

extent of country, embracing portions of several counties—a blending of the wild and the picturesque—with the evidences of advanced civilization at your very feet. In a north-westerly direction you behold the Golden Gate, against whose rocky portals the white waves of the Pacific are ever dashing, and into which the ocean-breeze daily sweeps with its chilling but purifying mists. Due north is the harbor and village of Sancelito—Angel Island in full view—Alcatrazes, with its formidable batteries, together with the rugged cliffs and picturesque head-lands of Marin county. The north-easterly arm of the bay stretches afar, till lost in the distance, studded with smoking steamers and sailing craft, on the silent high-way, to the numerous points on the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Looking eastward is the spacious harbor, crowded with ships, laden with rich and useful products from all quarters of the globe; the Island of Yerba Buena “with verdure clad,” together with the rural cities of Oakland and San Antonio, behind which, hills rise on hills, and, towering over these—nearly forty miles in the distance—may be seen the conical peak of Monte Diablo, 4,000 feet in height, seeming like a giant sentinel, that for ages has guarded the slumber of these waters, when their glassy surfaces were unrippled, save by the plash of the Indian’s paddle. Far away are the lofty summits of the Sierra Nevada, at whose rugged base lie the treasures that have astonished the world. Turning to the south the eye embraces the scenery of San Mateo, Santa Clara and Santa Cruz, with the great southern arm of the bay, almost forming a horizon of water. Union City and the town of Alviso are also visible; nigh at hand is the New Potrero, and also the Mission Dolores, backed by the Bernal Heights, and by graceful hills. At your feet is the busy city; an adventurous population throng its thoroughfares, exhibiting the complexions and costumes of many lands. From the South to the North Beach, the hissing sound of the jack-plane, the grating of the hand-saw, and the musical click of the trowel resound on every side. The hum of busy labor greets the ear in each street. The recent overthrow of the Santillan and other gigantic land swindles has infused confidence in our capitalists. Progress makes hourly manifestations of its mighty march among us. Industry and energy are steadily enriching the city and enhancing the value of property, and new and splendid edifices are daily springing into existence. All this indicates healthful progress, and justifies the hope that our darkest days have passed away.

Rapid Growth of the City.*

Having viewed the city, let it not be forgotten, that, in the year 1835, the village of Yerba Buena had neither location nor name; but, long anterior to this period, the bay of San Francisco was known to voyagers, as the glory of the western coast. This metropolis of commerce, in its antecedents and its prospects, is absolutely without a parallel in the history of nations and of cities. In 1836, the first house was erected, and even fourteen years ago the city of San Francisco was almost a wilderness. “Cattle roamed undisturbed where now are crowded storehouses, and ravens croaked on the spots where now peaceful dwellings stand.” A year later, 150 people and a score of adobe huts constituted the entire village. On the 30th of January, 1847, the local name of (the cove of) Yerba Buena was changed to that of

* Of the growth of San Francisco no more striking example could be adduced, than by comparing with the present volume, the *first City Directory*—a 24mo pamphlet of 136 pages, embracing 3,208 names—published by C. P. Kimball in 1850, and now extremely rare.