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VOL. VI. MARSHFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1884. NO. 51

THE EARLY EXPLORERS OF OREGON.

[Prof. W. D. Lyman in the Oregonian.] A sense of sadness pervades the joy with which we view the present progress of our state.

Instead thereof we have railroads and elevators, burglars and five-cent pieces, mansard roofs and Italian opera-in short, all the appliances of commonplace civilization.

Often the only monuments left on their battle-fields were starving cattle and abandoned teams and, perhaps, shallow and hasty graves where some wearied veteran or patient mother or premature-aged child found the first rest of a lifetime.

And when we reach the sea, our minds turn back farther yet, beyond the pioneers of the land to the far older pioneers of the ocean.

Like all other countries, Oregon must perform those successive stages of progress, and she is now entering strongly upon the last.

One thing in connection with our history will especially surprise us, that is, that this coast was explored so early.

communicated with the Indian ocean. There was, no doubt, a liberal supply of imagination connected with this voyage, but it is quite likely that Cortereal really penetrated into Hudson's bay.

They thought it entered the eastern side of the continent in lat. 58 deg., and thus furnished a very direct route to Asia.

The Spaniards, as at first, took the lead in these explorations. And in 1513 the daring Balboa, having first seen "from a peak of Darien" the vast expanse of the western ocean, descended into it, and with the bold assurance of the times took possession of it and all the lands washed by its waters in the name of the king and queen of Spain.

Little did he realize what he was taking possession of. The Spaniards, pushing further and further south, at last, under the lead of Magellan, entered a turbulent and stormy strait, which conducted them to a vast but tranquil ocean. Magellan gave his own name to the strait, and the ocean he called Pacific.

So the riddle of the geographical sphinx was solved at last, and into the unknown sea rushed Spaniard and Englishman together to seize and hold the El Dorado with the gold and gems which imagination gathered there.

Hernando Cortes, that man of iron, with nerves of steel and heart of flint, was the first to plan and execute systematic exploration on the Pacific coast.

The southern part of California was the fruit of these endeavors, made between 1532 and 1540. In the latter year some gorgeous reports of Cibola, one of seven mighty cities, visited by Marcos de Uiza. No doubt, thought the greedy Spaniards, here is a country richer than Mexico and Peru combined.

In the attempt to find it, Fernando de Alarcon sailed nearly three hundred miles up a great river, which was no doubt the Colorado. But the stone buildings and the gold and pearls of Cibola and Tutototec were never heard of again, and no doubt were mostly located in the active brain of the worthy Marcos de Uiza.

Thus far the Spaniards had confined themselves to the south. But they soon began to turn their adventurous prow northward, and in 1542 Cabrillo reached latitude 38 deg. Cabrillo dying not long after, Ferrello in the next year went as high as 44 deg., and named the cape now called Mendocino—in lat. 41, the Stormy Cape.

During the next thirty or forty years was the great buccaneer domination of the Pacific. English and Dutch pirates established themselves on the coast and islands of South America, and from their hiding places swept like birds of prey upon the richly laden galleons of the Spanish main.

Drake reached lat. 43. Here he says that his men, "being thus speedily come out of extreme heat, found the air so cold, that, being pinched with the same, they complained of the extremity thereof." On the 17th of June, 1579, Drake anchored in the bay of San Francisco.

Like all other countries, Oregon must perform those successive stages of progress, and she is now entering strongly upon the last.

It is our purpose to describe the second and third of the series. They form three natural topics: First—Voyages of discovery, covering the period from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the discovery of the Columbia river by Robert Gray, in the year 1792.

Second—Explorations of the Columbia and its tributaries from the ocean. And, third—Explorations from the landward side.

Another story of a later date (1640) was that of Pedro Bartolome de Fonte. This bold navigator, whose valor was apparently surpassed only by his vigor of imagination, relates a voyage along the western coast of North America.

Fuca. His name is commemorated in the great strait on our northern boundary and his exploits deserve more extended notice than those of any that preceded him. A Greek of the city of Cephalonia, De Fuca had for more than thirty years been in the naval service of Spain. In 1599, and in 1602, he sailed in search of the strait of Anian.

A broad inlet of the sea, after which, as he said, "he passed by divers islands in that sailing; and at the entrance of this said strait, there is, on the north-west coast thereof, a great headland or island, with an exceedingly high pinnacle or spired rock, like a pillar thereupon."

He penetrated deeply into the recesses of the "Mediterranean of the northwest," what a picture must have met his gaze. The future London and New York of the sound had not yet displaced the forests, and as the weird old Greek pilot peered with eager eyes into every inlet only the giant woods with an occasional squalid Indian hut were there to welcome him.

However, he discovered Nootka sound, and proceeded thence to the highest point yet reached—lat. 70 deg. 29 min., further progress being checked by ice.

It is a curious fact, if we may digress enough to make a philosophical observation, that a great geographical discovery seems always to cast its shadow before. And in the shadow a whole crop of traditions and rumors springs like Jonah's gourd, into sudden immensity.

It was the same with the discovery of the majestic Columbia, our great river, which even a daily view can never make commonplace to the true Oregonian.

But, whether the brave old Greek pilot was altogether trustworthy or not, there is no question that he was the first European to enter the straits which now immortalize his name.

In 1603, Aguilar, a Spaniard, anchored—so Torquemada tells us—in lat. 43 deg., near the mouth of a great river, the current of which was so swift as to forbid entrance. From this point, he says, the shore begins to trend north-westward.

Now, it is not impossible that this was the Columbia river, since nothing else on the coast answers the description. The mistake of three degrees of latitude might have been made in the various vicissitudes through which the account passed before being definitely stated in history.

Between 1774 and 1779 there were three important voyages made by the Spaniards, in which this coast had a general examination as far as lat. 60 deg. During the second of these explorations, under Heceta, Bodega and Maurelle, while searching for the straits of Fuca and the great river described by Aguilar so long before, they saw, on the 15th of August, 1775, the mouth of a mighty river which the swiftness of the ebbing tide prevented them entering.

On June 29 the Felice entered the straits of Fuca. It was Meares, in fact, who fixed that appropriate name upon the beautiful inlet first seen by the old Greek pilot so long before.

Eight days later, Meares entered a bay in lat. 46:10, the supposed place of the Rio San Roque of the Spaniards.

Without further examination he concluded that "no such river as the San Roque exists, as laid down on the Spanish charts." So he gave the name of Cape Disappointment to the northern headland—now more commonly called Cape Hancock—and the bay he called Deception bay.

It is very curious that Meares should have shown so little perseverance in following up a discovery which he had taken so much pains to make.

Especially is it surprising when we remember that at that season (July) the

foes, in latitude 67 deg. they turned southward, having—though not then knowing it—entered the long hidden northwest passage, the only strait connecting the northern oceans.

As is fitting, the strait now commemorates the name of the gallant Behring. By the time, therefore, of Heceta and Bodega the Russians had become pretty well established in the fur trade of the extreme north, and were in a position to rival the nations coming from the south in their occupancy of the ancient Oregon.

In 1776, the Ulysses of modern discovery, James Cook, was commissioned by George III. of England to go by way of the cape of Good Hope, New Zealand and the Sandwich islands to this region, which, with the customary British assurance, they called New Albion.

He touched the coast of Oregon in lat. 44 deg., then sheered off the coast just long enough to miss the Columbia river, then grazed the coast again at cape Flattery, and bounced off so as to miss the straits of Fuca, one of the special objects of his search.

But we must for a moment leave the sea, and glance across the land.

Immediately after leaving Bullfinch's harbor, Gray continued south till he came abreast of a bold headland which he thought must be Heceta's Cape San Roque.

So after a week or more spent in trading—the natives supposing his vessel to have come from heaven—a common delusion of theirs respecting the whites—he turned his prow seaward, giving the name Columbia to the river, and to the capes the names of Adams and Hancock.

Thus ends the period of search. The river was found, named, labeled and put away in the geographical collection of the world.

Another paper will properly be taken to consider the exploration upon the waters which for so many ages had heard no sounds save "their own dashings."

Oregon's Small Exhibit. E. W. Allen, one of the commissioners from Oregon to the world's fair at New Orleans, writes to J. W. Crawford of Salem, stating he arrived there on the 25th and the car containing Oregon's exhibit arrived on the 27th and was unloaded on the 29th, then everything was apparently in good shape.

In that year two vessels, the Felice and Iphigenia—flying the Portuguese colors, but under the general charge of two Englishmen, Meares and Douglas—sailed from Macao, China, to Nootka sound.

Like most of their predecessors, their primary object was to carry on the fur trade. Incidentally they were on the lookout for any openings—either in trade, in conquest, or in the frowning coast-line, which was generally thought to extend almost unbroken from San Francisco to Nootka.

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water of the bay and ocean, discolored from the annual flood, must have been itself a sufficient proof of the presence there of a vast river. It was, however, upon this semi-discovery of Meares that the English afterward based their claim of priority of discovery of Oregon.

But in the meantime great events had occurred in the colonies. The American revolution had become an accomplished fact. Released from the narrowing influence of foreign control and with native enterprise stimulated by growing national pride, the new republic began to stretch her fingers out upon the mountain crests and along the sea-coasts.

Several American vessels, most from Boston, embarked in the fur trade on this coast. Among the others was the Columbia, Robert Gray being master. Gray spent two or three years cruising up and down the coast, trading with the natives, before making any remarkable discovery. But in May, 1792, he set sail for the mythical river of the west, resolved to put the matter to a thorough test and see if there were there any magnet of fact round which the floating particles of rumor and fancy might cluster in some definite order.

On the 7th of May he entered a fine bay in latitude 46 deg. 58 min. Three days having been profitably spent in trading with the Indians—swapping old iron for furs at a profit of several thousand per cent.—Gray attached the name of Bullfinch's harbor to the bay, and took his leave. This bay is now appropriately known from his gallant discoverer, as Gray's harbor.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

MRS. M. TOWER, MILLINERY

DRESS-MAKING! EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.

BLANCO HOTEL, Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon

WESTERN HOTEL, South Front street, Marshfield, Oregon

CENTRAL HOTEL! Corner of Front and A streets, Marshfield, Oregon

LUNCH HOUSE AND RESTAURANT! (Formerly Behr's)

MATT STORA, Jr., Proprietor MEALS AT ALL HOURS!

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R. MAINS, MERCHANT TAILOR! FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD

FALL AND WINTER GOODS. Stock of Foreign and Domestic Hats and Fancy Suits...

NOTICES FOR FINAL PROOF. LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, OREGON, November 20, 1884.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

Having to visit the east in a short time, I am compelled to collect all money due me, on note or book account, and notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to me to call immediately and settle accounts.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. Apply to Mrs. C. W. Tower, Marshfield.

Wm. Saunders, of Empire City, and William Noble, Lyman Noble and Charles Fox, of Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.

Wm. F. Benjamin, Register.