



Victoria Historical Society Publication

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All meetings, begin at 7:30 unless otherwise noted, and are held at the James Bay New Horizons Centre.

24 February, 2011

Victoria: Crown Jewel of British Columbia. In this Heritage Month, Susan Mayse, herself a native daughter, will speak on her recent book, with the above title, including readings.

24 March, 2011

Some Portraits from the Anglican Diocese of British Columbia, the Early Years. Rev. Sel Caradus has researched this history, and will focus his talk on three people: Maria Hills, (wife of Bishop George Hills) James Raynard, and Alexander Garrett.

28 April, 2011

Keepers of the Records. Archivist and author Deidre Simmons will speak about the history of the Hudson Bay Company, focussing on the Colonies of Vancouver Island and BC reflected in these records. Illustrated talk.

26 May, 2011

Historical Stories around the Saanich Inlet. Maureen Alexander, archivist and historian of the Bamberton area, has collected many stories of the people who lived in the area we know as "Saanich Inlet". An illustrated presentation. **(Our meeting this evening will start at 7 pm, to accommodate the reporting and business of our AGM.)**



“QUIET REFORMERS; THE LEGACY OF EARLY VICTORIA’S BISHOP EDWARD AND MARY CRIDGE”.

*Ian Macdonald and Betty O’Keefe.
Ronsdale Pubs., 2010.*

This book is a long-needed biography of two pioneers whose lives have left a mark for good in our community. Their lives spanned most of the 19th Century (Edward 1817 – 1913), and thus encompassed many changes of the second part of that century. The authors have written a very readable 178 page book and the publishers have produced it for \$20; it is well-documented with sources indicated carefully.

Most readers of our newsletter will be aware of their legacy: the Cridge Centre for the Family, growing out of the Protestant Orphanage, the Church of Our Lord (Reformed Episcopal), and their contribution toward Victoria’s first hospital, the Royal Jubilee.

The public argument with Bishop George Hills, which led to the separation at Christ Church Cathedral is explained in context.

What pleased and interested me was the way in which the authors have woven-in the larger events of the day – the political struggles toward union with the mainland, Confederation with Canada in 1870, the restlessness of the United States and its many citizens who lived in the city, Governor Douglas, Amor de Cosmos, the struggles for a viable economy. Their lives made a huge difference, as practical idealists. With their focussed sense of Christian witness and service they had a profound influence.



This well-written biography can be bought at most bookstores; Stephen Hume has written that it “provides a stirring testament to their legacy that anyone who cares about BC will want on their bookshelf.” It is also available at all branches of the Greater Victoria Public Library.

Arnold Ranneris



HAVE A CUP OF TEA AND A GOOD GOSSIP - OAK BAY STYLE

Writer Terri Hunter, who has had stories featured in the Times Colonist, has turned her former Oak Bay News column into a book, in time for the holiday season. Long requested by people in Oak Bay, who had read her column and have heard her talks, *Under the Oaks: Tales of Oak Bay*, is sixteen colourful stories, illustrated by the author. Make yourself a cuppa and settle down to be entertained. Available in local bookstores, and through shops in Oak Bay.

You will read through time from First Nations and pioneer days to the present. Famous people, tales of mystery and dare doing, even a bit of insider gossip are all included. There's ships and shipwrecks, heroes and even a spooky story. Locals will find their houses and neighbourhood mentioned, outsiders a glimpse behind the Tweed Curtain. And that particular story, only a few years old, is a great tale in itself.

Terri has been busy working on a Jane Austen book the last while, but wanted to take a break, and in a whirlwind month returned to *Under the Oaks* now ready for the holiday market.

The book is published by Schiltron Publications, a tie to Terri's Ayrshire Scotland roots. It will be the first in a series of book ideas that have been bubbling around for some years.

Under the Oaks is available at local book stores and through a variety of stores in Oak Bay.

Contact Terri Hunter at 250-370-1514. Email schiltronpublications@gmail.com

Terri teaches at the Monterey Centre in Oak Bay, and at UVic Continuing Studies.



NOTES ON CAPE FLATTERY AND THE ENTRANCE TO JUAN DE FUCA STRAIT

By Barry Gough

[The following are extracts, printed here without references, from a work in progress on “Juan de Fuca and the Salish Sea.” They are given here as briefing notes on Cape Flattery in the late eighteenth century and may be helpful for VHS's forthcoming tour. But these notes do not include discussion of the history of Neah Bay (Freeman Tovell's *Far Reaches of Empire* and Warren Cook's *Flood Tide of Empire* are two books which provide details on that). I have relied on Wayne Suttles, ed., Volume 7, *Smithsonian Handbook*, for particulars on the Makah. I wish to extend thanks to Michael Harrison and John Whittaker. I would value any comments. Please send them to me at barrygough@shaw.ca]

James Cook made landfall on the Oregon coast on morning of 7 March 1778, in latitude 44 ½° North. He was looking for a harbour for wood and water before continuing northwards on his mission. “This Land is high and craggy & mostly covered with Snow. We saw prodigious large flocks of birds lying about. Having squally Wr. With fogs & frequent Showers of Snow, Hail and Sleet, which made it very dangerous to approach this unknown Coast too near where we knew of no Shelter, we were kept cruising off & on the Land till the 29th of this Month....” So wrote David Samwell. On 22 March Cook entered in his journal that on shore “there appeared to be a small opening in the land that flattered us with hopes of finding a harbour.” All the same, these hopes lessened as the ships drew nearer, “and at last we had some reason to think that this opening was closed by land.”

What Cook saw appeared to be a round hill of moderate height, standing over, as it were, the low cape, ragged with evergreens. All the land in that part of the coast, he observed, was of a moderate height seldom varying in that regard, well covered with wood and with a very pleasant and fertile appearance. In the growing darkness, when the ships were near, but still south of, Cape Flattery, Cook decided to tack offshore to wait for daylight, intending to make a closer examination and to find the needed harbour. But that night a hard gale came on and with it rainy weather. Once again the ships were obliged to keep well off from the land.

The British ships did not encounter the Makah, a pity — for surely some ethnographic details would have been recorded. They were called by the tribes on the western coast of Vancouver Island the “Klas-set”, now Classet, or Claaset; and by the peoples who lived south of them towards the

Columbia River the “Kwe-net-sat'h”. They called themselves the Kwe-net-che-chat, that is, the Cape People, the people who live on a point of land projecting into the sea. The lands they called their own stretched east along the shore of the Strait for about fifteen miles and, similarly south, on the Pacific shore. They claimed Tatoоче Island, that is, the thunderbird, where at one time they had a stockade. Archaeologists have dated signs of the occupation of Tatoоче to around 950 A.D. A census taken of the Makah in 1863 gave a total of 663, and as of that date their relative isolation had saved them the ravages of smallpox and spirituous liquor, a temporary reprieve as it turned out. They had intermarried with tribes north and south, practiced polygamy, and gave potlatches as did other coast tribes. They drew their food mainly from the sea and shore, their staple halibut. The California gray whale passed nearby in its migrations, and was an attractive catch. Their villages were few in number, and one of them, Ozette, had been buried in about 1500 A.D. The new European settlements at Astoria on the Columbia and Victoria on southern Vancouver Island changed somewhat the voyaging patterns of the Makah, who usually voyaged north and south. They engaged in raids and took slaves and took advantage of the persons and property of shipwrecked sailors.

James Swan, a transplanted New Englander, lacking in any skills as an ethnographer, tried to write down the history of the Makah with whom he lived for some time in the 1860s. He wrote in despair, “The history of this tribe, as far as their knowledge extends, is a confused mass of fables, legends, myths, and allegories. Nothing that they can state prior to the existence of a few generations back is clear or wholly to be relied upon. There are a few prominent events that have been remembered as having occurred; but the details is confused, and it is very rare that two Indians tell the same story alike, unless it may be some wild and improbable legend, like the fairy tales related in nurseries, which are remembered in after life.” Swan cited the various accounts of the Spanish settlement attempted at nearby Neah Bay in 1790, by Lieutenant Manuel Quimper. None of the accounts squared with any other. As to their early history, Swan was convinced that as the events receded in years the details became obscured with legends and fables, “so that the truth is exceedingly difficult to discover.” Nowadays, however ethnohistorians have been able to reconstitute at least in writing the ways and traits of the Makah. Swan's testimony tells us a good deal about himself and, sadly, insupportable observations about the Makah. Only ninety years before he compiled his *The Indians of Cape Flattery*, at

the Entrance to the Strait of Fuca, Washington Territory (1870) Cook had passed this way, and so much had transpired in the meantime.

In 1855, by what is called the treaty of Neah Bay, an Indian reservation was set aside for the Makah — a portion of the extreme point of the Cape, from Neah Bay to the Waatch Creek on the Pacific, both points being about equally distant from Tatoоче Island, about six miles each way. Heavy brush and low-lying land separated the rugged inland Olympic Peninsula from Cape Flattery, giving the Makah very little arable land and suitable only for the growing of potatoes. Like the Cape they were an isolated people and fast becoming fenced in by historical forces.

The Makah told Swan that at one time “but not at a very remote period” the sea rose steeply, passed around Cape Flattery, making it an island, then flowed outwards and north towards Nootka, a four day cycle. This accords perfectly with a documented tsunami dated to 1700 A.D. “The grandeur of the scenery about Cape Flattery,” wrote Swan, “and the strange contortions and fantastic shapes into which its cliffs have been thrown by some former convulsions of nature, or worn or abraded by the ceaseless surge of the waves; the wild and varied sounds which fill the air, from the dash of water into the caverns and fissures of the rocks, mingled with the living cries of innumerable fowl... all combined, present an accumulation of sights and sounds sufficient to fill a less superstitious beholder than the Indian with mysterious awe.”

The Makah have their own explanation about their origins, recorded by Swan for the Smithsonian Institution: “the legend respecting their own origin is that they were created on the Cape. First, animals were produced, and from the union of some of these with a star which fell from heaven, came the first men, and from them sprang all the race of Nittinats, Cloyoquotes, and Makahs.” History has strange twists, and Swan ruminated on the thought that because the early explorers and traders had so much to do with Maquinna and the Nootka the language family has been designated “Nootkan”. Swan believed that the Makah were part of the Nitinat family rather than the Nootkan or Cloyoquote; he was pointing to the similarity of the Makah with the Indians of the southwestern portion of Vancouver Island. That having been said, he was content with this generality: “I have not been able to prepare vocabularies of all these tribes, but their language, so far as I can judge from hearing them speak, is sufficiently alike to be recognized, and to leave no doubt that it was originally the same in all”. “The Makahs believe in

a Supreme Being... the Great Chief who resides above. The name of the divine being was never spoken of except by those who had been initiated into the sacred rites.”

Cook did not know that what he called Cape Flattery marked the southern entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. “It is in this very latitude where we now were, that geographers have placed the pretended Strait of Juan de Fuca. We saw nothing like it; nor is there the least probability that ever such thing existed.” The publication of Cook’s voyage account took the British off the scent for some time.

It was in odd circumstances that the long-hidden Strait of Juan de Fuca was disclosed to outside eyes. Credit for rediscovering the entrance is given to Captain Charles William Barkley, who in the 400-ton ship *Imperial Eagle*, came there in 1787. With him sailed his bride, Frances Hornby Trevor, an English lady of a youthful seventeen years of age. Working south from Nootka, Barkley came first to the sound that now bears his name, and then proceeded eastwards. The trading had been fine. Discoveries were ancillary to his interests. The coast of Vancouver Island had many bays, inlets and islands but nothing promising a strait to the Atlantic. The officers and men held no expectations of a strait in these latitudes. South of Barkley Sound, says Captain John Walbran, the first to take serious interest in Captain Barkley’s doings, who takes up the story, “to the great astonishment of all on board a large opening with a clear easterly horizon presented itself. The entrance appeared to be about four leagues wide and remained about that width as far as the eye could see. Barkley at once recognized it as the long lost strait of Juan de Fuca... Barkley placed the opening on his chart, naming it Juan de Fuca, and continued along the ocean coast to the southeastward.” He spied a conspicuous pinnacle, and gave its latitude as 47° 47'. He put the southern point of De Fuca's Entrance at 48°. The latitude of the strait’s entrance squared perfectly with de Fuca’s. That was not all: the strait fitted exactly with what Juan de Fuca said was a “broad Inlet of the Sea”.

On 7 August 1788 the trader Captain Charles Duncan in the *Princess Royal* was sailing off Nootka Island when he encountered John Meares. They had an “at sea” meeting that day, and as the two vessels rose and fell with the roll of the sea, the two captains exchanged information. Following the encounter at sea, Duncan sailed south to Ahousat, then passed the entrance of Barkley Sound, Cape Beale and Pachena Bay. He then crossed toward Cape Flattery. He had made the entrance of the

Strait of Juan de Fuca and marked its northern and southern entrances.

Duncan was conscious of a great tide setting against him, one flowing out of the strait, and of high land covered with snow on the south shore and land of a moderate height rising gradually from the sea shore and covered all over with fir trees. The uniqueness of this geographical locale did not escape him. Solitary splendour ruled every ascetic appreciation, the tiny schooner dwarfed by the landscape and the vastness of sea and the motions of tides and currents. He tacked back and forth off the strait's entrance near Tatoosh Island and Cape Flattery, finally coming to anchor just within the Strait's entrance. If Barkley was in a hurry to get to Macao and Canton to sell his furs, Duncan had a sense of presence, one matched with more than a lick of curiosity.

He drafted a plan of the entrance and strait, showing the tendencies of the shore and the strait’s notorious currents (the bane of competing yachtsmen to this day). He dated it 15 August 1788. It was among the first reliable sketches to show the southern separation of Vancouver Island from the mainland. It showed Duncan’s anchorage just to the west of Neah Bay. But Duncan was not there just on a voyage of exploration, for the profit motive ruled his movements. For two days he traded with the *Classet*, the *Makah*.

Duncan also drew a profile of the entrance to the fabled waterway. On the south side, midway between Green Island and Cape Claaset, he depicted a pinnacle which he presumed was what Juan de Fuca had seen. Barkley had seen it the year before. “This is substantially correct,” says Captain Walbran, who probably had spied out the location in his Canadian coast guard and hydrographic vessel. Its position is invariably connected to that of Tatoosh Island, at the entrance of the Strait. George Davidson, in the service of the Coast Guard, made a survey of it in 1852, and recommended a lighthouse to be placed there. The light, with its powerful beam, was dedicated in 1857 and a similarly powerful foghorn sounds out its call of danger. Walbran testifies: “the island is Tatooshe, and the spired rock, now known as De Fuca’s pillar, 150 feet high, stands in solitary grandeur, a little off shore, about two miles southwards of Tatooshe Island”. “It is still there today, between Cape Flattery and Tatoosh Island, clearly visible from both ocean and strait as one approaches from the south,” comments historian Warren L. Cook. The pinnacle looks different today, its top hat having perhaps disappeared in consequence of some seismic shift of the tectonic plate that bears the name, appropriately, of Juan de Fuca.

Duncan's sketch of the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca carried a descriptive note below the title. It speaks of information gathered from the natives of Claaset that the sea ran a great way up to the northward and down to the southward, the latter an indication of that vast cluster of passages and inlets known as Puget Sound. He provides the first description of the Indian villages there at that time, and a lengthy caption (which Dalrymple had the sense to reproduce when the plan went into published form) reads — original spellings retained:

The arrow [in fact, arrows pointing northwest] shows the tide of flood which sets strong out, to the westward in whirlpools, as if there had been overfalls. The land continues high, from the Cape to near the village which stands in a valley, having a run of water at the west end of the village where they catch salmon. This is a

large village, the houses appeared in better order on the outside than those at Nootka. The weather was very unsettled when I was here. The natives spoke two languages and appeared to differ something from those on the north side of the strait. The Indians of Classet said that they knew not of any land to the eastward and that it was its name was A'afs toopulfe, which signifies a Great Sea. They pointed that the sea ran

a great way up to the northward and down to the southward. On the east side they likewise said that at a good distance to the southward, I should find men that had guns as well as I had. Whether they meant that to frighten me or not I cannot tell for all along the coast I never found any that wished to part us or indeed wished us to trade with another nation, telling us that they were the only people that had anything or were worth trading with. The men of Classet are expert whalers. Pinnacle Rock appears to be about 34 fathoms high, its base in front about 10 fathoms. The top projects over the rest of it. The sides appear steep. It stands about half way between the Cape and Green Island. The distance between the Cape and Island is fi[ve] mile not navigable in appearance. Green Island or to Touches is about fi mile in length, covered over with green grass. On the east side is a small cove, very



Pillar of Juan de Fuca

Photo olympiccoast.noaa.gov

narrow and only navigable for boats. I saw some canoes go in and out and many Indians on the beach. On the east side is a large village and from the number of canoes that came to us from thence, I suppose it to be well inhabited. A small rock above water, about the size of a canoe lies N 19° E from the island to a distance of 1 fi mile. I sounded fi a mile to the northward of it and had no bottom at 90 fathoms.

The *US Coast Pilot* has this to say: "Cape Flattery, a bold, rocky head with cliffs 120 feet high, rises to nearly 1,500 feet about 2 miles back from the beach. From southward it looks like an island because of the low land in the valley of the Waatch River."

Because Juan de Fuca made landfall in 47° N, as he said, undoubtedly he noted the likeness of an island, another detail confirming his voyage. Juan de Fuca

had told Michael Lok:

"...And that at the entrance of this said Strait, there is on the North-west coast thereof, a great Hedland or Island, with an exceeding high Pinnacle, or spired Rocke, like a pillar thereupon." The *Coast Pilot* states that the pillar called Fuca Pillar, or Fuca Rock, lies 0.2 miles due south of the western point of Cape Flattery, 150 yards from the shore, and it is most prominent from the north. It is a rocky column 157 feet high and 60 feet in diameter. Juan de Fuca's

statement says that the pillar was on the cape.

Likely, because he gave notice of the pillar, he had sailed close to the shore, say a quarter of a mile or so, and if coming up from the south the pillar would have appeared superimposed on Cape Flattery with its 157 feet height rising above the 120 foot high westernmost end of the cape.

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MORE ON KATHARINE BEATRICE TOBIN

Another bit of Kay Tobin's story about her teaching days on South Pender Island in the 1920s.

Twice a week the sturdy little *Otter* brought mail and provisions to us and now and then a passenger either arrived or departed. It was difficult however for the teacher to get away as times

of arrival and departure took no account of when school closed. In such circumstances a holiday-bound school-marm had to make her own transportation arrangements. You could, if funds permitted, hire a launch or fish boat, or you could go by gas boat to the nearest port of call on the next island and catch a Vancouver to Victoria regular run.

One very frosty winter Saturday morning saw me doing just that. A lanky grade eight boy was engaged to carry my suitcase from the farm to the wharf which was a considerable distance away. We got to the wharf before the gas boat and the silly lad wearing nail-studded boots assayed to walk a frost-covered log that ran along the float. You guessed it. He fell in with my luggage!

Fortunately my suitcase floated and was retrieved but alas, I had been given Christmas mail to post for the Island folk and the salt water played havoc with the Christmas greetings. On arrival at the next island a friendly woman kindly let me dry out the stuff in her oven. Then I took what passed for a taxi to the village to await the steamer. Here I was hospitably entertained in the general store. As I sat on a bench surrounded by bolts of cloth, kegs of nails, pots, pans, groceries, dry goods, brooms, ropes, fishing gear, farm implements, milk pails, and coal oil lanterns the storekeeper brewed me a cup of coffee from a can of coffee essence, dusted off some store biscuits and was very kind indeed. Finally the boat came and I went on board. Guess where we went? Back to the wharf where I had left with my dripping baggage early that morning.

Why the unscheduled call? Someone had put in a call to have the ship put in to pick up a horse. We didn't live close enough to communicate in those days. Once in town the Christmas mail was shoved into the post box hoping that the city post office would be able to cope with washed-out addresses.

On another occasion when arriving instead of departing from one of the islands I was dismayed to find that because of repair work being done to the dock the ship would not be going in. We stopped out in the bay and a small rowboat put out from shore and approached in a choppy sea. The freight deck door was opened and the canvas mail bags were dropped overboard to the small boat bobbing below. As I was the only passenger to disembark here and there was no other way, the deck hands held my wrists and for a few moments I dangled in mid air and then at the crucial moment when the rowboat was bouncing directly below they let go and I fell somewhat inelegantly I must admit, but safely nevertheless, on top of the mail bags. On glancing

up I could see a row of amused faces at the rails, looking down from the top deck.

One would not willingly venture into the gulf in a small gas boat if the weather portents were not favorable but there are times when necessity calls the play. Such a time came to me when in spite of a lowering sky and every indication of a storm I had chartered a boat to return to the island.

A very ancient mariner whom I had not previously met was willing to transport me in this dilapidated gas boat for a price. With some misgiving I got aboard and entered the one tiny cabin. Up front was a noisy smelly engine room into which the captain disappeared and shut the door. As soon as we cleared the sheltered bay the bouncing and tilting began. I hung on to whatever was handy. The sea was very rough and progress was slow. The craft seemed to be having a great struggle to move at all. Night descended and black night it was! How I wished to be either where I was going, or never to have left where I had been! As time passed no sign of life came from the engine room. I began to wonder if the old man had died of asphyxiation, but I was too much of a coward to attempt to open the door and look. It took longer than normal to make the trip but arrive we did, and when we chugged up to the familiar float, in spit of wind and pouring rain I was joyful to feel solid earth beneath my feet. Nobody had come to me.

Having paid the fare and putting my town hat inside my suitcase with the roast of meat I had been commissioned to bring back, I set out for my long lonely walk in complete darkness. Walking in thick trees was some protection but one felt the full force of the storm in the more open valley but who cares? Terra firma is terra firma! My arrival at the farm was quite a surprise as no one thought I'd possibly come in such weather. I was somewhat astonished to find my landlady's teenage grandson wearing what had once been my green cashmere sweater and to be told with a high degree of amusement that my blue felt hat had somehow accidentally fallen into the pig bucket. Well, ha,ha,ha. Whether the hat had anything to do with it or not, one of the pigs got sick and so did I. I don't know what he had, but I had tonsillitis and the standard treatment in that era seemed to be gruel and poultices. Gruel was prescribed for me and a hot bran mash for the pig. Our respective brews were cooked side by side on the kitchen stove. We both recovered!

Contributed by Sherri Robinson

