

NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

THE GREAT INVASION.

An Irish Day—An Old Settler Evicted by the Blue Coats.

Monday's sun rose upon one of those splendid days, such as he finds nowhere else in his course than in Southern California. Busy winds overnight had swept the sky clean of the lowering clouds that had brooded over us for two days. The taste of Saturday night's rain was in the air. All the landscape was fresh and burnished up. The orchards had a speaking green, and the atmosphere was translucent as crystal. Gray-Back had emerged from his clouded privacy in a mantle of spotless white, and stood dominating the region in voiceless majesty. The wind was a gale of champagne—freshness was enthroned on every scat of the day.

But all this splendor was the setting for the smallest piece of business the United States government has engaged in since Cleveland vetoed the last pension bill. Col. Preston, the very clever Indian agent for this neck of the woods, had come into the Pass for the purpose of evicting Sam Black from his humble home up in Black's Canyon. The Colonel did not come alone. As he came through town, the streets echoed to the martial tread of eight United States infantry feet. Four Spencer rifles polished themselves against the blue flannel blouses of the soldiery, and four eight-pound tin coffee cups dangled in charming abandon from the southwest corner of each martial form. And it was an imposing spectacle, as the forces deployed themselves on the field on Monday morning, ready for march. At the front, like Henry of Navarre, rode the Colonel, and at his side, with the mien of a brigadier general and a Napoleonic glint in his eye, sat the war correspondent of the HERALD. Next in rank, after the flea-bitten gray that pulled his cart, sat that grim warrior Capt. John Morongo. In the rear came the sharpshooters, mounted on the provision boxes—the commissary and the infantry having pooled their issues and all crawled into the ancient band wagon of Juan Lugo. Out over the Pass moved the procession like the steady propulsion of old-fashioned fate. Up by the Highland Home, into the dark sombreness of Black's Canyon. The drooping ferns dipped still lower their graceful fronds in the presence of such augustness, the naked boles of the sycamores dappled themselves with trepidation, and the umbrageous gloom of the walled canyon muffled the rumble of the wagons. Up the lone road proceeded the bolt of governmental thunder. Beyond sight of the smiling Pass, into the heart of the hills, where the canyon wasn't as wide as an ordinary street, and in which there wasn't enough arable land to raise a row on, where no white man but Sam Black or a hermit would live, clear up to the meek and lowly cabin, went this chivalrous band. The Colonel's regimentals consisted of his copper-headed cane and a tobacco box—none the less was he animated by a healthy appetite for glory. In the canyon the forces were joined by some light squadrons of Indians. As we approached the scene of action the Colonel confided to the military genius beside him, that he had been cogitating whether to take the place by a flank movement upon the right of the pig sty, but taking all things into consideration, and especial-

ly the fact that the live-oak in Sam's back yard had a hornets nest in it, he had determined to move right onto the front. And move we did. It was a bloodless victory. In the doorway loomed Sam, with no other weapons than the broom he had just been using, and a face luminous with conscious rectitude, and accentuated with scorn for all the machinations of monopolists and manipulators.

Well, the great act is accomplished. Sam Black is a homeless man. His lone cabin and pig styes are deserted, and so far as the Indians are concerned, will remain so forever. Not an Indian lives within three miles of the place. No ordinary wages, and board found, could induce any Indian to live there. Mr. Black has no place for his cows to lay their heads, let alone shelter for his own, and can nurse the sweet reflection that the government, for which, when but a boy of seventeen, he tendered his young life on the fields of Ball's Bluff, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Whiteoak Swamp, the second Bull Run, Antietam, Winchester, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and The Forty Days in the Wilderness up to Petersburg, and for which he languished in the Pens of Andersonville for eight months, and in six other Southern prisons, including Libby and Belle Island, for three months more, now drives him from his home, when no other man claims it, when no other man needs it, when his remaining there would injure no human being, and which, when left by him, will shelter naught but waste and decay. Oh, Great Government, there are features of you that make your children weep tears of disgust.

Mr. Sweeters paid his bet to Judge Hathaway on Tuesday. Our Democratic friend put on the suit of clothes he wears when he goes to Los Angeles, and Judge Hathaway wore his Harrison hat. The vehicle in which the Judge rode was a cross between a dog cart and a warehouse truck. The thills were a little too short for Mr. Sweeters' stride. The procession moved down San Gorgonio Avenue from the postoffice to the railroad, up Warehouse alley, up Murray street to the Bryant House, when it halted for refreshments. By this time Mr. Sweeters had developed his gait. Good horsemen pronounced it a rack. Judge Hathaway declared that from the way it affected him it was a "demnition rack." Sweeters isn't built for speed. He is too short in the hamstring. Neither has he the symmetry of an Arabian. He has the symptoms of too much grass feed. To a nervous old lady, little experienced in driving, who wants a gentle, not too animated, buggy-horse, Sweeters would be a bargain at seventeen dollars and a quarter.

On Wednesday evening the Bryant House blossomed out into hilarity again. A donkey party was the excuse for the young people to gather. The features of the evening were Mr. Bigley's charcoal sketch of an untailed burro, Mrs. Crosley's mince pie, and the primitive yet delicious pastimes which refreshed the closing hour of the entertainment. The occasion was carmine with blushes.

Banning takes considerable pride in the equestrianship of its ladies. Almost any day a vision of grace runs down our streets as blithely as the water down our ditch.

THE BOOM.

A correspondent from Philadelphia writes: "I met a drummer for a wholesale tobacco house, in 'Frisco, who told me lots in Banning had risen in one year from \$25 to \$150. This would indicate a good field for real estate speculation. Is there a good chance to deal in town lots and turn over a few thousand dollars in that way in the course of a year or two, with a resulting profit?"

The above inquiry, made by a young man of our acquaintance, shows the eyes with which many people in the East look upon this country. They regard it as a field for speculation. We have no words of encouragement for the man who wants to speculate in our land. While our faith is profound that every foot of land in Southern California will increase in value so long as wealth among men exists, yet we want to see this incomparable soil do something more than increase in value. There are a few facts which insure the permanent greatness of this region and high value of its acres. The soil is the most productive on the globe. It is adapted to raising special products that can be raised only in a few favored localities on earth. The amount of arable land in Southern California is limited. The climate is not only the most delightful on the continent, but it is the most healthful. When this region was fashioned, Nature was in a generous mood. Here in Banning we have the scenery of Switzerland and Africa. We can raise every fruit from oranges to apples. We have Mediterranean winters and Canadian summers. Well, there are just so many acres of land about Banning and no more. The Desert is on one hand and the unconquerable mountains on the other. The wealth and the invalidism of America will always winter in Southern California. And property never will be lower than it is to-day. There are premature real estate schemes that have collapsed. But it has not entered into the minds of men to conceive what greatness this fair region will develop. If anybody is looking for a savings bank in which to deposit his money, some secure place where moths do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal, let him put it into land in this country. No interest will accumulate like the land will increase. And if any man wants his money actively invested, establish an apricot or prune or orange or olive orchard, and no investment will turn out so well.

The boom in this country was but the world's startled catch-breath at the discovery of its possibilities. After the boom there has now succeeded the liveliest development of those possibilities. The great era of speculation notified the continent of our wealth. Its work is done, and, thank our stars, it is gone. To-day we are planting vines and trees instead of selling town lots.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

The American people has an equilibrium like the sea. In the storm of a political contest, the sky is overcast with angry contention; the waves of prejudice run mountain high, everywhere it is a chaos of storm-tossed controversy. But the day of election comes, and as by magic, the elements are at peace. The sun of patriotism rises unclouded, the waves of conflict

are all asleep, the bosom of our people, unruffled as a Banning sky in September, moves only in gentle swells of wholesome life. The greatest honor on earth is accorded and attained as peacefully as a farm is sold. The tremendous power of our National patronage is taken from one party and given to another, and not a lip murmurs. Our people are greatest in their defeat. The grand grace of our defeated minorities is the proof of our patriotism. We readily recognize the sovereignty of the majority. Just the same, whether that majority is one hundred or a million, the minority accepts the issue. Does anybody question whether we love our country or our institutions? Contemplate a political contest among us, and see the silent falling of the ballots discharge all our rancor and feeling, and leave us loyal citizens and gentlemen. The loyal Democrats throughout this land to-day, in their ready acquiescence in defeat, represent the best that is in our people. It doesn't take much of a man to enjoy a victory; it takes good timber to wear a defeat kindly.

BLAINE'S POLITICAL FUTURE.

THE HERALD laments that it cannot have the final word in determining whether Mr. Blaine shall go into Gen. Harrison's cabinet. We sincerely hope and confidently predict that he will not. Mr. Blaine ought to know, and we believe he does, that no office can lend him any distinction, and that for him no career now can be so glorious as that of a retired statesman. Gen. Harrison has political sagacity enough not to call into his counsels a man whose astounding popularity would necessarily overshadow any associate. Gen. Harrison stands as the leader of a united party. His name is above suspicion. He is free to carve out his own policy and official career, and it would be simple folly for him to handicap himself with Mr. Blaine and his antagonists. Mr. Blaine has bitter enemies in the country. Gen. Harrison need not adopt these. Mr. Blaine has pronounced ideas on National policy. Gen. Harrison is not so poor in ideas of his own that he need adopt these. Garfield's awful mistake need not be repeated.

THE PEOPLE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In the most fanciful of books is a tale of the building of a palace in a night. That piece of magic is commonplace, beside the setting up of the empire of Southern California. It has a thousand palaces, and a score of cities. The ten years last past has been the period wherein the geni of American enterprise have built a kingdom. To the Eastern eye, a decade ago, Southern California lay in a haze of romance, as dreamy and unelectric as our softest September noon. Senors and Senoritas, docile Indians and placid seas made up the prospect. To-day you could set any portion of our occupied country down in the heart of New York state, and our people could teach Yankees enterprise, while our soil would be a prodigy. Of the people who have settled this region we desire to speak.

The people of Southern California are superior to the same number of the general population of any other sec-

tion of the Union, Boston not excepted. The trip to California is considerable of an education in itself. It implies enterprise. The people who have detached themselves from the thousand Eastern communities, and come to this distant land, are a select class. They are young men of adventurous spirit, retired business men with means, ambitious artizans who came to escape the fierce competition of older communities, and those who are driven here by some form of invalidism. These last make excellent citizens, for the greatest preventive of disease is being of no account; sickness loves a shining mark.

Independent of favoring circumstances, the population of our Southern counties is of the finest class. There is no such a thing as rusticity in this country. Back in parts of Indiana, you can go from a railroad crossing six miles into the woods, and find a clod-hopper who would be affected to complete paralysis in the presence of a decent company of people. But you may go into the remotest portions of the desert in Southern California, and you find men of the world, surpassing in independence, and every one of them a thousand leagues removed from a clod-hopper. The towns are all cosmopolitan. You cannot awe anybody by saying you are from Boston. The town is

Bostonians. In the social atmosphere of our communities you can catch the subtle essence of New Haven, the rich and languid fragrance of the South, the pungent and insidious smell of Chicago, and the odor of our best Northern soil. The fact is our people represent a conviction that every spot of country is distinguished by its own deeds of the past, but by the God for all time. Our towns are plucked by a constant emigration to the cities or better places. Where would you go from Southern California if not to the cities or better places. Where would you go from Southern California if not to the cities or better places. Where would you go from Southern California if not to the cities or better places.

Moreover, Southern California is the home of Americans. It is the heart of all California that its people are patriotic as if they had never been out of sight of Plymouth Rock. The wide removal from the seat of government seems only to intensify its attachment to it. Every Californian has the air of being personally responsible for the National honor. Under the shadow of Washington monument, the typical American has faded into an English dress, a French mannered snob; in California he is vividly American. No eyes scrutinize our diplomacy. California ones. And although splendid commonwealth knows of all her sister states, she, more than any other, has within her borders elements of an independent and sovereign empire, she contributes greatness to the national glory, loyalty that is beneath worship. It is the simple fitness of things that the garden of the continent should bloom the choicest flowers to its society.

A PROMINENT CALIFORNIA VIEWS ABOUT BANNING.

Mr. Jno. G. North, of Riverside