

## CHAPTER XXXI.

GLANCES AT TOWNS SPRUNG AND SPRINGING.—SAN FRANCISCO.—BENICIA,  
—SACRAMENTO CITY.—SUTTER.—VERNON.—BOSTON.—STOCKTON.—NEW  
YORK.—ALVEZO.—STANISLAUS.—SONORA.—CRESCENT CITY.—TRINIDAD.

THE growth of towns in California is so rapid, that before you can sketch the last, a new one has sprung into existence. You go to work on this, and dash down a few features, when another glimmers on your vision, till at last you become like the English surgeon at the battle of Waterloo; who began by bandaging individuals, but found the wounded brought in so fast he declared he must splinter by the regiment.

SAN FRANCISCO.—This town has twice been laid in ashes; but the young phœnix has risen on ampler wings than those which steadied the consumed form of its parent. It must be the great commercial emporium of California in spite of competition, wind, and flame. Its direct connection with the sea, its magnificent bay and internal communications, have settled the question of its ultimate grandeur. It may be afflicted with grog-shops and gamblers, and the mania of speculation, but these are temporary evils which time, a higher moral tone, and the more steady pursuits of man will remedy. Three years ago

only a dozen shanties sprinkled its sand-hills; now, even with its heart burnt out, it looks like the skeleton of a huge city. That heart will be reconstructed, and send the life-blood leaping through the system.

BENICIA.—This town on the straits of Carquenas has the advantages of a bold shore, a quiet anchorage, and depth of water for ships of any size. Even without being a port of entry, it must become in time a large commercial depot. The small craft which float the waters of the Suisun, Sacramento, and San Joaquin, and which are ill suited to the rough bay below, will here deposit their cargoes. It has been selected as the most feasible site for a navy-yard, and the army stores are already housed on its quay. It was first selected as the site of a city by Robert Semple, president of the Constitution Convention, and rose rapidly into importance under his fostering care, and the energetic measures of Thomas O. Larkin.

SACRAMENTO CITY.—The site of this town on the eastern bank of the Sacramento, at its junction with the Rio Americano, presents many picturesque features. It is a town in the woods, with the native trees still waving over its roofs. The sails of the shipping are inwoven with the masses of shade, which serve as awnings. Roads diverge from it to the mines on the North, Middle, and South Forks, Bear, Juba, and Feather rivers. The town has been swept by one inundation from the overflow of the Ameri-

cano. It came upon the inhabitants like a thief in the night; they had only time to jump from their beds; the roaring flood was at their heels: some reached the shipping, and some sprung into the tops of the trees. But a levee is now going up which will shut out the flood; while brick and slate will ward off the flame. This place is destined to figure among the largest towns of California.

**SUTTER.**—This town, which bears the name of the old pioneer on whose lands it stands, is beautifully located on the Sacramento, at the head waters of navigation. From it issue the roads leading to all the northern mines; the site is not subject to overflow, and the country around possesses great fertility. It has a large commercial business: its central position must secure its prosperity. Its proprietors are Capt. Sutter and John McDugal, lieutenant-governor of the state—gentlemen who pursue the most liberal policy, and reap their reward in the growth of their town.

**VERNON.**—This is the only town on Feather river, and stands at the confluence of that stream with the Sacramento. It is above the reach of any inundation, and commands a country of wildly varied aspect. Its location, rather than buildings or business, invest it with interest. Its importance is prospective; but the future is fast becoming the present. Its projectors are Franklin Bates, E. O. Crosby, and Samuel Norris.

**BOSTON.**—This town is located on the American Fork at its junction with the Sacramento. The plot of the town is beautiful—its situation agreeable. Direct roads issue from it to the placers of the Yuba, Feather river, the North, Middle, and South forks of the Americano. Like Sacramento City, it is located within the grant of Capt. Sutter, whose title to the enterprising proprietors will undoubtedly be found valid. Several buildings have been erected, which give an air of stability to the flapping tents which shadow its avenues.

**STOCKTON.**—This flourishing town is located at the head of an arm of the Suisun bay, and is accessible to small steamers. It stands in the centre of a vast fertile plain, and on a position sufficiently elevated to exempt it from inundation. It is the commercial depot for the southern mines; the miners on the Moke-lumne, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Mariposa, Mercedes, and King's river, are supplied with provisions and clothing from its heavy storehouses. It will yet loom largely in the map of California.

**NEW YORK.**—This town is located on the triangle formed by the junction of the San Joaquin river and Suisun bay, with its base resting on a broad plain, covered with clusters of live-oak. The banks of the river and bay are bold, and above the reach of tide and freshet. The bay is represented on the surveys which have been made as having sufficient depth for

merchantmen of the largest class. The communication with the sea lies through the broad strait of the Carquinas. The town will naturally command the commerce of the San Joaquin and its numerous tributaries. The projectors of the town are Col. Stevenson and Dr. Parker.

ALVEZO.—This town is situated at the head of the great bay of San Francisco, on the Gaudalupe, which flows through it. It is the natural depot of the commerce which will roll in a broad exhaustless tide, through the fertile valleys of Santa Clara and San José. It lies directly in the route to the gold and quicksilver mines, with a climate not surpassed by that of any locality in the northern sections of California. The fertility of the surrounding country must ere long make itself felt in the growth and prosperity of this town. San Francisco is dependant on the products of its horticulture. Fortunes might be made by any persons who would go there and devote themselves exclusively to gardening. But it is not in man to raise cabbages in a soil that contains gold. The proprietors of the town are J. D. Hoppe, Peter H. Burnett, and Charles B. Marvin.

STANISLAUS.—This town, situated at the junction of the Stanislaus and San Joaquin, is fast rising into consideration. It is the highest point to which the lightest steamer can ascend, and is in the immediate vicinity of the richest mines in California. From its

storehouses supplies are destined to flow through the whole southern mines. The placers on the Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Mercedes, and King's river must contribute to its growing wealth. It is in the direct route from Monterey to the mines—a route which has been surveyed in reference to a great public road, and through which a portion of the commerce of the Pacific will one day roll. This town was projected by Samuel Brannan, the sagacious leader of the Mormon battalion in California.

SONORA and CRESCENT CITY.—These towns, perched up among the gold mines which overlook the San Joaquin, derive their importance from no river or bay; their resources are in the rocks and sands of the mountain freshet. They are the miner's home—his winter quarters—his metropolis, to which he goes for society, recreation, repose, frolic, and fun. Through the livelong night the rafters ring with resounding mirth, while the storm unheeded raves without. Of all the sites for a hamlet which I have met with in the mining region, I should prefer the one at the head of a ravine near the sources of the Stanislaus. It is a natural amphitheatre, throwing on the eye its sweeping wall of wild cliffs and waving shade. From the green bosom of its arena swells a slight elevation, covered with beautiful evergreen trees. A little rivulet leaps from a rock, and sings in its sparkling flow the year round; while the leaves, as if in love with the spot, whisper in the soft night-wind.

Many a night have I stood there in silent revery, watching the bright stars, the trembling shadows of the trees, and listening to the silver lay of the streamlet. The Coliseum, with its melancholy night-bird and solemn grandeur, can never rival this temple of nature.

THE ONE MOON TOWN.

The recent discovery of Trinidad bay, which lies about two hundred miles north of San Francisco, will have a material effect on the local interests of the country. It will open a new channel of commerce into the northern mines, and render accessible the finest forests in California. This bay, as represented, has sufficient depth and capacity to shelter a large marine. A town has already been laid out on the curve of its bold shore; streets, squares, and edifices have ceased to figure on the map, and become a reality. Where but one moon since the shark and seal plunged and played at will, freighted ships are riding at anchor; while the indignant bear has only had time to gather up her cubs and seek a new jungle.

Before this sheet can get to press, there will be a daily on Trinidad bay, with the price-current of New York and London figuring in its columns, and an opera of Rossini singing its prelude between the reeling anthems of the church-going bell. Why, man! you talk of the slumbers of Rip Van Winkle, and the visions of the seven sleepers of Ephesus! Know you

not the whole world is asleep, save what wakes and works on Trinidad bay? It takes an age in other lands to rear a city; but here, one phase of the fickle moon, and up she comes, like Venus from the wave, or the peak of Pico at the call of the morning star. Clear the coast with your old dormitory hulks of slumbering ages, and let this new Trinidad launch her keeled thunder! Her pennant unrolls itself in flame on the wind, and her trident is tipt with the keen lightning. The great whale of the Pacific turns here his startled gaze—plunges, and blows next half way to Japan.

Hurra for Trinidad! Let nations sleep,  
And empires moulder in their misty shroud;  
She shakes her trident on her golden steep,  
O'er waving woods, in solemn reverence bowed;  
Her bright aurora throws its flashing ray  
Where primal worlds in sunless darkness stray!

A shout from those touched orbs comes rolling back,  
As rose the anthem of this earth, when first  
Around the night that sphered her rayless track,  
The breaking morn in golden splendors burst—  
The king of chaos sees the new-born light,  
And, howling, plunges down the gulf of night.

OLD AND WELL-TRIED FRIENDS.

I must not forget in my reveries over the map marvels of the new towns, the fireside friends of good old Monterey. Among *them* my three years circled their varied rounds, now stored with memories that

can never die. I must introduce them to the reader before we part, and pay them the tribute of a farewell word. They have no splendor of outward circumstance to stir your wonder, but hearts as true as ever throbbed in the human breast. Here is David Spence, from the hills of Scotland, a man of unblemished integrity and sterling sense, married to a daughter of the late Don José Estrada, a resident of twenty-five years in Monterey, my predecessor in the office of alcalde, and recently prefect of the department. Here is W. P. Hartnell, from England, married into the Noriega family, the best linguist in the country, and the government translator, with the claims of a twenty-seven years' residence, and a circle of children, in which yours, my gentle reader, would only appear as a few more added to a sweeping flock.

Here is Don Manuel Dias, a native of Mexico, married to a sister of Mrs. Spence, a gentleman whose urbanity and intelligence honors his origin. Here is James McKinley, a gentleman of liberality and wealth from the Grampian Hills, married to a daughter of a Spanish Don from the Bay of Biscay. Here is Don Manuel Jimeno, once secretary of state, married into the Noriega family, to a lady of sparkling wit and gentle benevolence. Here is Milton Little, a man of mind and means, who broke into California many years ago from the west, and whom I joined in wedlock to a fair daughter of the empire state. Here is Don José Abrigo, blest with wealth, enterprise, and a fine family of boys. Here is J. P.

Lease, from Missouri, long resident in California, with ample fortune and generous heart, and whose amiable wife is the sister of Gen. Vallejo. Here is James Watson, born on the Thames; came to Monterey twenty-five years since, married a lady of the country, is now a heavy capitalist, with a charity open as day. Here is Charles Walter, of German origin, a resident of many years, married into the Estrada family, and possessed of wealth. Here is Gov. Pulacio, from Lower California—a gentleman of the old school—with a wife and daughter imbued with the same spirit of refinement. Here is J. F. Dye, from our own shores, long identified with the interests of the country, and married to one of its daughters. Here are Messrs. Toomes & Thoms, bosom friends, partners in business, and men of enterprise and substance. Here is James Stokes, from England, for twenty-five years a citizen of Monterey, a merchant, farmer, and doctor, married to a lady of the country, in whom the afflicted always find a friend.

Here is Señor Soveranez, whose saloon is lit by eyes bright as nuptial tapers, and where the Castilian flows soft as if warbled by a bird. Here is Padre Ramirez, an intelligent, liberal, and warm-hearted canon of the Catholic church; and also the Rev. S. H. Willey, of the Protestant persuasion, who is organizing a society, and who has the zeal and energy to carry the enterprise through. Monterey lost one of its most cherished ladies, when Mrs. Larkin took her departure. Here for eighteen years she had lent

a charm to its society. She was the first lady from the United States that settled in California. Long will the good old town lament the departure of T. H. Green. His enterprise and integrity as a merchant, and his benevolence as a citizen, were everywhere felt. The widow and the orphan ever found in him a generous friend. Nor must I forget the young and gentle Saladonia, who has often hovered like a ministering angel in the family of the poor emigrant. Nor must I pass unheeded the grave of my revered friend Don Juan Malerine, beloved in life, and who died

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

BRIEF NOTICES OF PERSONS WHOSE PORTRAITS EMBELLISH THIS VOLUME,  
AND WHO ARE PROMINENTLY CONNECTED WITH CALIFORNIA AFFAIRS.

## JOHN CHARLES FREMONT

Is a native of South Carolina—was born in 1813—received his education at Charleston College, and first evinced the vigor of his mathematical genius in the efficient aid rendered the accomplished Nicollet in his survey of the basin of the upper Mississippi. The importance of this service was acknowledged by the government in his appointment as a lieutenant in the corps of Topographical Engineers. In 1841 the war department confided to him the interests and objects of an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in which he discovered and mapped the South Pass. The scientific results of this adventure awakened in the public mind an intense enthusiasm for a more extended exploration. In the following year he left the frontier settlements at the head of a small party, crossed the Rocky Mountains, discovered and surveyed the great valley of the Salt Lake, and extended his researches into Oregon and California. These explorations, which occupied the greater portion of two years, were not confined to topographical questions; they embraced all the departments of natural