters; that which passes to the southwest, will cleave the interminable leagues of waves between our shores and those of the Island continent, and that which follows the setting sun will drop anchor where smoke the Hawaiian volcanoes or where rise the templed cities of Japan.

But what do I see? Time has come backward. It is the sixteen hundred. Beyond that southern horn of the Gate, there is anchored an English ship. A rover has come from the south, Francis Drake is his name, and his ship, once the Pelican, is called the Golden Hind. In the hold of the vessel are "great stores of Chili wine and 60,000 pesos of Spanish gold. Bars and wedges, too, of silver and of gold in glittering rows; leather bags of silver taken from the llama's neck; boxes full of diamonds and other gems," for daring Drake, the pilot, is on his memorable voyage around the world. "By the simple natives of the western coast, the men are worshiped as being of a higher order. Baskets of tobacco and presents of balled fish come daily to the English ship, and, in return for these, lotions and ointments are given to those natives, who have sores or wounds." New Albion, the men have named this land.  
And now there is a vision within my vision, as it seems. The Golden Hind is anchored by the quay at old Deptford Town. On the well-worn deck, at the "fair and royal hands of Queen Elizabeth," the daring captain of the hardy, English mariners is dubbed a knight.  
But again the scene is changed. It is the 1776. On our eastern shore the war of the Revolution. But Don Juan

Bautista de Anza, and the San Carlos are at the Golden Gate. In the name of seraphic father, Saint Francis, and of the Holy Catholic church, the walls of the Presidio and the Mission Dolores are rising from the ground. Does the Spaniard know the wonder of his act? High mass has been said by Padre Palou and soon Father Serra shall preach. With Father Crespi he has founded the Mission of Monterey and now comes to the north. Around the tule-covered roofs shall rise a great city—the City of San Francisco often called the City of Adventure and Romance. Just before the founding of the mission the Spanish Fathers had witnessed an Indian battle; and on the very spot where the city is to stand. But soon, yes soon, this is to become the gateway of the orient! Soon, yes soon, the ships of the earth shall visit here, and ships, too, built on yonder land, shall traverse the globe, and fly a flag that is known on every sea!  
But this is nearer the present. There is a fort on yonder point. The old "wooden walls," the Pensacola, come through the gate. San Francisco has known its "early days." Passed are the times of the gold fever, the desperado, and the vigilance committee. But still in the waters of the Golden Gate, the porpoise leaps, the waves sparkle as in the first days of the

"Westward, ho!"  
What graceful ship, is this that comes outward with the tide? The booming of cannon salutes her; a fleet of white-sailed craft are at her side; they follow in her wake. They near the bar; the tug has cast the vessel off. The sailors climb aloft and man the spreading yards; the sails are dropped. We see them fluter awhile to the wind, as, like a sea bird, the vessel pauses a moment, ere she speeds away on her lengthened flight.  
And then, again, a vision, as it were, within my vision. I see the frigid zone, the Aleutian Isles, the waves of the Arctic, faint flushings of the northern lights, and reary wastes of ice and snow.  
And the last of the ill-fated Jeanette, the brave Capt. De Long and his heroic crew as they perish by the frozen banks of the Lena.  
And what is this? The rock is shaken; the ocean trembles! Is the old prophecy to be fulfilled? Is San Francisco to sink into the sea?  
".....Serene of fate, Thou sittest at the western gate."  
So sang Harte, but did he think of this day? Accompanying the great rainfalls of the coast are often earthquake shocks, extending along the sea for a distance of 1,999 miles. San Francisco is in the track of the tremblers. But now the sky is red.

As old Pepys said of the burning London "The sky is wild with a most cruel, bloody and malicious flame." This column of light from the city's holocaust—how far might it be seen? Red are the waters of the Golden Gate; they, too, seem made of blood and flame. And the foam that scatters itself upon these rocks at our feet, it is of a lurid and ensanguine hue. There is lamentation in the Bay City. But again, it will arise, phoenix-like, from its ashes.  
The ships of Tyre, galley and trireme; galleon and ship of the line; the Viking; the buccantur; the boat with many oars, the craft with silken sails, or the old wooden walls, with their mighty spread of canvas—what that has ever floated, on sea or deep, was more wonderful than the modern fighting machine? A thing of beauty and might, each battleship, and beautiful and mighty, the White fleet! Such a sight its passing as to stir the heart! From Hampton Roads it has come; from where, on that memorable morning of March, 1862, the Merrimack steamed in to destroy the Cumberland and the Congress, and into which, on the night of the same day, steamed also the Monitor, and the world knows how was changed the architecture of the sea.  
On come the warships, and with them seem to come the shades of dead sea heroes. One thinks of Salamis, Lepanto, Trafalgar. That day which flutters—the Stars and Stripes—has triumphed, too. It has been carried to where the Arctic seas gurge near the poles, and where the equatorial sun blazes upon tropic sands. It has been in civil and foreign fights, and never met defeat.  
Capricious is the day—like the fortunes of stern war. From the throats of watching thousands on shore, from island and wharf, from every imaginable craft, from the decks of ships, of steamers; from ferries, from tugs, from yachts, from schooners, jugs, tow-boats—aye, even the harbor-drudge—comes cheer on cheer.  
And cheer on cheer from the throats of sailors. White up to heaven rolls the powder smoke.  
How the declining sun yellows the Pacific waves. The crowd of fishing-boats dot the water between the rugged headland, upon which I stand, and the dim, peaked Farrallones, far away! The sky and waters grow dark; the heavens closes by flashes its rays and is answered by that other on the distant island. A warm blur of light from the southwestern horizon shows the position of the great Bay City. Gone are my visions of Sir Francis Drake and the Golden Hind; of the Spaniard and the San Carlos; of the Pensacola; the night of terror, and the triumphant coming of the White fleet.

## THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION IN EARLY DAY UTAH

BECAUSE the early settlers of Utah have a holiday in July to commemorate the date when their pioneer train emerged from Emigration canyon into the valley, which was to become the home and resting place, much bitter comment has been written.  
Mostly it has charged neglect of the earlier July date when the nation has a birthday to celebrate, and with the charge of this neglect has been coupled charges of essential disloyalty.  
That the people of earliest times in Utah celebrated July 4, however, even before the United States Constitution was extended over this territory, is a well known matter of record. July 4, 1850, the people made a festival day at the mouth of Parley's canyon, then known as Golden Pass, this being the day when teams first could make their way into the valley through that route. A year later, Black Rock began its career in fame through the holding there of the first outing, a big Fourth of July celebration.  
That the reverence for the Constitution did not begin with the power of the government in this territory, forcing this such action through policy, but preceded even the flag among the people, is well known to those who know what an important part the Mormons assign to the Constitution, in the economy both of man and of his Creator.  
The early view of this subject is presented in this article in the form of an oration delivered by Parley P. Pratt at Salt Lake City, July 4, 1853. It will be shown that he not only holds the Constitution to be inspired, in its general bulk, but has the analytical spirit in which to point out how each of its sections is likewise forceful with eternal truth. It will be seen that at this early date, before the civil war had settled the question of which were stronger as between state and nation, and before the American people had made themselves felt as a great world power, the Mormon orator was looking for the Constitution to deeply influence the whole world, and redeem it from ancient forms of government to enlightened freedom.  
PARLEY P. PRATT'S VIEW.  
The oration, which is taken from volume 1, Journal of Discourses, follows:  
"Friends and Fellow Citizens: We

have been edified and instructed today, our hearts have been warmed and our minds entertained with a variety. Shall I say interspersed with music? No, for it is all music whether flowing from the hearts of our fellow citizens, or produced by the skill of our hands in the use of musical instruments. All has been music—music to the ear and poetry to the heart.  
"Our sympathies and feelings of patriotism have been moved in listening to the items of the Mormon battalion—their sufferings upon the plains of Sonora, and the variety of scenes of joy, and sorrow and patriotism. We have had portrayed before us at one moment the opening of the treasures of the western mines, and the cause that led to it, pouring into the treasures of nations a stream of gold.  
"At another moment we have been entertained with a view of the results of the actions of our fathers and the causes that led to the great Declaration of Independence, and to the statement of the principles contained in that instrument, which was read today; contemplating not only the direct bearing of these actions of our fathers in setting a nation free, but the indirect bearing and influence of such movements upon the whole world of mankind—upon the destiny of the race of which we form a part.  
"At another moment we have listened to the grave eloquence of official gentlemen, portraying the history of our fathers in the anxious movements that finally resulted in the establishment and in the maintenance of those great principles and truths put forth in the Declaration. In short we have had a variety and we have had entertainment that has been profitable to the mind, and that has caused us to reflect. And as to the display of eloquence, poetry, music, and above all, of patriotic feeling, good sentiment, and wholesome doctrine, what is there left?  
THE CONSTITUTION.  
"I will express my ideas in regard to the Constitution of our own country, its political principles, and the movement that gave rise to that Constitution. The longer I live the more I realize that these movements and particularly that instrument called the Constitution of American liberty, was certainly dictated by the spirit of unparalleled liberality, and by a spirit of political utility. And if that Constitution be carried out by a

just and wise administration, it is calculated to benefit not only the people that are born under its particular jurisdiction, but all the people of the earth that may seek to take shelter under its banner. It seems broad enough and large enough to receive and protect all that may be deprived of the common rights of man. It was doubtless dictated by the spirit of eternal wisdom and has thus far proved itself adequate to the wants of the nation, and to the wants of all mankind that have seen fit to attach themselves to it, to come under its protection and to share in its blessings.  
WORLDWIDE SIGNIFICANCE.  
"In the principles of the Constitution formed by our fathers and handed down to their children there is no difficulty. They embrace principles of eternal liberty, not the principles of one peculiar country, or any sectional interest, but the great fundamental principle of liberty to rational beings—liberty of conscience, liberty to do business, liberty to increase in intelligence and in improvement, in the comforts, conveniences and elegancies of this life and in the intellectual principles that tend to progress in all lives.  
"The more I look upon the spirit of our institutions the more I realize the greatness of the destiny of those principles. One thing is certain in the minds of all those who believe the Bible and that is that there is a day coming when all mankind upon this earth will be free. When they will no longer be shackled either by ignorance, by religious or political bondage, but when they will positively have the knowledge of the truth and freely enjoy it with their neighbors.  
FINAL DESTINIES.  
"If this is to be the final result, how natural is it for men to look at the causes working to bring it about, and to contemplate the great things growing out of small beginnings. When a single individual conceived the design of taking an untried path and penetrating the unexplored seas of the west, who could have contemplated the result that has grown out of it in 300 odd years?  
"On the other hand when a few colonies, weak and feeble, settled on New England's shores, who then could have contemplated the result? Or when a few small colonies, far separated from each other by dreary miles with-

out the aid of steam cars or steamboats or the convenience of the telegraph were united, and by their representatives made this Declaration we have heard today and pledged themselves to defend and carry it out, who could have contemplated the result even of that?  
HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.  
"And when these few colonies were set free to manage their own affairs they came together to establish a capital that should be central and convenient for all the colonies that were then strewn along the shores. At that time who could have contemplated a nation that would stretch its dominion from Maine to Florida, and from the northeast to the very interior of the continent then unknown to civilized man, and that the shores of the Pacific would have formed our western limit, its seas whitened with our sails, and the unnumbered millions of Asia influenced by our institutions?  
"Our hearts beat high for liberty. The valleys of the mountains are peopled with free people scattered over the land, and dwelling under the same banner, and now we are assembled to celebrate the day on which freedom dawned.  
SPREADING OF PRINCIPLES.  
"Who can realize the present and future meaning of this? We have heard something about the prospects of annexation or the enlargement of American dominions. The principle of annexation of large countries is not important, but the influence of our institutions, the pattern we set, the workings of these institutions, and their influence abroad will bring about the same results. It is hardly possible for one dwelling at home to know the influence that American institutions have over Latin America. They look to America for examples in everything that is undeveloped in liberty, art, science and education. The South Americans delight to sit for hours and learn of our institutions, of our telegraph, of our railroads, of the speed with which we can convey our goods from place to place and of the wonderful speed of conveying news. They love to hear of our liberty of conscience, of our universal adaptation of education, and of our system of paying for education out of the general funds, leaving the people to contribute according to their own desires for the support of religion.  
"When we contemplate the design of our country we contemplate not merely our own liberty but we contemplate the emancipation of the world, and the flowing of the nations to this fountain, and to the occupation of these elements blending together in one common brotherhood. The nations will thus seek deliverance from oppression, not by revolution, but by voluntarily emerging into freedom.  
ABSORBING EMIGRANTS.  
"On our west coast the Chinese emerges from the institutions of ages immemorial, from the antiquated creeds he thought every man in the world had been governed by for thousands of years. He lands upon these shores and learns freedom faster than the English language. At the same time comes the Spanish American and all the other nations follow in his wake. The barriers are broken and they begin to emerge into freedom. In short all the people of the earth, though they cannot master their tyrants at home, and burst asunder the chains and fetters of priestcraft, yet one by one those that can leave those countries and come to a country where they have a right to the elements to sustain them. They will begin to think and to form new habits of thought, and ultimately their influence will overwhelm the world, overturning those institutions they could not conquer in their own country.  
Hence we contemplate that small beginning made by Columbus, by the American pioneers, and by our fathers, the pioneers of religion and liberty; we contemplate how that influence has spread and increased in the earth, influencing the feelings of nations and of individuals.  
SPIRITUAL GROWTH.  
"The continent has been discovered, the elements for life and happiness are known to exist, constitutions and governments are formed and influences are at work of such magnitude and greatness that language is inadequate to express the probable result. The earth is filling with knowledge, light, liberty, brotherly love and friendship. The world is being renovated both politically and religiously.  
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We acknowledge the hand of God in the movements of men, and in the development of minds, the result of which will be the fulfillment of what the prophet has spoken—the renovation of our race, and the establishment of a universal kingdom of God, in which His will will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."  
GUNNISON'S OBSERVATION.  
In 1850, Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, U. S. A., happened to be a visitor in Salt Lake, engaged in the work of surveying the great lake to the westward.  
In his book, "History of the Mormons," published in 1852, he describes a celebration held here in 1850. "Next came the pageant of the day," he wrote. "It was the presentation to the governor of Deseret, of the Constitution of the United States, and their own for his guardian care. The presentation of the constitution was made by 24 aged fathers, silver-headed men, sons and descendants of '76."  
SONS OF REVOLUTION.  
"In a brief, neat, speech their foreman admonished, the governor that those fathers before him were soon to leave the scene enacting on life's busy stage; before they went, no more to return, while the present civil governments were in being, they desired to place in charge the legacy they had to be transmitted on intact to the future to the consummation of time. This was the glorious and divine Constitution which had been given by the inspiration of God to the statesmen of an earlier day, and this they asked should be placed among the achievements of their growing state as a holy treasure and to be regarded as "the palladium of our liberty," and the supreme ruler, under God, that sits over the destinies of the United States, and embodied power, existing solely in the love and faith of its subject people.  
PREDICTING CIVIL WAR.  
"And it must be held sacred, and every person in the mountains, was called to enroll himself its sworn defender; for portentous clouds are rolling up the eastern sky, and the original supporters are soon to break allegiance to the silent but eloquent Constitution, and insensate by the will of heaven—will rush to embrace their hands in fraternal blood—while aloof the chosen depositaries will cherish the holy casket, and descend at last like the eagle from its eyrie, to carry back to the repentant remnant that

peace by which this highly favored land alone can prosper—and along with the civil instrument, that peace which alone can make them free."  
THE FIRST GOVERNMENT.  
"We found them on our arrival," writes Lieut. Gunnison in another paragraph, "with all the order of legislative, judicial, and executive offices regularly filled, under a constitution eminently Republican in sentiment and tolerant in religion; and although the authority of Congress has not yet sanctioned this form of government, presented and petitioned for, they proceed quietly with all the routine of a self organized, self governing people under the title of territory."  
In 1908, the Fourth of July finds a great western center at Salt Lake for a rapidly growing intermountain section. That it has been built up in a loyalty to principles espoused the day the first settlers emerged from the Wasatch mountains, is the record written in the acts of a people so often admonished that the truth has had a hard time on occasions to make itself properly felt.  
NOW IT'S THE SAND CURE.  
Henry Clarke, an employee of the Providence water department, has just upset the grave warnings of physicians and started health faddists everywhere by having banished all his bodily ills and renewed his youth at 76 years of age through a diet of common dry sand, which he digs from the ground in his back yard.  
Mr. Clarke has been systematically consuming sand for the past four years at the rate of about four or five ounces per day. He declares that he has thus digested about 100 pounds of this latest health staple.  
When he commenced his strange diet he was broken down and rapidly failing in health.  
Now he is able to walk 12 miles each day, can stand on his head and hasn't a bodily ache or pain.  
Doctors told him that if he ate his novel cure-all he would be a fit subject for an undertaker and a grave digger within a few days. Henry laughed at the physicians' warnings and kept on putting sand into his system at the regular rate.  
Since he began taking sand each day he says he has gained several pounds in weight. His various physical ailments have departed like mist before the morning sun and he declares that he feels 25 years younger.—New York Telegram.