

Turning to the right, and looking toward the north, we see the rock-ribbed portals of the Golden Gate sailing in the invincibility of their elevations over the boiling spray and receding currents of the swelling surges which break in futile fury on the rocks which guard their flanks.

To the east, southeast and northeast, expand the land-locked anchorage of San Francisco, inviting the countless ships of all the navies of the world to anchor in safety and without fear of Samoan cyclones or disaster.

Away some twenty miles westward a submarine mountain range casts its peaks above the waves, and here our noble and paternal government has erected a tall white spire, crowned by an ocean-harbor-light, which gladdens the eyes of weary storm-tossed voyagers, as it tells them of rest, safe anchorage, refreshment, home.

The ocean reminds us of the shoreless ocean of eternity; the peaceful harbor tells us of the beatitudes of heaven, now enjoyed by our late comrade; the tempest-tossed barks suggest the vicissitudes of life; and the great light-house, rising grandly from the waters, reminds us that for more than fifty years this great Judge shed the lustre of his wisdom over land and sea, from Portland to Los Angeles, and from the round-shouldered rocks which flank our peninsula on the west to the eastern slope of the mountain range, "the saw of snow," whose perpetual whiteness is a fitting representative of the purity of his character.

Thus, O great soul, our thoughts pursue thee to the gate of the celestial city! Thus, O great heart, we pay to thee our homage! Thus, O strong arm, we praise the puissance of thy power! Thus, O grave intellect, we bask in the sunshine of thy wisdom!

And to the mortal soil, which has been the casket of the jewels which we praise, what shall we say? We give thee not to night and silence—not to gloom and darkness—not to the worm and decay—but to the grandeur of the eternal day, to the songs which have no ceasing, and to the morn without a night.

We give thee to the countless, sleepless sentinels, which every night march in majestic silence across the sky above thy sleeping form. O Sawyer, Sargent, Sanderson, Selby, Scott, sleep on, sleep on! Architects of States, founders of governments—the advance guard of civilization—co-laborers in the cause of humanity, co-tenants of the tomb! The government, which remains, shall be your monument, and coming centuries shall call you blessed!

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### NOTICE.

The first number of the **new AMERICAN LAW REGISTER AND REVIEW** will be in the mails before the end of January. This number will contain an article by Mr. Richard C. McMurtree, of the Philadelphia Bar, on "Equity Jurisdiction Applied to Crimes and Misdemeanors."