

The Aht Indian runs well, but does not equal the Englishman in running. In pursuing a native in the open, he should always be turned from the forest, as, when once there, nothing but a hound can follow him. In November, 1864, on a day so dreary and snowy that we could not work, word reached the settlement that, a notoriously bad Indian, who, we were well aware, had committed several murders, and was under sentence of imprisonment, but who had escaped from the constable in 1862, was visiting his married daughter at a temporary Indian hut on the bank of the Klistachnit River, about a mile from Alberni. Taking with me John Eyloc, a New Brunswick shipwright, a quick runner and a first-rate oarsman and paddler, with five other trusty men, all unarmed, and putting my six-barrelled Adams' revolver in my own belt, I went up the river in a boat, and landed on the bank a few hundred yards below the hut, towards which we walked. Before the inmates discovered our approach, we had surrounded the hut. Cautiously entering the doorway, I looked into the apartment, and saw no one but the son-in-law of the fugitive and two women sitting by the fire, who sprang to their feet on observing me. A noise outside attracted my attention, and, on going out, I found that the savage we wanted to capture had sprung unobserved from an opening at a corner of the hut, and was making for the wood at full speed over the snow. Eyloc was in pursuit, and having gained on him quickly, notwithstanding the disadvantage of shoes (which get clogged in the snow), the Indian abandoned his intention of reaching the wood, and turned towards a near point on the river. We ran to intercept him, but he reached the