



# Texas Navy Association

## Historical Article



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PHOENIX IN SAN DIEGO.

Wm. G. Oliver, as noble a specimen of a sailor as you would wish to see. He was a lieutenant in the Texas navy, under the celebrated Moore, and told me many yarns concerning that gallant commander. Great injustice, I think, has been done in not giving to these officers the rank to which they are entitled in our service. Captain Oliver would do honor to any navy in the world, for beside being a thorough seaman, he is an accomplished and agreeable gentleman. Leaving the Playa in a wagon drawn by two wild mules, driven at the top of their speed, by the intrepid Donaho, Mac and I were whirled over a hard road, smooth and even as a ball-room floor, on our way to "Old Town." Five miles from the "Playa" we passed the estate of the Hon. John Hays, County Judge of San Diego, an old Texian, and a most amiable gentleman. The judge has a fine farm of eighty or one hundred acres, under high cultivation, and what few gentlemen in California can boast of—a private fish pond! He has enclosed some twenty acres of the flats near his residence, having a small outlet, with a net attached, from which he daily makes a haul almost equalling the miraculous draught on the Lake Gennesaret.

The old town of San Diego is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the little river that bears its name. It contains, perhaps, a hundred houses, some of wood, but mostly of the "Adoban" or "Gresan" order of architecture. A small Plaza forms the centre of the town, one side of which is occupied by a little *adobe* building used as a court room, the "Colorado House," a wooden structure, whereof the second

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George Horatio Derby  
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