

treated the sailors and captain of the bark *Edwin* with much kindness. They appear, however, to have been a rough crowd. It seems hardly credible, still the rescuers maintain that when they arrived with their canoes alongside of the raft where most of the men were nearly perishing from cold and exposure, they were told to leave in his sad predicament one of the crew, to throw him overboard; no other reason being given, as I was afterwards told, but that he was a Dutchman.

Later they began quarrelling in the chief's house, fought and wounded each other to such an extent that they had to be separated and made to lodge in different houses. As soon as the weather permitted the Indians took the shipwrecked men to Clayoquot Sound, whence they reached Ucluliat and from there were taken on one of Captain Spring's schooners to Victoria.

Immediately after landing, we set to work. We began by building a small shed, where we had our beds, our stove, provisions and where we took our meals—our dog slept under the bed, and our calves alongside the stove. Under one of the beds we had a barrel of beer, presented to us by Stuart & Reast of Victoria, and at regular times the builders were invited to take a cup of the beverage, which they called when the Indians were present a "cup of tea."

Although this was the best season of the year, the weather was most unpropitious, and before long our carpenter complained of being sick; afterwards he tried to make a row and when told that we could do without him he managed to get better, but for whole days together we could not get him to speak a word. Everything considered, the first Mission buildings on this coast were put up amidst much unpleasantness.

The first Mass was said in the new church on the fifth of July, it being the Feast of the Most Precious Blood. All the Hesquiats were present; also, the chief and a crowd of Machelat Indians.

Mass was said by Rev. A. Brabant, and the sermon preached by Rev. P. Rondeault.

Next morning a canoe took Rev. P. Rondeault and Noel Leclair, the carpenter, to Victoria, and I was left alone in this place and in charge of all the Indians from Pachina (included) to Cape Cook.

I soon discovered that the work before me was an uphill undertaking, and, to mention one fact only, there was not one Indian in Hesquiats who could act as interpreter. However, I managed to teach the tribe the "Catholic Ladder," and I made up my mind to study the language, which I found no easy matter, as I had no books to consult and there was no one who could give me any information about it.

In the beginning of August I made a trip to the Chicklisats and other tribes on the way. Guyer, a Clayoquot Indian, a first-rate interpreter, accompanied me and six Hesquiats, all full grown men, as the Indians would not allow their sons to go along for fear they might be killed by the Kyoquots, who were supposed to be very badly disposed to their tribe.

Guyer, the Clayoquot Indian, had some time before this stabbed a man belonging to Beechy Bay, near Victoria. This man and his wife were slaves in Clayoquot and belonged to Chief Sheouse. This last, fearing trouble, asked Guyer to kill the man-slave, which he did, stabbing him in the chest with an ordinary file.

This misdeed weighed very heavy on the mind of Guyer, and, as he told me, his reason for coming to Hesquiats and accompanying me on this trip was to seek relief for his mind. He wanted me to state that no harm would happen to him by the white men's police, and, as I could not do so, he begged of me to take him, as soon as convenient, to the authorities in Victoria. The remorse of conscience of that man, or the dread of retaliation, was a real suffering to him.

At Nootka we found a young woman