

NOTICIAS del PUERTO de MONTEREY

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A painting of young Alfred Sully at West Point by his father, the renowned American artist, Thomas Sully, as reproduced from *No Tears for the General*, 1974, by Langdon Sully, Alfred's grandson.

INSIDE: An Officer's Tragic Marriage



MONTEREY: THE HAPPIEST AND THE SADDEST PLACE

Falstaff:

...Hostess, clap to the doors; watch tonight, pray tomorrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you: what shall we be merry? shall we have a play *ex tempore*? (Henry IV, Part One, II, iv)

The lines above, drawn from a "play," perhaps partly *ex tempore* as well, come from "The Story of the Gadshill Robbery," a popular entertainment in early California theatricals. Adapted from the first two acts of Shakespeare's history drama, it provided rollicking entertainment for the inhabitants of Monterey when it was presented on February 11, 1850. The leading role of Falstaff was undertaken by a handsome young lieutenant, Alfred Sully, who had been assigned to the former capital of Alta California in the late fall.

The young soldiers who made up the rest of the cast, including W.H. Chevely who undertook the bawdy role of Dame Quickly, were a part of Colonel Jonathon Stevenson's Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers. They must have had a heavy time of it during the rainy winter months. Mud was so thick that an occasional luckless mule would be hopelessly enmired, and the flea was so prolific that as Walter Colton said of it:

He jumps into your cradle, jumps with you all along through life, and well would it be for those who remain if he jumped with you out of it. (1)

No wonder the young soldiers decided that a play was the thing to catch up the dull activity of the wintertime.

The tradition of play-giving was of long standing among the young men under Stevenson's command. Indeed, aboard the *Susan Drew* and the *Thomas H. Perkins*, two of the three ships bringing 700 troops to California in the fall of 1846, the five-month journey was lightened by various "theatrical performances."

When some of these troops were dispersed to Sonoma, it was not long before a dramatic society was formed and various performances were taking place in "Jim Smith's Dramatic Adobe" and later on in a "miniature theatre in the Colonnade building on the plaza." (2) In addition, there was a flurry of dramatic activity in Santa Barbara where *Richard III*, among other entertainments, was presented in a large adobe house, possibly the de la Guerra adobe, a place which later on would play a different role in the life of young Alfred Sully, the Falstaff of our Monterey production.

Nevertheless, in George McMinn's history of the theater in early California he states that "neither Sonoma or Santa Barbara, however,

could excel — or equal, indeed — Monterey, as a scene of theatrical activity.” (3) In Walter Colton’s diary, written in 1846 when he was alcalde of the little Spanish town, he had written of the haunting pastorales which involved the entire community at Christmas time. A pioneer journalist, J.E. Lawrence, wrote about the early “theatricals” for the Golden Era, a magazine published in 1855. The first paid performances were reported to have taken place in what is now known as the First Theater located on Pacific Street.

It is not quite clear whether it was this same building or another that Lawrence was describing when he said that in the fall of 1849 “an old adobe house near the Mole” was fitted up for theatricals. By his account ... Captain Alfred Sully painted several “elegant” new scenes, and a new drop curtain representing a camp on the plains, with a train of emigrant wagons halting at sundown for the night’s rest. Such embellishments doubtless contributed much to the occasional productions that brightened the winter of 1849-50. (4)

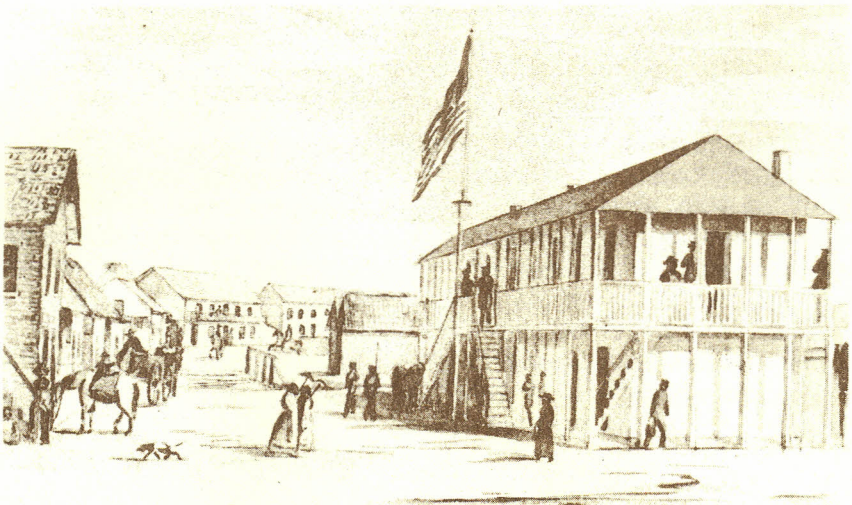
Despite the claims of Sonoma, Santa Barbara, and the Eagle Theatre in Sacramento, which was said to be the “first building erected expressly for dramatic purposes in California,” Monterey’s First Theater has a long tradition of amusing the local population and visitors as well, indeed, a tradition that continues to this very day.

The portraits of Lieutenant Alfred Sully, painted by his illustrious father Thomas Sully, one of the foremost artists of the Post-Revolutionary era, show a handsome young man, with a sensitive, almost girlish face. Slim and elegant, he and the rest of the cast of “The Gadshill Robbery” must have had a rollicking time as he tucked in the cushions or padding that would make his portrayal of the corpulent old knight, Sir John Falstaff, credible.

Obviously, to undertake the leading part in this adaptation took more than a bit of dramatic talent considering the character that Lieutenant Sully chose to play. Our admiration for his talents increases when we look down the copy of the playbill of that February performance. Three short numbers follow the play, a dramatic recitation, a melancholy dirge, and a comic song. The last, “The Nice Young Man,” is sung by Lt. Sully. The evening’s entertainment concluded with a “laughable farce,” entitled “Box and Cox,” evidently one of the favorites of the California playgoers in the early days of the state, and again Lt. Sully took on the comic role of Box. It was a busy evening for the young man, and we only hope that he received the proper credit, not only for the comic talent with which he doubtlessly was uniquely blessed, but for painting the scenery as well. (5)

In a letter written to his father, Thomas Sully, on January 18, 1850, two weeks prior to the performance, Lt. Sully wrote:

... I am in a perfect state of health, go to dances, enjoy the theatre which has been established in Monterey, and at which the officers are



The Quartel, as sketched by Alfred, is one of many drawings he made while in Monterey. Reproduced from *No Tears for the General* by Langdon Sully, published in 1974.

getting up a flag at which I take the principal part. It will come off in a few days. (6)

One month later he wrote to his father again regarding his dramatic career:

We have in town quite a neat little Theatre. Scenes very fine painted by myself, acting mighty so-soish. However as the audience are not of a very discerning nature it does to pass the time. About two weeks ago we the officers gave the people a treat in the shape of a little Shakespeare. I intended to have sent you one of the bills but have lost it, however as near as I can recollect this is it. (7)

Here he proceeds to list all of the characters in the play, the famous actors who might have played each part, and then the young officers who actually played the roles in the First Theater. (8) The letter continues:

It all went off with a great deal of applause and the audience very much gratified, particularly as they had nothing to pay. (9)

In this same letter he described the advent of spring in Monterey:

The rainy season is at last I believe over. Fruit trees are in bloom and the ground again covered with flowers. The country begins to look like it did when we first arrived here, quite refreshing after dreary season when all was parched and dried and the muddy times over boot tops and no bottom. (10)

In the same letter he mentions a burgeoning plan to visit Europe by way of China in company with the son of Secretary Ewing. He totals the cost at \$200 from Monterey to China and \$900 from Canton to England. However, this journey around the world was not to take place. Lt. Sully was playing a different role, that of Romeo.

Alfred Sully had first arrived in Monterey the year before. A graduate of the West Point class of 1841, he had already served in the Seminole campaign and later in the Mexican wars where he participated in the siege and capture of Veracruz.

Now assigned to the old capital as quartermaster, he took lodgings in the custom house, but became increasingly frustrated by the lack of food and services. It seems almost every able-bodied male had run off to the mines, including some of the enlisted men who occasionally had to be rounded up and brought back to duty.

Eventually, he and two other young officers rented a house for \$100 a month and hired a cook. The menu was an improvement over the hand to mouth meals he had enjoyed heretofore: coffee, ham, flapjacks, and molasses for breakfast; beef, rice, tea, coffee, ham, and flapjacks for dinner; and for lunch and supper whiskey and pipes. And then the cook took to his heels and ran off to the mines.

It was at this time that he met the gracious Doña Angustias Jimeno, daughter of Don Jose de la Guerra of Santa Barbara, one of the wealthiest men in the state. Indeed, it was alleged that he kept over \$250,000 in gold in his rambling old adobe, later to become El Paseo, a well-known restaurant with adjoining shops.

Alfred wrote his sister Blanche about the doña:

When she found that it was impossible for the officers here to mess for themselves she offered them her house, for which her Spanish pride would not allow her to accept money. So the officers to pay her were obliged to make her presents ... She (the Doña) is a tall, majestic looking woman, about 30 or 35, remarkably handsome, very clear complexion, red cheeks, black hair, very agreeable, very good natured and very smart. In fact, she is a well read woman and would grace any society. Her oldest child is a daughter about 15 or 16 years old. Doña Manuela, remarkably pretty and gay, dances and sings and plays the guitar and is, like all Spanish girls, monstrous fond of a flirtation. I fear she finds this rather a hard job with me, for my bad Spanish sets her a laughing. However that don't prevent me from having a very agreeable time of it, for she has a good figure, a good foot and ankle and as lively as a cricket. The Don is a very polite Spaniard, is seldom at home. Most of his time is spent at his ranch. (11)

After announcing that he had become quite a native, living on tortillas and frijoles, smoking cigarettes through his nose, speaking "d--ish bad" Spanish, and dancing waltzes and polkas, he informed his family of his new living situation:

About three weeks ago Don Manuel, the husband, went off to his rancho. There being no male in the house, Me Madre (that is the name she calls herself) though she is rather young and handsome to have so old a boy as me, requested me to make her house my home. So I have shifted my quarters from the barracks to two nicely furnished rooms and pleasant company. The manners of the Spanish of the higher class are very much the same as a Southern planter, in place of Negroes they have Indians for servants, and in this house plenty of them. They are generally to strangers somewhat cold in their manners, yet very hospitable. But once acquainted all restraint is thrown off. (12)

By 1849 Monterey had already become a backwater town. Most of the able-bodied and enterprising had already succumbed to dreams of gold in the Sierra, and the settlement of Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, had become a seething mass of humanity catering to the miners flooding into California and building on its natural location on the bay as an international trading port.

After five months in Monterey, Sully was assigned to Benicia, then a thriving port fifty miles east of San Francisco. What he said to the gracious doña and her lively cricket of a daughter in his "d--ish bad" Spanish on his departure can only be imagined.

However, Benicia proved to be "the meanest, most uncomfortable place in California," short on accommodations and supplies. No doubt it was with a sigh of relief that he found himself reassigned to Monterey.

In the short months he had been away, Monterey, too, had changed. The Constitutional Convention had been held in the fall, and the impact of this distinguished body of men must have been profound. Jessie Benton Fremont had felt it necessary to feed a number of delegates on trestle tables in the gardens of the old Castro adobe, now well-known as La Mirada, because there were no restaurants to speak of.

When Alfred returned much later in the fall, he remarked on the number of gambling houses, bars, hotels, and restaurants that had sprung up in his short absence. The doña, too, had been influenced by the civilizing forces of the Americans. Her green woodwork was now painted white, her sanded floor now replaced and graced by an imported carpet. Mahogany chairs and a new sofa took the place of the simple furniture that he was familiar with.

Monterey provided a lively background for entertainment:

...we have had three balls and one picknick or as they call it here, merienda. The first was given by the officers of the army, quite a neat little affair and as select as circumstances would permit, about forty ladies and gentlemen. The ladies were more American and appeared better dressed than I have yet seen them. Were it not for their rather dark complexion they might pass under home. But then they waltz so well, have such fine eyes and natural grace, they rather knock you. My friends were not there. Manuela and Teresa [possibly a sister] were out at the ranch and the Doña unwell.

The next was given by the Officers of the County of Monterey ...

Doña Angustias being unwell, it was thought her daughter and two young ladies staying at her house would be prevented from going also, not having anyone to act as matrona, when much to my astonishment and everyone else she turned to me. "If my son Don Alfredo will take my daughter to the ball, she can go." So I had the honor to act as father to three of the prettiest belles in the room. (13)

If the doña had known of the love that was burgeoning between her "son" and her daughter, she and her husband were nevertheless unprepared for Don Alfredo's offer of marriage. After all, he was almost thirty years of age, only two years younger than the doña herself, and little Manuela was only sixteen. Furthermore he was a Protestant and not likely to convert as had many of his fellow countrymen when they "left their religion at Cape Horn" and married the daughters of wealthy landowners before the American occupation.

Because Manuela was besieged by suitors, they felt safe in giving him leave to broach the subject of marriage sure that he would be rejected. When she accepted, they then used the ruse of getting necessary consent from that grand old patriarch of the family, Don Jose de la Guerra.

I knew that as soon as they should hear from them they would order Manuela to be sent to them for safekeeping where she would have been guarded more strictly than a nun in a convent. Since they had no objections to me but, as they said, were only in fear of the displeasure of the Doña's father, I said nothing, but taking the responsibility into my own hands acted as I did — although I must admit it was not according to Hoyle as far as the family is concerned. (14)

Alfred's plans were carefully laid. First, a dispensation had to be obtained from the Catholic bishop in San Francisco to allow the two lovers to marry. A friend of Alfred's took on this task and was successful covering the 240 mile trip in six days. A local priest, Father Ramirez, was persuaded to marry the couple.

Captain Kane and his wife were also enlisted in the plot. Mrs. Kane invited Manuela to visit her, and Manuela must have persuaded one of her erstwhile suitors to accompany her there. A certain Lt. Jones, also a part of the conspiracy, dropped into the Kanes' house and diverted Manuela's suitor.

The Padre and myself were hid in some bushes behind the house. Mrs. Kane walked the lady into the kitchen. A white flag from the house was our signal to enter and five minutes later we were married.

The old folks are as mad as well can be. I went to see them and was invited never to show my face again. All the old folks are kicking up quite a row; all the young ones think it quite funny. I believe it's the first elopement that's occurred in California. (14)

Alfred's family in Philadelphia thought the marriage ill-advised, but

a letter from their son sought to persuade them that despite his lack of money, he would be saved from the dissipation common to most bachelor Army officers.

Manuela's parents would not allow her to take her clothes and belongings to her new home. However, the wives of the American officers outdid themselves in seeing that she was properly dressed, and it wasn't long before her clothes were sent along with some expensive presents, including a satin bedcover and lace-bordered linen sheets.

In a letter to his mother Lt. William Rich Hutton, who was also stationed in Monterey, wrote on Sept. 30, 1850:

Manuelita's marriage has caused a great deal of ill-feeling. The Doña is the same as ever towards me. She has a little baby, too, but it is very sick and will not live long. I am glad I was not here in the wedding times, for it was done in a manner that I hardly think very creditable to many who were engaged in it, and tho' I never have expressed an opinion with regard to it, they say that I said something — I don't know what—which would or might have offended Sully; but it makes no difference to me. (15)

Obviously, not all the young people considered "the first elopement" in Monterey such a joke. Later on Oct. 8, 1850, he writes his uncle, Rich Hutton:

Mr. and Mrs. Sully seem to get on very well. They live in Halleck's old house, which is quite nicely fixed up. They have very few visits from the "gente del pais." They say they can tell by their visitors when there is a prospect for reconciliation—that when such is the case people begin to come, but as soon as the prospect changes they are deserted. I expect it will all be made up soon. (16)

In the 1850 census of Monterey City appears the following information:

Sully, Alfred 29M Lieut U.S.A. born Penn.

, Manuan. (?) 17F born Calif.

Sam, no surname 22M (black) born Virginia (17)

Eventually, when Manuela's parents were told that she was expecting a baby, a reconciliation took place. Lt. Sully was informed that a part of Don Jimeno's ranch, "which is the best by far in the country," would be his, a house would be built, etc., but he maintained that as a "confirmed old soldier" he would be unhappy out of the army.

Nevertheless, he eventually accepted a section two miles square and made plans to put up a sawmill and later on a flour mill. Perhaps civilian life was not to be despised, after all.

He bought a carriage for Manuela and the two of them fixed it up, he carpentering, and then upholstering the cushions she had made. Their friends were invited to go on picnics with them, and when they found

themselves able to move into the house formerly occupied by General Riley, one can imagine their joy:

It is very large, having five large rooms on a floor with the kitchen back. I had very little trouble moving, not having much to move and plenty of help. The Doña and all her Indians were hard at work and in a day all was fixed. One large room on the right I use as a parlor, the back room as a chamber; on the left my office and back rooms, dining room and a spare chamber. The family cat, dogs, chickens and horse were moved in the night time without much inconvenience ... A hen on 13 eggs under the house I transferred, eggs and all being put into a box and she has been setting there since without being a bit wiser. (18)

Two Indian servants and Sam made up the household. The garden began to produce fresh vegetables. Obviously married life had its allures.

Quite a change from an old bachelor's room full of the smell of segars and brandy. Lots of company; decidedly more jolly. (19)

When he had finished the sawmill, he started work on the flour mill. It seemed as though true happiness was in his grasp when returning from his lands, he was met by a friend who told him Manuela was the mother of a healthy baby boy. The doña had just given birth to another baby herself and was living with the Sullys because she had given over her home to 26 nuns who were going to start a convent in Monterey.

Alfred's baby, Thomas Manuel Sully, named after his two grandfathers, was the delight of all, and the new father enjoyed all the social comings and goings that were a consequence of the baby's arrival. And then tragedy struck.

In a letter written on April 30, 1851, Alfred described the end of his happy world.

You must by this time have received my short letter announcing the death of my Manuela. So sudden, so unexpected was it that I am only just beginning to believe it reality and not a horrible dream. She was well on the 26th, [March, 1851] walking about the house. That morning she brought our child into my room and placed it in bed with me, rubbing her little hands together in perfect child-like delight to see me playing with the baby. She wanted to eat an orange that had been sent her but I, thinking I know not why they might be bad, told her no. Her mother who was present thought they would do her no harm; she would however, ask the doctor (one Dr. Ord, there being no other doctor in the place). The next morning with the consent of the doctor she ate the fatal orange which in a short time brought on vomiting that nothing could stop. Toward night she became better, much better and I laid down towards four in the morning with the full expectation of her recovering. I had hardly got asleep when I was woke up by the doctor. There was no more use for his service. I had to go hunt a priest.

Poor girl, what must have been her feelings while the Priest was

going through the last ceremonies of the church, to know that she must die, so young, so beloved, so beautiful, to leave this world to her so gay and happy, with everything around her to make it so: her child, her husband, her parents, and friends without number for no one ever approached her without loving her, or knew her and her heavenly disposition without adoring her, to separate from all forever to go no one knows where. She was unable to speak, but her eyes when they rested on me told me her feelings too deeply.

Through the whole day she suffered tortures, apparently unconscious of all around her ... Towards evening she for the first time in the day recognized me by name, put out her little hands to embrace me, but with a gentle sigh of resignation sunk back on the bed.

All honor was paid her by the inhabitants. I did not attend the funeral but there was hardly a person in the town that did not. Thus, by the ignorance of a doctor I have been robbed of a treasure that can never be replaced. (20)

Manuela's sudden death was attributed by the townspeople to a rejected suitor who poisoned her. In some stories, poisoned olives, rather than oranges, were implicated. Nonetheless, the bereaved young husband had two more bitter blows to undergo:

My Negro boy Sam, who has been with me some three years, was so much attached to Manuela that between sadness and drink became crazy. In this state of mind he believed that in the world to come we would all be united once more together. He came into my room one morning, the 8th of April, crying and talking to me about it, and with the intention (as I have since found very good reason to believe) of sending me to join my wife. As I was very busy I ordered him to his room, the door of which opens into mine. He left my room, locked his door, and a few minutes after I heard the report of a pistol. I broke open the door and found him stretched on the floor which with the walls were covered with blood and brains. He had done his work coolly and effectively. Poor boy. He was a faithful servant. He had a black skin but a white heart. Knowing that his affection for my wife was the cause it cast a greater gloom on my spirits.

But I tried to cheer up, thinking that I had another duty to the boy that Manuela had left me. Doña Angustias took charge of it. At first her milk did not agree with it, but with great care and attention it soon recovered. It was beginning to take notice of me and I to center all the love and affection I had for the Mother in him. But the consolation was not to be enjoyed by me. On the night of the 14th it was accidentally killed by its grandmother. She was nursing it in bed, fell asleep. When she woke up he was dead. She had strangled it in her sleep. The doctor persuaded her it died of a convulsion, but to me alone he told the true story. (21)

And now I am once more alone in the world ... A few weeks ago we were all so happy, so contented. What a change; would you believe it, even her pet saddle horse has been stolen away. It appears like a judgment of God for some crime that I or her family have committed. But it is impossible for us to judge the actions of God. We must take the

world as it comes. There is no remedy. I shall leave this place as soon as I can. I will give up my rancho and mill, for I have no intention of leaving the army. I shall before I leave erect a tomb to mark the grave of my wife and child. The slab with this inscription I expect soon from San Francisco:

To
Doña Manuela Jimeno
her husband, Don Alfredo Sully, Lieutenant of the
U.S. Army, dedicates this stone as a lasting tribute
and final remembrance of his love and affection.

She died March 28, 1851, at the age of 17
years and five months.

To her son Don Thomas Manuel Sully, who himself
died, the 15th of April, 1851, at the age of one month.

This I expect soon. As soon as it arrives and is placed I shall bid adieu to Monterey, the happiest and the saddest place I have ever lived in, never to return again if I can help it. (22)

Before Alfred left forever, he decided to accompany Doña Angustias on a visit to Santa Barbara, the home of the de la Guerras, and some of the places there that his beloved Manuela had known in her childhood:

I had a great desire to see the early places in which lived Manuela, the church where she was confirmed, when in those days she was considered too superior a being to visit the church as the rest of the children did, and a special day and mass was ordered by the Bishop, like some of the old Spanish noblemen we read of. (23)

He described the life of the old don and his family, complete with daily prayers and sumptuous meals where once was served "an immense bullock head, horns and all, the most delicious thing I have eaten in some time." Reportedly, the don prided himself on his lavish meals which could be brought to the table on a complete silver service for 100 people.

Alfred's description of the church in Santa Barbara where he went to services on Holy Thursday, Manuela's saint's day, is a touching one:

... there in the front is the font at which she was christened; the altar at which she had as a child so often knelt, and at the foot of the altar the tomb of her Grand Mother, who was more than a mother to her ... The church was filled and on the same spots knelt her mother and sisters. The solemn music imposing ceremonies of the church made me very sad. I left the church walking back of the mission came to the remains of an aqueduct with dams and mills, all in ruins. (24)

He had asked his father to paint a portrait of Manuela for the doña and to this effect sent a daguerreotype, but when it was finally received, complained that "it is not quite smiling enough." (25)



A miniature of Manuela by Thomas Sully, from a daguerreotype sent by Alfred, who complained "it is not quite smiling enough." Reproduced from The American Heritage Magazine of History, December, 1964.

Although Alfred had been ready to leave Monterey immediately after placing the stone above the grave of his wife and child, which had to be located in unsanctified ground since she had married outside the church, the Army elected to keep him on for another year and a half. His letters home to his family at this time betray a morbid obsession with his dead wife. Doña Angustias had furnished Manuela's room with her belongings and Alfred spent a good part of his time there. (26)

He was desperately lonely, "dying of *tristeza*," he said. He spent his time, "conversing with the birds, the flowers and books — quite poetical only it is accompanied by a Meercham [sic] pipe which is by no means so." Occasionally, the old flash of humor returns.

Eventually he went back to live with the doña. Next door the convent to which the 26 nuns had been sent had been erected. One time he peeped through the fence and saw a young girl resembling Manuela who was going to take the veil shortly:

It would be a very romantic affair to steal her out of the convent and

run away with her. Perhaps if I were younger I might be able to do so foolish a thing, but I am old enough now to know that romantic affairs are not always the most prudent. (27)

Alfred had asked his father to paint a picture for Doña Angustias. Thomas Sully complied with this request and shipped the picture by steamer from Philadelphia. After several false starts from San Francisco to Monterey, the ship carrying the precious painting offloaded its shipment on an old hulk which later sank in the harbor.

According to an article written by historian Mayo Hayes O'Donnell the painting was miraculously discovered and returned to the family:

One day a man walking on the beach at Monterey, came across a large flat box which had been washed in by the tide. The box bore the name Doña Jimeno. The finder hastened to the Jimeno home bearing the news. Very soon two stout Indians were sent to bring the box to the adobe. Upon opening the outer box and then the tin box, there was found the painting of "Christ Blessing Little Children." (28)

According to Langdon Sully's book, the picture was eventually given to Maria Antonia Lataillade de Orena, a daughter of Doña Angustias and is now in private hands in Santa Barbara.

In 1852, the doña moved back to Santa Barbara, while her husband returned to Mexico with two of his sons. He died there in 1853 after cutting his wife out of his will. It was then that the doña married Dr. James Ord, ironically the very doctor whom Alfred had blamed for the death of his young wife.

Alfred left Monterey in December of 1852, posted again to god-forsaken Benicia. His letters continue to his family over the intervening years of duty during the Civil War and distinguished service after appointment as commandant of the Dakota Territory.

He was eventually posted to Fort Vancouver, Washington, in 1870, but was involved in a number of campaigns against the Nez Perce Indians. Disabled by the rigors of the brutal army life he had endured, he was finally named post commander. Now remarried with a family, he could indulge his artistic talent again. He died of pneumonia in 1879 at the age of 58.

The old First Theater still attracts an audience of delighted spectators. Among the memories that haunt the boards of the old building must surely be that of the laughing face of young Alfred Sully, he of the enormous Falstaffian girth, as well as the "nice young man" who took on the comic role of Box. The young officer little knew that before long he would play a tragic role in a part of Monterey's early history.

Perhaps when we look at the arms of the City of Monterey, which he painted to be used in the Fourth of July procession, 1850, as well as some of the wonderful paintings and drawings he completed while living here, we should be thankful for the legacy that we owe young Alfred Sully, lieutenant, United States Army. (29)

FOOTNOTES

1. Colton, Walter, as quoted in Dutton's *Tales of Monterey*, p. 41.
2. MacMinn, George R., *The Theater of the Golden Age of California*, p. 23.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 24.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 28.
5. Williams, E.L., "The Quartel at Monterey," *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, Feb. 22, 1894.
6. Copy of a letter, January 28, 1850, in possession of Amelie Elkinton by permission of Langdon Sully.
7. Copy of a letter, February 28, 1850, in possession of Amelie Elkinton by permission of Langdon Sully.
8. Williams, E.L., *op. cit.*
9. Letter, February 28, 1850, *op. cit.*
10. *Ibid.*
11. Sully, Langdon, *No Tears for the General*, p. 41.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 42.
13. *Ibid.*, pp. 59-60.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 63.
15. Copy of a letter in the files of Amelie Elkinton drawn from Lt. William Rich Hutton's *Glances at California, 1847-53*, Sept. 30, 1850, p. 47.
16. *Ibid.*, Oct. 8, 1850.
17. Note found in the files of Amelie Elkinton, 1850 Census of Monterey, p. 112.
18. Sully, Langdon, *op. cit.*, pp. 66-67.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 67.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 70. In addition, Amelie Elkinton and John Woolfenden in their book, *Cooper*, write that though Sully was furious at the time, he and Ord later became good friends, and, of course, ultimately, Dr. Ord married Doña Angustias Jimeno after her husband's death. "Even though some Montereyans suspected Ord of some sort of criminal involvement, there was never any proof that he was linked to the gift of the orange," p. 96.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 70.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 71.
23. *Ibid.*, p. 72.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 75.
25. *Ibid.*, footnote, p. 239.
26. The location of these graves is unknown today. According to Amelie Elkinton, many of the early graves were obliterated when new space was needed for later burials.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 82.
28. Mayo Hayes O'Donnell as quoted in "Sully," *Monterey Peninsula Herald*, Sept. 17, 1955.
29. Elkinton and Woolfenden, *op. cit.* p. 132.

BOOKS

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DEDICATION

In this September issue of *Noticias*, the last which I shall edit, I would like to pay special tribute to Amelie Elkinton, historian and Lifetime Director of the Monterey History and Art Association. Through the years she has been the inspiration of and the guidance for the articles I have written for the association.

Recently, she asked if I would write a story on the First Theater in Monterey emphasizing the fact that it was perhaps "first" in name only. She lent me books and some of her personal files. When I found the biography of Alfred Sully, *No Tears for the General*, by his grandson, Langdon Sully, as well as some other personal notes she had collected over the years, I felt the real story lay in telling of his life in Monterey. Amelie agreed.

Again, to the one person whose treasure of knowledge of Monterey will never be rivaled, I dedicate this issue of *Noticias*.

Virginia Woodward Stone

**THE EDITORS
MONTEREY HISTORY
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