

their adherents with food through their labor. A few men of a different class, fine types of the grand old Dons, must be acknowledged as exceptions to this. But beyond their own ranches, whatever of liberal sentiment they felt fell dead before the bigoted policy which prevailed.

And thus the civilization of the Indian amounted to little more than the process which breaks the wild ass to the pannier, his conversion only to an engrafting of religious forms upon heathen superstitions; and the progress of the Spanish priests and task-masters, rested satisfied with such results.

This condition of things could not last forever. So fine a bay could not remain merely the resort of an occasional whaler, or the clumsy hide drogher. Its waters were destined to be thickly dotted with the snowy sails of commerce, to bear up the graceful and vast forms of the clipper, and its shores to echo back the broadsides of men-of-war. The splendid site of the present city could not forever be left to the listless savage, and the stunted civilization of Spanish-American policy. Located and formed by nature for a great destiny, on one of the finest bays in the world, looking out upon the greatest, richest and most pacific of oceans, in the very track of empire, in the healthiest of latitudes, within nine days sail of the Sandwich Islands, within a month of China, standing a neighbor to Japan, and the archipelagos of both northern and southern Pacific, holding a relation to the commerce and wealth of that vast sea such as was held by Tyre toward the Mediterranean, and is now held by London and New York in respect to the Atlantic—this place could not fail to attract the shrewd attention of the expanding Saxon race, and of falling into their hands as ready to receive as mighty to win.

That time was approaching. Commerce was hastening it. The whaler got some idea of the country in his occasional visits. The beaver and otter even, were aiding in the work by enticing across the continent the hardy trapper. Some of these adventurers when they had crossed the Sierra, felt the touch of the delicious climes, and tasted the dreamy life on its western side, either took up their abode in the country, or returned to carry back a good report. Gradually the regenerating race began to dot the country, a few even settling in San Francisco.

From the first settlement of the Presidio, and the Mission Dolores, now embraced within the limits of the city and county of San Francisco, for a period of nearly sixty years, few incidents occurred worthy of history, beyond the usual events of a mission life, or the details of a Mexican military occupation of a country with only a sparse population of miserable Indians, and a few foreign residents. What is now San Francisco proper, during all this time, had few inhabitants, and was known as Yerba Buena, so named from an aromatic plant which abounded among and upon the sand hills. The taste which substituted its present name for that which it bore so long, which had reason for its application, and which is so much more sonorous and agreeable, is at least very questionable.

In 1816 the British sloop-of-war *Raccoon*, entered the Bay and port. Whaleships commenced in 1822 to visit the place for supplies of fresh provisions, and even previous to this, some trade had been carried on between the place, Mexico and the Sandwich Islands. Men-of-war of various nations arrived, but only at intervals, for some twenty years after this period, before a regular commercial trade can be said to have been fairly established.