

ichan, was requested to accompany us to Hesquiat and help us to put up the Mission buildings.

We left Victoria on the Feast of the Ascension, May 6, at five o'clock in the morning, on the sloop *Thornton*, owned by Captain Warren & Co., and commanded by Captain George Brown. We had on board three little calves, one bull and two heifers, which were destined to become the pioneer cattle in this part of the country. A young Newfoundland dog was to be my only domestic companion after Noel Leclair, the carpenter, and Rev. Fr. Rondeault would have finished the work for which they were sent. We had rather a quick passage as, having left Victoria on Thursday morning and called and discharged freight at Ekoul, we arrived in Hesquiat harbor next Tuesday afternoon. Off Clayoquot Sound we met two Hesquiat canoes on their way to Victoria, with Matlahaw, the chief, and his father, in one of them. Although requested by Captain Brown to return with us, and offered a free passage on the schooner, they insisted on continuing their trip to Victoria.

After casting anchor in the inner harbor the weather became very stormy, which prevented us from landing our freight until Thursday morning. We had, however, put ashore our little calves immediately upon arriving, and when on Thursday we walked over to the Hesquiat village they followed us like dogs, sometimes forgetting themselves when amidst good pasture ground, and then running up to us with the utmost speed.

There was now question of selecting a spot for our Mission buildings. The chief was absent, and not an Indian dared or was willing to point a suitable place out to us. Every one of my suggestions was for various reasons repudiated and we owe to our listening to Captain Brown the fact that the Mission was put up where it now stands.

Our orders had been to put up a church of 60x26 ft. and a small resi-

dence for the priest, everything to be done as cheaply as possible, as the establishment of a Mission was only an experiment: later on, say after five years, if the Mission was successful, more substantial buildings would be put up.

In December of the preceding year the bark *Edwin*, Capt. Hughes, loaded with lumber for Australia, had become water-logged in the straits, and her freight having shifted, she had split open so as to make of her a complete wreck. The Captain's wife now buried at Iltloune, Hesquiat harbor, had been crushed between the heavy timbers and his two little boys washed overboard as well as a Chinese cook.

Early one morning the Hesquiat Indians saw the vessel with all sails set taking the direction of Iltloune before a south-easterly wind. Close to the vessel was a raft on which they noticed the sailors trying to make for shore and in great danger of being lost. Matlahaw, the chief of the tribe, suggested the propriety of going to the rescue of the drowning men. Several canoes were launched and off they went over the heavy and stormy waves. They succeeded in taking off all the men, for which Matlahaw afterward received from the Dominion Government a silver medal and from the United States Government a liberal reward for himself and the men who had given any assistance to the shipwrecked sailors.

The bark was now on the beach to the outside of Iltloune point and all the lumber, consisting of rafters, heavy and light, rough lumber and flooring, was piled up by the sea a mile along the seashore. It was from the lumber of the unfortunate vessel that our Mission buildings were constructed. Captain Warren bought the wreck and from him we got almost all the lumber required. Some Indians had used part to construct new houses, but with some trouble and reasoning they were prevailed upon to let us have the use of all.

I may here state that the Indians had