

# The San Diego Herald

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## The 24<sup>th</sup> of June

The Masonic Fraternity of San Diego celebrated the anniversary of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, under the auspices of San Diego Lodge, No. 35, on the 24<sup>th</sup> of June, with becoming pomp and spirit.

The remembrance of the festivities of that occasion will long be fresh in the minds of the “fair women and brave men” who participated. For a week previous to *the* day the whole city was stir, bustle and business. Dry goods stores and millinery shops were searched and ransacked for lustrings and laces, brocades, bobinets and buttons, each lady determining to outshine some other in the show and gaudiness of her apparel and “bright, blushing, killing loveliness.”

The ball in the evening, had long been looked forward to by the gentlemen of the committee with anxiety, as they were determined to make it the occasion for the display of gallantry, kind, killing smiles and white kids generally. Young men meeting on the street exclaimed –

“Haste to the dance to-night,  
For dark-eyed beauty will be there –  
Her coral lips in nectar steeped  
And garlanded her hair,”

and hastened on to make preparations for the joyful occasion. There never was such a commotion since the days of innocence, before the discovery of San Diego by the Hon. J. J. Warner, down through the lapse of buried ages to the last syllable of the graceless present. That magnificent *salle de dance*, in the Gila House, was a glorious sight to gaze upon, and the full array of “fairy and flashing forms” threw around our heart a spell which our flagging fancy fails to portray and the fear of a caudle lecture from our wiser and better half, prevents our recording.

There was the blue-eyed matron from the “frozen north,” fair as the snows of her native clime, “with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,” together and side by side with the dark-eyed, rosy-lipped maids of San Diego, as fair as the daughters of Jerusalem who, we are told, hung their harps on the willows of Babylon and sat down by the waters and wept.

But let us proceed in order. We have before said that the event had been looked forward to as a time of jubilee by the Entered Apprentices, jolly rejoicings by the Fellow Crafts and luxurious feasting and frolic by the staid old Master Masons.

The young men of the committee were determined to make a demonstration worthy of the day and of the order, and had puzzled their inventions and taxed their revenues, for novelties in costume, and decorations in “fanciful flipperly.” But we must hasten to give an account of the sayings and doings of the day, which was one of the brightest of this delightful season in the sunny and luxurious regions of Southern California. The sun came out in full effulgence and the air was of that temperature which gives bloom to the cheek and vigor to the limbs. At about 11 o’clock A. M., the brethren commenced to gather at the hall, – There were the Entered Apprentices in the white Lamb Skins – “the emblem of innocence” – more ancient than the Roman fleece or golden eagle, more honorable than the star and garter, or any other order that can be conferred by “Prince, Potentate or any other power;” the Royal Arch Mason in his rich regalia of crimson and gold, and the Knights of the Temple, of Malta, and the Red Cross, in their green and sable mantles with trimmings of silver and gold and chapeau adorned with ostrich plumes, nodding in the “bonny breeze.”

Altogether of the procession of by far the finest demonstration we have ever witnessed in San Diego.

At 12 o’clock the procession was formed in front of Masonic Hall, under the direction of Sir Knight J. Judson Ames, the Marshall of the day, and marched, with most excellent music by the Mission Band, to the large hall of the Gila House – the following officers occupying their appropriate places, with the wives and daughters of Masons, joining in the procession:

J. W. Robinson, W. M.  
Joseph Smith, S. W.  
D. B. Hoffman, J. W.  
Joseph Reiner, T.  
T. R. Darnall, S.  
S. Goldman, S. D.  
M. Schiller, J. D.  
E. B. Pendleton, S. S.  
R. W. Groom, J. S.  
Nathl. Vise, Tyler.

The audience of citizens was very large and listened with marked attention to a most eloquent oration by Bro. D. B. Kurtz. Bro. D. B. Hoffman read the prayer and benediction appropriate to

the occasion, in a most impressive manner, and the company dismissed. On the approach of the dinner house, the fraternity again assembled and did ample justice to a bountiful repast, comprising every delicacy of the season, and prepared and put upon the table in most excellent taste, by that Prince of Caterers, Bro. T. R. Darnall. The tables were graced by the "wives and daughters," and amidst the music of merry voices and the popping of champagne corks, the time passed pleasantly away till the music called to the dancing saloon,

"Where youth and beauty meet.  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

We might say much in reference to the ball, but our amiable foreman beseeches us to "hold up," as the "hands" must have the glorious Fourth for a jollification in honor of "Americans and America."