

Mr. Harte thought it prudent to leave Eureka and seek another place more fitted to his taste. He, at once, returned to San Francisco and determined to stand or fall in his profession as a printer or newspaper man. He readily got employment as a compositor in the office of "The Golden Era," and shortly afterwards received an editorial position on that favourite print. Successful in his new position, he thought of trying the publication of a paper of his own, so he and Mr. Webb started "The Californian"—a paper of a lively, agreeable tone,—which enjoyed a circulation among the more cultivated classes; but through inadequate support, "The Californian" went to the wall, commercially speaking.

Two or three years ago it occurred to our brethren of the Pacific Coast that no serial presented to their Atlantic friends, the reflex of the minds of the Golden State's literati. They had a literature, new, novel and interesting to develop. Their teeming forests and hills and lakes overflowed with legendary lore. They had writers, and the vehicle to spread broadcast the emanations of these new authors, was alone wanted. Accordingly the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Roman & Co., of San Francisco, conceived the project of starting "The Overland Monthly," and Mr. Harte was asked to become its editor. He was as much delighted with the venture, and as sanguine of its success as the publishers were, and he therefore set to work with a will. The first No appeared with the usual magazine flourish of trumpets. The new Star of the west, in its pale salmon cover, so like in appearance and in design, the *Atlantic Monthly*, was eagerly welcomed as much in the East as in its native home in the West. It was fresh, original and *piquant*. No. 2 issued from the press, and subscriptions from all quarters poured in and cheered the Editor and his publishers in their work.

Just before No. 3 was published Mr. Roman was taken very ill, so ill indeed, that all communication with him on any subject, was disallowed. And at this time a very unpleasant event occurred. The *Overland* was placed in a critical and somewhat dangerous position. A row between the Editor and his assistants, prompted perhaps by feelings of jealousy on the part of some of the underlings towards their popular young master, was imminent. Mr. Harte had written a story as his leader for the third issue of his Monthly—"The Luck of Roaring Camp"—and the proof-sheets of the tale had been sent up for correction to the lady proof-reader of the establishment. She had not read more than a column and perhaps a trifle more, when in dismay and mock horror, she laid the sheets down again and declared the story must not go in the Magazine. It was shockingly vulgar and entirely unfit for a lady to read. Back to the publishers it must be sent, she ruled, and back to those gentlemen it was accordingly sent. Mr. Roman, we have said, was ill and could not be seen, but his confidential man of business glanced his eyes over the forbidden pages and shivered in his boots in horror. A careful literary critic was called in. He read the impure production, and he too, gave in his verdict with the pure minded proof-reader, and the equally sagacious and pure man of business. Mr. Harte was then sent for and the position of matters as they stood was unfolded to him. The story, said they, could not possibly be inserted in the magazine, under any circumstances. Mr. Harte, con-