

PORT ORFORD POST.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, - 1880.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered by Captain William Tichenor, at Port Orford, Monday, July Fifth, 1880.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We have convened for the purpose of celebrating the birthday of our beloved country, the greatest, the best, and the purest of any upon this planet. The greatest, from the magnitude of its inland seas, its mountains and immense rivers. The best, in its occupying and lying in the North Temperate Zone, embracing and possessing the climate best adapted for the development of the intellectual and physical man. Truest, being untrammelled by any Governmental interference or class distinctions, leaving every person free to select his location, avocation, and the full enjoyment of any of the multifarious and peculiar religious views. We will briefly allude to the magnitude of its area, its rivers, lakes and mountains. Away in the far north are the Penobscott, St. Johns and Kennebec; then coming westward we see the Merrimac, the Thames, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware and the Susquehanna. Thence passing south we have the Potomac with her numerous tributaries; then the James, Roanoke, Cape Fear, Cooper and Ashly, Savannah, Tuscaloosa, Tallapoosa, Pearl, and numerous others. All enumerated following the Delaware, have their source in the Appalachian chain of mountains and discharge themselves directly into the Atlantic ocean or its bays. On the west of the Appalachian mountains and having their sources in them, are the Alleghany, the Monongahela, Little and Big Kanawa, the Kentucky, Tennessee and Cumberland, and many other smaller rivers; all of the latter discharging their waters into the great Mississippi. From the west, rising in the great Rocky mountain range comes pouring down the mighty Missouri with all its tributaries. Then further south, the Arkansas, Red and Rio Grande, all having their sources in and on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. On the west side the goddess of rivers, the mighty Columbia, her rivulets having mingled with the waters of the Missouri, having kissed their parting farewell, rush in opposite directions; the one winding her way to the Gulf of Mexico, the other bounding down her more precipitous descent, pours her mighty torrent into the Pacific. On these vast and magnificent streams floats an inland fleet costing thousands of millions of money, and upon their banks repose cities of vast magnitude and wealth, competing in every attribute of greatness with the cities of the Old World; and the ground upon which they stand less than three hundred years ago was owned and occupied by ruthless savages.

Our lakes are, many of them, vast inland seas, extending from our most Eastern boundary more than two thousand miles west into the heart of our continent, and whose waters are ornamented with the white wings of commerce. Our mountain ranges present grandeur most sublime, rearing their snow capped crests until nearly piercing the outer limits of our atmospheric belt. We have, girdling the Atlantic, the Appalachian chain; the center of the Continent, the Rockies; the Western, the Sierras; and on the Pacific Coast, the Coast Range of mountains. In our own State we may stand in one place and view Mounts St. Helens, Hood, Washington, Jefferson and the Three Sisters—all capped with eternal snow, and the latter having a glacier as grand, as any held in the bosom of the Alps. In our Northern possessions of Alaska we have hundreds of glaciers of vast extent, with Mt. St. Elias emitting the smoke of Tartarus. The area of this our beloved country extends from the 32d parallel of North latitude to the Arctic ocean.

The Pacific Slope, the land three decades passed was as much a terra incognita as Patagonia at the present time. Our country and Coast were nearly unknown; it had been viewed at a distance by three brave and fearless navigators, Dixon, Belcher, Vancouver, and even at an earlier date by Sir Francis Drake, the daring hero of the route and destruction of the Spanish Armada. Under the Virgin Queen of our mother country he sailed along this very land, and I doubt not was the first European that ever entered this Bay. He sailed as far north as 44° 30' and then stood for the Mallucas on his passage home, via Cape of Good Hope, in his seventy ton vessel loaded with the wealth of the South Pacific. We are astonished at the daring energy of that truly extraordinary navigator. But to return. In March, 1850, I left San Francisco in my own vessel to explore the Northern Coast, having spent the Winter in the examination of the Southern Coast. We had no charts, save Norry's North Pacific, very imperfect, with only the outlines of the Coast; no reefs, shoals or rocks were laid down—a careful lookout must be kept at all times. My object was to seek a home. We had a good run north, to latitude 42° 50' when, on the morning of the 27th day of March, I lowered away a boat with a crew and supplies for a number of days. I ordered my mate to stand to the South one degree, and heave to or stand off and on for me. I made for the land twenty-five or thirty miles distant. I entered this Bay after noon, but could not land on account of the number of savages on shore. I liked the looks and surroundings, and then made up my mind in the near future to make a settlement. At this point, circumstances intervened, preventing me from carrying out my original intention, until the following year, or 1851, at which time I commanded the steamer Sea

Gull in the trade between San Francisco and Portland. In the early part of June of that year, I organized nine men at, at that time, the small village of Portland, laid in abundant supplies of all necessary articles, two tents, arms and ammunition, and on the 9th day of June, 1851, made a landing, put all the supplies on "Battle Rock" together with my ship's magazine, two pigs of lead and a five pound gun. I then proceeded to San Francisco with the promise of returning in eleven days with more men. I returned at the appointed time, and found the Rock deserted, and everything destroyed. I believed that all my men had been killed by the savages, as there were evidences everywhere of a bloody fight. At the very foot of the Rock lay the body of a dead Indian.

On entering the Bay, we saw numerous canoes paddling for life down the Coast; at the report of our gun on board of the ship, all sprang overboard and held on the sides of their canoes, until satisfied that the danger was passed; then regaining their former positions they paddled again for dear life. After making a thorough examination of the surroundings, and finding none of the remains of my men, we proceeded upon our voyage to Portland, reporting our fears. Upon my return to San Francisco I enlisted sixty-seven men, purchased supplies of every kind and again sailed for this place, and landed my forces on the 14th day of July, less than one month from the leaving of the nine men which had occurred (as I afterwards learned) on the 21st.

I landed four guns, all six pounders. The men I left under the command of a brave and able man. Two block houses were erected at once, one on the east and the other on the west of Fort Point, the remains of which you can now see from this place; pickets about ten feet high were placed in the intervening space between the block houses, with one gate about in the center. All provisions and stores were secured in the houses, and every preparation made to occupy permanently and subdue the soil in obedience to the command given to our reputed progenitor, Adam. And here I am yet. On the 29th day of August following, the Government having ordered a detachment of troops of Major Hathaway's command at Fort George, now Astoria, to proceed to Port Orford, the name given this place, they were landed, under the command of Lieut. Whyman, from the steamer Sea Gull, the ship I commanded. Doctor Anson Dart, Superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Spaulding and Rev. J. L. Parrish, two Missionaries, came at the same time.

I had, on the previous voyage, landed six head of horses and two cows which I had purchased at Portland. I had also engaged Maj. W. G. TeVault (who died of smallpox at Jacksonville in 1872) to take charge of an expedition to

explore the intervening country between this place and the Oregon Trail as it was called, leading through the interior valleys to California. The horses were purchased for that expedition which started about the 20th of August. The party suffered greatly, and accomplished nothing, abandoned the horses in the mountains, and, reaching the south fork of the Coquille River, starved and nearly naked, secured two canoes with an Indian boy in one and a man in the other. The ten men, (that being their number) proceeded down the river suffering for the want of food. Arriving at the place near the present dwelling of John Hamblock, Esq., a large Indian village, some of them proposed to land and secure something to eat. The boy, by signs, tried to dissuade them from their purpose and while discussing the matter the canoes drifted into shoal water; the Indians on shore immediately came into the water seizing the canoes, when the slaughter commenced. TeVault and a young Texian remained in one canoe, the latter losing a portion of his scalp, and escaping to the opposite side of the river, and pursued separate routes to Port Orford. Five out of those remaining were massacred; the three survivors entered the adjoining forest, and fled north, one being separated from the other two, one of the latter being wounded by an arrow. As there have been a number of accounts published of this affair, we will leave the subject and return to Port Orford. On May the 12th, 1853, I brought my wife and family. That venerable old lady sitting there has passed through the terrible ordeal of being the first white female settler of this then savage land, the most western settlement on the American Continent. The forest then occupied the ground upon which we now are.

The Heads, now covered in many places with a thrifty growth of fir timber, was then clothed with a heavy sward of native grass and clover. The soil is deep, rich, and very productive. There is not within my knowledge a point of land to be compared with them in beauty and extent, embracing as they do, fully one section of land. Standing there as a guardian robed with never fading verdure, clear of all ocean fogs, and giving one of the most extensive views of as grand scenery as can be found upon the Pacific. On the East, the Bay, lying at their base, extending four miles to the eastward, to the base of Humbug mountain, eighteen hundred feet in altitude and relieved in the back ground by the beautiful Pilot Knob. At the South and East rises Mount Reynolds on the South of Rogue river, the mouth of which is in full view. To the North and East on the Elk and Sixes rivers, are mountains of which I will speak hereafter. To the North stretches the great plateau, extending to the North of the Coquille river, and reaching to Cape Gregory, twenty-eight miles distant. A little to the West of North, rises Cape Blanco, with her light three hundred feet

above the ocean, all in full view from the Port Orford Heads. On the North at their very base lies the beautiful Orford Lake, filled with mountain trout, ever ready to take the deceptive hook; this lake we do not fully appreciate, nor its great beauty, surrounded as it is with firm, solid and elevated banks and to its very edge studded with the blooming Rhododendron and Oleander, with the rich perfume of Port Orford cedar, and lying on the North and West of us, as it does, and bounding the town on two sides, with fresh water five fathoms deep, and embracing an area of over three hundred acres, offering the finest location for a naval depot, either for ship building or laying up ships in ordinary. A very small sum would be required to cut a canal from the lake to the harbor, from which in any emergency, ships of war could, at a moment's notice, proceed to sea without a moments delay, as no tides would have to be waited for or bar to cross. Ships of any magnitude could thus be commanded. We will now call your attention to Sixes river, and the resources of the immediate and remote interior of our country. From this place to Sixes river on the level bench, a little North of East, it is five miles; from that point the river trends a due East course fourteen miles; on the North side, the hills slope to the South gradually, with pasture lands alternating with forests of the finest cedar and native pines. The bottoms are narrow but very rich, with a heavy growth of curly and bird's eye maple, myrtle, ash and cedar. On the South, the mountains are steep and abrupt, covered with cedar and pine. The formation is cretaceous, and literally filled with coal, iron and copper. There are three seams of coal, the lower, based upon slate, is from nine to eleven feet in thickness; the next above is five feet, and the upper, six. As many of you who are long residents of this country are ignorant of the extent and character of these coals, I will read to you the analysis of a sample of the crop made in March, 1877, by Thomas Price, State Assayer of California, also one made in October of the same year, by Henry Hanks of San Francisco, of the sample taken out of the shaft twenty feet below the river bed. They will speak for themselves, and require no comment:

OFFICE OF THOMAS PRICE, ASSAYER, SAN FRANCISCO, March 22, 1877	
Coal deposited by Capt. Tichenor contains:	
Moisture.....	8.25 per ct.
Volatile Carbonaceous Matter.....	37.75 "
Fixed Carbon.....	45.00 "
Ash.....	9.00 "
Trace of Sulphur.....	
	100.00

Coal does not coke.

THOMAS PRICE.

OFFICE OF
HENRY G. HANKS,
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 8, 1877.
CAPT. WM. TICHENOR:
DEAR SIR:—The following is the result of my analysis of the Coal you placed in my hands:

CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.