

on the upper Mississippi—he served in various places in the North-West until 1844, when he was ordered to the Academy at West Point as Instructor in Infantry Tactics. Having continued there two years, and war being ready to break out and at last actually begun with Mexico, he asked even to the third time for permission to join his regiment in active service, but was refused.

In the autumn of 1846, Col. Stevenson being about to leave for California in command of the first regiment of New-York volunteers, and learning the character of Lieut. FOLSON, applied to have him sent as staff-officer in the Quartermaster's department. Satisfactory arrangements having been made, particularly in regard to his promotion first to the grade of 1st Lieutenant, and soon after to that of Captain, and all the needful commissariat having been provided by him, he sailed with the expedition, and after a five or six months voyage arrived at Yerba Buena, in the beginning of the spring of 1847. Agreeably to orders from Gen. Kearney, he set about the work of inspecting the Bay of San Francisco for the purpose of selecting a site for the army stores; and Yerba Buena seemed to him to be the fittest place. Accordingly that became the military depot, and that his station both during the war and for a year after its close, receiving all funds, and making all disbursements both for the military and civil government of California.

Capt. FOLSON had the sagacity to perceive what San Francisco—the name "Yerba Buena" having now been dropped for this by his own happy thought and instant action—was to become. He invested in it the little which he had—about fifteen hundred dollars; purchased, during leave of absence on a visit to the East, all the interest of the heirs in the Leidesdorf estate, returned after an absence of seven months, and was on duty again, a year and a half longer. The discovery of gold aided in the rapid development and growth of the new city. It opened like one of the magnificent flowers on that Pacific coast, not soon to wither and die, but to bloom in perpetually renewing and multiplying beauty. No man indeed makes a great city. Capt. FOLSON did not make San Francisco. But it was a great thing to have a man of his intelligence and culture and generous public spirit one of its leading inspirers and moulders and builders. Nor will its future glory and greatness be separable from his name. But not the fortune of eleven millions to which his estate has already reached, and beyond which it is destined to swell; not the magnificent street bearing his name, on which stand some of his palatial edifices, and through which the breezes are wafted in eternal freshness from the Pacific in one direction and the Sierras in the other, will be his chief distinction. It is far greater to have one of the greatest and bravest commanders of modern times, Major Gen. William T. Sherman, place that name with honor in his "Memoirs," and record it on the imperishable tablets of the heart, entitling it "MY CLASSMATE AND INTIMATE FRIEND."

In general address, Capt. FOLSON is said to have exhibited a slight formality, through the influence of his military education. But he was quiet and gentlemanly in manners, unreserved and companionable with intimate friends. Amid the civil and military duties that never in his hands bore even the faintest suspicion of neglect, he found time for literary pursuits that gave him no inferior place among educated minds. But he has left behind him, for his friends and kinsfolk, what is better than all this—a stainless character, an irreproachable integrity, a wakeful sense of honor, a conscience void of offence in respect to the pursuit of any personal gain at the expense