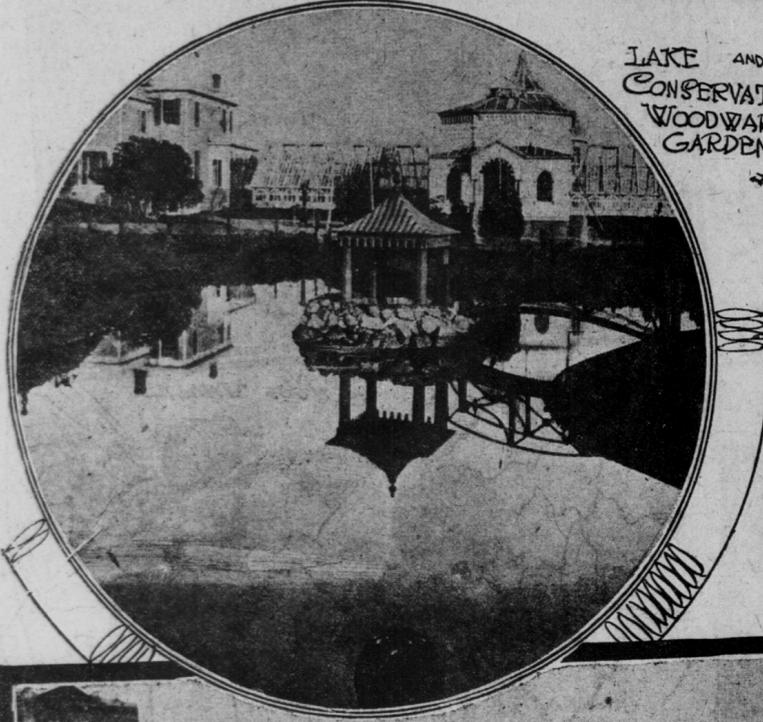


EIGHTH INSTALLMENT OF RARE PHOTOGRAPHS OF OLD SAN FRANCISCO



#402 VERANDA SALOON MURRIS-MITCHELL WASH-KEARNY STS
T. HECHT

GR. FARDON PHOTO DIRECTORY 1866.



LAKE AND
CONSERVATORY
WOODWARD'S
GARDENS



A CORNER
OF PORTSMOUTH
SQUARE IN
1865

THE PLAZA IN 1865

If you are one of those who have had the good luck to witness a party of San Franciscans starting out for fun in earlier days, you know their objective point without asking and the name of that destination will bring a flood of memories to both young and old. For nearly all these fun loving expeditions wended their way as direct as the crow flies, or as they could, to the old Woodward's gardens on Mission street, the delight and joy of every one who ever beheld them.

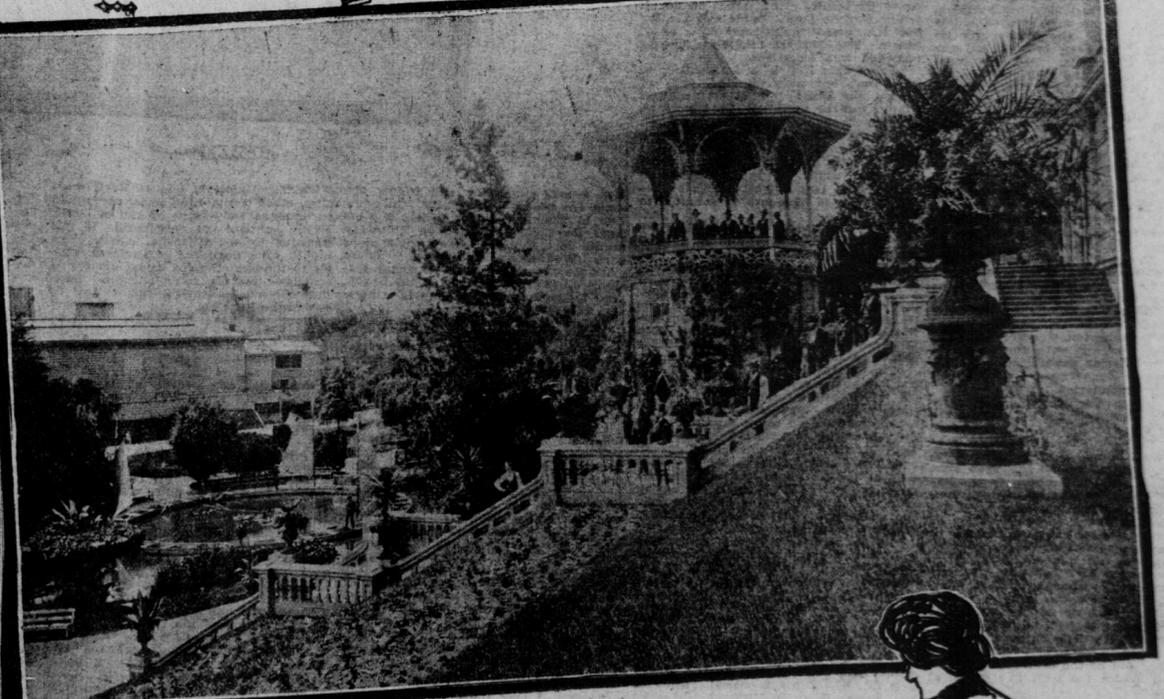
Woodward's gardens was spelled with a capital W to the children. Many an urchin has scampered along the broad paths to the pagoda at the top of the hill, or raced and ran in the big pavilion till he was tired out, or viewed the aquarium, and monkeys, and seals, and the bears and the camels with parted lips and shining eyes. But the most delicious joy of all—and one which can never be forgotten—was the ride in the circular boat which waited calmly on the surface of the lake till the start was made, and the air echoing with the triumphant shouts of as many youngsters as the big boat would hold. As the boat circled round, never leaving the edge, the children grasped for the pond lilies which floated so tantalizing near, but whether they succeeded in getting them or not nothing could dampen the delightful moments of that boat ride.

The gardens were opened in the early 60's by R. B. Woodward, whose private house is shown in one of the pictures. This dwelling afterward became the museum, where all sorts of quaint, curious and wonderful things were housed. An admission fee was always charged, and so it came about that with the opening of Golden Gate park with free admission the popularity of the gardens waned till finally about 10 years ago the gates were permanently closed.

It was a pity—for what with the animals, the birds, the broad, sun drenched paths, and the many buildings given over to various diversions the place seemed typical of the city, and of its laughter loving, easy going population. But the name lives, and recalls memories still.

Another picture shows a corner of Portsmouth square, originally known as the plaza, "before the gringo came." On the arrival of the Americans it was given the name of Portsmouth in honor of the warship then in the bay at the time Stockton entered California and Sloat sailed for Monterey. The old Bella Union stands on one side, the first really disreputable resort of the city. A little farther on was Brenham place, whence all the fire alarms were sounded. Next to Frank's, the old building opposite the flagpole, are dwelling houses and stores. There were no Chinese about the plaza in those days. They came later.

An odd feature of the square was the long line of hacks and carriages which always stood in a row along Kearny street. From their perches the drivers solicited fares. Oftener a drowsy cabman would be seen fast asleep inside his vehicle.



GRAND STAIRWAY OBSERVATORY and LAKE
WOODWARD'S GARDENS

THE MUSEUM
WOODWARD'S GARDENS

