Discovery of California and Northwest America.

THE FIRST VOYAGE

TO THE

COASTS OF CALIFORNIA;

MADE IN THE YEARS 1542 AND 1543,

BY JUAN RODRIGUEZ CABRILLO and his Pilot BARTOLOME FERRELO,

By ALEX. S. TAYLOR, of Monterey.

SAN FRANCISCO:
PUBLISHED BY LE COUNT & STRONG,
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TO THE

HON. WILLIAM M. GWIN,

SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

My Dear Doctor:

Some three years ago you encouraged me, by holding out a friendly hand, to devote myself to the investigation of the curious old history of California. I have done so as much as possible. I dedicate to you therefore—as the man who first tapped me on the back—this little effort to establish the fame of the Columbus of California, the first hero in the annals of our Commonwealth.

If you are ever shipwrecked in the sea of our politics, I hope you may save from the storm, a good philosophy, and an abundant store of hearty smiles at the fickleness of fortune; and end your days on the shores of the Pacific, in the country where a man lives most contented and dies happiest.

Your Friend,

ALEX. S. TAYLOR.

San Francisco, May 23, 1853.

PREFACE.

In a residence of nearly five years in California, circumstances and a taste for reading, induced me to inquire more particularly than some others, into the earlier history of our country,

In this investigation, I have consulted the works of Humboldt, Venegas, Palou, and all the English, French, and American authors I could lay hold of. Without exception, they are glaringly deficient in a proper history, or appreciation of the first voyage to explore the anciently fabulous coasts of California and the Northwest. It appeared to me as necessary to have an accurate history of this expedition—on which was to be built the first chapter of the Annals of the American States on the Pacific Ocean—as it was to have a faithful account of the first voyage of Christopher Columbus, to the Eastern shores of the Western Hemisphere.

Well, I at last met with the celebrated historical digest of Navarette, of the Voyages made to the Coast of California and the North—the same author who, in searching the Spanish archives for the original Voyages of Spaniards on this coast, discovered the manuscript accounts of Columbus; and to whom our countryman Irving confesses himself so much indebted in the book which forms the cornerstone in the monument of his fame.

In this digest, Navarette gives from the original manuscripts, an abstract of the voyage of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the Columbus of our shores. The indefiniteness and meagerness of this account, induced me to investigate the subject more fully, with such aids as I had at hand. In this investigation—having before me the reconnoisance of our Pacific Coasts and Islands of 1851 and 1852, made by our lamented countryman McArthur, and his able successors, Alden, Davidson, and their companions—I think I have been enabled to follow closely in the tract of Cabrillo and his pilot Ferrelo; and identify points described by them (in Navarette's version,) which have until recently puzzled not only Navarette in Madrid, but every author who has dipped his pen in the ink of California history.

How well I have succeeded in this attempt, the California reader will best judge.

It is a little singular that after so many fruitless voyages, and adventurous land explorations of the old Spaniards in search of the El Dorado, the Quivira, and the Cibola of California, it should remain for our countrymen, the vanguard sons of the Nimrods of Antiquity advancing from the first of time from the regions of the East, and following the course of the setting sun, to develop in the year 1848 of Christ, on the coasts of the Great Ocean, the hitherto fabulous riches, *in about the very regions* of country designated in the exciting accounts of the cavaliers and monks, and the descendants of the old mariners of Tyre and Sidon—who, stretching west from island to island and point to point, of Mediteranean shores, arrived at last at the Gates of the fabled Hercules, and looked out for unknown periods on the mysterious waters of the then Western Ocean, which they were the first to cross; and to give to mankind a new world.

I make no pretensions to the character of a historian—much less so, a historian of California, (a history never to be found exhaustive or the subjects connected with it,) which will indeed require a scholar of the deepest learning, the most patient research and philosophical forbearance—of extensive reading and capacity for just comparisons, and whose faith must be at once Californian, Catholic, and Cosmopolitan. Such an one time can only develope—the world will not be burnt up before HE is born—one who will have first seen the light on the soil of California—to the manner born, and who will lisp from childhood the babbling tongues of her multifarious populations. Therefore let his predecessors be content to carefully collect the facts for his use, and the timely application of a healthful experience to the events of the future will lay with a more sober judgment.

THE VOYAGE OF JUAN RODRIGUEZ CABRILLO,

FIRST DISCOVERER OF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA;

AND OF HIS PILOT BARLOLOME FERRELO.

"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages."
WILL OF LORD BACON.

THE year 1540 is a point in the annals of California on the ocean coast, and California of the still mysterious Eastern regions, which must ever remain of the greatest interest to those who now, and will in the future inhabit the Pacific extremity of the Anglo-American Empire; and which but a few days ago, in the chronology of time, has come under the sway of that people who have so recently assumed the prominent and dominant position of law-givers to a continent—a continent whose lands are but yet faintly traced in its exterior outlines, or explored in its interior territories by the footsteps of that vanguard of the human race.—Some of these countries are as great mysteries to us now, as they were in the year 1540 to the old Spanish cavaliers and navigators, or to Raleigh and his seekers of gold in the swamps of Guiana.

The man of whom I shall speak is one of those characters in history whom few writers have noticed, and those few have mentioned with flippant neglect, careless ignorance, or the most intolerable indolence. Those who have attempted to write the history of the countries of the American continent, lying on the Pacific Ocean to the north of the peninsula of old California, have been strangely derelict of research into the foundation basis of California history.

In our reverend love for the antiquity of our State, and to snatch a great name from the musty records of the past, dear to the heart of the lover of truth, we have attempted with such helps as are at hand, to explore those romantic old times when California was the world's watch-word, as she yet remains—to the adventurous, the young, the energetic, the daring, the speculative, the seeker for Cibola, and the El Dorado—spotted in the year 1848. For after 330 years wandering and roaming over swamps and deserts, and plains and snow-capped mountains; or through the boisterous deep of unknown north-west seas, which yet contain great truths for men to fathom and bring to the light—we have but arrived in our times at the realization of the dreams of the old Spanish gold hunters, and the ardent desires of the restless Conqueror of Mexico.

We do not know where California's first hero was born—at this distance of time the doubts of his lineage and early life would be as great as those of Christopher Columbus, or of the old Homer of

antiquity: whom seven cities cursed, and seven cities exiled, and seven cities fought after his death for the honor of nativity. The parentage, birth, life, nationality and mortal end of our Californian Columbus, is veiled under a thick cloud of doubt and obscurity. Suffice it to say for us: "Once in the flight of ages past, there lived a man—and who was he? The bounding pulse, the languid limb, the changing spirits rise and fall—we know that these were felt by him, for these are felt by all."

About the year 1540 all Spain and Mexico were alive with the wondrous stories brought by the expeditions of the Friar Marcos de Niza, of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, and of Alvara Nunez de Cabeza Vaca, who had severally penetrated the regions stretching from Florida on the Atlantic, to Sinaloa on the Pacific; and from the city of Mexico away into the mysterious countries at the head of the Gulf of California, of the lower Mississippi, of the region of the great western prairies, and the territories now known as those of the Apaches, the Camanches, the Moquis, the Nabajoes, and some say even that of the interior of Alta California in the vicinity of the Tulare lakes. About this time also returned to Mexico the sea expedition of Hernando de Alarcon, who had ascended the river Colorado for more than 50 miles from its mouth, and that of Francisco de Ulloa, who had sailed along the Pacific coast as high as the island of Cedros or Cerros under the latitude of 28 degrees. All these expeditions brought the most exciting tales of countries filled with populous nations of half-civilized people, and of nations of Amazons who were rich in pearls and gold and precious stones, and dwelt in walled cities.

The sea expeditions from California brought pearls of rare value from the unknown coasts; and strange stories were told of an island of warlike Amazons, and of countries governed by a powerful Monarch, who lived in a great city where gold was as plentiful as iron in Spain. The locality of this latter territory was the region of what is now called the bay of San Francisco, and of the Klamath river, or some place it about the present Tulare lakes. Then, as now, these tales turned mens' heads—they excited the imaginations of the young and the adventurous, and the greed of the avaricious and the money-monger. The gold remains—we have spotted it—it has founded a new epoch in the world's history and of human affairs. The great king is dead if he has ever lived, and his bones now lay in the same tomb which holds the dust of the forgotten races of this continent; fit food for the researches of the antiquarian, and the speculator into the mysteries of humanity.

The Viceroy of Mexico at this time was Don Antonio de Mendoza, the first who had filled that important office, and the mortal enemy of the restless and ambitious schemes of Hernan Cortez. Historians describe him as a man of genius, and of great wisdom and sagacity. Certain it is, that he foresaw the immense advantages that would accrue to Spain by the first conquest of countries reported to be richer than Mexico, and which would give him a fame and name in the world, equalled, if not surpassed, by Columbus, by Cortez and by Pizarro. The latter was then in the full blaze of recent wealth and honors, astonishing and chagrining those ambitious spirits who had not had the energy or the courage, to penetrate into the regions of the South with the first conquerors of the golden Incas of Peru.

Induced by these reports, the effect of which we may imagine in that day of mystical ignorance and adventurous

knight-errantry, hankering for titles and wealth, with the impulsive restlessness of all Mexico and Spain, the Viceroy ordered the fitting out of an expedition for surveying the countries to the north of the then supposed to be island of California; to search for a passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and to open communications with the rich nations who were believed to reside in the vicinity of this bay, whose regions were then, as its harbor is now, of world-wide celebrity—whose gates at present receive the commerce of the world, and which will in time be the common centre of traffic for the 500 millions of men living in the countries washed by the waves of the Pacific Ocean.

This expedition was not ready for sailing until the 27th day of June, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1542, and only fifty years after the Discovery of America by Columbus. It consisted of two small vessels named the San Salvador and La Victoria, and was put under the command of him who proved himself a man of practical knowledge and sagacity, and of great courage and daring adventure. This man was Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo—the first discoverer of our shores and the Columbus of the northwest Pacific coasts of the American continent. His pilot and lieutenant was Bartolome Ferrelo, whom we shall presently see, proved himself a worthy disciple of our first great man; for under the most pressing difficulties he afterwards carried the dying injunctions of the brave old mariner into consummation and effect.

If we take into consideration the times in which this expedition sailed on its voyage of research and discovery into mysterious and fabulous seas—with two rickety barks which at this day can only be appreciated by the sight of an unwieldy Chinese junk; with a small crew of superstitious men; with no charts; with provisions worse and scarcer than have fed hungry Californians in these latter times, in 100 day passages from Panama; with instruments uncertain and of most puzzling application and erroneous results; with the yet unstifled credulity of the world being a square and not a globe; in fact that a ship would tumble off the sharp edges and fall into hideous space (hideous then), and its crew be seized by fabulous demons, for new-fangled presumption and audacious inquiry into the secrets of our mysterious and holy mother Nature: we shall be struck at the immense and unappreciable difficulties which Cabrillo had to contend with in carrying out the orders of the Viceroy, and undoubtedly the consuming desire, and darling ambition of his great and noble soul.

Well, our brave old mariner with his two crazy caravals, sailed from the port of Navidad, or Natividad, in Xalisco, situated to the south of San Blas, under the latitude of 19 degrees. Examining with great care the points on the western coasts of Lower California, which had been visited previously by Ulloa, he arrived about the 12th of August at the island of Cedros, which forms the south-western boundary of the Bay of Virgins or San Quentin, or called by others the Bay of Sebastian Vizcaino. Cabrillo carefully examined this fine bay and its series of bays—up to the present time most inaccurately delineated by our hydrographers and geographers—and discovered a fine harbor which he called Port Possession, in honor of taking possession for the king of Spain. The natives received him with great kindness, and informed him of having seen white men five days journey from their tribe to the east, probably Indian rumors of the expeditions under Coronado or Alarcon. Refitting and watering his ships here, he steered for the

north, close hugging the coast, and discovered on the 27th of August the Port of San Mateo, now called Todos Santos. Here he saw flocks of animals like the llamas of Peru; most likely the mountain sheep or goat, or the antelope, which are still found in those mountains in great numbers, and often described by the old California writers, and missionary priests. This was the dry season, and the long line of the coast could be distinctly seen for leagues in that clear atmosphere, stretching nearly due north and south. He was now entering the unknown and mysterious seas never before plowed by the prow of a ship, and every object was filled with mystery and delighted wonder.

By the meager and indefinite accounts handed down to us by the Spanish writers, we learn that it was not before about the 1st of October, or 31 days sail from Cedros—only 300 miles distance—that he discovered the small islands now called the Coronados, and entered the famous port of San Miguel, known by us at present as San Diego. The old story was repeated here by the hospitable Indians of Spaniards whom they had seen in the interior to the east. He puts down San Diego as being in latitude 34°, 20′, which is about 100 miles north of its true position, and will at once show the great imperfection of his instruments and the navigating difficulties under which he labored. On the 7th of October he discovered the two large islands to the north of San Diego, which he called San Salvador and La Victoria after his ships, now known as San Clemente and Santa Catalina, names given them by Vizcaino in 1602. These islands were well populated by Indians who were greatly alarmed at the appearance of the Spanish ships, but from the prudent treatment of Cabrillo, as far as we can now gather, they received him afterwards with amity and friendship. They repeated the stories related by the Indians of the coast, of white men seen in the interior of the main land. This was afterwards affirmed by the Indians at the Bay of Fumos, or Smoke, undoubtedly the same as the present San Pedro, which is immediately in front and in sight of Santa Catalina. As it was the dry season, the country was likely experiencing one of its annual conflagrations. On the 9th following, he entered a spacious cove or roadstead, which was no doubt that of Santa Barbara or near by. Here the navigators saw close to the shore an Indian town with "casas grandes," or houses built after the manner of the Spaniards. The Indians were equally as hospitable as those of the south, and came off to visit the strange ships in large canoes. They re-affirmed the story of having seen white men seven days journey in the interior. Cabrillo, feeling convinced here of the truth of these continued reports, wrote a letter to his wandering countrymen, which two of the Indians engaged to deliver for him.

This story of a half-civilized race of Indians living in the ancient times in the southern counties of our State, receives confirmation from the voyage of Vizcaino in 1602, where very particular descriptions are given by Padre de la Ascencion, of a kind of temple to the sun with images and idols, found by that expedition near a fine port in the island of Santa Catalina, lately surveyed for the first time by Alden and his assistants. In conversing with an old American settler of many years residence in Santa Barbara, he assured me that the traditions of that town and country entirely confirm the accounts of Cabrillo's voyage, and that there still exist in the south the remains of Indian houses and mounds.

In this vicinity Cabrillo anchored in

front of a beautiful valley, no doubt that of San Buenaventura, which to this day remains one of the lovliest and most fertile within the boundaries of our magnificent domain. Here the natives were found very numerous, as they were also along the whole southern coasts from the Bay of San Simeon to that of San Diego. They came off in great numbers in canoes to barter fish for trinkets, and other curious things in possession of the strangers. These regions are described as delicious in climate and beautiful in scenery, which description remains faithful to this day of that romantic and picturesque region of our territory. It is indeed more than the Italy of the Western Ocean.

About the middle of October he discovered the promontory of Cape Galera, which we now call Point Concepcion, and also those picturesque islands which lay off the coast of California, and form the Channel of Santa Barbara. These islands were said to be uninhabited, though one of them, called afterwards Juan Rodriguez by Ferrelo, was stated to contain some miserable Indians who lived by fishing and went entirely naked These islands Cabrillo called San Lucas, which may apply to any of those points at this late day, as the names were so often changed by later Spanish and English navigators, as to perplex and confound the reader and geographer in the highest degree. Up to the present year of 1853, they remain as for the last 311 years, uncertain and most inexact in position, in name, and even in numbers. Every map and chartmaker has followed his own precious notions in laying down the coast and islands of California, until we come to our lamented countryman McArthur, and his ~~assistants and~~ successors, Alden and Davidson—whom may God spare to speedily set right these important questions, which affect the lives and fortunes of 3000 of their countrymen steaming through our uncertain seas every thirty days, and conveying millions of precious treasure.

About the first of November, being beset by the old fashioned north-west winds and fogs which obscured the coast and prevented his landing, from the dangerous surf and huge mountain waves, (as terrific then as they are now in their season,) he discovered a port called by him Todos Santos, undoubtedly that known to us under the title of San Luis Obispo. A short distance further north he anchored in the beautiful roadstead of San Simeon, which well answers his description and time, and which he named the Sardines, from the quantity of that fish found there. At this cove he took in wood and water. This is the same place where a short time ago occurred the disaster of the steamship Pioneer. Here he found the Indians similar in character to those of Santa Barbara, and who soon became very familiar. To such a degree did this friendship extend that an Indian chief, the cazique of these rancherias, accompanied by a numerous deputation of his tribe, slept on board of Cabrillo's ship for two nights. A merry old time must have had these first discoverers of our California with such pleasant confrees—no doubt bringing to mind the descriptions left by Columbus of his first visit to Hayti, when was opened to his generous and imaginative soul the primeval aspect of the Indian Paradise of the Western Hesperides—

> "There rose a song in the harmony of times,
> Before the winds blew Europe o'er these climes—
> True, they had vices—such are nature's growth;
> But only the Barbarian's—we have both;
> Who hath not seen with us dissimulation's reign,
> The prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain."

Ah! it is worth snatching 311 years from the musty and dusty and mystical scrolls of old time, to steal into the camp and

anchorage of these merrymakers of excited and exuberant spirits, on a softened evening of a California November day. Imagine the glowing picture—sun sinking down into the blue, calm, solemn, profound Pacific Ocean, fabulous in those days—the huge rolling billows laving the white sandy beach—the little knots of wondering, guileless, awe-stricken, friendly Indians—the high and rugged hills clothed with pines and set in sharp outlines against the back-ground of a deep, blue sky—our old Columbus the Second and his pilot Bartolome, with their rough Spanish sailors, bright with hope and overflowing with curious expectation—all mixed in happy crowds on the mellow, grassy slopes of this enchanting cove; for to this day San Simeon retains the fame of these Virgin days of the Elysium fields of our beautiful California: "While yet the forest trees were young upon the unviolated earth, and yet the moss-stains on the rock were new, and beheld thy glorious childhood and rejoiced."

Cabrillo describes the coasts in this neighborhood as high and steep, and attended with great difficulty in landing from the tremendous surf—the mornings and evenings at times very cold—the lands often obscured with heavy clouds—and the north-west wind blowing at intervals with great force, and suddenly chopping round to the south. This account is proved correct from our more extended experience of the climate and coast-features of California.

He had now mounted the great promontory of Concepcion, and steering to the northwest, began to experience a more decided change of temperature. A short time afterwards, he says, (or the meager transcribers of his voyage say,) he discovered "Sierras Altas," or high hills, in the latitude of 37 degrees 30 minutes, which was most likely Point Ano Nuevo, or Point San Pedro, well known headlands between the Bay of San Francisco and Monterey, and named by him San Martin; a name retained in charts and maps till within a very few years

Here the ships experienced a great tempest, lasting two days, in which Cabrillo's companion was separated from him. The Captain giving up in despair for the fate of the Victoria, and hugging the shore as close as possible, ascended as high as 40 degrees and where he discovered a high promontory, which from the error of his instruments, must have been the Punta de los Reyes, that remarkable headland forming the bay of Sir Fr. Drake, visible fifty miles at sea in clear weather; or possibly some of the highlands about the entrance of the bay of San Francisco. The coast in this vicinity, under the influence of the storm, must have here presented to the eye of Cabrillo with his miserable barks a terrific aspect, and no doubt prevented him from examining it more closely and winning the honor of discovering the bay of San Francisco; a discovery sufficient to immortalize the name of the most ambitious navigator. The name of the discoverer of the Golden Gate is not known to this day.

On the 15th of November, after long and anxious searching, his companion rejoined him, and both now turned their prows toward the south; determining at a more favorable time to prosecute, with greater perseverance, the exploration of these beautiful and unknown coasts.

Well might Cabrillo here use the words of his contemporary, Camoens:

> "For through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
> Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
> Which these wide solitudes of sea and sky,
> Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye."

Our brave old Captain appears to have been every inch a sailor, and imbued with the true California spirit. On Friday, the 17th of the same month, he dis-

covered a wide and extensive Bay, penetrating the land to a considerable distance, where he came to anchor, in 45 fathoms water, and called it the Bay of Pines; now known as the Bay of Monterey, from the Viceroy of Mexico in Vizcaino's time, and which has been the witness of the most important transactions in the history of California from the 17th of November 1542, to the 7th day of July 1846; when that flag, the harbinger of holy freedom, was raised on these shores, which we may hope to see floating in time on every islet in this Great Ocean, and on every snow clad or volcanic peak on this continent; a continent, the fit and bountiful mother to receive within its embraces the tired and panting souls, born indeed under the dead systems of Europe and the petrified puerillities of Asia; and to purify by its invigorating influence the human race from its gross ignorance, and barbarous, accursed religions and childish nationalities; and to perfect in the future the basis of a catholic, cosmopolitan faith.

The position where Cabrillo anchored was most likely, under Point Santa Cruz, the north western extremity of the Bay of Monterey, as he described the shores as steep and scarped, and impossible to effect a landing from the terrible surf breaking on the beach—no doubt from a heavy southerly swell common at this day in the wet season, and which has given the Roadstead of Santa Cruz, at East of this, an unenviable reputation as a safe anchorage in winter. At no time within history has the harbor of Monterey been unsafe to effect a landing.

Under Point Santa Cruz, in McArthur's Reconnoissance charts of 1851, about two miles seaward, there is an anchorage of 40 fathoms, no doubt about the spot where Cabrillo's fleet was anchored, as he describes the Coast Range of this vicinity as high, and the tops covered with snow, which is the case nearly every winter. The land he also says, 15 leagues to the southeast from this point of view, falls down into a more level country, better and thicker populated. This answers exactly the present physical aspect of the lands at the mouths of the rivers Pajaro and Salinas, the rolling hills of the town of Monterey, and the thick settlements of Indians, found there by the old priests in 1770. At the date of Cabrillo's visit, the shores of the Santa Cruz country must have been covered to the sea with red-wood forests; then no doubt taken for pines, whence the name of the bay, though the true pine is found in abundance on its southern boundaries.

From the ignorance of the printers of those old days, as well as from the fact of Cabrillo not communicating in person to the authorities of Mexico the results of his wonderful and important voyage, and also most likely, from his pilot's indefinite description of points seen on this coast; the Californian of the present day is sadly perplexed in exactly defining the various positions and headlands, discovered by these adventurous and daring navigators on the fabulous and wondrous seas of California. And this is unnecessarily increased by every author—numberless almost—from Herrara, Gomarra, and Venega, of the Spaniards—to Forbes of the English, and Greenhow and Farnham of the Americans, who all repeat each others mistakes or echo their omissions from the fact of not having seen these countries; or, if visitors here, never taking the pains to search out and identify the objects and points described. But this neglect, like every thing in our California, is no new thing; even Columbus, though the subject of most eloquent and impassioned pens, has never had this necessary and best of honors

conferred on his immortal memory, even after 361 years from the discovery of the New World.

From the tempestuous weather prevailing on the coast of Santa Cruz, and from the severity of this winter— which must have been an uncommonly rugged one—with his crew sick and half starving, Cabrillo deemed it more prudent to seek the milder climate of the Santa Barbara Islands where he might refresh his crew and repair his ships. Accordingly, he sailed from Monterey Bay, and anchored on the 23d of November in a harbor in one of the group before mentioned, and named by him San Lucas—most probably, in Cuyler's harbor of the Island of San Miguel, which lies west of the others, believed by Alden to be the San Bernardo, and surveyed by his officers in 1852, for which they deserve the thanks of every Californian and sailor.

Here the fleet spent part of the winter, and here we must bring to termination the mortal life of our bold and ancient mariner. Doubtless an old man, and a companion in the early voyages of Columbus and Magellan,—used to the climates of more tropical seas, and living on the scanty ship's provisions of those days; probably afflicted with the scurvy, that scourge for three hundred years of Pacific seamen, and of which we in California, have lately had such lively experience; or his blood thinned and starved, and the very marrow of his bones penetrated by the cold northwest winds and mists of December, with no other assistance than his tired and faithful pilot and his wearied and dispirited sick crew—he sunk on the arms of Ferrelo, into the regions of the shadow of that Spirit appointed to receive the souls of beings on whom the Great Author and Providence of Creation hath bestowed the gift of a spiritual and corporeal existence:

"And nothnig can we call our own but Death,
And that small model of our barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

With his dying breath he directed Ferrelo to assume command of the Expedition, charging him in the most earnest terms to explore the whole of these remote shores, and to mount the snowy capes and mysterious promontories, until he had proven the truth or falsity of the passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and of the great Kingdom filled with the fabulous people and riches, of that age of wild adventure and credulous belief.

On the 3d of January 1543, according to received accounts, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo breathed his last mortal sigh. Solemn must have been the death of the old sailor on this solitary and lonely California island. If he had a fond wife, or a precious daughter, or left at home a son as the heir of his name and fame and mighty discoveries by which he could be perpetuated in men's ungrateful memories, what shadows of grief and melancholy must have sombered the old man's spirits in the final struggle for mortality. In imagination we place ourselves at his death bed, and hear him breathing out the mournful catches of his great soul. "I shall die on this lonely rock,—my bones will moulder in this ocean-bound solitude—my name will be lost, and my fame sink into oblivion—No! it cannot be, my name will live for ever, and this child of my old age shall spring to a new life in the future and shake the dead nations of the earth from their old faiths and the sleep of petrified centuries. If you, Ferrelo, never return to the societies of Christian men, who will learn the grand results of our strange and wondrous voyage; who will know the history of the first voyage of peril and of glory to the coasts on the west of the New World of the great Columbus." But the end of all men must come—the great, the wise,

the rich, and the beggar. Interpolating the beautiful lines of Longfellow we may say:—"No more surveying with an eye expectant, the long line of California's coast, shall the gaunt figure of the brave old Pilot be seen upon his post. For in the dark unseen a single warrior, dreaded of man and surnamed the Destroyer, passed into the chamber of the sleeper. He paused not to parley or dissemble, but with his subtle scythe, which spares not age nor nimble, smote down the Sailor hoar."

And thus died our brave old Columbus the Second. No Camoens, or Tasso, or Byron, or Irving, or Prescott, or Roscoe, or DeFoe hath told the story of his life, or burned on the living page of poetry, his character or adventures—deeds greater and more useful to man than warlike Generals, cunning Kings, or narrow-minded Priests and bigoted zealots. His name has laid as it were among the dark corners of the damp old closets of the archives of history; none have polished their pens to perpetuate in bright thoughts the deeds of the discoverer of California. But a new race has arisen on the coasts made known by his daring bravery and adventure; a new era is born in human affairs, and in all good time his name will be embalmed in enduring memories in the future histories of the land destined in the latter times to show the family of man a new experience, and a brighter hope; who following the coursing sun, "Shall sit them down beneath the farthest west, by the shore of that calm Ocean, and look back on realms made happy."

On a lone island, and in an unknown spot is laid the body of the old Hero, whose deeds are to fill the first chapter in the history of our State. His bones have crumbled there to dust in the great volcanic tomb of man, which holds the ashes of the dead generations of centuries. The tangled grass and the wild flowers of California have bloomed in greater vigor over his mouldering flesh; the solemn, soughing waves of the Pacific ocean beating in mountain billows against his solitary tomb, have chaunted for 311 years a continued requiem to the manes of our venerated and long forgotten Discoverer.

Meanwhile, the placid moon coursed the path of her accustomed circle; the stars twinkled in the clear firmament of heaven; the earth revolved in its ancient orbit; the blue ocean stretched as distant into the horizon as at Creation's dawn; races of men struggled for supremancy in bloody battles; the snow fell, and the winds blew from thier mystical depths. "The next morn the sun rose bright over-head. Nothing in nature's aspect intimated that a great man was dead." And that Pacific ocean he explored, how solemn has its aspect assumed in these our latter days,

> "Whose shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
> Arabia, India, China, Japan,—What are they?
> Thy waters watered them while they were free,
> And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
> The stranger, slave, or savage: their decay
> Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
> Unchangeable save to thy wild waves play.
> Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,
> Such as creation's dawn beheld thee, thou art now."

Thus spoke the man of this great mirror of our planet, whose name and cosmopolitan faith we share by affinity and language. A new Byron will arise on these shores in the latter times of higher renown than him whose great heart now lies in Albion's soil.

The nations and lineages of the earth struggling for supremacy and tired of the hellish contests of the savage past—"Far in whose realms withdrawn, old empires sit in sulleness and gloom, and glorious ages gone, lie deep within the shadow of her tomb"—have removed the scene of their struggles to a fresh field in the farthest west. Here shall our race find a

fit theatre for the display of a new and better life: the contestants will be young nations endowed with the vigor of giants; the spectators will be millions of populations thawing from the death struggles of crusted and hardened bigotries, and of puerile rites and imbecile superstitions; success will crown the struggles of grey old Freedom, and his first born Reason, and the happiness of man will be perpetuated in a present enjoyment, which the benificent Father of Creation hath reserved for his children in the remoter depths of time.

To continue our narrative of this voyage. After the death of Cabrillo, Ferrelo attempted to continue his voyage to the norhwest, but from heavy tempests from that quarter, and the scarcity of provisions, of which none were to be procured at this island, and the loss of his anchors, he made no progress till the 27th of January 1853, when he made sail for the main land from his winter anchorage. On the 12th of February he attempted to land at the Bay of San Simeon, or Sardinas to take in wood and water, but from the inclemency of the season, and the difficulty of landing, was obliged—to escape the rigors of this severe winter—to sail for the island of San Clemente, where he could spend his time in a good port, with less exposure to his shattered ships, and recruit his suffering crew.

On the 18th of February with a northwest breeze, he sailed to the South-west, (as related in the accounts of the Spanish writers,) to look for some islands in that direction, which he had passed before in his previous voyage but from his mentioning that on the 25th he saw the Point of Pines, and the tempest blowing with great force from the south- southwest, chopping round suddenly to the northwest, this must be one of the mistakes of the old printers, or indefiniteness in his own descriptions, as he is stated to have seen six islands in this vicinity, one large and five very small.*

An account very puzzling to Navarette the Spanish scholar in 1802, but perfectly apparent to us from the late charts of our countrymen McArthur and Ringold, which have made clear what was before obscure.

These are no doubt the famous Farralones off the Golden Gate and the neighboring islets, at which he states that for five days it was impossible to effect a landing from the south-west winds and high surf, and which are distant a short day's sail from Point Santa Cruz with a good southerly breeze.

With baffling winds, and the season continuing rigorous he steered north along the coast, which he found difficult to descry from the thick clouds overhanging the mountainous shores On the 28th, in lat. 43°, as he says, or about our present Cape St. George, (or as the Spanish writers say Cape Mendocino, according to McArthur under the parallel of 40 degrees 18 minutes,) he experienced a tremendous hurricane, with a lee shore in proximity to his crazy barks. On the 1st of March, he got sight of the high lands, and took an observation of the Sun, which placed him in 44 degrees north—from his erroneous reckoning about our Cape Blanco, named surreptitiously Cape Orford by Vancouver in 1792. The cold in this neighborhood was intense. His provisions getting scarce, and consisting now of nothing but damaged biscuits, with the rain pouring in torrents, and the gales strong from the north; and his half-clad crew, fatigued, hungry and disheartened; the companion and persevering successor

[*Navarette's words in the abstract of this voyage are as follows:—"Vieron seis, una grande, y otras pequenas, y sin tocar a ellas, siguieron del bordo de la mar cinco dias al S O."]

of our old Cabrillo, decided to return to Mexico. On the 3d of March, the weather clearing up, he descried the mouth of a great river, (supposed to be that of Martin de Aguila of the old cosmographers) having every appearance of draining a large extent of territory—probably the Klamath river, in 41° 35′, or possibly the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco, which he would be likely to see in a fine clear day, frequent with us in winter, driven by a strong north-wester south from his first point of view, and mistake for the northern indications; and after the previous heavy storms and rains of the vernal equinox, witness every evidence from floating trees and plants, of the existence of the then unknown rivers of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Vizcaino, in 1602, described the same features, and ascended the Bay in boats as far as Benicia, where he states the waters to be fresh and potable.

Our experience of the February and March of 1853, proves the accuracy of Ferrelo and Vizcaino's accounts made centuries ago.

He now run down the coast, steering 'S. E. and E. S. E.,' experiencing as usual at this season the changes so well known to us of the present time. He soon sighted Point Pinos, and on the 5th the port on the island of Juan Rodriguez, where Cabrillo is supposed to have died, and which Ferrelo dared not to enter with his shattered vessels on account of the dangerous breakers seen off its entrance. Running to the south on the 8th, he neared the island of San Salvador or Clemente, where he was separated from his companion in the night in a gale of wind, and concluded she was lost. Sailing from thence, he visited the 'Pueblo de los Canoas,' or Santa Barbara, and the coasts down to San Diego in search of the lost ship. At San Diego he waited six days for the Victoria, when, despairing of her joining him there, he erected beacons to show his companions he had been searching for them at these points. At San Diego he took on board two Indian boys for interpreters, and sailed for the South. On the 18th he entered the Bay of Todos Santos; on the 22d the Port of Possession, where he waited two days for the Victoria; on the 24th at the isle of Cedros his companion joined him. She had, while passing the island of Juan Rodriguez, struck on a sandbank or sunken rock near that island; probably in the old anchorage of Cabrillo, as the harbor before mentioned (Cuyler's in San Miguel,) as surveyed by Davidson in 1852, indicates several dangers of that kind.

His provisions here giving out, rendered it impossible for him to continue his explorations on these coasts, and on the 2d of April he set sail for Mexico; where he entered on Saturday the 14th day of the same month, the Port of Navidad, whence he had sailed 283 days before on an expedition which gave to the world the knowledge of the existence of the north west shores of the new Continent of Columbus; and had completed, under the greatest dangers and baffling, perverse difficulties, one of the most important voyages written on the pages of the history of navigation and discovery. This mankind did not appreciate, till the momentous events of the last ten years brought the primitive regions of California and Oregon into the investigation and consideration of all future policies and systems, and caused a new commingling of languages, and a latter Exodus more important than its predecessors of numberless centuries of known and unknown histories; when the tribes of men, scattering from their cradled haunts, filled the Earth with babbling tongues and scenes of violence and hate; which re-

ceived within its volcanic tomb extinct nations and races, graving with mystical signs on stone-carved archives their bloody and hellish rites of foul superstition and mysterious origin, puzzling to the acquired wisdom of 600 centuries, and filling the forest solitudes and silent deserts with the confounding remains of their dead systems and empires lost.

We hear nothing further from the Spanish authors or those of any other nation, of the after life of Bartolome Ferrelo. His name and that of his old Captain, have excited no attention among the plodding writers of old Europe. No research has been made into the former or after histories of these two great Californians. It remains for the modern men of that name—who built four 20,000 peopled cities in four successive years, and striped the snow-crested Golden Mountains with 400 miles of lengthning continuous, bustling streets of busy labor —to do justice to their valorous deeds, and gratitude to their glorious memories. The spiritual existence bestowed upon them by the benificient Providence of Creation, has flighted its way into the realms of a hidden eternity, and courses in all space with the perfect intelligences, the profound depths of the worlds and systems of worlds, seen and unseen; and the unfathomable universes and systems of universes—where the book of infinite knowlege is for ever open, and things which no mortal hath conceived, nor spirit revealed, become clear as to us the mid-day sun. To that Great Presence and futurity shall we too escape, when our casements are exhausted of the vitality which animated them on this planet, existing from the first of time, and the eternities of a never beginning existence: — For the souls of all men are but the emanations of the Great Father and Author of Creation; in some traced in faint lines, in others created only a little lower than the angels—a faith proclaimed in the bounteous smiles of Holy Nature to the human race since the earthly perfection of the Divine system. And the seed of California, sowed in the world's history by Ferrelo and Cabrillo, hath in our times brought forth a new forbidden fruit for man to eat of, which after digestion, entering with its subtle essence, or with its frowning warnings, without parleying or dissembling, will disintegrate and scatter in its tempests or soft gales, the old systems, the obsolete principles, and the dead religions of men—"On whom shall fall this rock, it will grind to powder; but whosoever shall fall upon it, it will dash to pieces."

The facts of this account are taken from a scarce old work, published in 1802 by order of the king of Spain, and entitled: "Relacion del Viage hecho por los goletos Sutil y Mexicana en el anno de 1792, para reconocer el Estrecho de Fuca; con una Introducion en que se da noticia de los expediciones executados anteriormente por los Espanoles, en busca del passo del Noroeste de la America." The introduction is a learned digest of former voyages to California and Northwest America, said to have been written by the renowned Spanish scholar Martin Fernandez de Navarette.

The other authors whom I have read, on the Western coasts of America, are most meagre in their accounts of Cabrillo's services, and incapable of investigating or appreciating the importance of his discoveries. Even the excellent and carefully prepared work of our countryman Greenhow, which is a valuable compendium and extended chronology of events, on the Northwest coast, and the voyages and explorations by sea and land to California and Oregon, to 1846; [a good book

with a most erroneous title,] hastily sums up his account and estimate of this important voyage in some 42 lines of abbreviated space. The account written by Navarette is very meager and indefinite, and entirely unworthy the fame of that author, considering the immense importance of his subject, even understanding it in a past sense.

In 1564, Andres de Urdaneta discovered the method now generally adopted, of sailing from Asia to North-west America, by steering north and striking the parallel of 40 degeees, and sailing down the coast of California with the prevailing winds. Sir Francis Drake visited California in 1579—Juan de Fuca in 1595—and Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602. They did but little more than to identify more fully the great features of the coast described by Cabrillo and Ferrelo, and take the California voyage as the basis of their exploration. In 1769, or 167 years after the last voyage of Vizcaino, and 226 years after the discovery of Cabrillo, the settlement of Upper California was commenced by Spanish priests at San Diego. In 1774 the Spanish government sent a small expedition to the North-West coasts under the command of Don Juan Perez, the old friend of Junipero Serra, the founder of Alta California; and accompanied by Junipero's companions, the Fathers Thomas de la Pena, founder of Santa Clara Mission, and Juan Creyspi; both of whom left journals of Perez' expedition. The latter died about the year 1782, and was buried by Junipero in the church of San Carlos de Monterey, where two years afterwards he laid his own bones beside the body of his friend of twenty years. In 1775 the Spanish Government sent an expedition under Heceta and Bodega; in 1779 another under Arteaga, Bodega and Maurelle; in 1788 another under Martinez and Haro; in 1790 another under Quimper; in 1791 another under Alexander Malaspina; and finally one under Galiano and Valdez in 1792—who severally discovered most of the points on the Northwest coasts as far as Alaska, (in 60° N.,) now known on American and English charts by names which Cook, Broughton, Vancouver, Meares and others, surreptiously gave them after European royalties and nobilities; and which our Government on the honest principles of "first come, first served," and "honor to whom honor is due," ought unhesitatingly to expunge from their printed surveys of this coast.