MAQUINNA *the* MAGNIFICENT

By B. A. McKelvie

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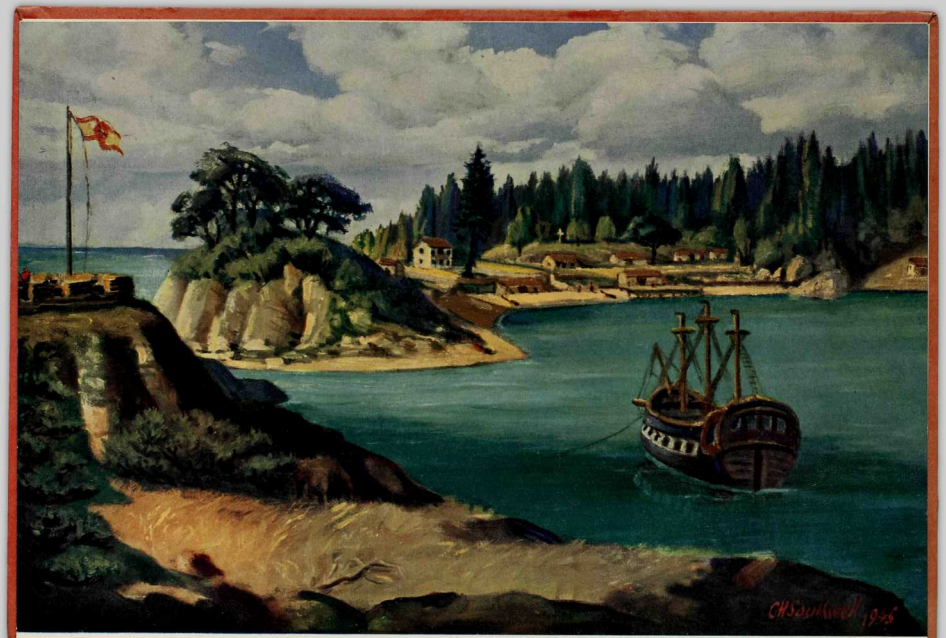

Spanish Settlement at Nootka

MAQUINNA *the* MAGNIFICENT

By B. A. McKelvie

Author of *Early History of British Columbia*, *Black Canyon*
Huldowget, *Pelts and Powder*, and the
Legends of Stanley Park.

Illustrations by
Geo. H. Southwell

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FOREWORD

My old friend Bruce A. McKelvie has written this little book, not only from dry historical records, but out of the experiences of his own lifetime. We are both natives of British Columbia, but of different races. His forebears had white skins; mine were of the aboriginal stock of this Coast, but we have in common an intense love for the land of our birth.

It is with the realization of a common heritage that he has depicted the story of the early white settlement at Nootka. He has in deft phraseology presented a picture of his people and mine. He has caught the atmosphere and without maudlin sentimentality has produced a human document. Too often writers of less experience and understanding have, in writing of native peoples, fallen into one of two errors. They have either attempted to unduly glorify the Indian, or they have painted him as a worthless and bestial barbarian. My friend has done neither. He has recognized that there are faults and virtues in both races, and that at the time of which he was writing they had widely different cultures.

Chief Maquinna he has portrayed, as indeed he was, as a fair example of the original dwellers on the Coast; he has indicated his human failings and his strength of character. So, too, his characterization of the fur traders shows them as they were, hard, tricky, but brave men. In doing this little book, Mr. McKelvie has not departed from historical accuracy. He has humanized the records.

We Indians realize that in common with peoples of all lands, we have our faults and weaknesses. We also know that we have similar strengths in our characters. What we feel we lack is a proper degree of understanding of our problems by our fellow Canadians of European ancestry. We desire a broader sympathetic understanding and the opportunity of fully participating in the responsibilities of Canadian Citizenship.

Such work as that done by Mr. McKelvie, my friend, in this small volume is, we feel, a contribution towards achieving our aspirations.

Andrew Paull Te Qoithetahl
President,
North American Indian Brotherhood.

PREFACE

ONE and a half centuries have passed since British sovereignty was established on the Pacific shores of the Americas. It was on March 28, 1795 that the flag of Spain was lowered at Nootka on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, and the flag of Great Britain was raised.

It was at this place that Captain James Cook landed just seventeen years before.

The intervening period was a colorful one. Traders vied with each other to win favor of the native chiefs and obtain monopoly in barter for sea otter skins. Nations challenged each other for the commercial privileges of the vicinity and a war, which would have involved half of the civilized communities of the world, threatened over the immediate terrain of Friendly Cove.

Much that is dry and merely historical has been written about the Nootka affair. Many accounts have been penned by sailors of visits to the West Coast. In this little volume an effort is made to indicate the romance and drama that swirled around the area during the time that it was so highly valued as the trade centre of the North Pacific.

In preparing this work Mr. McKelvie (a veteran member of the Editorial and News staff of the Vancouver Daily Province) felt he had to make a choice between writing at greater length and detail the story as it is revealed in official correspondence, or in the use of documented evidence sufficient only to present a synoptic picture of events. The latter method was decided upon in order that, for the first time, some idea might be conveyed of how happenings of the white man's history affected the Indians. It would have been easier to follow the former course. It is hoped that the effort will meet with approval.

This volume is presented to the public in the feeling that inspirational stories of a nation must form the background of responsible citizenship. British Columbia is happy in having a romantic and inspiring past. It is worthy of being more widely known.

Grateful acknowledgment is made for the invaluable assistance given in preparation of this book by Miss Madge Wolfenden, Acting Archivist, and her capable staff at the B.C. Archives in Victoria, B.C., and to William Turnbull, Chairman of the Land Settlement Board, for his work in translating Spanish documents.

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Scene of swirling drama of international struggle for possession of Northwest Coast of America, as it appeared in 1793. Painted especially for this book by Geo. H. Southwell.

Maquinna and Captain Cook Meet ..... Opposite Page 20

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Illustrations done by Geo. H. Southwell

MAQUINNA *the* MAGNIFICENT

CHAPTER ONE

Introductory

When Dean Jonathan Swift wrote Gulliver's Travels as a political satire he placed Brobdingnag, the home of the giants, on the North Pacific Coast. It was located more than 100 leagues from latitude 44 north, longitude 144 west. This, geographers state, would locate the mythical country to the northeast, where Vancouver Island borders the Pacific Ocean.

Swift wrote his delightful fantasy half a century before Captain James Cook landed on the West Coast in 1778, although he was aware that Sir Francis Drake had sailed in these waters in 1579 and had claimed all the land that he saw for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Beyond the fact that the daring old British admiral had landed on the Western shores of North America, Swift could have known nothing of the country for it was a terra incognita to Europeans.

It was by co-incidence, then, that the political churchman, in drawing upon his imagination, struck upon a territory, the interior of which the natives had peopled with imaginary giants, and where they stoutly believed in the existence of a monstrous bird, similar in appearance to that which carried Gulliver far out to sea and dropped him where a British ship could rescue him.

The Indians were convinced of the existence, in the wooded highlands of Vancouver Island and of the Olympic peninsula, of a race of hairy giants, known to them as the sasquatch. These creatures, they were certain, lived in caves on the mountain slopes. They obtained their livelihood by killing small game and gathering the succulent berries and edible roots of the forest. Occasionally they raided the Coastal tribes, pillaging food stocks and carrying off attractive females.

The fisher folk of the littoral feared the giants and the dark, mysterious forests in which they dwelt. They would not adventure far into the woods because there were also evil spirits waiting there to seize the unwary.

Then, too, it was on the top of a high mountain in the vicinity that tribesmen of each village were certain Thunderbird had his lair. This mythical bird—large as Gulliver's eagle, and somewhat akin to it in appearance—abode in a cave or a cleft of the peak. The flashing of its eyes caused lightning; the flapping of its wings created thunder and darkened the sky. From a pool of water on its back rain fell in torrents. Its favorite food was whale meat. It would swoop down from its aerie and pick a leviathan from the sea, carrying it away to be consumed at its pleasure.

Solemnly, old Indians of today will point to the hill-top where the Thunderbird of their particular locality once lived. On Mount Newton, some 20 miles from the capital city of Victoria, there is a natural cavern formed by an immense boulder deposited in a narrow glen by the retreating glaciers of the ice age. Indians of the vicinity will not approach it, for they maintain that it was there Thunderbird had its den until some seventy years ago when, disliking the encroaching settlement of the white man, it abandoned that home for another in rugged ranges flanking Knight Inlet.

A race of people resided on the British Columbia coast long before the Indians. Who they were and from whence they came is a mystery. They were here possibly as early as 15,000 to 25,000 years ago, according to scientific computation. The skeletal remains of one of these people, accounted to be the oldest known human on the continent, was found several years ago in the great midden near the mouth of the Fraser River. It is now in the Vancouver museum.

In the collection of antiquities maintained by the Native Sons of B.C., Post No. 3, in the old Hudson's Bay bastion at Nanaimo, is a water-worn boulder, known as the "Hepburn Stone". The features of a face were picked on the egg-shaped rock. It was found 28 feet below the surface near Nanaimo River. Growing over it was a cedar tree. It was 640 years of age and had not started to grow until after the graven stone had been covered with nine yards of earth. Experts who have studied it have estimated that the artist did his work at least 15,000 years ago.

The aborigines who inhabited these shores in those remote ages were an artistic people. They were workers in stone. Occasionally examples of their craftsmanship, in the form of decorated bowls and small images, are unearthed. They were mound builders, who

interred their dead, after partial cremation, within a circle of stones and then heaped the place high with rubble and earth.

Apparently the cultural centres of these early dwellers on this Coast were at Nanaimo, in the vicinity of Victoria and about Haney on the lower Fraser River. Mount Newton, in Saanich—where the Thunderbird lived—shows evidence of having been a ceremonial spot. On a flat space near the top of the hill, stones were laid out in geometric patterns as if religious rites were performed there. In the shallow cave of the Thunderbird there are unmistakable signs of human handiwork, for dry walls were raised along one side beneath the great boulder. This place, it would appear, was either used in connection with ceremonies held on the nearby flat, or was a place of refuge in time of war.

Modern Indians have no idea as to the identity of their predecessors. That their own people were not the original occupiers of the Coast they readily admit.

The Coast Indians are of Asiatic stock. Ethnologists and archaeologists believe that they came in three great migrations, about 2,000 years apart; the earliest being some 6,000 years ago. The first invasion penetrated as far East as the Mackenzie basin; the second stayed West of the Rockies, and the last settled along the coast North from the Columbia River.

That there was intercourse between the two continents many centuries ago is a fact that emerges from the fog of conjecture and speculation into the light of probability.

There are written records in China telling of travel across the Pacific to American shores about the time that the Romans were leaving Britain. More than 1,000 years before Columbus discovered America to Europe, Buddhist priests were active in the land of Fusang on this side of the ocean.

The precise location of the Kingdom of Fusang has never been determined, although Edward P. Vining, in his masterly work, "An Inglorious Columbus," published in 1885, made out a strong case for the likelihood that it was in Mexico. Some cartographers of the eighteenth century, however, placed it on Vancouver Island.

Another account in the Chinese records tells of the Land of Wan Shan, (The Country of Marked Bodies), which is believed to be part of the British Columbian coast and that of Alaska; a third deals with the Land of Ta Han (Great China) which lay between Wan Shan and Fusang, and probably included the Californian, Oregon and Washington coasts.

These old Chinese narratives are of interest. Translations of them are so rare that they are worth quoting. Chinese writing, ideographic in form, makes exact interpretation difficult. Some brief explanation is necessary.

Here is the story of Fusang:

"In the year of the reign of Yung-yuen of the Emperor Tung Hawn-hau, of the Tsi dynasty, (A.D. 499) a Shaman priest named Hoei-shin arrived from the Kingdom of Fusang. He related as follows:

"Fusang lies east of the Kingdom of Ta Han more than 20,000 li; it is also east of the Middle Kingdom. It produces many fusang trees, from which it derives its name. The leaves of the fusang resemble those of the tung tree. It sprouts forth like the bamboo and the people eat the shoots. Its fruit resembles the pear, but is red; the bark is spun into cloth for dresses and woven into brocade. The houses are made of planks. There are no walled cities with gates. They use characters and writing, making paper from the bark of the fusang.

"There are no mailed soldiers, for they do not carry on war. The law of the land prescribes a southern and a northern prison. Criminals convicted of light offences are put in the former, and those guilty of grievous crimes into the latter. Criminals, when pardoned, are let out of the southern prison, but those in the northern prison are not pardoned. Prisoners in the latter marry. Their boys become slaves when eight years old and the girls slaves when nine years old. Convicted criminals are not allowed to leave their prison while alive.

"When a nobleman has been convicted of crime, the great assembly of the nation meets and places the criminal in a hollow; they set a feast, with wine, before him and then take leave of him. If the sentence is a capital one, at the time they separate they surround his body with ashes. For crimes of the first grade, the sentence only involves the person of the culprit; for the second, it reaches the children and grandchildren, while the third extreme extends to the seventh generation.

"The king of the country is termed yueh-hi; the highest rank of nobles is called tui-lu; the next little tui-lu, and the lowest, no-cha-sha. When the king goes abroad he is preceded and followed by drummers and trumpeters. The color of his robes varies with the years of the cycle containing the ten stems. His robe is azure in the first two years; in the second two years it is red; it is yellow in the third; white in the fourth, and black in the last two years.

"There are oxen with long horns, so long that they will hold things—the biggest as much as five pecks. Vehicles are drawn by oxen, horses and deer, for the people of that land rear their deer just as the Chinese rear cattle and make cream of their milk. They have red pears which keep a year without spoiling; water rushes and peaches are common. Iron is not found in the ground, though copper is; they do not prize gold or silver, and trade is conducted without rent, duty or fixed prices.

"In matters of marriage it is the law that the son-in-law must erect a hut before the door of the girl's house and must sprinkle and sweep the place morning and evening for a whole year. If she then does not like him she bids him depart; but if she is pleased with him, they are married. Bridal ceremonies are for the most part like those of China. A fast of seven days is observed for parents at their death, five for grandparents and three days for brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts. Images to represent their spirits are set up, and before which they worship and pour our libations morning and evening, but they wear no mourning.

"The successor to the king does not attend personally to govenment affairs for the first three years. In olden times they knew nothing of the Buddhist religion, but during the reign of T-ming, of the Emperor Haio Wu-tu of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 458), from Ki-pin five beggar priests went there. They traveled over the kingdom, everywhere making known the laws, canons and images of that faith. Priests of regular ordination were set apart among the natives, and the customs of the country became reformed."

Such is the story of the Kingdom of Fusang. The tree of that name is believed by Vining to be the maguey tree of Mexico. He also traced in Mexican legends references to Hoei-shin, and in old ruins found symbols of the Buddhist faith.

Examination of some of the burial mounds of the ancient Coast dwellers near Victoria was made in 1871 by James Deans. The mounds disclosed somewhat similar customs to those described in the disposition of condemned criminals in the northern prison of Fusang. Deans found that the man, partially cremated, had been placed face down in a hollow, over which a flat stone had been deposited. Ashes had been sprinkled about the tomb before the mound was constructed.

Another of the Chinese documents reads:

"In the reign of Wu-ti of the Liang dynasty (circa A.D. 508) a man from Tsin-ngan was crossing the sea when he was caught in a

storm and driven to a certain island. On going ashore he found it inhabited.

"The women were like those in China, but their speech was unintelligible. The men had human bodies, but their heads were like those of dogs and their voices resembled the barking of dogs. Their food was small pulse; their garments like cotton. The walls of their houses of beaten earth, round in shape and the entrance like that to a den."

The foregoing might appear to be the product of a vivid imagination, and the reference to "dog's heads" suggests the incredible. Examination of the Chinese character "keu," however, which is used to denote "dog" shows that it also indicates "contemptible." The term may have been used to describe the ugliness of the men, while their mustached faces peering out of fur parkas and deep guttural voices might, in fact, have impressed the Chinese narrator with the appropriateness of a canine description.

The third Chinese account deals with the land of Wan Shan:

"During the Liang dynasty (A.D. 502-556) it was reported that about 7,000 li to the Northeast of Japan there was a country whose inhabitants had marks on their foreheads. Those whose marks were large and straight belonged to the honorable class, while the lower sort of people had small crooked marks. It is a custom among this people to collect a great variety of things of a very poor sort to amuse themselves. Those who travel or peddle do not carry any provision with them.

"They have houses of various kinds, but no walled towns. The palace of the king is adorned with gold, silver and jewels in a sumptuous manner. The buildings are surrounded with a moat, over ten feet broad. When it is filled with 'yin shui' the water is then regarded in the markets as a precious rarity."

The words "yin shui" used to describe the contents of the moat illustrate the difficulties that confront translators of Chinese ideographic forms into English. Four translations were made between the time that the documents were discovered by Jesuit priests in China, about 1790, and that made by Vining ninety years later. Two of the translators interpreted "yin shui" as "silver-water"; two as "quick-silver." A controversy arose in the eighties of the last century as to the authenticity of the records, and it all hinged upon those two characters. It was argued by some men of learning that there being no free mercury on the North Pacific coast that the writings must be definitely classed as myths.

In 1933 the present writer had a new translation made. Two experts in Chinese were employed, and the question was asked them: "If a pit of ten feet broad and thirty feet in length was dug on the beach above high water, and it was made water-tight, and then filled with water and tens of thousands of small, dead fish were put into it and allowed to putrefy until the oil and scales rose to the surface—how would you describe the appearance of the fluid in the pit?" They both gave the same answer: "We would use these characters, 'yin shui'." It would appear, then, that what the Chinese chronicler of 1,400 years ago was describing was the primitive method of extracting oolichan grease. This was always regarded by the Indians as a great delicacy. It was a chief article of barter with inland tribes.

Another, and more tangible, evidence of Buddhists having been in this country in earlier ages was found in Cassiar district, near Telegraph Creek about 60 years ago.

The Chinese court interpreter at Victoria spent his summer holidays prospecting for gold in the area. He encountered some Indians who had in their possession ancient Buddhist ceremonial dishes of silver and a number of bronze charms. They refused to part with the silver, but gave him one of the charms.

On his return to Victoria he presented the charm to the late Judge Eli Harrison, who sent it East to be examined by experts. They reported that it was very old and such charms had not been made during the past 1,500 years. The Indians had found the dishes and charms beneath the roots of a large, wind-blown tree.

When Judge Harrison died the charm passed into the collection of the late Chief Justice Archer Martin, and upon his demise it was sold in 1944 to an American collector.

Such is a brief outline of facts and fancies respecting the history of the Coast before the white man arrived and as they dimly appear from the haze of mythology and tradition. They are such, however, as to justify Dean Swift, had he been acquainted with them, in extending the horizon of his story of the fabulous Land of Brobdingnag.

Indians who inhabited this Coast when first explorers made contact with them were a people with definite culture of their own, comparing not unfavorably with cultures of primitive European tribesmen. They were craftsmen, capable, artistic and imaginative, possessed of considerable engineering skill.

The white man, who insisted upon foisting his customs on the natives, is only now beginning to understand that they have a contribution to make to the future development of Canada.

CHAPTER TWO

The Enchanted Salmon

IT WAS a gray day off the shores of what is now Vancouver Island, that Sunday of March 29, 1778. Ocean haze formed between occasional breezes that shifted aimlessly, weakened and freshened and staggered again like a tired boxer; and well might the wind show weariness for terrific storms had lashed the Pacific seaboard during the preceding three weeks.

Two small ships had been driven far to the southward by its fury. Now these sea-battered vessels were cautiously groping through uncharted waters in search of land. Short of water and wood and officers and crews, their blood thinned by pleasant months in the tropics, they were chilled by the clammy mists. The thermometer stood at 38 degrees that morning when, through a momentary clearing, land loomed.

The lookout in the fore-rigging of H.M.S. *Resolution* shouted the welcome news. Captain James Cook hurried from his cabin to view distant, snow-capped peaks. On H.M.S. *Discovery* Captain Charles Clerke, shivering from the rawness of the day—for tuberculosis had already marked him as an early victim—also glimpsed the mountainous coast before the damp, gray curtain closed again.

As the day wore on and the ships drew nearer, two prominent headlands could be seen. Between them stretched a bay—a bay of hope. It carried hope of fresh water, of fuel and shelter. Captain Cook was not too optimistic. Some weeks before he had found, he thought, a place of refuge beyond a bold bluff, only to be disappointed. He had registered his chagrin on his chart by naming the point "Cape Flattery." Now he named the new opening "Hope Bay."

He was to learn that the bay was the entrance to a great sound, in which he was to find plentiful supplies of natural products for the

repair of his vessels and for the refreshment of his crews. When, almost a month later, he put to sea again it was with his ships well found and refitted. "King George's Sound" he at first called it, but later, in error, believing the Indians knew it as "Nootka," he adopted that name.

Captain Cook had discovered a new land. He was the first to set foot on its rocky shores. Four years before, Perez, the Spaniard, had seen it, but he had not landed. It was fitting that the first Britisher to explore the littoral of what was to become Canada's western seaboard should be Cook. It was he who had charted the St. Lawrence River before Quebec in preparation for Wolfe's daring plan of scaling the Heights of Abraham to capture Quebec; he, too, was the man who had charted, with meticulous care, the coasts of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland for the Admiralty.

While the two ships were slowly feeling their way towards land through the haze, two natives stood on a rocky eminence to the seaward of the sprawling Indian village of Yuquot—later to be known as Friendly Cove. Chief Maquinna, who was destined to achieve world-wide repute, and his friend Nanaimis were scanning the leaden waters for signs of a whale. The storm had drawn heavily on food reserves of the fisher folk of Yuquot.

A fine looking man was this tyee of Yuquot and overlord of the Sound. Nearly six feet in height, he towered above the majority of his subjects. He was straight as the tall trees of the dark forest, but the most unusual feature distinguishing him from others of his race was a prominent Roman nose. A bold warrior, he was possessed of a wide capacity for friendship; clever, proud and sensitive, he ruled his people with sympathetic understanding, maintaining with honor and dignity his high position in the complicated social organization of the country. A real leader was Maquinna of Yuquot.

As they peered out towards the shifting mists Nanaimis stiffened: "Look," he excitedly exclaimed, pointing a finger.

Maquinna expected to see the feather of spray from a spouting whale; instead he beheld what appeared to be a gigantic winged creature approaching out of the fog bank. He gazed with wide-open eyes at it until it was again enveloped in the haze.

"It is Qua-utz" he murmured in an awed whisper. "It is Qua-utz; he has come back."

Qua-utz was a deity of the West Coast. There was a marked similarity between the Indians' belief in Qua-utz and that of the natives of Mexico who worshipped a god whom they named

Quetzalcoatl. Both had been benefactors of earlier ages; both had disappeared across the sea but would return in a copper boat rowed by young men. When Cortes landed in Mexico he was greeted by the natives with joyful demonstrations, for they mistook him for Quetzalcoatl. He met their welcome with fire and sword.

"It is Qua-utz," Maquinna repeated. But Nanaimis was dubious. He thought that it was a floating island, carried on the back of Haietlik, the lightning snake. They agreed, however, that, whatever it was, it came from the spirit world. They hastened away to give the alarm.

Shouting and gesticulating, the villagers ran to the higher ground, only to be silenced as they beheld the strange thing, now plainer and larger in the distance than when the chiefs had first observed it.

Now Towik, the great warrior whose spear and stone-headed club had claimed many lives and whose counsel was the voice of wisdom in times of conflict, spoke. It was best to be prepared, he cautioned. This strange monster might have hostile intent; let all go into hiding and prepare themselves for war; let the women be segregated from their husbands for ten moons, and then the warriors would have purified themselves and be strong for battle.

Harsh laughter greeted the words of Towik. With one accord all turned to see who dared to mock the great warrior. It was Hahatsaik, the witch; Hahatsaik whose magic was terrible and whose power extended over fish as well as humans.

"It is an enchanted salmon turned into a canoe," she asserted. "I know, and I can free it from its spell."

No one cared to challenge her, for those who were not in fear of her charms had implicit faith in her sorcery. Did she not control the salmon, and her medicine make them choke the streams with their numbers so that the people could harvest their food for the long winter months?

Hahatsaik turned and waddled back to the village with its big, low-roofed cedar plank community houses. Others followed, and curious eyes watched her as she donned her red cedar head-dress, upon which she sprinkled white bird down, and put on her sea-otter cloak and decorated beaten bark apron with its strange totemistic designs. Then from her wooden chest—the one adorned with animal teeth—she brought out two whalebone rattles with which she was wont to summon the familiar spirits who aided her in witchcraft.

Now word came from the watchers on the shore that the supernatural visitor was approaching the sound. Young men and women kept up a continuous and noisy procession between the observation point and the excited village. Some timorous mothers gathered their small children about them and went to the shelter of the forest. Everyone chattered and shouted; a few thought that Maquinna was right—Qua-utz was coming back to his people; but the majority supported old Hahatsaik in her contention that it was an enchanted salmon. But, the watchers now reported, there was another monster following in the wake of the one that was nearing the entrance between the headlands.

"Qua-utz does not come in two boats," sneered a doubter of the chief's theory.

Hahatsaik was ready to demonstrate her power. A staunch canoe manned by two sturdy young braves was waiting. She stepped into it; the paddles dipped deep and sent the craft out to meet this enchanted salmon. It had now come to a stop within the bay. The eyes of the village followed her expectantly. Straight for the monster the brave old women directed her canoe; closer and closer she drew to it. Now she was within calling distance. She stood up, working a rattle vigorously in each hand. The young men, at her direction, scattered eagle down and red earth on the waters to signal peace and propitiate the evil spirits.

"Oh, you spring salmon," shouted Hahatsaik. There was no response.

"Oh, you dog salmon," she challenged, but the strange thing remained unaltered.

"Oh, you cohoe salmon," she called. Just then came a gust of wind and the monster started to move. In vain did the discomfited necromancer scream charm-dispelling words and rattle the sacred whalebones. The white wings of the gigantic canoe bellied and it once more moved ahead.

On shore Maquinna and Nanaimis watched together.

"Look," whispered Maquinna, "It is not a salmon. It is a big canoe with men on board of it."

Practical men were these two chiefs. Now that Hahatsaik had failed in sight of all the people, they must show leadership. There was always a way to fix things. If force was futile, then favor could be purchased: it was the Indian custom. So they went to their cedar treasure boxes. Nanaimis took out two prime beaver skins and Maquinna selected a choice sea otter fur. Donning ceremonial robes

and painting their faces, they moved towards the beach, followed by slaves carrying the furs. Strong active young men were chosen to man their canoes and in these they embarked. Maquinna's craft, as benefitted the monarch of those parts, was decorated with a high bird-beak prow.

Nanaimis was the first to approach the ship that had once more come to a stop. He stood up, waving his wooden rattle.

"My name is Nanaimis; what is yours?" he called to a man he saw on the big canoe.

He was a human the like of which had never been seen by Nanaimis before. His face was pale and unpainted and he was clothed in blue, with shining buttons on his coat. The stranger answered, but the Indian could not understand him; nor could Maquinna who had also shouted out a long oration of welcome. This might be Quautz, but one thing was sure, he was not a salmon, nor was his canoe a fish.

Now the stranger was making signs of friendship and he was holding up gaily colored things in offering. It was evident that he was inviting them on board. They were cautious.

"No," declined Nanaimis, "I prefer to stay in my canoe."

But after conferring with Maquinna they at last decided to go alongside—for they knew that six hundred eyes were watching them from the shore.

They proffered their gifts to the man in blue, the two beaver skins and the sea otter pelt. These were accepted and in return the pale-faced one handed down gaudy hued blankets. They had never seen such beautiful textiles; finer than the best that could be woven from the wool of the little dogs that abounded in the village. Then, when he had inspected the magnificent skin cloak that Maquinna, in a burst of generosity, took off and gave to him, the white man snatched off the gold braided hat he was wearing and passed it down to the tyee.

That night the villagers gathered on the beach near to where the two vessels lay and performed the wolf dance—a gesture of welcome.

Such, in effect, is the story of that day that is handed down by the old story-tellers about the fires in the community houses of Friendly Cove to this day. Nor is it incompatible with the precise language of Captain Cook, penned in his journal before his untimely death in a fight with the natives of Hawaii in the following year.

Three canoes approached the *Resolution*, he noted, and a native in one of them—probably old Hahatsaik—made an oration, while feathers and red earth were scattered on the water. The orator who was clad in fur had a rattle in each hand. Other canoes gathered about the ship and their crews sang "with a degree of softness and melody which we could not have expected," Cook remarked.

In one canoe, "was a chief of consequence," the explorer noted. His head-dress was of feathers and his face was painted. He held in his hand, "a carved bird of wood as large as a pigeon, with which he rattled as the first person mentioned had done; and was no less vociferous with his harangue, which was attended with some expressive gestures."

This individual was undoubtedly Maquinna. The greatest of maritime discoverers of the white race had met a foremost leader of the red. The place of the former in history was assured; that of the latter was just commencing.

During the stay of the ships in Nootka Sound, Cook visited Yuquot where Maquinna and his people greeted him with such warmth and hospitality that the sprawling village and tiny cove became known as the place of friendship. It was to become the centre of world commerce on the Northwest Coast, and its possession was to be contested fo y great nations.

From the log book of H.M.S. *Discovery*, kept by Lieutenant J. Rickman, a picture may be obtained of the month spent in Ship's Cove on what is now known as Bligh Island in Nootka Sound. The notorious Captain "Breadfruit" Bligh of H.M.S. *Bounty* fame, was master aboard the *Resolution* and that fact is commemorated in the name of the island. The original log of the *Discovery* is in the British Museum; a manuscript copy is in the B.C. Archives.

"We remained here until the 26th April during which time the bulk of our employment was wooding, watering and brewing spruce beer, of which we made a very considerable quantity—and we also restowed our holds, overhauled our rigging and such other duties," Rickman said. "We also sent our carpenters to assist at the *Resolution's* fore-mast which was taken out and sent on shore to be repaired; —also assisted them in getting a new miz. mast—and the opportunity being fair got ourselves some spare spars. We also repaired our sails and recruited our stock of brooms.

". . .These people go clad in general with coverings composed of the inner rind of some plant and in skins. They paint their faces in a very frightful manner; oil themselves with train oil (of which we happily got considerable quantities), and fill their hairs full of feathers.

"We once thought they intended us an attack and both ships were put in a posture of defence, but the matter terminated so we were satisfied it was only a difference among themselves relative to their trade with us. Those that traded with us did not all reside near us but came in their canoes from a great distance. Their canoes are made entire from a large pine in the form of a batteaux. There is a small town (Yuquot) at the mouth of the Sound we are in which we visited and was used with civility and hospitality.

"Our trade with them consisted mostly in iron, which they highly esteem, but before they found we had what they thought a great plenty of it, they took old bits of tin, metal buttons and any little trinket. We found some copper bracelets with them and some other things which we supposed must have come from a factory not very remote or that communications of these people must be very diffusive. When we left them they seemed to be sorry and a chief not only asked but insisted upon our speedy return."

The anonymous author of a very rare journal of this voyage, who it is believed by some, may have been Lieut. Rickman, and which was published before the official story of the expedition was made public, throws some sidelights on the month at Nootka.

"On the 1st of April," this mystery journal recites, "about four in the evening, there entered the cove a large canoe, in which were thirty armed Indians, who, on their first appearance, began a war song, and when they had finished, took their paddles, and rowed round the ships, having first stript themselves of their clothing, except one man, who stood upright in the vessel, delivering an oration of which not a man on board could understand a word. They paddled round the ships several times, as if led by curiosity; but did not offer to trade. But all hands being instantly ordered under arms, these new visitors were seen to clothe themselves as before, and to make towards the ships. The Orator made not the least hesitation but mounted the ship's side, and accosted the Captain with much civility, and after receiving some presents, and stopping a little while to observe the artificers, he took a very polite leave, descended to his boat and was landed on the opposite shore of the sound."

This was not the only alarm caused by the natives, for three days later, 400 armed Indians resulted in calling all to battle stations. It soon developed that this small army was a raiding force on the way to attack another tribe living further up the sound. What looked like a more serious threat developed when the thieving propensities of the natives became apparent.

"They had not hitherto discovered any disposition to pilfer," the unnamed writer said, "but on the 10th day after our arrival, several of them being on board, and our people having no suspicion of their honesty, one of them watched his opportunity to step into the great cabin and carry off the Captain's watch; which being soon missed, all the Indians on board were seized, their boats secured and searched; and at length it was found in a box in board one of their canoes, which the offender delivered up without the least concern. This watch, had the thief been permitted to carry it off, would probably have been parted with to the first sailor he had met with for a single nail.

"About the same time another Indian made free with a bolt from the armourer's forge; but was seen in the fact, and an endeavour made to wrest it from him; but he instantly plunged over-board and gave it to one of his companions, who was making off with it, till fired at with small shot, which brought him back; and he surrendered it but with such a fierceness in his countenance, as sufficiently indicated his intent. In a moment every Indian in the cove disappeared, and in less than three hours more than 900 of them assembled in the Sound, and being unclothed, which is their custom when they mean to engage, began their war song, and approached the ships. We were in readiness to give them a warm reception, but seeing our preparations and perhaps not liking our countenance, they all laid down their arms, and putting on their clothes, came peaceably round the ships without offering the least incivility."

Generally, however, old documents show, the Indians were friendly. They aided in getting the new masts aboard and in watering the ships, but demanded payment for the grass that was cut to make hay for livestock carried on board.

One final excerpt from the "mystery journal" is worth quoting: "When we left the harbour, we had more than 300 beaver skins on board, besides less valuable skins of foxes, raccoons, wolves, bears, deer and several other wild animals, for, dogs excepted, we saw no other domestic creatures about them."

The so-called beaver skins were mostly those of the sea otter. It was when the ships reached China that the value of these furs was realized. Mandarins were partial to sea otter and paid high prices for it. This fact led to the rush of traders to the Northwest Coast when the story of the voyage was published—and it led to eventual settlement. So it was that the enchanted salmon of March 29, 1778, brought about greater transformation than even old Hahatsaik imagined.

CHAPTER THREE

Furs, Filth and Finery

WHEN the story of Captain James Cook's last voyage of discovery was published in London it set flags to flapping on the little known Pacific Ocean. Seamen on Cook's ships had purchased prime sea otter skins at Nootka. The pelts were attractive and offered warm covering for the Arctic regions for which they were headed.

The sailors had no idea of the commercial value of the furs. They used them as blankets and cut up splendid specimens to patch tattered garments. In the following year they found that Chinese merchants paid exorbitant prices for the rich, glossy, black pelts. Then they were all anxious to return to the American coasts to obtain more skins.

Some of the personnel of the two vessels were to come back later in command of private enterprises or as sailors. The fever of profits ran in their blood. Half pay officers of the British navy became enthused and ready recruits for commercial voyages to Nootka. English maritime traders, whose businesses had been disrupted by long years of war and the loss of the American colonies, were ready to hazard ships and fortunes in the peltry trade on the chance of recouping losses.

But some of these canny shipowners were not willing to share their anticipated gains with either the South Sea Company or the East India Company. These companies by ancient charter rights claimed monopolistic powers over British trade in the Pacific. So it was that British ships came in Cook's wake; some with formal licences from great companies; others carrying the banners of Portugal, of Austria or of Sweden. British ships, acknowledged and

disguised, were not the only ones to enter the new commercial field. The be-starred-and-striped emblem of the young republic of United States was proudly flown from the mast-heads of trading craft from Boston. Even the flags of monarchist France and the tri-color of the revolution appeared. Chinese came, too, but not under the dragon banner of that kingdom, but as crewmen of other vessels.

In short, in the years following publication of the narrative of Cook's expedition, courageous adventurers from all corners of the civilized world came to ferret out furs in the bays and deep inlets from the Columbia River north to the Russian territory of Alaska.

Good sailormen in tiny ships were those fur hunters of the sea. They were rough, tough men, equally ready to trade or to fight. Many of the officers nursed literary ambitions. To that fact we owe our present-day knowledge of the colorful life on the West Coast in that period. They wrote books—or, at least, penned voluminous journals intended for publication—in stilted prose replete with highly moral observations. They deceived each other whenever possible and took advantage of the Indians at all times. They were often ruthless in their methods of trade but each journalist deplored deeply such tendencies in his competitor.

The first trader to brave the fogs and mists of unknown seas was Captain James Hanna, in the British bark *Sea Otter*. He reached the Coast in August, 1785, but his journal ends with his arrival at Nootka. He may have had a purpose in drawing a veil over his methods of trade. From references made to him by other mariners it would appear that he soon came to blows with the Indians. They attempted to board his boat in broad daylight, but were repelled with great slaughter.

"After that," is the naive comment of one captain, "they traded peaceably."

The second expedition—in many ways the most interesting—of which there is detailed, rare, record, came from India in the following year. It consisted of two vessels, the *Captain Cook* (Henry Laurie, master) and the snow *Experiment*, under command of Captain Guise. Superintendence of the venture was by James Strange, part owner, with David Scott, of Bombay. Financially the effort was not a success, but Scott had been rewarded by having his name associated with the most northern cape of Vancouver Island.

Strange was in the service of the East India Company when he read the story of Cook's journey. He enthused Scott with the prospects in sea otter skins. Permits were secured from the East India

Company to traffic in waters no official of that monopoly had ever seen, of which few had even heard. He must have been a young man of ability and education.

James Strange was a patriot and it remained for him to do what Captain Cook had neglected; he took possession of the Coast for King George III on two occasions; once in the vicinity of Quatsino Sound and again on Nigei Island. Here he left evidences of the ceremony in the way of bits of copper and iron and beads. The copper was found in 1936. Strange was not a navigator himself, but five of his senior officers were former lieutenants of the British Navy.

It was a hard trip across the Pacific. Scurvy broke out amongst the crew. When, late in June, the vessels were nearing land, he noted, "The stock are languishing for a mouthful of grass." Becoming anxious he offered a prize of a gallon of arrack to the first man to report land. Crew members who had never before ventured into the rigging raced aloft and strained their eyes in hope of catching the first view of land and winning possession of the liquor. Strange failed to set down in his journal the name of the fortunate lad who sighted land on June 24, 1786.

Indians put out in canoes to inspect and welcome the ships. They brought fish and these were purchased. Strange observed that nothing he bought during his stay on the Coast "afforded me a like satisfaction to that which I felt on distributing this little mess to our poor invalids who could scarcely allow them time enough to be heated through."

Three days later the ships entered Nootka Sound to be greeted by a fleet of canoes and with native songs and oratory. Strange recalled that there was some difficulty in discovering suitable mooring ground, but he did not have much time to worry about it. He was "attending to a great number of very welcome visitors who were now coming from all quarters."

Among the first of the natives to board the vessels was Chief Maquinna who pressed Strange to move his ships to Friendly Cove opposite Maquinna's village of Yuquot. He was a shrewd fellow was this lord of Yuquot. He would have made a first class politician in a later day. He realized the advantage of establishing a sort of proprietorship over the traders and so increase his prestige with his own and rival tribes.

The chief's relations with the white captains were invariably profitable to him. They fawned upon him, made him rich with their gifts and courted his favor. In the years that followed he grew in

influence and became sensitive of his position until finally, taking umbrage at a remark of a Boston trader, he attacked a ship and slaughtered all but two of the ship's personnel. The two survivors became his slaves. After that inglorious act he faded from the scene.

But at the time of their meeting James Strange was much impressed with the tall, handsome chief with the prominent nose. He accepted the hospitable invitation and moved the two vessels to Friendly Cove.

The trader went ashore to inspect the village. He was desirous of moving sick sailors to shore. His trip through the rows of long houses of Yuquot and his observations within the community dwellings brought from him the disgusted exclamation, "Words can scarcely convey an adequate idea of the beastly filth in which the natives of this part of the world pass their lives!"

But Strange could not afford to be too particular. He urgently required new shelter for his ailing men. He became, as a result, the first European investor in real estate in what is now British Columbia.

He selected one house—every one in Yuquot was on the market—and he bought it from Maquinna "for about the value of a shilling." It was doubtless a great bargain. There were no rates or taxes to pay. But it lacked any suggestion of sanitation. He put his men to work to try and clean it for the purposes of an hospital.

They could not do much in the way of improving the place, and three days after putting the sick men in it, Strange recorded that he had erected a tent, "at some distance from the influence of the corrupted air of the village" for the sufferers. The investment was a loss. Maquinna got the house back and he retained the "shilling's worth" that he had obtained for it.

James Strange was the first in another field. He became the pioneer agriculturist.

"The scorbutics soon felt relief from those alarming symptoms of their disease," he related. "Such of them as had the use of their legs were made to go in search of vegetables and berries, of which great plenty was to be had, such as they were. After they had somewhat recovered their usual strength, I employed them in a work, which not only hastened their cure, but from which I hoped that in a future voyage others in their situation would reap the advantage. They were supplied with garden tools and a great variety of garden seeds; these they planted in such places as, from their situation, promised to give growth to them."

The English trader fully expected to return to the Coast the following year and his active mind suggested a method of cornering the fur supplies for the next season. He would establish an agency at Nootka, and to that end he decided to leave one of his men to take up residence with Maquinna. There was a young Irishman named John Mackay acting as surgeon on the *Experiment*. Strange induced him to volunteer to become the first white settler on the Coast.

Only faint glimpses of this pioneer of the pioneering breed come down to us. He kept a journal during his stay of fourteen months at Yuquot, but it has disappeared.

It was Mackay's medical skill that convinced his employer that he would be an ideal man to live with the Indians. The young doctor had successfully treated Maquinna's son for a skin infection. As a result he had won the regard of the chief. Strange reasoned that in placing Mackay under the protection of the grateful parent he would be safe. Maquinna was loud in his protestations that he would look after Dr. John's welfare. He assured Strange, "that my doctor should eat the choicest fish the Sound produced, and that on my return I should find him as fat as a whale."

Mackay was supplied with an abundant store of articles that might be of use to him during his sojourn with the natives, as well as with a great deal of good advice. The Indians robbed him of his possessions, the advice he probably discarded. The doctor was told not to attempt to treat anyone he could not cure, and to prevent him experimenting medically with more serious cases he was only given for his medicine chest remedies that would not kill if they did not benefit.

In detailing what was done to assure the comfort of the medico, the trader said: "In articles of clothing he was most plentifully supplied, and if blankets and flannel will repel the cold, he cannot fail to be warm. I left with him as much beef, biscuit, rice, salt, sago, tea, sugar and tobacco as his occasions require, and I am in hopes he will have the sole enjoyment of them.

"I left with him a large quantity of garden seeds, and grain of various sorts, and before I sailed a considerable spot of ground was allotted to him for the culture of them, for which purpose he had every necessary implement given him."

The first settler was indeed a man with a hoe, and he was a stockman too, for he was given a male and a female goat. Pens, paper and ink were left with him and he was instructed to make a note of

Maquinna and Captain Cook Meet

everything of interest as well as to set down his observations of Indian manners and religion.

Most of the traders professed an academic concern in the religious beliefs of the natives—at least they did so when writing their journals—and Strange shared this pious interest with them. It did not prevent him from scheming successfully to gain possession of the fine sea otter skins that surrounded Maquinna's totem of Enkitsum, the Snow God. In fact the white man obtained the image itself in trade.

The Indian chief was also a schemer. He desired a musket and pistols. These Strange would not give him. So he argued that it was essential to Mackay's safety that he be provided with the weapons. No hostile tribe would dare attack Yuquot, he said, if the white doctor had the means of defence. The argument worked; Mackay was given a musket and two pistols together with 100 charges of powder and an equal number of bullets.

Strange was a bit nervous about leaving firearms with his agent, so he sought to convince the Indians that the guns were only effective if used by white men.

"To this end," he explained, "I went on shore to fix Mr. Mackay in his new habitation. I had recourse to the following stratagem:

"I assembled a large number of the inhabitants and in sight of them all loaded the musket with ball, and at a distance of sixty or seventy yards, put the ball through and through one of their largest war canoes, which was lying at anchor before the village. On examining the effects of the shot, their wonder and admiration was greatly excited indeed. I now took occasion to tell them that this instrument of destruction was only fatal in the hands of a white man and that if, at any time, they dared to meddle with it, it could not fail to hurt them. This hint they either did not well comprehend, or if they did, they treated it with contempt.

"I therefore asked which of them, in like manner, was willing to try his skill. Many candidates offered themselves on the occasion and among the number Mr. Mackay's patron was one. To him the preference was given. I accordingly reloaded the piece, putting into it at the same time such a charge of powder as I well knew could not fail in its effects to give a very rude shock to the person who was to fire it. My gentleman very composedly received the piece, took his aim and fired; and had not some of his attendants been standing near him he could not have failed measuring his length on the ground.

"The terror and dread of all present was now strongly painted in each countenance, and my hero in particular, when he recovered from his fright, could not help condemning his imprudence in having thus inconsiderately brought mischief on himself. He complained most bitterly of the pain the shock had occasioned. I now again offered the piece to any who chose to fire it. All, however, declined the honor and promised me never again to think of touching it."

Maquinna now insisted that Mackay be provided with a gaudy red coat, saying that with such a flaming jacket and his arms he would be invincible and all his enemies would be intimidated. So the doctor was given the gay costume—which Maquinna later wore at ceremonial functions with great pride. The wily chief later got the firearms as well.

When, the next year, Mackay was picked up by Captain C. W. Barkley, of the *Imperial Eagle*, he was sans firearms, sans European dress and had the appearance of an Indian—and a very filthy one at that. He had been seen earlier by a visiting mariner and at that time said he was becoming fond of his diet of fish and rancid oil. He had changed his mind, however, before the coming of Barkley.

At first the Indians treated him well, but after a time they robbed him of everything; took his clothing and made him adopt their habits. Perhaps to compensate him, they gave him a young squaw. The winter of 1786-87 was a hard and stormy one. Famine for a time threatened the fisher-folk of Yuquot and food stocks had to be rationed. In the parcelling out of food, however, they treated Mackay fairly. They gave him six dried herring heads a day as his portion.

James Strange did fairly well in Nootka. When he left, he boasted that there was not a rag of fur left with the Indians. His success in trade was largely due to his vocal efforts. He gained renown with the natives as a singer.

In telling of his musical efforts, he said that in his cargo "there was a considerable number of cymbals, which I conceived would be no bad substitute for their shells, and would better chime in with their species of songs, which were more of the martial, than tender, kind.

"I accordingly produced a pair. The expression of rapture and delight which the first clash of them excited in the breasts of all present, is not to be described. In displaying the effects of my music I composed, for the occasion, a sort of ring-ting tune, and which had the merit of drawing from my polite audience such bursts of applause as was sufficiently satisfactory to me that I did not sing in vain; my

song was encored again and again, nor did I give it over whilst I was able to articulate...The consequence of this exhibition was that I stripped my gentlemen to the buff in an hour's time, each contending with the other who should be first served."

The musical trader had done his job only too well, even if he did get every otter cloak in possession of his audience. The next day the natives came back with more furs to trade. Strange offered them iron—which formerly had been in demand; they refused it. He proffered copper. They turned it down. They wanted only cymbals; and cymbals he had to produce.

Now, however, they demanded a concert before selling their wares. The trader agreed. He sang a song but, "it was not relished, and I may say was hissed off the stage" he said. His second, third and fourth endeavours met similar disfavor. The natives made it clear that the song they wanted to hear again was the one that he sang the previous day. None other would do.

"I therefore attempted to recall it to my memory" he explained, "but if all the sea otter skins in Nootka had been the price of it, I could not recollect a note of it." The Indians, however, knew it. They started to sing and, said the trader, "I now readily chimed in with them and continued singing whilst there was anything to sing for. I seldom after this period bought a skin without first being called upon to sing."

Strange sailed away, leaving the pioneer settler to the tender care of Maquinna, to destitution and matrimony. He never came back, but he had added to the social, political and financial status of the chief of Yuquot by his visit.

CHAPTER FOUR

✦

Glory and Ingratitude

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COMEKELA—The Travelled One—was coming back to his people; back from beyond the distant horizon where the sun went to sleep at night and where the Storm Chief fashioned the winds. He was coming back to Nootka Sound and his home village of Yuquot.

Many moons had faded since he had gone away with the white-faced strangers who came in their big, winged canoes; foolish men were these visitors. They were possessed of treasures in metals and beads and soft blankets which they prized so little that they would exchange them for sea otter skins. Even children knew that otters were plentiful and could be easily killed.

Now Comekela was returning, but the people of Yuquot did not know it. A courageous young fellow was Comekela, the brother of Maquinna the great tyee of the village and over-lord of Nootka. He should never have gone with the strangers; he had dared the wrath of the Storm Chief and had paid for his folly—so, at least, the wise old Hahatsaik, the medicine woman, said.

While the fate of Comekela was being lamented in the smoke-filled community halls of Yuquot, Captain John Meares was completing equipment of two trading ships in China. There he found the Indian, a desolate and home-sick human curiosity, and now he was bringing Comekela home—back from the land of the Spirits.

Captain Meares, a former lieutenant in the British navy, was a clever, calculating man; handsome and polished, he was persuasive of tongue and fluent with his pen. His veracity, in matters of concern to himself, was open to question, but the same could be said of some of his competitors in the hard, dangerous trade in which they were engaged.

Meares had already spent one appalling winter on the Pacific Coast where he trafficked in Northern waters. He lost seventeen of his crew to the ravages of scurvy, while a consort vessel was lost with all hands. Despite these tragedies he was undeterred. Now, with the co-operation of other commercial interests, he was planning a more ambitious expedition. Nootka was to be the centre of his commerce; there he would establish an agency, and there he could construct a coasting schooner that would collect furs against the return of his annual ships from across the Pacific. He could do this cheaply, he reasoned, for he would employ Chinese artisans in his service on the American shores.

Portugal was the nation most favored by China and that country controlled the Port of Macao. Portuguese trade was subject to fewer governmental imposts in other Chinese ports. This suggested an advantage to John Meares; he would put his ships under Portuguese registry, and he did. The *Felice Adventurer*, commanded by him in person, and the *Iphigenia Nubiana*, under Captain Wm. Douglas, were transferred to Portuguese registry with the connivance of the local officials of that nation. The deception gave promise of additional gain, for it would obviate the necessity of taking out a license and paying a moiety of profits to the East India Company which claimed a monopoly by chartered right to British trade in the Pacific.

It was while he was making these shifty arrangements in China that Meares came across the forelorn Comekela and offered to take him back to his native land. Now, May 13, 1788, the *Felice* was entering Nootka Sound. The joy of the Travelled One was almost over-powering as he saw the shores of his home-land unfold and smelt the familiar odors that were wafted across the waters from Yuquot.

In his excitment Comekela almost forgot to battle with his bitter enemy, the cook. It was not that he had any personal dislike for that functionary, who, in the earlier part of the voyage, had been good to him. But the lord of the galley objected to the Indian's propensity for stealing culinary utensils. But what could the poor cook do, when the closer the ship came to the American coast, the more attentive became the captain to satisfying the whims of his passenger?

Meares had great plans constructed about the person of Comekela; he would attach him by presents and favors to himself, and Comekela, in gratitude, would assist the trader in sweeping the Sound of its furs at prices that would mean large profits. It was an alluring scheme, but like so many of Meares' visions it was not without a flaw.

Comekela remained on board the *Felice* until everything could be arranged for him to go ashore in such splendor and magnificence as would astonish his people and bring credit upon his patron.

On the beach villagers gathered in groups to gaze across the waters of the cove at the ship, hardly daring to believe the report that spread soon after the arrival of the stranger; that Comekela had come back from the Great Unknown. While they wondered and discussed the rumor, The Travelled One was donning such raiment for his home-coming as no Indian had ever seen before. It was his great hour, but it was tinged just a mite with disappointment when he learned that Maquinna and Callicum, the two mightiest men of Yuquot, were absent. They would not witness the triumphant return of the prodigal.

Now all was in readiness; Comekela appeared on deck. He was a match for the bright colours of the sunset sky. He was clothed in scarlet and fine linen. His flashing red military coat was glistening with brass buttons and gaudy trinkets; a big copper sheet hung from his neck. His queued hair was surmounted by a gorgeous hat with a gay cockade, while from his disguised locks dangled the handles of the cook's missing pots and pans—but let Meares himself give the picture:

"From his ears copper ornaments were suspended, and he had contrived to hang from his hair, which was dressed en queue, so many handles of copper saucepans that his head was kept back by the weight of them, in such a stiff and upright position, as very much to heighten the singularity of his appearance. For various articles of his present pride Comekela had been in a state of continuous hostility with the cook, from whom he had contrived to purloin them; but their last and principal struggle was for an enormous spit, which the American had seized as a spear to swell the circumstance of that magnificence with which he was on the moment dazzling the eyes of his countrymen."

He descended into the waiting barge; Captain Meares also took his place; the oars were dipped and the last stage of Comekela's journey home was made. A tremendous shout—a cry of mingled joy and downright astonishment—burst from the assembled populace of Yuquot when they beheld and recognized their kinsman in his vivid outfit.

When he stepped ashore with dignity and stiffness—the former with full realization of the dramatic importance of the moment, and the latter occasioned by the weight of the saucepan handles—there was an awed silence. Hannapa, regent of Yuquot in the absence of

Maquinna, was dumbfounded. He gazed in amazement and envy; he was unable to voice either his surprise or utter a word of welcome.

It was Comekela's aged aunt who at last broke the spell. The old woman—whom Meares was convinced could never have washed in all her eighty years—hobbled forward and gathered the wanderer to her bosom, staining his scarlet tunic with tears of joy. Now the whole mob surged forward to welcome and inspect him at close range. They crowded about him; they chattered and shouted in glee—and some, still doubting that he was real—timorously touched him with grimy forefingers.

Yes, Comekela was alive and well, and gorgeous beyond anything that they had ever imagined. It was an occasion, and a rare one, in the history of Yuquot. Something must be done. Hannapa, as befitted a chief, smothered his envy and acted. He shouted instructions, and then announced that there would be an immediate feast for the chiefs and nobility. He was not prepared for a celebration that would include the whole community. So the favored ones moved up the beach to Maquinna's home—the royal palace—and disappointed common folk followed behind, hoping that through the cracks and openings in the plank walls they could look and listen to the hilarious proceedings within.

Women busied themselves in preparing a sumptuous repast—the very best that Yuquot could provide at such short notice—for nothing was too good for the home-coming of Maquinna's young brother. And what a banquet it was! Whale blubber, rancid but appealing to the cultivated palates of Nootkans; fish oil and dried berry cakes; it equalled in quantity and quality the luxuries of a potlatch feast.

John Meares watching, with interest and delight, the enthusiasm of the occasion, congratulated himself upon his sagacity in bringing such a popular prodigal home. He noted that The Travelled One was not partaking of the viands with the gusto of the others. This was a good sign, and the captain set down in his journal: "Comekela's taste seemed to have been in some degree vitiated by Indian and European cookery, and he did not enjoy his native delicacies with the same voracious gluttony as if his stomach had never known the variety of other food than that of Nootka."

This was a most gratifying indication that Comekela had become attached to the ways of civilization, and he would be a trusted agent for the trader. Such were, doubtless, the thoughts of wily John as he watched the squat figures in the mazes of their tribal dances about the fish-oil fed fires in the centre of the big hall, or as

he listened to the rhythmic beating of sticks on planks and the clashing of brass cymbals obtained two years before from James Strange. But Meares was due to disappointment. Comekela proved fickle. Later Meares wailed:

"Comekela was, at first, very active in forwarding our commercial arrangement; but he had become deficient in his native tongue, and he now spoke such a jargon of Chinese, English and Nootkan languages, as to be by no means a ready interpreter between us and the natives; besides, in returning to the manners of his country, he began to prefer the interest of his countrymen, and, amidst the renewed luxuries of whale flesh, blubber and oil, to forget the very great kindnesses we had bestowed on him."

The disillusioned navigator reveals that the perfidy of Comekela was greater than might have been expected, for he was not only indebted to Meares for his return to Yuquot and for the pomp and ceremony of his arrival, but for even greater favors. In furtherance of the interests of his protege the trader had induced Maquinna to elevate his brother to the post of royal treasurer—(a crafty lad was Meares)—and to bestow upon him the hand of a princess, bringing with her dowry the rank of chief for her spouse.

But listen to Meares and the story of the duplicity of Comekela:

"He had, through our influence, been raised into a situation of trust and honor. Maquilla (Meares always spelt Maquinna's name that way) had committed to him the care of his valuable treasures, among which was a brass mortar left by Captain Cook, which was held in the highest degree of estimation by the Nootkan chief. This piece of culinary furniture was elevated from a state of servile use to become a symbol of royal magnificence. It was kept extremely bright, and, in visits or meetings of ceremony, it was borne before Maquilla to aid the character of regal splendor.

"It was therefore an object rather to recall his former disposition towards us, by the continuance of our friendship, than to justify the deviation from that regard which it was his duty to manifest in our favor. We therefore exerted our influence with his brother Maquilla to elevate him at once to the character of chief by marrying him to a woman of rank in his own district. This favor was immediately granted to our solicitation, and we were invited to the nuptials, which were solemnized with all possible magnificence." Such was the lavishness of the marriage feast that the captain noted that half a whale was consumed by the 300 guests.

No wonder that Meares, who had secured such power, influence and political status for Comekela, lamented that the royal treasurer

maintained his trust and was true to the interests of his kith and kin. John Meares could not understand such ingratitude.

So the disappointed trader had to carry out his schemes without the assistance of the ingrate Comekela upon whom he had relied so much. He found that Maquinna was friendly and helpful. That potentate, with the guile he was fast developing into an art, manifested great admiration for Meares, as he did for all traders to his own glory and enrichment. Meares now prepared to build his schooner. He purchased from Maquinna, according to his own account, "a spot of ground" upon which to erect a house for his workmen and where he could have his shipyard. This "spot of ground" was destined to become a trouble spot for the World two years later, for it almost led to a war that would have involved half the nations of the earth, and when that time came "the spot" in the parlance of diplomacy became "territories."

Before Meares left the Coast there entered the Nootkan scene another figure who was to play an important role in the history of the North Pacific. He was Captain Robert Gray, the squint-eyed commander of the sloop *Washington*, from Boston. He sailed in company and under direction of Captain John Kendrick, a peppery and somewhat eccentric mariner, who commanded the *Columbia Rediviva*, which was later to be captained by Gray. It was while in command of the larger vessel that Gray entered the Columbia River, thus establishing American claim, half a century later, to the country that bordered that mighty stream.

When Gray first entered Nootka he had as his second officer, bluff Robert Haswell, who had ambitions to become an author. He penned an unpublished book in the worst of spelling, but this old manuscript is of value, for it is the only contemporary record of Meares' story of happenings there. It is the testimony of an independent—though not altogether unprejudiced—witness, for Haswell did not like the captain of the *Felice*. When the "spot of ground" became a matter of controversy it was claimed by Spain that Meares' expedition was in truth and in fact Portuguese, not English.

Haswell, detailing the arrival of the Americans at Nootka on September 16, 1788, stated:

"We found riding there the *Felice Adventurer*, John Meares, and the *Iphigenia Nubiana*, Wm. Douglas, commanders, fitted out from Macao in China and under Portuguese colors, both belonging to the same merchants. . .Captain Mears, arriving here some time before Captain Douglas, landed his second officer, Mr. Funter, and a party of artificers, who first built a tolerable strong garrison, or

place of defence, and then went to work building a small schooner, about 30 tons, while Captain Meares cruised the coast collecting skins. We found the vessel nearly complete and they proposed to launch her in a few days. We found the natives had quitted their village and removed far up the Sound.

"The commanders of all three of the vessels and the chief mate of Captain Meares, Mr. Duffin, dined with us; in the course of conversations we learned that Captain Meares would depart for Macao in two or three days, leaving Captain Douglas to complete rigging etc. of the schooner. Then he would leave the coast to winter at the Sandwich Islands. All the time these gentlemen were on board they fully enjoyed themselves falsifying and rehearsing vague and improbable tales relating to the coast and the dangers attending navigation."

Now, September 19, the schooner was ready to take to sea. "This day," Haswell noted, "they launched their schooner and named her the *North West America*. On this occasion the ships saluted and the day, among the English, was spent in festivity and mirth." Apparently, Haswell had no doubt as to the national character of the expedition.

With the launching of the *North West America*, John Meares was ready to return to China, carrying with him a valuable cargo of furs —and the memory of the base ingratitude of Comekela, the pauper he had raised to the rank and dignity of a prince.

CHAPTER FIVE

Eagle, Moon and Ghosts

SWARTHY, bearded strangers had come to Yuquot; men such as even Comekela, The Travelled One, had never seen.

Chief Callicum was troubled. He did not like these newcomers. Not that he was afraid of them, for this warrior who pillowed his head each night on the bones of his enemies feared no man, but his mind was disturbed. There had been omens of evil and he associated the coming of the dark men with them.

The pallid, wet moon had tipped its horns to the earth; several old men had horrifying dreams of fantastic creatures from the spirit world, and a great eagle had swooped low screaming over the lodges of Yuquot. Everyone knew that any one of these signs was an indication of disaster, but three of them! No wonder that a premonition of evil gripped the mind of Callicum who was in charge of the village until the great Chief Maquinna should return from a visit to distant parts of Nootka Sound.

There was something else—a new dread; the strangers had brought with them four men—men of stern countenances—to whom they paid deference, as if they, too, feared them. Garbed in black cassocks, they looked like ravens, and ravens possessed dangerous supernatural powers. The dark dress of these raven-men was relieved only by a small glistening cross and a string of beads—fascinating beads that any Indian would crave—that dangled from the waist of each. Callicum disliked these men in black.

Even Captain Douglas of the British vessel *Iphigenia* that carried the Portuguese flag for trading reasons, was uncomfortable about the presence of these olive-skinned newcomers. Spaniards they were, he told Callicum, and their big war canoe, the *Princessa*, was commanded

by Don Esteban Jose Martinez. They had come from the far South; from the land of New Spain, and there might be trouble, for Englishmen and Spaniards did not like each other. By reason of this, Douglas said, he would pretend that Francisco Joe Viana was the real captain of the *Iphigenia*, for he was Portuguese, and Portugal was friendly with Spain.

Callicum could not comprehend all this, but he did know that only the day before the arrival of the *Princessa* men alike in speech and manners to the English traders had sailed from Yuquot and that they were of a different tribe from that of Douglas. "Boston men" the Indians termed them, for they were continually talking about a place of that name—as if it was as important as Yuquot itself! Captain Robert Gray—he of the squint eyes—was in command of the little vessel called the *Washington*. There was another Boston chief with a larger ship anchored at Mawhinna, on the way to the Tahsis, the winter home of Maquinna. He was Gray's superior. His ship was named the *Columbia*.

A week passed. All was peaceful. The English boat with the Portuguese flag swung at anchor only a short distance from the Spanish craft with the big guns. Callicum had been on board the *Princessa*, and he had been treated kindly. They had given him gifts; and they did not press him for sea otter skins. They only wanted to buy children, little boys and girls, to take away as slaves. This was more like the barter that went on between tribes in the savage land. Callicum understood this form of commerce.

His nervousness was passing; perhaps the coming of the men in black had neutralized the ghostly intentions of the spirit world, and had offset the threat of that screeching, low-flying eagle, and the baleful influence of the pale, down-turned tips of the moon. Then, one day, there was a stir aboard the *Princessa*. Men—armed men—rowed ashore. Some of them had been at work near the village and they had constructed a great cross that looked like the gleaming one about the necks of the Raven-men.

Now the Raven-men, but dressed in white, landed, and they made signs and said things and all the dark warriors of Spain went down on their knees; and Martinez took up handfuls of earth and scattered it, and he dug a hole in the ground; and the flag of Spain was flown and then the towering cross was firmly set up in the soil of Yuquot.

Callicum did not like this totem of Martinez, and he felt that the eagle and the moon and the ghosts had not been deceptive; trouble was brewing.

There came a second Spanish vessel into the cove. The *San Carlos the Phillipine*, she was called. Don Gonzalo Lopez de Haro was in command. Callicum liked Haro better than he did Martinez, and he sensed that the two Spanish officers were at enmity.

It was the day after the arrival of the *San Carlos* that it happened. Martinez arrested Douglas and his men and seized and pillaged the *Iphigenia*. The Spaniards held their prisoners for some days and then they were restored to their craft, but Callicum learned that a promise had been given by the trader that he would surrender his vessel later, if it was required of him.

Maquinna had come back to Yuquot, and he did not like the treatment given by the Spaniards to his friend, and now the *Iphigenia* was leaving Friendly Cove for the land of the Yellow Faces, to which far off country Comekela had travelled. Only Kendrick remained of the men who spoke the English language that Maquinna was beginning to understand a little. Kendrick's ship was away up at Mawhinna, although, he himself, spent much of his time with Martinez. They were on the best of terms. Callicum did not think that this was quite right, for the Boston man had been on an intimate basis with Douglas.

They were busy now, were these Spaniards. They landed and built houses on shore for their warriors, near the big fort that they constructed on the high, rocky island that protected the entrance to the cove; and they moved heavy guns up the steep slope and placed them so that they pointed over the Sound and threatened Yuquot itself. Maquinna began to share Callicum's premonition of impending trouble.

Now there appeared another ship in the offing. It was the *Argonaut*, Captain James Colnett. It was not the first time that he had visited Nootka. He had been there as a midshipman with Cook, when, in 1778 Maquinna first encountered white men and they had visited Yuquot. Colnett was coming back as agent for a group of associated trading companies, of which John Meares was one of the foremost officials. Captain Meares had remained in China to superintend the business affairs of the concern. Colnett was given full authority and equipment to establish a settlement at Nootka. It was to be known as Fort Pitt. He was bringing many Chinese artisans for the purpose of operating a fur factory.

Martinez, accompanied by his friend Kendrick, put out to greet the incoming vessel and to learn its purpose. With soft words and fair promises they allayed the suspicions of Colnett when he found that Spaniards were at Yuquot, which he recalled as a place of friendship, and so they lured him and his ship into the trap.

At first Martinez simulated friendship. He visited Colnett on board his ship and drank deeply. The Englishman, in fact, had to escort him back to the *Princessa* at two o'clock in the morning.

It may have been that the Spaniard was still under the effects of over-indulgence, or it may have been the counsel of Kendrick, who was anxious to see the Britishers excluded from the profitable trading area of which Nootka was the centre—but whatever it was, Martinez was in an evil temper. He sent for Colnett and when that officer arrived it was to find the Spaniard in his cabin along with Kendrick and several other American officers.

Martinez' manner was changed from that of the previous bibulous night. He was arrogant and peevish. He demanded production of Colnett's papers. In reply the short-tempered Englishman asked for the loan of a launch to aid him lifting his anchor. He would leave at once. The argument became heated. Kendrick withdrew to await the outcome of the dispute. The climax came quickly. Colnett, in hearty sea oaths, cursed the Spaniard and placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. Martinez was afraid. He rushed out on deck, calling loudly for help. He returned with several armed men. Colnett was placed under arrest and his ship was seized and looted. In vain he protested; one of the priests threatened to have him hanged from the yardarm.

The very next day, July 4, Kendrick held celebration. The *Columbia* had come down from Mahwinna to make the first "Glorious Fourth" on the West Coast one to be remembered. Salutes boomed, from ships and fort. A banquet was spread aboard the American vessel, and John Kendrick urged Martinez to bring the British captives to it—in order that he might have the satisfaction of recalling in their presence the recent defeat of their countrymen and the winning of the independence of the United States.

Callicum and Maquinna learned of these happenings from the sailors of the *Argonaut* who managed to get ashore to seek protection from the savages against the treachery of the man who had so lately professed friendship towards them. The untutored chiefs could not understand it all, but they did know that the ghosts and the eagle and the moon had been true prophets.

They also knew that these things had been the doing of Martinez, for Haro was a man of a different type. So it was that Callicum went out alone to the *San Carlos* to visit and learn, if he could, why such treatment should be accorded to his friend who had come to Yuquot as a youth with the great Captain Cook.

And as he paddled across the waters of the cove, an eagle, screaming, flew low over the village.

Justification for these acts of aggression was rooted in the dim mists of medieval times when Christopher Columbus, setting at naught the theories of the learned men, insisted that the World was not flat. He boldly sailed across the Atlantic to confound the wise men and prove the globular character of the Earth by discovering new continents. The Holy See, which had contributed nothing to aid Columbus in the pursuit of his heresy, now claimed supreme authority over the lands that he had found and, in 1493, Pope Alexander VI partitioned the continents between Spain and Portugal. Upon this foundation Spain constructed her claim to sovereignty over the Western shores of America. But Britishers, who never recognized the right of His Holiness to dictate in temporal affairs, maintained that they had a right to trade where they willed, and especially so in waters that had been explored by the great Cook.

British traders pioneered the traffic in sea otter skins on the Northwest Coast, and it was at Nootka that John Meares had purchased his "spot of ground" and constructed a vessel on it.

While Meares and his carpenters and riggers were completing this schooner at Nootka, in the summer of 1788, Martinez and Haro were in the far North, and were quarreling. Haro could not tolerate the arrogance of his superior. Even on board his own ship Martinez' officers were formulating charges of eccentric actions on his part and cruel treatment to themselves by their commander. These they presented on their return to Mexico.

It was the Russians, whom he met in Alaska, who told him that English traders were occupying Nootka and that the Russians, themselves, intended to establish a settlement on the same sound. This intelligence sent Martinez scurrying South to inform the Viceroy of His Most Catholic Majesty of the threat to Spanish sovereignty in the North. His Excellency Don Manuel Antonio Florez was alarmed. Quickly the *Princessa* and *San Carlos* were refitted and sent to see what was happening at Nootka.

Of course Callicum was ignorant of these things as he paddled his little canoe past the ship of the lordly Martinez to question the more generous Haro about the welfare of the Englishmen.

Haro received the chief graciously. He confirmed somewhat the tales that the sailors had told the Indians of the actions of Don Esteban, but he also sought to mollify the wrath of the chief. He gave him gaudy trinkets and escorted him to his canoe.

And overhead the eagle sailed in low circles.

Martinez was standing on the deck of the *Princessa*. He saw the friendly gesture of Haro. It angered him that the chief should visit Haro and ignore him. No Indian had come near him since he had arrested Colnett. He called to Callicum to come aboard. The Indian pretended not to hear him. Martinez called again. Callicum stopped his leisurely paddling. He was not coming on board the ship, he replied, for Martinez was a bad man; he had arrested the white captain and he was no better than a thief.

The blood rushed to the Spaniard's face. He knew from the tone and gestures of the native that his remarks were not complimentary.

"What does he say?" he questioned. An interpreter told him. He seized a musket and fired, but missed the human target in the canoe. A sailor following the example of his commander fired another piece. His aim was better. Callicum the brave; Callicum the generous, crumpled and fell to the bottom of his canoe.

And the eagle, mounting to the skies, flew away.

Martinez, in his cabin, wrote in his journal of the murder. He set it down, not in a spirit of remorse, but rather of boastfulness and justification:

"Irritated by such abusive language, I took a gun from among those which my men had carried over when they went to bring the sloop in, and fired it at him, but one of my sailors, observing that it missed fire, took another and fired it, killing Callicum."

There was panic in Yuquot, for the villagers had witnessed the cruel assassination of their chief and friend. Maquinna was speechless with mingled rage and horror. He could only look in hypnotized terror at the little dugout floating on the quiet waters of the "place of friendship," bearing the body of his life-long comrade.

At last the aged father of Callicum put off in a canoe to tow the body of his son ashore for decent burial. But the still enraged Spaniard threatened him and waved him away. When the heartbroken parent came back it was to find an almost deserted village. The women and children had been sent to the woods; the warriors were painting themselves with black stain of war. But what could they do with their arrows and spears and clubs against the powerful guns of the ships and those that menaced them from the fort?

Maquinna was certain that he, too, would be slain. He prepared to flee. He would go . . . where? To Wicanannish, who lived with his thousand fighting men at Clayoquot! That very night he would go—and Yuquot? Well, the Spaniards would gain no profit from it.

The Burning of Yuquot

The next day, and the next, the bereaved old father of Callicum went out in an endeavor to recover the body of his son, but Martinez —who daily worshipped with the Raven-men before the Cross of Mercy—would not let him approach the floating coffin. Then, when the spirit of avarice overcame that of revenge within him, the Spaniard agreed to sell the sacred privilege to the old man for sea otter furs.

The men of Yuquot came out of hiding and lifted all that remained of Chief Callicum from the dugout. It was placed in a cedar box and was carried into the forest, where the wailing women met the funeral cortege and followed it to where a straight, tall tree had been prepared for its reception. Here the box was elevated high up in the branches of the pine, where it was securely lashed. Then the lower branches were cut away, so that no animal could reach it.

Callicum was at rest; now there was work to do. After night descended black painted warriors crept out of the shielding woods. Quickly and silently they worked. It was a terrible task for them, but their hearts were hard. Smoke curled through the cracks of the walls of Maquinna's great hall—the royal palace of Yuquot—and belched from other habitations. Now flames burst through the cedar planking, and licked up the tinder-dry carved house posts to finger through combustible roofs and illuminate the Sound for miles around. Sentinels on the ships and at the fort gave the alarm; drums beat and men swarmed ashore. They could do nothing. Yuquot had been given to the torch. In the gray light of the morning all that remained of the village of the friendly people were the smoldering ashes of the homes, and the great Cross of the Spaniards.

Maquinna was not there to see the destruction of his treasures. He was heading in a big war canoe for the sanctuary of Clayoquot; and Captain Douglas did not see it, for he was driving the *Iphigenia* Westward to carry the news of Spanish terrorism to Captain John Meares and through him to London.

Douglas did not know the full story. It was his own experience and Martinez' harsh treatment of himself that he would relate. He did not know that Colnett was a prisoner and almost insane from abuse and ill treatment; or that the *Princess Royal* and the *North West America*, also owned by the associated traders, were now in Spanish hands.

Martinez, viewing with pride his conquests, was preparing to take his prisoners to Mexico, where he was certain he would be in high favor. Instead he was to meet with disappointment and disgrace for his high-handed actions that eventually lost to his sovereign all claim to the Northwest Coast.

CHAPTER SIX

✦

Conquest by Song

✦

CHIEF Maquinna had returned to Yuquot. He came by stealth, in the night, to hide with some of his braves in the woods behind the blackened village site.

Many moons had passed since that day when he had fled in terror from his home after the Spaniard, Esteban Martinez had murdered his boon companion and fellow prince, Callicum. He had to seek sanctuary with the great King Wicanannish at Clayoquot; protection that had been gladly extended. In the past Maquinna had, at times, imagined himself of as much consequence as the potentate of Clayoquot; now he had to acknowledge the power and superior position of his protector.

Those months of the winter of 1789-90 were galling ones for the Lord of Nootka. The very consideration shown by Wicannanish only served to emphasize his own forlorn position and his dependence on his benefactor. His own big village of long houses that straggled along the shores of the friendly Nootkan cove had disappeared. At his command the roof-trees of his people at Yuquot had been given to the flames. He had scorched the earth in order that Martinez might not take possession of the homes that he could no longer protect. He had left Yuquot a dead place.

But he had not succeeded in driving the olive-hued, bearded men of Spain from the vicinity. True, Martinez had gone, taking with him his British prisoners from the trading ships he had captured, but he had left a garrison at the fort atop the rocky island at the entrance to the cove.

Maquinna kept in touch with his people as best he could. Spies brought to him periodic news of happenings at Nootka. He learned that strange things went on there.

The Spaniards were busy away up at the head of Muchalat Arm, where the little river poured its cold, mountain-fed waters into the sea. Captain Colnett, of the *Argonaut*, had brought some 70 Yellow Faced men from China to work in the fur factory and settlement that he planned. When Martinez imprisoned Colnett and his crew he did not send the Yellow Faced people, who wore their hair in long braided queues, to Mexico with the other captives. He had kept them at Nootka as enforced laborers and now he had them at work on the river.

They were hunting for little specks and grains of gold in the sand and gravel bars of the stream, Maquinna was informed. Others, under Spanish direction, were tearing out the white quartz veins from the rock of one of the islands at Yuquot. This was crushed and the gleaming particles of metal were extracted. Maquinna did not know why they wanted it, for these strangers did not appreciate the worth of beautiful red copper, or of iron that was so valuable in the manufacture of daggers and spear heads, fish hooks and other useful things. They were actually eager to trade such priceless metals for mere sea otter skins; and now they were going to much trouble to recover bright grains of yellow stuff. It was all very puzzling.

The chief did understand, however, why the Spaniards had men digging and turning over the soil on the site of Yuquot, for John Mackay, the weird, white medicine man who had spent more than a year with him in those happy days before the olive-hued men of Spain had come, had done likewise. By such labor ground was prepared and tiny seeds, some of them no larger than grains of sand, were planted. From these grew things that could be eaten. But all this digging was the work for squaws; warriors did not do such things—and Maquinna wondered why he was afraid.

He was irresolute. Should he risk his life and return to his people, or should he continue on at Clayoquot imposing upon the bounty of Wicanannish? One moment he would convince himself that his place was at Nootka; the next, the memory of Callicum's body drifting on the waters of Friendly Cove would come back to him in all its horror, and he would linger on with the King of Clayoquot. His was, indeed, a difficult decision to make.

Then, one day in June, 1790, a Spanish ship came to anchor off Wicanannish's village. Maquinna was frightened. He stayed close to the side of his friend; surely, he reasoned, they had come in search of him!

Manuel Quimper, a genial and courteous naval officer, came ashore. He was very friendly and he brought presents. He recognized the timid Nootkan standing beside the lordly Wicanannish. "Why don't you return to Yuquot?" he asked.

Maquinna hung his head and made no answer.

"Why don't you come back," the Spaniard repeated.

"Because," confessed the Nootkan chief, "I am afraid of Martinez."

Quimper understood—for he was an understanding man. He did not laugh, and Maquinna liked him for that. He spoke softly and reassuringly. Conditions had changed, he explained. Martinez was no longer the big tyee of the Spaniards. He was in a subordinate position, and a far different type of man was in command. He was Don Francisco Eliza, and there was another big chief there, in command of the warriors of Spain. He was Captain Don Pedro Alberni. Both of these mighty chiefs were anxious to meet Maquinna, Quimper said. They did not want to hurt him, but to do him honor.

Maquinna was almost persuaded, for Quimper appeared to be an honest man, Then, when the ship had sailed, Wicanannish argued that perhaps conditions had, indeed, changed and the Spaniards would not do him hurt. He offered to accompany Maquinna to his home waters. This offer Maquinna could not refuse. So he had come back to Yuquot, but not to meet the Spaniards. He would hide for a time with his people in the dark forest and watch and wait.

Now, after several weeks, he was looking rom within the fringe of the woods down on his former capital. It was a sad sight. Only ash heaps marked the places where the long houses had stood. Not a single one of his people was to be seen. Only the great Cross raised by Martinez and the Raven-men was there. It had escaped destruction in that wild night of fire.

There were several unfamiliar huts close to the beach, and he could see armed soldiers there. Spanish ships rode at anchor in the cove, and the fort they had built was bigger and had more guns. Men were at work cutting timber, and near them were warriors with weapons.

Now he noted that Wicanannish's canoe was alongside one of the ships and—yes, it was the great chief of Clayoquot himself, who was coming down the side of the vessel to his own small craft. No harm had come to him. It might be that Quimper had told the truth; that he, too, would be well treated, but—it was just over there, close to the nearest Spanish boat, that gentle Callicum had

crumpled and died. He would like to be able to do as Wicanannish boldly did, go aboard the ships, but he wanted assurance. How could he get it?

If he only had one of the Spaniards in his power, then to protect their countryman they would not dare to hurt him. So Maquinna reasoned, and that night he made a daring plan. He would put it into operation the next day. He did. He had one of the sailors abducted.

It was not the armed men of Spain who came to liberate by force, or to barter for the release of their fellow. No, it was Wicanannish who came storming to Maquinna's hiding place, not to request, but to demand the humiliated Nootkan to restore the sailor to his friends. Perforce Maquinna had to do it. Wicanannish was loaded with presents, but Maquinna felt now that there was no chance of his establishing friendly contact with the Spaniards. The Lord of Clayoquot left the Sound bearing a canoe of newly acquired treasure. Maquinna retreated farther into the dark forest.

The Nootkan tyee was not the only man who was worried. Pedro Alberni was troubled. His was the task of constructing a settlement in preparation for the coming of a larger number of people from Mexico. He had to build houses and workshops; to dig wells and lay out farms against the time of their coming. He had eighty men in his company, but they were not all effectives; the cursed dampness and winds and fogs had crippled a number, but this was not what was hampering the accomplishment of his purposes. It was the fact that while the warriors of Yuquot were invisible in the tangled woods, and Maquinna, their leader, was unfriendly, half of Alberni's little force had to be kept under arms to protect those who labored. It was disheartening. If only he could meet Maquinna and win his regard!

Alberni was a clever man, and he was gifted with human understanding. He could appreciate how Maquinna felt and feared. Martinez would have carried fire and sword to the Indian villages about the Sound that owed allegiance to Maquinna. Alberni was of a different type. He wrote a song. It was not much of a ditty, but it had an appeal—such an appeal! It was in praise of Maquinna.

Patiently Alberni taught the Nootkan words of the little verse to his soldiers. He had them rehearse it over and over until they could sing it in perfect unison. Then, one morning, the troops paraded to the edge of the forest. For half an hour they sang of the glory of the elusive chief.

News of this strange concert was carried to Maquinna. He could hardly credit it. Next morning, when it was repeated at precisely the same hour, he was in hiding where he could listen. Yes, there were the soldiers marching towards him. He was almost tempted to flee, but Comekela was with him, and he could not. Now the men stopped. They stood at attention, threw back their heads and sang:

"Great is Maquinna;

"Maquinna is a great chief;

"Spain loves Maquinna."

The object of their praise could hardly believe his own ears, for they were singing in the native tongue. Truly these strangers recognized a mighty chief—and in his delight he listened to the end. He noted with gratification that Comekela, The Travelled One, was properly impressed.

The next day, and the next, Maquinna was there to enjoy the song. It was good; it made him feel something like his old self, but it was too bad that some of those other chiefs who were looking askance at him since the burning of Yuquot were not present to hear him glorified. And why not? It was an inspiring thought; away went messengers in fleet canoes. Next day he had as his guest in the underbrush a rival from Hesquiat. As regularly as the sun rose, so the singing was repeated, and farther and farther afield went Maquinna's invitations.

Alberni was watching and waiting. He knew, full well, what was going on under the cover of the forest. He was patient and at last he was rewarded. The great Wicanannish had come.

It was a supreme moment for Maquinna. The king of Clayoquot had accepted his invitation. The adulation of the soldiers must, assuredly, elevate him in the estimation of his friend. It was time for the concert. The chiefs were hidden from view. Maquinna was excited.

Now the soldiers appeared, marching in regular formation, just as they had each day for weeks. They marched to the very spot they had stood the previous day. Now—now Wicanannish would hear!

Alberni made a sign for them to commence. The men threw back their heads, and in a musical roar came the one word; "Great..." and the singing ceased. There was a deathlike silence.

Maquinna was dumbfounded. If ever he wanted them to sing it was now, when Wicanannish was an auditor; but not another sound

did they utter as they stood rigidly at attention. Wicanannish smiled a pitying smile. One, two, five, ten minutes—and still the men stood like graven totems. The song had ended.

Something must be done; something desperate, if need be, to prove to the Clayoquot chief that the Spaniards really did admire him His fears were forgotten. He broke cover and approached Alberni. "Sing it again," he pleaded.

And Don Pedro—for whom this was a long desired moment—heaped rich presents upon Maquinna, scarlet cloth, and sheets of copper and beads—such an assortment of treasures! Precious? Yes, but it was not physical and material wealth that the Nootkan wanted at the moment—it was a song—the song.

"Sing it again," he begged.

Alberni made a motion with his hand. As one man the company bellowed; "Great is Maquinna . . ." and they went on and on. Over and over again the song was repeated, until even Maquinna was satisfied, and Wicanannish had to acknowledge that the strangers really did appreciate the greatness of the happy Maquinna.

So it was that Maquinna recovered face, and Alberni won a devoted friend. Human sympathy and understanding had accomplished what terrorism could not.

Eliza was gracious when he met the prince of Nootka. There were presents—wonderful gifts—to bind the treaty of peace between them. Maquinna concluded that he had, truly, been mistaken in thinking all Spaniards were like Martinez. Him the chief avoided as he would the dreaded giants of the forested hills.

While these friendships were being cemented on the wild West Coast of North America, ominous rumblings of war were disturbing the capitals of civilization—and all because of Nootka.

The Spanish ambassador to the Court of St. James, on February 2, 1790, penned a letter to the British Foreign Secretary. With more vigor than politeness he told the government of His Britannic Majesty to keep his traders out of Spanish waters in the North Pacific. It had been necessary, he said, for His Catholic Majesty to seize several English ships there.

Almost before the Foreign Secretary could recover from his surprise and send a courier hastening to Madrid to ask Britain's envoy there what the ambassador was talking about, Captain John Meares burst into London from China, shouting loudly of the injuries done to him and his associates, and of the insult to the British flag.

Possibly to Meares' surprise—and perhaps a new experience—the Government of William Pitt accepted his statements without question. Passions flamed high. Instant demands were made for full reparation and damages, for an apology, and for the restitution of the "territories" from which Meares' concern had been dispossessed. The "spot of ground" at Nootka had grown in proportion to the indignation of the nation.

Spain was haughty. She relied upon her Family Compact with the King of France. She had other allies as well, Genoa and Turkey, making in all a formidable array of force. Spain prepared for war. So did Great Britain. The greatest naval mobilization in the history of the nation of sailors was ordered. London had sworn allies, too, the Netherlands and Prussia. They were asked what might be expected from them in the event of war. Holland's reply was to send a fleet of ten ships of the line across the Channel with intimation that there would be more if required. But Prussia—in characteristic manner—asked for an assurance that if help was given, Britain would later aid her attacking Russia. The treacherous blackmail condition was ignored.

Lord Dorchester, in Canada, was instructed to ascertain from United States if objection would be raised if troops were sent down the Mississippi to invade Louisiana, Florida and other American possessions of Spain. President George Washington and Alexander Hamilton were sympathetic, but other cabinet members, led by Thomas Jefferson opposed. They saw a great opportunity, and commenced negotiations with Madrid for cession of Florida and a part of Louisiana to the Republic in return for protection of other Spanish colonies on the continent. Pitt, in London, contacted Col. Ferdinand Miranda, a revolutionist leader, and promised support of civil strife in Spanish American countries, if war developed.

The stage was set for a world-wide conflict. But France was heaving with revolution. King Louis was already under restraint, and the National Assembly denied his right to make war without the consent of his people. This was a fatal blow to the hopes of Spain.

The Family Compact was useless—and so Madrid yielded. War was averted.

At Nootka—all unconscious of the turmoil elsewhere—the spell of Alberni's song was working wonders. Maquinna was once more a power in the mazes of Nootka Sound. He could not do enough for the song-writer who had done so much for him. He supplied the Spaniards with fish and venison, and would accept no payment, and he spent much of his time in company with the men he had evaded.

And, freed from the uncertainty of the Indian's purpose, Alberni built houses and cleared lands, until by the end of September he was able to report that ten buildings had been finished, including a hospital. This was a necessary addition to the settlement, for the warm-blooded men of the Catalina Volunteers suffered much from the rain and mists that rolled in from the Pacific. They sickened and four of them died and were buried in the little cemetery not far from Meares' shipyard. Before the coming of spring, no less than thirty-two men had to be removed on stretchers to ships for transportation to California.

It was a hard, cold winter, but it was a happy one for the Chief of Yuquot. In his new village capital at Tahsis he entertained his new friends. They, in turn, feasted and petted him, and they convinced him—no difficult task—that he was greater than he had ever been before the coming of Martinez. And from the Raven-men, whom he came to respect, he learned the story of The Cross that they had erected, and which was all that remained of the old Yuquot.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Royal Court at Tahsis

TWO years had brought changes to Yuquot. It was the summer of 1792 and not a vestige of the old tribal village of long houses remained. In its place was a settlement of sixteen Spanish houses and work shops, while the well fertilized spaces where the big community halls had stood for countless years were now luxuriant farms and gardens. Here the black cattle of New Spain grazed and domestic fowls, such as no Indian had ever seen—turkeys and cackling hens—were enclosed.

Peace had returned to Nootka. Great Britain and Spain had composed their quarrel over the rights of traders there. London had sent Captain George Vancouver to meet with Captain Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, grandee of Spain and Commander of St. Blas naval base, on the disputed ground and there complete the final terms of the convention.

Now Quadra was at Nootka awaiting the arrival of the British ships, H.M.S. *Discovery* and H.M.S. *Chatham*, under Vancouver's command. It was a fortunate choice that his Most Catholic Majesty Don Carlos IV had made as his representative, for Quadra typified all that was noble and fine in the Spanish nation; courteous, kindly and considerate, he was happy in having to deal with a Briton such as Vancouver, who was equally imbued with high purpose. They could not agree, when they did meet, on the precise meaning of the instructions furnished them. They referred the matters in dispute back to their respective courts, but without, in the least, affecting a friendship that became one of the finest things in the colorful story of the West Coast.

Maquinna, over-lord of Nootka Sound, whose former capital was at Yuquot—or as the English called it, Friendly Cove—found

in the amiable Quadra a real friend. Don Pedro Alberni, of the Catalina Volunteers, had won the regard of the chief when that native prince was a frightened fugitive from his own domain and had to take refuge with the mighty Wicanannish at Clayoquot. Alberni had made it possible for Maquinna to return to his people and resume personal government.

The period of his humiliation ended two years before the coming of Quadra who, on his arrival, found that the chief was regaining much of his former influence. He was ruling from his new capital of Tahsis, some distance deeper into the Sound than Friendly Cove. The new governor's gracious treatment of the Indian firmly cemented Maquinna's regard for the men of Spain. Each day the power and pomp of the chief increased; the time of his terror was forgotten in the glittering circumstance of his present magnificence.

Quadra trusted him and Maquinna relied on the word of the commandant. The Indian tried to imitate the actions of his friend, and insisted that the princes of Tahsis do likewise. When they went to call on the governor—which was almost every day—old Hannapa and Nanaimis, he who was with Maquinna when they first spied Cook's ships emerging from the sea mists, and Comekela, The Travelled One, bowed and scraped and doffed their hats of woven fibres with sweeping gestures. And Comekela, who had learned a little Spanish as he had English, framed halting phrases with which to compliment their host. Maquinna never travelled with ordinary men now; his royal suite was composed of the nobility of his people.

He was grateful to Wicanannish of Clayoquot for the protection given him in the days of his dire distress, but by the yardstick of his new importance the Nootkan placed the ruler of the outer Coast several degrees lower than himself in the social scale. In fact, he confided to Quadra, he and the envoy of His Most Catholic Majesty were equals. Through the intermediary of Don Joseph Mariano Mozino Suarez de Figueroa, the scientist who acted as interpreter, the chief, urging a joint war expedition against a neighboring tribe, exclaimed:

"You may embark what you wish of your people in order that they and mine, equally with our enemies, will know Maquinna is the same as Quadra and Quadra the same as Maquinna."

The Spanish gentleman appreciated the comparison and the compliment.

Return of peace to the Northwest Coast had brought sea traders flocking once more to Nootka in search of furs. The little cove was hardly ever without one or more ships of commerce riding at anchor,

while their officers dined and wined with the hospitable governor. These mercenary men marvelled at the elegance of the apartments of their host, the almost unbelievable cuisine, and covetously calculated the worth of the solid silver plate upon which every course was served.

The comradeship between the polished knight of Spain and the dusky ruler of Yuquot was something that the sea merchants could not understand. The fact that Maquinna was a frequent guest at Quadra's table and, on occasion, shared his bedchamber was to them astounding. But Quadra knew, full well, that his consideration was assuring the continued amity between white and red man at Nootka Sound: and Maquinna!—he accepted it all as an acknowledgment of equality, a pledge of brotherhood. His soul was exalted when he recollected that even Wicanannish, with his thousand fighting men, had never been accorded such honors. Wicanannish was his friend—but Quadra was a brother.

At last Vancouver reached Nootka. The war vessels came to anchor in Friendly Cove and saluted the Spanish flag with great ceremony and much firing of cannons. The fort of San Miguel and the guard ship *Activa* boomed out reciprocatory compliments. Salutes were the order of the summer. Every occasion was one for the peaceful burning of powder. Even small trading sloops banged away with their swivel guns on entering and leaving the harbor.

Hardly had the anchors of *Discovery* and *Chatham* clutched the sand-and-gravel bottom of the sheltered haven than the lordly Maquinna with his regal train went to pay his respects to Vancouver and Broughton, commander of the *Chatham*. What was his horror and dismay when he was unceremoniously turned back by the sentinel. The sailor did not recognize, in the bulbous apex of the chief's pyramidal hat, the insignia of royalty.

Maquinna was infuriated. The Spaniards did not treat him so. He raced back to shore to complain to Quadra of the affront. Surely there was a mistake, the governor assured him. It was ignorance on the part of a sailor and not the fault of Vancouver. The sentinel was not familiar with princes; he was rather to be pitied than blamed. It would be different when he met the mighty Vancouver himself.

That very afternoon when the two commanders met in the big upstairs banqueting hall of the official residence of Spain's representative, Quadra took occasion to speak to the British captain of the indignity that the Nootkan felt had been put upon him. Vancouver expressed real concern—for he, too, understood that the hurt

of such an occurence could bite deep into a sensitive nature—and he requested Quadra to bring the chief with him when he visited *Discovery* the following morning to breakfast.

It was the best meal that the cooks on the *Discovery* could contrive and to Vancouver and Lieutenant Robert Broughton, of the *Chatham*, it was exceptional, for hot rolls and fresh milk appeared on the table. Such delicacies they had left behind when they quitted England, and now they found them in such a wilderness! They learned then that the considerate Quadra had a special bakery constructed to provide bread for the English ships when they arrived; that milch cows had been kept for the same purpose. Fresh vegetables were also sent daily to the ships. Yes, it was a breakfast to be remembered. And wine was poured and the two Christian kings were toasted.

Maquinna ate heartily and drank deeply. He sensed that a toast was something that must be participated in by all. The more he imbibed, however, the more concerned and bitter he became over the slight of the previous day. At last he burst out in a tirade. It required all the tact and diplomacy of the two captains to soothe him, but he was still mumbling about his wrongs when he was finally lowered into his canoe and took his tipsy way back to Tahsis.

It was not that Maquinna was a confirmed toper; he was too wise for that, but he took the convivial cup when it was offered. He had even tasted the raw rum that Jim Magee—who has the unenviable distinction of being the first bootlegger on the Coast—sold in the Spanish settlement. Magee was the captain of the Boston trading vessel *Margaret*. He complained of being ill and in need of a spell on shore, and the generous Quadra placed a hut at his disposal. This captain Jim filled with cheap liquor which he peddled to Spanish and English sailors at a profit of 800 per cent.

While Maquinna was recovering his sobriety at Tahsis, Quadra and Vancouver were in polite but uncompromising argument over the meaning of the convention. Neither could accommodate his reading of his instructions with that of the other. They finally agreed to disagree.

In their discussions of such weighty matters as concerned the sovereignty of the Coast they paused to think of the prince whose authority over the Sound was not challenged. So it was that two of the World's great nations, through their accredited envoys, prepared to visit the Royal Court of Yuquot holden at Tahsis, with all due and proper regard to the etiquette of courtly procedure, altered, of course, to meet the circumstances.

Truly such an affair of state was without precedent. Oh, that Wicanannish had been there to witness it! So Maquinna must have thought when word of the approaching visit was conveyed to him. He determined that the function would be of the utmost splendor; such was also the intention of his visitors.

Dressed in their best gold-braided uniforms, and with their senior officers attending, the two captains went to Tahsis. It was a colorful procession of four large boats. They carried royal gifts—presents of sheet copper and cloth, of blankets and beads, and countless trinkets to win the admiration of the females of the household. They also brought foodstuffs for a European banquet and cooks to prepare it, musical instruments and musicians to play them—all to make their embassy to the Court of Yuquot an outstanding diplomatic achievement.

There was no prouder prince in the world that day than Maquinna as he walked down the beach to give fitting welcome to the representatives of his brother sovereigns of Great Britain and Spain. It was the supreme moment of his life; would that Wicanannish was there . . . but there was no time for repining, and the Man of Clayoquot would hear of it and the tale would lose nothing in the telling. Now the great men were landing and Maquinna and his attending princes were greeting them in the Spanish manner, bowing low and doffing their high hats in dignified courtesy.

With becoming solemnity Maquinna escorted Vancouver and Quadra up the shingled slope, while the other princes of Yuquot attended the senior officers of the two fleets to the royal palace. It was an immense place, almost as big as the great hall at Yuquot that had been given to the flames. Enormous peeled logs, supported on even larger tree trunks which were carved with grotesque figures, comprised the frame, while the flat, sloping roof and sides were of wide cedar boards wedged out from mighty cedars. Around the inner walls ran a platform where noble families were allotted their places according to rank. Maquinna's four wives and numerous family occupied the end platform, slightly raised above the spaces occupied by people of lower degree. The royal family squatted on sea otter skins, while the nobility had to be content with woven mats.

No such regal splendor had been displayed before—not even by Wicanannish at the time of his bountiful potlatch that was still the talk of the Coast—as in this to do honor to officers of two foreign kings. All his wealth of glossy marine furs, his treasures garnered in trade and presents given to win his favor by traders were in evidence. It was no wonder that courtly Quadra and grave Vancouver

were amazed when they entered the immense building, for mirrors and burnished copper, brass ornaments and bright metal trinkets caught and reflected the red glow of the big fire that blazed in the centre of the earthen floor.

The two distinguished guests and their staffs proceeded directly to where the family of the Prince of Yuquot was enthroned. They bowed low, and sailors bearing gifts deposited them in front of the wives and children, the brothers and sisters of their host. Then Quadra, through his interpreter, addressed the chief. They were privileged to be there, and he gave thanks for their magnificient reception. He told of how he was going to depart from Nootka, but Vancouver or Broughton might remain and he craved for them the friendship of Maquinna.

And Maquinna, studying the features of the British captain, concluded that he was worthy of a place in his affection along with Quadra. As testimony of this he picked up a rich, black sea otter skin and placed it at the feet of the Briton. It was, indeed, a princely gesture, and Vancouver was touched by it.

The presentation at the Court of Yuquot holden at Tahsis having been made with all possible solemnity, it was now time for festivities. Into the hall trooped a strange and startling parade of masqued figures, representing animals, birds and imaginary creatures from the spirit world.

Women caught up sticks and started to drum on cedar boards and boxes, swaying from side to side as they took up a low, monotonous chant, and to this rhythmic beating the masquers commenced to dance about the big fire, now blazing high as fish oil was ladled upon it. Each performer imitated the animal he represented, and as the big carved wooden heads bobbed and turned and twisted and the leaping flames variegated ruddy light and smoke-shot shadows over the weaving forms a weird and impressive sight it was to behold.

Maquinna noted with satisfaction that his guests were enthralled. Ah! he would show them more; he would himself perform for them. He disappeared, accompanied by Comekela. So interested were Quadra and Vancouver that they did not see them go.

Suddenly the dancing stopped. There was a lull, and then the drumming and chanting started again with just a trifle more animation. Into the hall burst the great Maquinna himself, wearing the skin of a bear and a representation of the head of that animal. It was his own sacred dance—the one that had been given to him by the

spirits. He jumped, he ran, he padded on all fours, he capered about the fire; the women beat time and intoned Maquinna's own song. It was a genuine compliment, and as such as it was received.

And now it was Comekela's turn to astonish the visitors. He did. As befitted one who had travelled beyond the setting sun, his contribution was exotic. He stepped from the outer shadows into the glare of the fire-light, a glittering and flashing object, a vision entirely unexpected, for he was wearing a complete suit of stage armour. He looked, for all the world, like Hamlet's ghost. Where he had obtained it none could guess. He could not dance, but how he did strut! He was attended by a motley crew, each clad in one or more pieces of European attire. There was a solemn-visaged old savage in a scarlet coat but sans trousers; another wore a single stocking, while still another topped his native mantle with a plumed hat. Around the fire they went, bowing to all, shaking hands and imitating the ceremonious exchanges of the white man. Comekela's act was voted a decided success.

The show over, the feasting began. Quadra's cooks had been busy preparing a wonderful dinner just outside the Royal Palace. Now tables were constructed within the big hall along one side, while on the other the nobles prepared for a sumptuous repast to their own liking. What a banquet! The white dignitaries with Maquinna as their guest fed from solid silver dishes on foods of their preference, while across from them the Nootkans consumed such delightful dishes as whale blubber and seal flippers and trifolium roots soaked in fish oil. It was a wonderful success; the entire visit had been perfect.

It was when the boats were reloaded for the return to Friendly Cove that Vancouver, in expressing his appreciation, invited Maquinna to visit him in a few days, promising that the very heavens would testify to his regard for the chief.

At the appointed time Maquinna with his retinue, and with a greatly enlarged idea of his own importance, arrived alongside *Discovery*. He was eager to witness the promised miracle—and especially so when he learned that some of Wicanannish's henchmen were there on a visit. He demanded an instant demonstration but was persuaded to wait until night fell.

When the last sea gull had winged its way to a rocky perch high on a cliff, and the red sun dipped beyond the limits of the great sea, it happened. Maquinna was on the *Discovery*. He was moodily looking at the shore wondering if, after all, Vancouver had deceived him, when there was a hissing and the darkness of the night

was seared by streaks of fire that shot upward to burst into myriads of small red and green and yellow stars in the canopy of the night. Now multi-colored flames on shore and whirling balls of illumination went high to amaze and bewilder Maquinna. Truly the heavens were attesting the regard of Vancouver for him. This was more than mere friendship—and right then Maquinna enlarged the comity of brotherhood to include him—Maquinna, Quadra, Vancouver, what a trinity!

And in his journal that very night George Vancouver expressed thankfulness that the fireworks he had brought from England had not deteriorated during his voyage across the world.

It had, indeed, been a week of glory for the monarch of Yuquot; glory that flamed like one of the rockets of the night and burst into magnificence, only to grow dim and fade away.

Quadra left the sound, never to return. In his place ruled Salvador Fidalgo who disliked and distrusted all Indians. He had but recently slaughtered a number of them in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. He did not recognize the importance of the Prince of Yuquot as a royal personage, or appreciate his real worth as an individual. And now Vancouver was preparing to leave with his vessels. Maquinna was heart-broken. The brotherhood of affection was broken, and Maquinna's days of splendor were in decline.

CHAPTER EIGHT

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Last Glimmer of Glory

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FRIENDLY Cove was a dreary and desolate place in the spring of 1795. Houses that resounded with laughter and song only three years before, when English and Spanish seamen toasted each other in Jim Magee's contraband rum, were mostly deserted but for the rats the ships had brought from Mexico. Only the big building with the second story balcony, where Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra had lavishly entertained Captain George Vancouver, of Britain's Royal Navy, and one or two huts, were fully occupied. The busy workshops were idle. Rank vegetation covered garden patches where choice vegetables had been cultivated; broken fences and tottering barns marked enclosures where sleek black cattle from New Spain, cackling hens and gobbling turkeys had fed and grown succulent.

The few Spanish sailors who lived aboard the *San Carlos*, the guard ship, and manned the few remaining guns of Fort San Miguel at the harbor's entrance were a dispirited lot. Don Fidalgo and his officers in the governor's residence were not much happier. All regarded their continued duty at Nootka as a form of banishment. At times they almost envied their comrades who slept in the little cemetery at the end of the old native village site.

Few Indians came to Friendly Cove now; perhaps an occasional canoe from Clayoquot or from Hesquiat would look in, but rarely did a craft from any of the aboriginal settlements on the recesses of Nootka Sound come near the Spaniards who occupied the place that had once been the centre of their world.

Chief Maquinna, who ruled over his people from Yuquot long before the Spaniards appeared, avoided contact with them since he had been rebuffed by Fidalgo. He kept close to his new capital at Tahsis.

When, in the long, late hours of the night, the wind howled and the dark forests swayed and creaked and white water clawed the pebbles on the beach, Maquinna would awaken to wonder and worry. And when the flickering fire sent fingers of light groping into the black shadows of the great hall, he would visualize again the pageant of the past seventeen years.

There had been happiness in the routine life of Yuquot in the days of his youth and young manhood, when the only food the people knew was provided by the sea and the forest. Glory there was, too, to be gained in warfare and the whale hunt, and social pre-eminence in the bounty of the potlatch. Ah, yes, those were pleasant times when a chief's responsibilities were measured by the age-old code of the Coast.

Then, emerging from the red embers he would fancy he saw the figure of Captain Cook take form, just as his ships had turned from shadow to substance in the sea mists; and he would recall how he thought that the benevolent god Qua-utz was returning. A fine, friendly man was Cook. There followed in sequential procession other figures—some almost forgotten—of transient traders who had followed the coming of the great navigator.

There was Hanna, who, in his anger, had fired the big guns of his ship against the frail canoes of the natives, smashing them and killing many; and there was Strange, who had his men dig up the soil and put seeds in the ground—and how the people had wondered that warriors should do women's work! It was Strange who had left his medicine man, John Mackay, at Yuquot to await his return the next year. Maquinna recalled with some satisfaction how he had induced Mackay to abandon the foolish manner of life of the white man and adopt that of the good folk of Yuquot. Ah, if he had only been as wise as Mackay and had not acquired a liking for the ways of strangers!

John Meares was an affable and friendly man. But if he had not sold Meares that bit of ground everything might now be different, for much of the sorrow that had come—and much of the joy, too—had resulted from that sale. Then there were Douglas and Funter, belonging to Meares' tribe, and squint-eyed Gray the Boston man, and Ingraham. They were his friends.

He remembered all too well the coming of Martinez bringing with him the flag of Spain; and of the manner in which Colnett and his men had been taken. The recollection of how Martinez had wantonly murdered Callicum—the companion of his boyhood and the support of his young manhood—could never be forgotten. The

terror of those long months when, after giving Yuquot to the flames, he sought sanctuary with Wicanannish of Clayoquot would come back in poignant detail.

The memory of Don Pedro Alberni was pleasanter for he had exalted the chief in song and had extended the open hand of friendship. Then Quadra had entered his life; Quadra the great tyee of the Spanish tribesmen who had come to Yuquot and who had been as a brother to him, and the equally important Vancouver who had shared in his love. Would he ever forget those two or how they had come to visit him?

But they had gone. Every one of his old friends but one, John Kendrick, had departed. Kendrick alone, came to see him in the name of their old friendship, not trade. But Maquinna kept the few furs that came his way for Captain John.

March was a cold, wet, windy month, and the sailors at Friendly Cove shivered and cursed the luck that was theirs. They were as comfortable, however, as those on the laboring war sloop *Activa* that was being buffeted and pounded by angry seas as she battled up the Coast from San Blas for Nootka.

The *Activa* carried two passengers. Their presence on board was the reason of the voyage to the North. They were bound for Nootka to conclude the business that Vancouver and Quadra had left uncompleted. Brigadier General Manuel de Alava carried the authority of the Spanish King, while Thomas Pearce, in the uniform of a lieutenant of His Britannic Majesty's Royal Marines, bore credentials as a commissioner of Great Britain to effect final settlement of the controversy that had almost resulted in a world war.

Quadra and Vancouver had met on the ground in 1792, but could not bring themselves to the point of agreement as to the dimensions of the ground that Meares bought and of which Martinez had taken possession in 1789. There had been a new understanding reached in 1794, clarifying the language of the earlier document. Spain had again come to terms, for the civilized world was aflame with wars initiated by revolutionary France, and Madrid was eager to enter into a defensive alliance with London.

There would be less ceremony about the final settlement. The parlous times would not permit it. In fact the British navy could not spare a ship to go half way round the world to carry the King's officer to the Northwest Coast, nor could England dispense with the services of a high official to undertake the mission.

Thomas Pearce was a lieutenant in the Royal Marines stationed at Chatham barracks. He was not particularly interested in the Nootka affair. His concern, as was that of every person in Europe, was centred on the growing power of France. But one day he was told to hold himself in readiness for important service. After some delay he received his orders to proceed to Spain and there take ship to Mexico from where he was to accompany to Nootka the Spanish officer selected for the purpose.

Madrid gasped in astonishment when London asked that Pearce be conveyed along with the Spanish commissioner to Nootka. Such a thing was most unusual—but one never knew what to expect from those unceremonious islanders! The request was granted, for Spain could not quibble over formalities when the world was burning, and Madrid desired that alliance with London. So it was that Pearce and Alava were being tossed about together by the March gales on the Pacific.

It was still blowing and raining in torrents when the *Activa* reached Friendly Cove and dropped anchor near the guard ship on March 16. The settlement gave what hospitality and entertainment it could to the tired officers and crew. So did Captain John Kendrick, whose small vessel was weather-bound in the Cove.

Pearce rather liked this Yankee skipper, who had been on the Coast six years and spoke the native language fluently. They had a long, confidential chat. There was a time when Kendrick was the boon companion of Martinez, who had joined him in celebrating the Fourth of July, while Colnett languished in confinement. But he had seen much of the Spaniards since that Glorious Fourth and had, indeed, been driven away for a time by a Spanish order barring Nootka Sound to him. Now he was more favorably inclined to the cause of the British.

The New England captain told the marine officer of events at Friendly Cove when Martinez appeared. In substantiation of his assertions he suggested that Pearce ask Maquinna for the facts. It was advice that appealed to the young officer and a message was sent to Tahsis.

When Maquinna received the invitation he was delighted. Perhaps his brother, Vancouver, or Broughton had come back; it might even be Menzies, that fine man who went about looking at trees and flowers and took specimens to plant in boxes on Vancouver's ships. Perchance it might be any one of his English friends who had, like an Indian chief, changed his name to enhance his prestige.

He was anxious to go at once, but for three days the storm kept him at home. When he did reach the cove—his first visit in two years—he found that the British officer was a stranger in a red coat, not at all like the uniform of Vancouver, but similar to the gloriously flaming tunic in which Comekela had returned from China. Maquinna liked this man, and so did old Hannapa, and Comekela and Nanaimis—he who was with Maquinna when they first espied Cook's ships. They told him all they could remember, and Kendrick acted as interpreter.

Now everything was in readiness. Pearce and Alava prepared formal documents. Spanish sailors, informed that their term of servitude at Nootka had ended, willingly dismantled the fort of San Miguel. They stowed the artillery on the two ships while other seamen worked early and late to rig the partially dismantled *San Carlos* and prepare her to leave the raw, clammy region they detested.

The sun broke through the rain clouds on March 28. It was a pleasant day. The sailors of Spain were paraded on the beach. They stood at attention. A bugle sounded and slowly the red and yellow banner was lowered. The commissioners exchanged signed documents. Again a bugle blared, and the flag of Great Britain was hoisted to the top of the high staff. Guns boomed in salute. Then the armed seamen turned and filed down the beach to waiting boats.

Lieutenant Pearce lingered for a few moments to take final leave of Maquinna. It was the flag of King George that now floated over the abandoned settlement he told the chief.

Maquinna knew it well. He had first seen it when Cook came, and it was the flag of Strange, and of Colnett, and of Meares' sloop that had been built just over there beyond the Spanish burial ground —but Meares had two flags. Yes, Maquinna knew the flag of the English tyee.

Now the quiet officer in red conferred upon Maquinna the highest honor he had ever received—but Maquinna did not understand its significance. He was given custody of the flag. It was his to cherish and protect, Pearce said, and it was placed in his care because all British captains, from Cook to Vancouver, had told the mighty King George that he was a fine man and a great chief. He was to hoist it whenever a ship appeared in the offing.

Then Pearce turned and went down the beach to a waiting launch.

Maquinna, and old Hannapa, and Comekela, the Travelled One, and Nanaimis who had seen the coming of the white man, watched the ships up-anchor and away.

They had gone—Briton and Spaniard—Yuquot, for the first time in years, was free of strangers. Maquinna looked about at the deserted habitations. He gazed out over the waters of the cove, and towards the open sea where the ships were vanishing into the distance. What next?

A sudden urge—an overwhelming desire—to stay there at his beloved Yuquot arose within him. And why not? It was his country.

Word was carried to the most distant passages of the Sound; "Yuquot is to be restored."

Canoes raced from every village, bearing the strong and active, the young and the aged. They brought their stone axes and adzes, their tools of primitive make and the steel and iron implements of the strangers. They came singing and rejoicing. Yuquot was to live again—not as a place for white men but a village of long houses and great community halls such as they and their ancestors had inhabited; where fires could be built on the earthen floors and tribal dances could be held to the rhythmic drumming and chanting of the women.

Down came the habitations and huts and workshops of Spain; away went the fences that enclosed the spaces where former lodges had stood. In the forest great trees crashed to the ground. They were barked and dragged to places where women had excavated holes for the reception of the big house posts, upon which carvers were graving designs. Eager hands helped in raising these posts, hollowed at the top for the reception of gigantic beams that were being prepared. Then these were levered into position; and wide boards wedged and chiseled from the biggest cedars were put on the walls and the roof.

It was the labor of weeks and months, but it was happy, joyous work, as house after house was completed and Yuquot—the new and bigger Yuquot—took form. Maquinna was engrossed in the task. He felt better now. But when it was finished and the last nail had been extracted from the lumber of the white man, to be used for fish-hooks and pointing arrows and spears, reaction set in. He realized that conditions had changed. He could no longer look down upon Wicanannish, but must regard him as having equal, if not greater status.

He must do something to save face. He, happily, was at peace with his neighbours. How then could he prove that his valor had not been sapped by intimacy with white strangers? Ah, there were the forgotten men of the Sound. He could attack them; he would. They were the Chinese who had been brought to work at Colnett's

intended settlement. When Martinez put a stop to the Englishman's scheme and had sent white officers and crews of the trader's ships as prisoners to Mexico, he had detained the Chinese at Nootka. He put them to work at Gold River diggings. There was no representative of the Dragon Throne in London or in Madrid to claim reparation for them, and they were not remembered in negotiations between European courts. They found no place in formal conventions. They continued moiling for gold for the Spaniards at the head of Muchalat Arm. These were the people whom Maquinna would use as stepping stones to higher altitudes on the ladder of tribal estimation, in the old-fashioned way.

Sudden assault was made and several innocent Chinese were killed. They knew, did these Oriental philosophers, that this was the first of many similar forays against them. They retreated up the river and there patiently waited in ambush. The Nootkans on coming back, were surprised and many braves died. And the wise Chinese realized that they had inflicted a defeat that called for revenge, so they withdrew further into the interior of the vast island that had been named to commemorate a glorious friendship—and disappeared from human ken.

The succeeding years passed slowly for the Prince of Yuquot. The traders were not of the stamp of his old friends. They paid him scant respect and made Clayoquot their headquarters rather than Friendly Cove. He became moody and sullen.

Then came the American brig *Boston*. At first Captain John Salter showed him some consideration, but it did not last. Maquinna took offence at a remark of the trader. In his bitterness he planned an awful revenge. He surprised the vessel and a horrible butchery ensued. Only two men were spared, John Jewitt, the armourer and John Thompson, the sailmaker. They became slaves of their captor. They worked for him, Jewitt making daggers and other weapons and Thompson washing blankets and doing other menial tasks for the household.

After the tragedy of the *Boston*, no white men came near Yuquot. They avoided the place as if it was plague-ridden; they looked upon its ruler as a treacherous monster.

They did not know—these mercenary men—what wrongs and indignities had been heaped upon the ruler of Nootka Sound. They did not appreciate how it seared the soul of man to be raised to dizzy heights of power and influence and then be degraded, insulted and ill-treated. They did not know.

So Maquinna, the once proud potentate, brother-in-friendship of courtly Quadra and gallant Vancouver, ignored and suspected by men of lesser worth, slowly measured out the years until his spirit went to the land where he had been preceded by all his old friends. But his own people did not forget him.

On the point of the cove they raised a great Thunderbird and Whale monument to their beloved chief—the Over-lord of Nootka Sound.

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NOTES

CHAPTER ONE

Sasquatch—Most Indian tribes of Southwestern B.C. coast regions believe that a race of hairy giants once lived in the timbered interior. There may be some foundation for the belief, for skeletal remains of men of large proportions have been discovered from time to time. Within recent years, especially in the vicinity of Harrison Lake, Indians have reported seeing these big people. The name "sasquatch" has been used here to avoid confusion. The giants are known by many names in the different languages of the country.

The Thunderbird—This myth is not only known all along the Pacific Coast, but is encountered generally in Asia. Always the mythical bird feeds on the large forms of animal life known to the natives.

Mound Builders—There are still many ancient burial mounds to be found about Victoria and on the Lower Fraser River.

Asiatic Lineage of Indians—The Mongolian spot, a bluish-black mark that appears at birth on the backs of Mongolian children is found on the bodies of about forty per cent of the Coast Indian infants.

CHAPTER TWO:

The Enchanted Salmon—The Indian Story of the coming of Captain Cook is told in Howay and Scholefield's great work, The History of British Columbia.

Qua-utz—This is a well known Nootkan legend. It is first told in the outstanding work of the Spanish scientist Mozino de Figueroa, "Notices de Nutka." He was a scientist who was attached to Quadra's staff in 1792.

Rickman's Journal—Lieut. J. Rickman's account of the stay at Nootka is in manuscript form in London, but a transcript is in the B.C. Archives. The late Judge F. W. Howay was convinced that Rickman was also the author of an anonymous account of Cook's last voyage, published before the official version was presented. A copy is in the B.C. Archives.

CHAPTER THREE:

Strange's Journal—During the Great War, 1914-18, Lieut. F. C. Swannell, B.C.L.S. was convalescing at the home of a gentleman named Trotter, in Great Britain. His host told him that a member of his family was on the West Coast in the early days of the fur trade. His name was James Strange, and he had a manuscript copy of his journal. He gave, at Lieut. Swannell's solicitation, a transcript to the B.C. Archives. This was misplaced. In 1828 John Hosie, Archivist, wrote to India, where the original was found and published by the authorities at Madras. A few copies have come to British Columbia.

CHAPTER FOUR:

Deception of Colnett—In relating how he had been duped, Colnett said: "I invited him (Martinez) below, but still was not perfectly satisfied with his outward appearances and behavior (Both being against his being a nephew of the Vice Roy as he had declared and a Grandee of Spain and Commodore). His word and honor would have had little weight with me had not some American officers that were on board declared him to be the person."

Fourth of July at Nootka—Martinez in his journal describes the celebration: "At sunrise today the frigate *Columbia* fired a salvo of thirteen guns in celebration of the number of years that the American English had been separated from their kinsmen in Europe; they fired several more in the course of the day, of the same number of guns.

"At noon Captain John Kendrick invited me and all the officers and chaplains of the two vessels under my command, the missionary fathers, and our prisoners the officers of the English packet. He had a splendid banquet served for us, in the course of which toasts were drunk to the health of our august sovereign Don Carlos III (whom God protect). This was followed by a salvo of thirteen guns, to which I ordered the packet *San Carlos* and the fort of San Miguel to respond."

CHAPTER FIVE:

Burning of Yuquot—Manuel Quimper, in a report to Quadra at San Blas told of the destruction of the Indian village at Friendly Cove. He said, "concerning the debauchery committed by the Indians of this small region, they burned their huts leaving as debris only a few poles where they had hung the dried fish which served them as their customary nourishment."

Maquinna at Clayoquot—In the same report, Quimper tells of meeting the Nootkan chief at Clayoquot and of his efforts to induce him to return to Nootka. Maquinna was in fear of Martinez, he told the Spanish officer.

CHAPTER SIX:

Alberni's Song—Mozino Suarez de Figueroa tells the delightful story of how Alberni used psychology instead of warfare to win the collaboration of the Indians in building a Spanish settlement at Friendly Cove.

CHAPTER SEVEN:

Royal Court at Tahsis—Captain Vancouver, in his precise language gives an account of the visit to Maquinna. A more colorful story, however, is told in the manuscript log of the *Chatham* by Edward Bell, ship's clerk, who was present at the Tahsis ceremonies. In telling of Comekela's part, he says: "Indeed Maquinna's brother was bedecked in a complete suit of stage armour that very likely was often the property of Hamlet's Ghost."

CHAPTER EIGHT:

Sovereignty Proclaimed—Details of the final act in the dramatic struggle of nations for Nootka are to be found in Lieutenant Pearce's reports to the British Government, contained in the official records at London. Copies are in the B.C. Archives.

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