

1788.
MAY.

In the evening the weather cleared up, and Comekela prepared to go on shore. The news of his intention was soon communicated to the village, which immediately poured forth all its inhabitants to welcome him to his native home.

Comekela had now arrayed himself in all his glory. His scarlet coat was decorated with such quantities of brass buttons and copper additions of one kind or other, as could not fail of procuring him the most profound respect from his countrymen, and render him an object of the first desire among the Nootka damsels. At least half a sheet of copper formed his breast-plate; from his ears copper ornaments were suspended, and he 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 continual 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 of dazzling the eyes of his countrymen;—And situated as we were, this important article of culinary service could not be denied him. In such a state of accoutrement, and feeling as much delight as ever fed the pride of the most splendid thrones of Europe or the East, we set out with him for the shore, when a general shout and cry from the village assured him of the universal joy which was felt on his return.

The whole body of inhabitants moved towards the beach, and with a most unpleasant howl, welcomed him on shore. At the head of them
appeared