

the Queen Charlotte's Islands, perhaps landed on Vancouver, sighted Mount Olympus, which he called Sierra de Santa Rosalina (it is a pity the name has been lost), and sailed home with a rich cargo of furs. After him, in 1775, Heceta and Bodega went northward in two ships, which finally became separated in a storm, Heceta returning to Monterey, after entering the mouth of the Columbia River—an honor which has been forgotten in the subsequent achievement of Gray—while Bodega pushed on to Alaska, where he joined the part explored by the Russians from Siberia, and saw Edgecomb—

"Burning yet cold, drear and lone,
A fir-mountain in a frozen zone."

Just as these daring voyagers were returning home to be honored by their king, there was starting from England the famous expedition of Captain Cook. By the time it reached this part of the world, in March, 1778, Spain and Great Britain were deep in war, and no Spanish flag was visible north of Acapulco. Cook, unaware of Perez, Heceta, and Bodega, or ignoring their work, gave new English names to all the coast points, making a very thorough survey. Although, like his predecessors, he was sharply on the lookout for the strait John de Fuca had reported, he missed it, yet only by a hair's-breadth, as it were, for he not only saw Cape Flattery, but himself gave it that name, "in token of an improvement in his prospects."

Nine years passed, when another English captain, Berkeley, commanding the ship *Imperial Eagle*, found the opening to a broad arm of the sea, which he rightly concluded to be the one so much vain search had been expended upon. He did not enter it, however, but kept down along the coast. Just south of the Kwilente River there is an island of some size. Here, twenty-three years before, Bodega had sent out his long-boat to the land; but, alas! it never came back; all the men were murdered, and the boat destroyed. Bodega called it Isla de Dolores, and sailed sadly homeward. Probably Berkeley did not know this, for he too sent a boat's crew ashore there, and saw them massacred. He named the place Destruction Island, and the name still stands upon our charts.

The very next year (1788) Lieutenant John Meares, coming from China on a

fur-bringing trip, sailed past Cape Flattery, and passed into the broad inlet where Berkeley had been before him. "From the mast-head," he records in his *Voyages*, "it was observed to stretch to the east by north, and a clear and unbounded horizon was seen in this direction as far as the eye could reach. We frequently sounded, but could procure no ground with one hundred fathoms of line. . . . The strongest curiosity impelled us to enter this strait, which we shall call by the name of its original discoverer, John de Fuca." Thus, almost at the centennial of his voyage, the name and work of the old Greek pilot were rescued from oblivion.

But Meares ventured only within the gates of the strait, and then sailed away. A year later there came from Boston, in the business of the Pacific Fur Company, two ships, the *Columbia*, Captain John Kendrick, and the *Washington*, Captain Robert Gray. They remained on this coast a few weeks, exploring the region of the Queen Charlotte's Islands, after which Gray sailed for China in the *Columbia*—the same ship which three years later left its name to endless memory in the great river of Oregon. In 1790 Spain sent Lieutenant Quimper, in the *Eliza*, to explore the strait, and he left the Spanish names dotting the map there, with many more, superseded two years later by the English designations of Vancouver.

Thus the waters of Juan de Fuca became well known, and as the trade between our northwest coast and China rapidly grew, advancing explorations soon taught geographers that the strait led to a great inland sea, to the branches of which, little by little, the names Admiralty Inlet, Hood's Canal, Puget Sound, Archipelago de Haro, Bellingham Bay, Gulf of Georgia, and others, were attached.

This "Mediterranean of America," as it has been styled, gives access to an enormous area of well-wooded shores and fertile islands, possesses a charming climate, and has become the seat of an incipient civilization and commercial activity, whose destinies are surely high. The present paper deals with the northern half only of this interesting region, within a circle revolved, say, fifty miles distant from Victoria on British Columbia, which is its metropolis.

It was in the evening I arrived there, by steamer direct from San Francisco, and everything was dull and dark. But what