

Then I asked him to hand me over my gun, which he took without getting up; then pointing it towards me he explained, as I understood, that one of the barrels was not loaded. The fact of the muzzle of the gun being pointed straight to my face and noticing caps on both nipples and the cocks pulled up, caused me instinctively to turn away my head, when lo! the explosion took place and I noticed the blood spurting from my hand. The smoke was so thick that I could not see the would-be murderer, and thinking the whole affair to be an accident, after calmly remarking that I was shot in the hand, I walked down to the little river where I bowed down to bathe my wounds in the stream. Just then he shot again, this time hitting me in the right shoulder and all over my back.

I now knew the man wanted to kill me and I ran off to my house, where I found no one. Thence I ran to the ranch and was met by nearly all the men of the tribe, to whom I told what had happened. Some of them pretended that Meowchal Indians had done the shooting, but after my stating again and again that it was Matlahaw they became convinced that he indeed was the guilty party. After a few moments a film came over my eyes and thinking that I would not survive, I knelt down and said my acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition; then I got up, went to my house and wrote on a piece of paper the name of the man who had shot me, put the paper in my bureau, locked it and put the key into my pocket. By this time the noise and alarm outside of my house was deafening; the loyal men of the tribe were there with axes and guns to kill the chief, but he had run away into the bush, not having been seen after the shooting, save by an old woman.

Meanwhile I had been divested by some savages of my coat and underclothing. The Indians, upon noticing the blood, lost courage and one after

the other walking out of the room, announced to their friends that I was dying. This was also my opinion, although I felt no pain whatever either in the hand or the back. Then I lay down and ordered cold dressing to be placed over my wounds. I noticed very little of what was going on, thinking that the best thing I could do was to pray and prepare myself to die.

Early the next day (Oct. 29) two canoes fully manned left Hesquiat. The first went to Refuge Cove, where the sister of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, was residing with her Indian husband. The Indians, excited over the doings of her brother, the chief, had decided to bring her home. In due time the canoe came back and the girl was landed on the beach before my house. She knew not what was in store for her. She knew not that as she was left there alone, crying, the Indians were plotting her death in expiation of what her brother had done to me. Such, however, was the case; when the plan was well prepared an elderly man came rushing into my house where I lay on my bed expecting that my days were numbered, owing to the dangerous state of my wounds. He wanted to have my opinion; the Indians were going to kill her. As the savage spoke his hair stood on end, froth was on his lips and his members trembled with excitement. I gave orders to have the young woman removed to a place of safety, to have her taken proper care of and appointed one of the chiefs, a relative of hers, to act as her guardian during the time of unusual excitement.

The other canoe came back next day. She had gone to Clayoquot where a man (Ned Thornberg) had charge of a small trading post. This man was living with an Indian woman and when the Indians with the message called at his place he met them with a Murray rifle and would not allow them inside until he was fully convinced that his visitors were Hesquiat Indians. As his neighbors, that is the