

We left San Francisco in the fast sailing brig Francisca, Captain J. B. McClurg, bound to Benicia City, with a cargo of lumber. For the benefit of our distant readers who may not sufficiently comprehend the magnitude of this enterprise, we will premise, that Benicia City is "in futuro," and that this was the first attempt to navigate a square rigged vessel to so extreme a point on the Bay. The undertaking was looked upon by many with much the same feeling, as first steam navigation of the Hudson by Fulton.

My fellow passengers were, one of the proprietors of the new city, and two gentlemen from San Francisco, the one, on a hunting excursion, the other, whose companion I was, on his way to Sutter's Fort, New Helvetia. The beauty and magnitude of the Bay never impressed me more deeply than now, while standing on the deck of the vessel, as she glided through its waters with a fair wind. It must be felt, as we see how the ocean king invades the land, bathing with his waters the hills far distant from the coast, that no where else has nature lavished her gifts with so free a hand. Suffice it to say, that we found the channel both wide and deep, and in about four hours after we left San Francisco, we were in the narrow Straits of Carquinez; The city was in sight, not its spires and domes, but its everlasting hills, covered with wild oats, except where an accidental conflagration had consumed them all, and left the blackened earth exposed to view. A thousand and one questions assailed the proprietor. Where is the city? what will you take for a lot? To what hotel shall we go? In answer to which last query, we learned, that the Tule house had superior claims on public patronage. To the Tule we will go. As we approached the shore, we could see with the glass, that the excitement was tremendous: half-a-dozen men run down to the landing and some enterprising individual, with a reckless disregard of expense, saluted us with a rapid discharge of musketry which we, having an eye to proper economy, answered with a small revolver. After this courteous interchange of salutes, our good cap-

tain prepared to bring his vessel to anchor, but owing to some misunderstanding of his orders, we found that the vessel was hard and fast upon the flats. Two of us volunteered to row on shore to procure men for help in getting her off, and soon our feet were on the *terra firma* of Benicia, on our way to the only visible house, viz., the Tule. The repose that reigns all around would be sweet to him who, worn out with travel, reaches at the dawn,

the wharf or rail-road depot of some large city, and is there met by bold and impudent hackmen, who like highwaymen, meet him with a bold demand for his baggage, or with their whips thrust in his face; have a cab, sir? sir, have a cab? We remember a facetious friend of ours who, when assailed with more than ordinary importunity on his arrival at the city of B——; 'take your baggage? sir, have a cab?' directed the attention of a half a dozen of these knights of the whip, to a man of the huge proportions of Falstaff, who with his hands in his pocket, was quietly surveying the scene in all the dignity of conscious flesh, no, said he, 'but there's a man will take two.' The rush at our fat friend was awful. The Tule House, we should be ungrateful to thy shelter and thy hospitality of the inmates, if we did not linger by the way to pay you a passing tribute, simplest of habitations, the first faint dawnings of a great enterprise, thou art the city, its only palpable beginning. To our enquiries for horses for our trip, we found a man whom we shall designate as Charley, was going up the river, and that he would supply us with them. This same Charley was a most important character—a perfect original. Commend me on the next journey to such a companion. On the road in the heat and dust, at the resting place at noon, or at the camp by night, thy pleasant fictions, thy amusing deceits, were far better than rough truths or bitter complaints. In sober earnest Charley, the next time we travel together, you shall not be wholly deprived of that beverage thou esteemest so necessary, to keep from you the chills of the sickly river. The next morning, after a quiet sleep on board the brig, (she had been got off from the flats) we went on shore and prepared for our journey.—The kindness, that provided us with horses, shall spare their description. After some delay, we were mounted, & with the addition of another from the city, who went as guide, we were off. We passed rapidly through the burnt district, and were soon out of the precincts of the town. Our road now lay among the hills, bordering for some distance on an immense Tule bottom which at this

season of the year is generally passable, and a much shorter route to the fort; but owing to the heavy rains of last season, we were assured, that it was not so now. The hills, except where they had been burnt over, were covered as far as the eye could reach, with wild oats, and as the sun shown upon them, without a tree to relieve their bare and naked sides, they had the appearance of huge hills of fine and yellow sand. Charley pointed out to me in the Tule an animal, which, he said was a bear, we saw no elk, although they had left their huge antlers scattered over the hills, as tokens of their feeding places. About noon we came to the Sui Sun Ranch, the property of General Vallejo. The land here is very rich, and is easily susceptible of irrigation. The only inhabitants were Indians, and they have some fine fields of corn and excellent melons. We stopped here under the shade of trees, and made our noon-day halt. This property consisting of several leagues has been surveyd and divided into sections of a mile square, as suitable farms for those who may wish to own some of the richest land in California. We lingered here as long as possible, then mounted our horses to ride that night as far as the house of a Californian about twelve miles distant. We rode slowly, and I sought the companionship of C; he gave me many a story of bloody battle and fierce adventure. 'The man, at whose house we shall stop is a particular friend of mine.' Said he. 'I was the last one that saw his brother, and the only one who ever told him his fate—We had a fight with the Indians, and they outnumbered us. This man's brother was killed, we held a hasty council and resolved to burn him, as it is a custom of the Indians to dig up and mutilate the bodies of those who are buried. We laid him down, and after covering him with bark we set it on fire, and I saw him all consumed but his hand which fell down, so the fire did not reach it.' We now reached the Ranch. Whether our reception was warmer from the fact that Charley had been the high priest who presided over the funeral pyre of his brother, a most satisfactory reason for a warm

friendship, I know not; certain it is, that I never stopped at any of the houses of the country people without all was done, that they could do, to satisfy a traveller's wants.

The next morning we procured fresh horses and proceeded to the Matanzas to get some beef for breakfast. My companions dismounted, but the sight of the naked Indians (what is lower in the scale of humanity than a California Indian?) who were the butchers, the fresh beef reeking with blood, the severed heads of bullocks, staring at me (excuse the bull) with their dead or no eyes (the usual accompaniments of a California farm yard) took away my appetite. After they had satisfied the cravings of hunger, cannibals as they were, we started on our way. After crossing the creek we came upon a plain, stretching out in all directions as far as the eye could reach. All vegetation on it, if it ever had any, was burned off, or dried up, and the bare face of mother earth, wholly exposed, was wrinkled and cracked by the fierce heat of a California sun.

It was now high noon, old sol came down upon us with the intensity of ten thousand gold beater power, the occasioned puffs of wind were like blasts from the great desert, the blue vault above us, glowed as with the heat of a furnace. The horses felt its influence, and could not be spurred out of a walk. Look! oh look. A lake of water upon our right; a ripple is upon its surface, and in its clear depths are reflected the trunks of the trees by its side; in the distance, a mighty river is flowing towards the sea. Is it the Sacramento? The epicure, in the contemplation of the damp and dusty bottle of the vintage of half a century, knows not half the satisfaction I feel now. The wild Arab, with shout of Allah! Allah! never spurred his swift steed towards the green oasis, smiling in the desert, with more vigor than I did mine. Does my horse see it, or does my spur lend him new life? We near it not. It flows on before us in the dim distance, still as clear and well defined as ever a phantom, a watery deception, a

lie.—Oh Tantalus ! Tantalus! We appreciate your fabled punishment in the infernal regions, where a limpid stream flows by your parched lips, and as you stoop to drink it runs the other way. What crime we expiate by his Tantalian punishment, I know not.

After we crossed this plain, the face of the country began to change. Clusters of fine oaks were scattered

here and there, and the wild oats again covered the ground; a few miles farther and we were on the banks of a beautiful stream, called Cash Creek. The music of thy waters, beautiful stream, was far sweeter to my ear, than the jingle of that material from which thou hast thy name; what sordid and avaricious soul baptized you thus? In the contemplation of your solitary beauty, smiling upon the trees that kiss your surface, blessing the valley through which you flow, how could a thought of the world of money and gain intrude? were there no epithets soft enough in Castilian, that it was left to some stray Yankee speculator to stain thy waters with the stamp of Cash? Cash! How perfectly national. If they should thus name some street in our own town, how cheerfully would I acquiesce. If thy waters were disturbed, or thy banks discordant by huge factories, then would I acquiesce too. But in thy sylvan solitude, with nought but the swift footed antelope, or the herds, that wander on thy banks, to be reflected from thy surface as they stoop to drink, it is a sacrilege.

As the want of something eatable, was getting to be a cardinal fact in the history of my existence, I wished to stop, at the delightfully situated house of my name sake on the creek, but my companions would not; so on we went seven miles farther, (heaven forgive him who measured California miles) to a family encamped in the woods. Here we dismounted, and when it was hinted to the good woman that we had fasted all day, she soon got ready a rural repast, to which we did ample justice. That night we encamped near the Sacramento, and partook of the kind hospitality of Mr. Knights. The next day, we road on the banks of the river, as it sweeps down towards the waters of the Bay; a magnificent stream; its shores lined with noble oaks. The scenery here carried me back to home, and the happy days of my youth. I have an hereditary love for trees. Next to my sympathy for animal life, and scarcely weaker is that for a tree. How often in boyhood, with care thrown to the

winds, have I wantoned under their shade. An Oak—  
the favourite child of nature, in the slightly altered lan-  
guage of an old poet

“Well might old mother earth grow proud  
Of such a child, and her vast body hid.  
Out many a mile, enjoy the filial shade.”



How noble is the noiseless course of the river ever onward, its still depths like the silent repose of a great spirit.

About noon, we arrived at the 'embarcadero,' crossed the river, and entered upon the vast valley of the Sacramento. A short gallop soon brought us to the fort. So much has been written upon its appearance and structure by all travellers, who have ever visited it, that it is hardly necessary for me, to enlarge upon the subject now. The various mechanical operations within its walls, the Indians employed in useful labor, or listlessly lounging in the hot sun, the capabilities of the land, the hospitality of Capt. Sutter, who, with open hand and heart, meets his guests more than half way, all this, and more, has been described by Col. Fremont, who, weary and hungry from his long march, found, as we did to-day, food and rest in the friendly shelter of the fort. It remained for this same Col. a few months after, in the possession of a little illegitimate authority, to requite this hospitality of which he has made the world a witness, by an abuse of power, and an utter disregard of right, justice, or the common courtesies of life. It remained for him to enroll on the eternal records of time, one instance more of black and base ingratitude.

Their crops of wheat this year, owing perhaps to the abundant rains of last winter, have been large. Great difficulty is experienced however in harvesting them, owing to the scarcity of labor, the rude implements of husbandry, and the want of large store houses, or barns. When the new inventions in farming tools, take the place of manual or equestrian labor, when mills are erected, when steam shall bring all the products of this immense valley to the coast; then may Captain Sutter hope to reap the golden harvest, which his enterprise deserves. With two gentlemen from the fort, I rode over to the farm of Capt. Grimes. We found him engaged in several useful enterprises. In company with him, we went into the wheat field where huge stacks of ripened grain were waiting the completion of a thrash-

ing machine—the first in the country.

The prevalent sickness here has been, during the summer and fall months, chills and fevers. There has also been some instances of violent congestive disorders. The Indians have died off in great numbers; this however is not to be wondered at, when we consider their mode of life. The causes that produce these disorders will undoubtedly be diminished, or entirely removed, when the whole valley comes under cultivation, and the immense tracts of Tulare or Tule (a rush drawing its sustenance from moisture) are drained furnishing as it will, leagues and leagues of fertile bottom land, adapted to all the productions of our southern country.

The day after we left the fort, we arrived at Benicia city, late in the evening—Our home-ward journey furnished nothing worthy of note, except a violent shower, accompanied by thunder and lightning, an unusual occurrence in this country. I slept or rather (I did not sleep) at the Tule house, the common receptacle of all Benicia's population. My companion, an older traveller than myself, crept in the vacant hammock of the Dr's. Wrapped in my blankets, I composed myself to turn, and toss and find no rest. The records of cannibalism in the mountains which made the great heart of humanity bleed, the horrid tastes of a K——g, which made fat men shudder in their shoes, and take at once to a low diet are nothing, when I tell you, that all alive and kicking as I was, I was half devoured by the industrious population of Benicia, viz. the fleas. I arose and sauntered out into the field. The lumber, that the Brig left, was already in preparation for future buildings. A narrow canal is already dug from the straits through a small patch of Tule, to the firm ground—a wider one is half finished which, when completed, will permit the ferry boat to land you, with your horse, in the very centre of business. After breakfast, we left the city of the Pulgas, and were ferried over on the opposite side—On our way home-ward by land, our misfortune in the loss of a noble horse, the midnight watch, the toil among the hills in the fierce sun, without path or track to guide

... in the fierce sun, without path or track to guide |

us, the return to Benicia, and sail across the Bay, must occupy a separate chapter, for the thought of rambling it over again wearies me, and this beautiful calm evening, so unusual here, tempts me to its enjoyment.

*Printers Language.*—The following orders from a foreman in a newspaper printing office don't mean half as much as it would seem to the uninitiated :—

“Jim, put Gen. Washington in the galleys, and finish the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday. Set up entire, the ruins of Herculaneum, distribute the small pox—you need not finish that runaway match—have the high water in the paper this week. Let the pie alone until after dinner, but put the political barbecue to press, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you about the work for the morning.” No wonder D. Faustus was burnt for inventing such a diabolical art.

The following ‘Interesting’ calculation, in ridicule of Whitney’s projected railroad across the Rocky mountains, we copy from the Yankee Doodle :—

*An Interesting Calculation.*—A German philosopher has computed the distance of the new planet discovered by Le Verrier, very accurately. He estimates that if Mr. Whitney had been engaged to build a railroad from the Earth to this planet, and if Adam had started on that railroad and traveled at the rate of forty miles an hour from creation to the year 1846, he would, on last Thanksgiving, have been just half way. If this great German will now inform Yankee Doodle how often Adam would have been obliged to stop to take in wood and water and other “refreshments” on the way, it will be entirely satisfactory.

*Pacific Intentions.*—Although the proceedings of capt. Stockton and other agents of the government in California are apparently belligerent, yet they have really a decided tendency to the Pacific—as events and a map will show.—*Yankee Doodle.*

Head Quarters Nor. Military District. }  
 San Francisco, Cal. Sept. 13th 1847. }

Orders, }  
 No. 36. }

It has become the sad duty of the commanding officer to announce the death of Lieut. Charles C. Anderson, of the 7th Regiment of New York Volunteers, who died suddenly this morning, at half-past one o'clock, of a fever contracted at the Sacramento.

An efficient and faithful officer, an amiable companion, and an exemplary man, his loss will be long and deeply regretted.

His funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon, at half-past 4 o'clock, P. M., at which time the procession will move from the house of Dr. E. P. Jones, where his body now lies.

The proper escort for the body will be detailed and commanded by Captain J. B. Frisbie.

The procession will move in the following order :—

Paul Bearers.

Minister and Surgeon.

K company New York Volunteers in two ranks, left in front as mourners.

H company New York Volunteers in two ranks, left in front, as mourners.

Citizens.

Civil Authorities.

Army and Navy Officers in inverse order of rank.

The flag at the Presidio and in the town of San Francisco will be displayed at half mast to-morrow, until sunset, and all public work will be suspended for the same period.

The usual badge of mourning in respect for the memory of the deceased will be worn by the officers of this district for the period of thirty days.

By order of

Major JAMES A. HARDIE.

Comd'g.

GEOL. HUBBARD, 1st Lt.

and Adjutant.

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