

It all began in San Francisco in spring 1850, when an adventurous

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Ever since gold was discovered in 1848, miners had rushed northward into the unexplored territory along the Trinity and Klamath rivers, and had even started to cross over the Siskiyou Mountains into Oregon.

Merchants were following the miners over rocky trails and through roadless canyons but needed a cheaper mode of transport to increase their profit margins. If the Klamath River was navigable, they could easily move their merchandise by sea.

Before Coffin's ship could sail, one of those periodic, ravaging city fires devoured the homes of many investors. Replacements were found and the briefly delayed expedition was back in the water.

On July 1, 1850, the schooner Samuel Roberts pushed away from the wharves of San Francisco with 35 men on board.

Some say it was a bad map and others just bad seamanship, but 14 days after leaving the Golden Gate, the men missed the Klamath and arrived at the mouth of the Rogue River.

Because they were already there, they decided to sail a short way upriver and set anchor for the night. The next morning they found themselves in four feet of water.

A few brief scouting parties upriver and down the coast were fruitless and attracted the attention of the local Indians. Feeling threatened, Captain Coffin ordered everyone back to the ship, fired his cannon and set sail up the Oregon Coast.

At the mouth of the Umpqua River, members of the Umpqua tribe unexpectedly met the schooner in canoes and offered to guide the crew upriver.

On Aug. 6, the Samuel Roberts crossed over the sandbar, becoming the first recorded vessel to enter the Umpqua.

With a small rowboat in front taking soundings, the schooner slowly moved upriver. The water was deep and calm and the surrounding forested hills were beautiful. The men relaxed to enjoy it.

Eighteen miles from the ocean, a grinding rumble shook everyone back to attention. At the foot of a 1,000-foot bluff, the ship was snagged on a gravel bar — at least until the tide returned.

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There were only two things to do: wait, and wash away their sorrows with the rest of the brandy on board.

Though there are no reports of the bleary-eyed return voyage down the Umpqua, the expedition was finally a success. The merchant town of Scottsburg took shape upstream and the drunken crew had unwittingly given a name to the gravel bar that, at low tide, is still visible today.

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