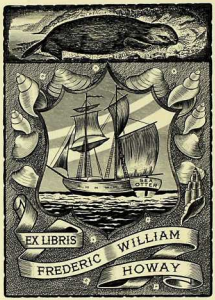

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Vancouver Island...

AND ITS MISSIONS

1874-1900

REMINISCENCES

—OF—

THE REV. A. J. BRABANT

His Honour Judge Howay

201 Carnarvon Str

New westminster B.C.

From M J Brodeur
St Joseph's Hospital
Victoria B.C.

Feby 9/1

PREFACE.

THESE reminiscences were not written for publication. I had kept a journal for my personal use—*hæc olim meminisse juvabit*—and also for the benefit of priests who in the course of time would follow me in the same field of labor. As I was sent out by Bishop Christie, D.D. of the diocese of Vancouver Island, now Archbishop of Oregon, to take up a collection for the needs of our Indian work, the editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* proposed to publish the "Reminiscences," so as to attract the attention of his numerous readers and facilitate my work of collecting; and as his proposition was accompanied by a generous remuneration I succumbed to a very strong temptation.

The reader will notice at once many defects and some misspelled Indian names of places with which the editor was naturally unfamiliar and which the writer had not a chance to correct in the proofs. The correct terms are printed below in a list of *Errata*. I hope to issue the "Reminiscences" in a different form in the course of time, and also to add several chapters of ancient historical facts about this unknown coast and people. Meanwhile I send a copy of them as they now read to old and new friends.

Those who have neither the taste nor leisure to read them *in extenso* will please cast a glance at the closing chapter; and after doing so will put their hands into their purse and send a contribution to the needs of our missionary labors.

Thereby they will secure a share in our usual prayers and Holy Sacrifices for our benefactors and deserve the heartfelt thanks of their

Humble Servant in Christ,

(Revd.) A. J. BRABANT,

Hesquiat, B. C.

West Coast Vancouver Island, Canada.

ERRATA.

Page 1—For San Juan de Fuco, read Juan de Fuco.
" 1— " there are, read there *were* absolutely no white settlers.
" 1— " except, read *either* on foot or horseback.
" 2— " Tragsota, read Kragsota.
" 3— " Nakoun, read Hakoom.
" 4— " McRay, read McKay.
" 4— " Kiristog, read Kwistog.
" 4— " Lany, read Lang.
" 5— " Clarkkouikose, read Clarkkonikose.
" 5, 20—For "With Routl," read "Wish Koutl."
" 6—For Echo-chist, read Echa-chist.
" 6, 14, 18—For Opéssat, read Opetsat.
" 6—For Sieka, read Tsieka.
" 9— " Neiwhoi, read Heiwhoi.
" 10, 16—For Newchaliots, read Newchalats.
" 10—For Ehettesat, read Ehattisat.
" 12— " Ochuklesat, read Ochuklisat.
" 14— " Egatisal, read Ehattisat.
" 14, 16—For Esik-ta-kis, read Tsik-ta-kis.
" 16—For Cah Sis, read Tah Sis.
" 18— " Mokivinna, read Mokwinna.
" 20— " Wannicanut, read Namucamis.
" 20— " Wanaimo, read Nanaimo.
" 21, 83—For Alberin, read Alberni.
" 21—For Cuglar, read Taylor.
" 21— " Isesbats, read Tseshats.
" 23— " Keast, read Keast.
" 26, 31—For Leflet, read Leplet.
" 27—For Meowchal, read Mowuchat.
" 27— " Ned Thornberg, read Fred Thornberg.
" 27— " Murray, read Marlin.
" 31— " "Asatikis," read "Tsatikis."
" 42— " St. Anthony, read St. Anthonine.
" 47, 48—For "oseniecli" read "osemitch."
" 47—For "Wa-we-meme," read "Ha-we-im."
" 47— " Kwa-yetsmimi, read Kwa-yetsim.
" 47— " Kwaitliume, read Kwayetsim.
" 48— "Wawitt-illsois, read Hawitl-illsois.
" 48— " "Wakoni" read "Hakoom."
" 59— " Djeklesat, read Chicklisat.
" 59— " mar, read way.
" 59, 71—For "osenitcli," read "osemitch."
" 66, 67, 75—For "Chookwahu," read Tlokwahna.
" 83— For leaking schooners, read sealing schooners.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The field of labor	1
First visit to the "West Coast" Indians	3
Second visit	12
First mission established at Hesquiat.—Wreck of the bark *Edwin*	21
Incidents of missionary trip on the coast	23
Smallpox in the village.—Burial of dead	24
Murderous attack of Matlahaw.	26
Would-be revenge on culprit by Indians	27
News of attempt on life carried to Victoria.—Arrival of Bishop Seghers on a man-of-war	28
A dead whale towed in shore.—Mysterious powers of chief "Koninnah" and how obtained	32
Incidents attending the birth of an Indian child; names.	33
The Indian feast "Potlach"	35
First Catholic funeral.	36
Burying people alive	38
Ancient mode of removing the dead, crying, etc.	39
The suspicious conduct of a chief.	40
Return of chief "Townissim" from prison.	42
Blessing of church.—Making a canoe	42
Salmon season and superstitions about salmon	43
A ghost story and results of trip to his abode	43
More trouble about the salmon and successful fishing	45
Trip to Barclay Sound.—Fear of reporters	47
The superstitious practice "osemitch," with interesting details.—Eclipse.—Dreams	47
Death of "Nitaska" and intrigues of "medicine women"	49
Death attributed to howling of dog	50
Chief "Townissim's life in danger.	51
Kyuquot Indians on war-path	51
Strange feelings of Indians "tempore" famine.	51
New mission built at "Namucamis," Barclay Sound	52
Extraordinary powers claimed by a juggler.	55
A pagan marriage, ceremonies, feasts	55
Thunder and lightning	59
Difficulties anent birth of first Christian child	60
The Sorcerer (medicine man or woman)	61
A new Sorcerer initiated	61
Trouble about keeping Sunday.	64
Trip to Victoria, with interesting details.—Narrow escape from drowning	64
Sacred blanket	66
The festival "Tlokwahna" wolf feast	67
Church built in Ahousat	68
An old Indian house.—A case of twins.—A crazy man successfully treated	69
An Indian Christian marriage	69
Order issued to wear pants.—Seal hunting.—Rules observed	70
Sea-otter hunting.	71
Wreck of bark *Malleville*, burial of dead	72
Death of "Wewiks."—A bad case.	76
Confirmation administered by Archbishop Seghers	77
Sickness and death of Indian children	78
Murder committed by "Tsiniquah"	79

PAGE

Narrow escape of schooner *Favorite*, Capt. McLean 80
Townissim dies.—Church built at Nootka 83
Chief Antonin dies a Christian.—His house burned 84
A whiskey case 84
Odd conduct of young, dying men 84
Intrusion of Protestant preachers. 85
Attempt to build an industrial school frustrated 86
An unsuccessful physician.—Death of good woman 86
Orders to build an industrial school for Indian children 87
Conclusion 88

VANCOUVER ISLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

1874-1900.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. A. J. BRABANT.

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.

THE FIELD OF LABOR.

ON the west coast of Vancouver Island, between the entrance of the Strait of San Juan de Fuco and Cape Cook, there live eighteen different tribes of Indians, forming, as it were, only one nation, as they all speak the same language. Their manners, mode of living, in one word, all their habits are so much alike, that to know one tribe is to know them all. This coast, at the time of our taking possession of it, was exclusively inhabited by Indians.

Four trading posts had, however, been established and were each in charge of one white man. But besides these four men there are absolutely no white settlers to be found on this extensive coast of nearly two hundred miles.

I need hardly say that communication was very rare, for beyond a couple of small schooners, that made an occasional call on the coast for the purpose of supplying the stores with goods and provisions, and at the same time making a trading call at different tribes, no vessels frequented this part of the world. I have been as much as six months without seeing the face of a white man, and consequently speaking a civilized language.

When the news of the death of Pius IX. reached me, Leo XIII. was already two months on the Papal throne. As a matter of fact, it was close on five months since I had received a newspaper, a letter, or a word of news of the civilized world.

All the Indians of this mission live on the sea coast, and intercourse between the different tribes is impossible, except by means of canoes. No two tribes can visit each other, except on foot or horseback, as their several residences are separated by inlets and arms of the ocean. As a rule the number of chances for visiting are limited, especially during the fall and winter season, for no canoe could live in the incessant, heavy weather and indescribable gales which rage on this open coast. When travelling I have been many a time compelled to camp and wait for days before being able to continue my journey, owing to the dangerous seas and heavy surf which

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would spring up without even an hour's notice.

The coast is rugged and rocky, presenting in its entire extent the appearance of desolation and barrenness. The hills and mountains run down to the beach; the valleys are lakes, and a few patches of low land, to be encountered here and there, are covered with worthless timber. No clear land is to be seen anywhere, and no hopes can be entertained that the west coast of Vancouver Island will ever be available for agricultural settlements.

The climate is not very different from that of Victoria. The seasons of rain and fine weather are about equally divided; the frost is not heavy, and snow seldom falls to any depth, and then lies on the ground only for a few days. With all this, the fall and winter months are dreary beyond expression. The Indians seem not to notice the general depression of the seasons, but for one born and raised elsewhere, accustomed to the society of his fellow white men, there are no words to convey how monotonous it is, and how lonesome one would feel were it not for the thought of the sacredness of the object for which he is here.

Nothing in the world could tempt me to come and spend my life here were it not that the inhabitants of these inhospitable shores have a claim on the charity and zeal of a Catholic priest.

The question has often been asked: Was there ever a Catholic priest or were there Catholic missions established on the west coast before the existence of the present establishments?

My answer, which is in the affirmative, was not sought or found in books or records, but I got it from the Indians themselves. My first informant was an elderly man, not a chief, but one of those men of importance to be found in every tribe, whose chief pride seems to consist in watching all the important events of the day and in assisting the chiefs with their counsel and judgment.

I found my informant (Tragsota) on an early summer morning sitting outside of his house in close conversation with his wife. As I passed by he hailed me and our conversation commenced.

"Was there ever a priest in Nootka?"

"Oh yes," he said, "at the time of the Spaniards there were two priests, big stout men, and they both were bald-headed. My grand-uncle, who told me this, used to come around to Friendly Cove, and the white men would keep Sunday. There was the Sunday-house" —pointing to a spot about the centre of the present village—"and they would go on their knees and cross themselves, and at the turn of the winter solstice they had a great Sunday and they had two babies —is not that what you now call Christmas? Oh yes, there were priests here, and all the men and women would have to bathe on Saturday and be ready for Sunday, and they learned songs—hymns —I know them yet."

And the old man began to sing, but the only words I could catch were: *Mi-Dios.*

It is evident from the above narrative that at the time of the occupation of Nootka by the Spaniards, towards the end of last century, the missionaries of South America belonging to the Franciscan order, hence described by the Indian as being bald, evidently on account of the tonsure, and as stout, big men because they appeared such in their heavy Franciscan cloaks, were stationed at Nootka for the accommodation of the Europeans and also to a certain extent for the conversion of the natives.

The old man had much more to say about the presence of the Spaniards in Nootka. One of the men was in charge of the cattle, which he would bring home every day; which, of course, argues the presence of those useful domestic animals on this coast before there were any in other parts of the island. He also showed us the spot where the blacksmiths and carpenters had their shops, and gave many other details, which proves that events of importance

are not so soon forgotten by Indians, in general, as white men unacquainted with them would imagine.

I have not noticed any traces of religious practices inaugurated by Catholic Spaniards. However, it has struck me as probable that the great devotion of the Spaniards to the Blessed Virgin Mary and especially that of Catholic sailors, may have been the source of an invocation frequently uttered by Indians during bad weather or in danger at sea. Many a time I have heard them sing out in quick succession: "Chou-chist Nakowm," "Chou-chist Nakowm," "Queen, let the sea be quiet" (bis). And many a time I have heard them speak of a "queen" unknown to them, but living in or beyond the seas.

REV. A. J. BRABANT.

I have also been inclined to believe that the practice of keeping Christmas and having the Christmas holidays may account for the Indians' yet having recourse at that special time to their devotional practices. It used to be of the greatest importance to watch and observe the solstice of the sun about Christmas time. The old men of the tribe would rise early on those days and in bunches would retire to different spots. Each one had his mark or signs—there he would sit, all attention, and soon as the sun rose out of the sea he would take his bearings and according to the fact that the sun rose at or beyond such a certain mark he would conclude that the sun was at its solstice, not yet at it, or perhaps beyond it.

The event caused an amount of general interest, it was the talk at meals and the great topic of conversation with the Indians of every tribe. According to the old men the want of attention, or the neglect of watching this all-important event, would be followed by all kinds of misfortunes, not excluding famine. The arrival of this period was the signal for the preaching of the old people to their young men to go out and practice their superstitious devotions.

Beyond these indifferent signs of religious practices which may have had their origin at the time of the settlement by the Spaniards at Nootka, I have never been able to detect anything but that the Indians at the time of our arrival here were addicted almost beyond redemption to every description of pagan practices.

MISSIONS ESTABLISHED.

VISIT TO THE WEST COAST INDIANS IN 1874 BY RIGHT REV. CHARLES J. SEGHERS, D.D., ACCOMPANIED BY REV. A J. BRABANT.

We left Victoria on Whit-Sunday at 8 o'clock in the morning on the schooner *Surprise*, twenty-eight tons, belonging to Capt. W. Spring & Co.

Capt. Peter Francis was in command. John Peterson, a Swede, was mate, and the rest of the crew was a Kyuquot Indian called Nomucos, acting as cook, sailor and boatswain, and Chegchiepe, a Mowuchat savage, assistant sailor. Mr. John McDowell was a passenger, and was on his way to fix the machinery of the light-house just then established on Cape Beale, Barclay Sound.

We left Victoria harbor with a strong southeasterly wind, and were at Race Rocks before 10 o'clock A.M. Here the wind failed and our schooner began to drift about, and working with the oars was required to keep her off the Rocks. However, we got safely at anchor about 2 o'clock in Beeche Bay, where we went on shore and visited the Indians, from whom we received a good reception. After an address, made by His Lordship, I baptized two of their infant children.

April 13.—Next morning we weighed anchor. Sailed out a short distance, but the wind failing us again, we managed to return to our anchorage to make a new start about 8 A. M. Once more the breeze dropped, and by this time we began to drift with the tide till we got half way between Race Rocks and Port Angelos. Our captain was now so badly intoxicated that upon His Lordship's, with a view to trying the old man, asking him the direction of Cape Flattery, he pointed to us the opening between San Juan Island and Trial Island. 2 P. M., southerly wind; lost sight of Victoria at 3.30 P. M.

April 14.—Rain; no wind; 7.30 A. M., southwest by south. Enter San Juan harbor at 3.30 P. M. and cast anchor outside of the reef at 3.30.

The schooner *Favorite*, Captain McRay, and the schooner *Alert*, Captain J. Christianson, were here at anchor, and were making preparations to go out sealing next morning with a crew of Nitinat and Pachena Indians.

April 15.—We went on shore about 7 A. M. The Indians were sitting outside. They were startled to see us in our cassocks, to them an unusual kind of garment. The Bishop asked to see their chief and was soon shown into the presence of a fine looking man—Kiristog—who, as we noticed at once, was then leading the life of a bigamist. His Lordship asked the chief's consent to assemble the natives of that locality and he at once consented. Here I was suddenly compelled to make room for a blind horse, which was led into the house by a young Indian and was then, as we noticed, stabled in the chief's house.

The Indians withal behaved very well and, upon allowing us to baptize their children, requested as a favor that we continue to look after them. The number of baptisms was forty-three.

The captains of the sealing vessels were most impatient to take the Indians out, but they were told that if the priests wanted the Indians to stay on shore three days they should have the privilege; which news was to them a caution to keep their temper. However, we left the Indians at 2 P. M.; we went on board of the *Surprise;* they in their turn went on board of their respective vessels.

The wind was blowing from the west and blew up into San Juan harbor. The vessels weighed their anchors about the same time, had up sails and were ready for a start in unusually quick time. And now the race began. Our skipper was about sober and did his best to win, but the *Favorite* got ahead of him and before long the *Alert* went first and kept ahead of her friends. The race was fairly conducted and was a very pleasant episode of our western trip.

April 16.—No wind. Caught a breeze at 12 o'clock. Entered Dodger Cove at 1 P. M. The chief was living alone on Mission Island (Diana). Two canoes full of Indians came over from Keehan, but were told to go back till next morning, which they did with considerable reluctance. The Indians looked well, a fine, healthy set. They wore blankets, no pants; had their hair nicely done up and tied with grass in a bunch over the forehead. Most of them had their faces painted, and the crowd that came on the schooner presented a very picturesque sight.

April 17.—Said Mass in the house of Mr. Andrew Lany, the storekeeper, at 5 A. M. The chief was already there addressing his Indians from the other side of the stream, exhorting them to rise,

wash and clean themselves and children, announcing to them our wish to see them and telling them that great things were in store for them.

The Indians arrived from Keehan and other camping places and assembled at 8 o'clock in the house of an Indian called "Jenkins," the chief having no house large enough at this place to contain all his people. The savages paid great attention to the Bishop's instruction given in Chinook and interpreted into the Indian language by "Harry" and his brother "Jenkins."

kose, Village Island, Barclay Sound, where we passed a very comfortable night in smooth water.

April 18.—Up and away at 5 A. M. Rain, heavy sea. We arrived at 9 A. M. at Ucluliat, where the Indians were expecting us. The chief came at once for us in his canoe and upon nearing the camp one of the Indians fired off his gun to announce to the Indians that we were on board; whereupon all the tribe turned out at once and assembled in the new, unfinished house of young "With Routl," the chief of the Ucluliats.

CAPTAIN, OFFICERS AND SAILORS OF H. M. S. BOXER.—NOOTKA INDIANS.

In this and in every tribe on the coast instruction was begun by stating who we were, what was our object; then followed a history of the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the multiplication of languages, the redemption of mankind; after which, if agreeable to the natives, baptism was administered to their little children. And, if time was left, a few hymns and songs were taught. But in all cases the teaching of the Sign of the Cross and the making of that sign by the Indians was the great thing and caused real excitement. We had in this camp eighty baptisms of young children.

We left at 6 o'clock in the evening and went to our anchor at Clarkkoui-

Our arrival caused a deal of excitement. Our interpreter had a thundering voice, but we were told he did not translate His Lordship's words with much correctness. Perhaps he thought that shouting would have the necessary effect. I baptized seventy-five children in the afternoon.

April 19.—Sunday morning: Mass at 5.30 in the storekeeper's house and then at 8 A. M. off to the ranch. The Clayoquot Indians came over to join the Ucluliats and their nine children received baptism. Here the first effort was made to translate the sign of the Cross into the Indian language.

April 20.—At sunrise we were already

at sea and beating against a strong westerly wind, but we did not reach Clayoquot till April 21, at 9 A. M. Sitakenin and half a dozen of his Indians came out to meet us at sea. We went on board of his canoe and he took us to the chief's house, where two new Indian mats were laid on the floor, forming a path to the end of the lodge, where boxes and trunks covered with fine mats were prepared to be used by us as seats and footstools. His Lordship addressed the Indians on the usual topics, then I baptized ninety-three children, after which we went to our schooner which was at anchor off Captain Stubb's Island, Warren's store (Chut-chut-tuts).

April 22.—We went early in the morning to the camp (Echo-chist), Village Island, where we had met the Indians the day before. Strange to say, the Indians seemed quite indifferent and His Lordship concluded to leave them, not, however, before giving them a good scolding. Then we went to the schooner about noon and preparations were at once made to continue our voyage. After sailing a short distance we got on the sand bank off "Opessat," but as the tide was rising, we got off about 1.30 P. M. Then with a light breeze we took the direction of "Ahousat," but about 3 P. M. we saw a canoe in the distance. The Clayoquot chief and six young men! They wanted us to return. The Bishop at first refused, but their request was so earnest and their promise of taking us to Ahousat the next day so favorable, that His Lordship at last concluded to return. The Indians who came to fetch us had only just then arrived in the schooner from Ucluliat, where they had seen us for a few minutes two days previously. They had tried to meet us at their own home, but were doubly disappointed to find us gone and to hear that their friends had not shown more zeal and had failed to learn the canticles and songs now repeated by every tribe which we had visited.

At 6 P. M. we were at work again at "Echo-chist," and we were happy that at 10.30 P. M. the Indians at last allowed us to lie down and take some rest. This was my first night in an Indian camp; and in the morning my memory was clear on all the events of that night. I had heard the crying of Indian children, and the coaxing and singing of their mothers to get them to sleep again. An old couple had a row in the middle of the night; over a dozen big dogs, supposed to sleep, were constantly awake, growled, barked, fought, yelled, ran in and out of the dwelling, got in trouble with the cats, and would not stop their uproar, except after twenty times "Sieka," uttered by a sleepless savage, followed by a piece of fire-wood, again accompanied by a new yelling and barking. Over half a dozen roosters were sleeping on the loft cross-piece of the house, and, with their usual pride, as if they were making daylight come and the sun rise, would stop their crowing chorus, only to recommence again a few minutes later. All this time the Bishop thought I was fast asleep alongside of him under one blanket, but I knew that he was not, for he was continually turning about. Now and then he would give a quick but well determined scratch on his lower limbs, and in the morning he told me that all the cause of his troubles had been the Indian's friends the "fleas."

April 23.—At 5.30 our Indian crew was ready; six stalwart young men, headed by the chief of the tribe. It was a beautiful morning, the sun rising in all his glory. The Indians struck up our songs and paddled with courage and happiness over the calm waters of Clayoquot Sound.

At 1 o'clock we arrived at the foot of the Catface mountains. Here was the Ahousat tribe, in expectation of our coming, increased by the arrival of all the Keltsemats, ready and prepared to receive us. Four Indians stood on the beach, and were a deputation sent by the Indians, who were already in the chief's house, to show us into the lodge. Mats

formed a pathway from the water to the camp, and, inside, mats and sails were hanging about along the walls, whilst the floor was covered with more mats; and a regular throne was formed, with boxes and trunks, nicely covered over; and to this place we were shown by the members of the deputation. A dead silence reigned in the house, but we could well notice that we were in the presence of real savages. We were astonished that no dogs, such a nuisance about Indian camps, were to be noticed, but we were next informed that already the day previous, and early in the morning, canoe loads of the canine species had been taken across the sound and safely landed on the islands opposite, lest they should be a cause of displeasure to us.

INDIANS SLAUGHTERING A WILD OX ON SEASHORE.

After the usual instructions, I administered baptism to one hundred and thirty-five little children.

The afternoon was spent in teaching songs and the Sign of the Cross. Such was the zeal of these Indians that, when we went on board of the schooner to take our meals, they would stay in the house, and hardly leave us time to finish, but wanted us to recommence our work at once.

In the evening we were requested to listen to what they had to say to us. The speeches began by those of the two head chiefs, followed by other chiefs, chiefly women; and one fellow got up, took his blanket, his only covering, from his shoulders, and after showing it to us, he threw it with an emphatic gesture far away from him, saying that "he threw away his bad heart." Nothing could stop the speech-making till His Lordship stepped forward on the very spot where every speaker had come to address us, and thus blocked the way, saying that he knew by what he had heard the tom-tom of the whole tribe. We left the Ahousats April 24, at 4.30 A. M. A good easterly wind was blowing, and the captain concluded to run for Kyuquot and call at the other tribes on our way back. So we did, and arrived at the Kyuquot camp shortly after 3 P. M.

Here not an Indian could be seen on the bay, nor, in fact, outside of the camp. It was pronounced an unusual thing, as the captain stated that these Indians used to meet him out at sea and literally crowd the deck of his schooner on any other occasion. Nomucos, our Kyuquot cook, was also at a loss to explain, and his shouting and calling for the Indians had no effect. However, at last a small canoe was launched at "Akties," two Indians got into her and paddled quickly towards the spot where we were at anchor. Every little while they would stop and listen to the shouting of our Indians. "We are afraid," was the first sentence we could hear them utter. Our savages reassured them and when at last they got on board they explained the whole mystery. They had heard of our arrival, but the story

got mixed up. On board the schooner was a living man who would cut the children on the chest, and another who would rub something over the wound and it would be healed. Then the first man would begin killing the Indians, and upon the Indians' trying to kill him, he would turn into a stone or become a stone man. This and other tales were told as an explanation of the conduct of the Kyuquots on this occasion. The Kyuquots are the largest tribe on the coast, in all about eight hundred Indians.

April 26.—Baptized one hundred and seventy-seven children. I commenced at 9 o'clock in the morning and it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I got through.

April 27.—Frightful storm at sea—could not go on shore all day.

April 28.—Began to teach the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" which the Bishop had translated, with the assistance of Capt. P. Francis, of the *Surprise*, and an Indian interpreter.

At 1 P. M. we were taken from the *Surprise* in an Indian canoe, as we had made arrangements to go with some Kyuquot Indians and visit the Chicklisat tribe.

The chief, a cripple, seemed to have great authority, but, being himself unable to go with us, sent his son with fifteen young men to take us to our destination. No sooner had we stepped into our canoe than two more canoes were put afloat, manned, the first by fifteen young men, the subjects of the queen, and the other by twelve savages belonging to the other head chiefs. And thus we left Kyuquot in the young chief's canoe, on either side of which a canoe of the other chiefs was paddled to the air of one of the hymns they had recently learned.

The sea was very rough, but after three hours of hard working by the Indians we at last saw the smoke of the Chicklisat camp at Eiko-os. As we approached, our Indians drew together and once more intoned some of our Catholic hymns. The Chicklisats came rushing out of their houses, and seemed stupefied, but did not come down to the beach till they were called upon to do so. It took them a long time to assemble in the chief's house, and when addressed by His Lordship, although seemingly attentive, it was quite evident that everything was not "all right." The evening and darkness soon put a stop to our work, then we began to look for room to sleep. It was simply horrible! The filth, dirt and uncleanness of these Indians both in the house and outside cannot be imagined. However, we submitted to circumstances, such as they were, and lay down alongside of each other, impatiently awaiting the return of daylight. It arrived at last, and I was amused when asked by His Lordship to express my opinion of the beauty of the words and music of a song which he had composed during the night. It struck me that, unable to sleep, he must have tried to while away the long hours of a sleepless night in a musical way. The Kyuquots, forty three in number, who had constituted our escort, having noticed that there was something wrong in the reception extended to us by the Chicklisats, had made it a point of duty to sleep in the same house where we were sleeping, and in the morning we found them all lying around and about us.

April 29 —Early in the morning we assembled the Indians and began anew to instruct them. We baptized forty-six children, and when this was done, our Kyuquot interpreter refused to interpret, and gave for his reason that the Chicklisats were mocking and insulting him. We would have left at once, but the sea was bad and the rain fell in torrents. Being compelled to stay, we began the recitation of our office and then went outside in the bush under the shelter of a large tree. Here, after some time, an Indian found us enjoying the fresh air and summoned us to go back to the camp. We pretended not to understand,

but at last His Lordship concluded to follow the savage and so we re-entered the chief's lodge. It was quite a sight. To the western side of the camp sat the chief in a very prominent place, and on each side sat an elderly man holding in his hand a long rod, which seemed to us to be a mark of authority. Everything was still, the men on our side, the women and children on the other. A seat was shown and given to us on the right side of the chief, where we were requested to continue our instructions. But none of the young men could interpret and not one of our Kyuquots was about, nor, in fact, could be gotten. This seemed very strange, but the following explanation was afterward given : For years the Chicklisats and the Kyuquots had been at war or giving annoyance to each other. The Chicklisats on this occasion did not relish the presence of the Kyuquots. One of them had invited them to go and eat in his house to get them out of the way ; then he had quickly locked up the house, and when the Kyuquots wanted to go and join us they found the entrance of the lodge locked up fast. Great was their indignation when at last they came back in our presence. Angry words, speeches and gesticulations were the order of the hour.

April 30.—They left the Chicklisats next day, as happy as we ourselves to return to their own tribe. We arrived in Kyuquot in due time and May 1, next morning, we had the happiness of offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, putting our new mission under her special protection.

His Lordship having noticed the good dispositions of the Kyuquots, had, before going to Chicklisat, asked the captain of the *Surprise* to make a large mission cross, which we found ready upon our arrival. The cross was twenty-four feet long, with the cross-piece in proportion. It was the work of not only the captain,

AN OLD MEDICINE WOMAN.

but Peterson, the mate, a Swedish Lutheran, had also, as well as a number of Indians given their assistance.

Before proceeding to plant it, we were called to the house of the chief, where we found all the men of the tribe assembled. After asking our permission, they began to sing some of their savage songs with great solemnity ; then they showed us a mask, the handiwork of northern Indians, most ingeniously made, as also a piece of glass (heina), to which they seemed to attach unusual importance ; as well as a number of beads (Neiwhoi), held in great esteem by all the Indians on this coast, and sold by one tribe to another at the most exorbitant prices. After a speech from His Lordship, condemning all Indian superstitions in general, several important men got up and promised to go by our instructions.

After this we proceeded to the blessing of the cross. It was placed on three canoes ; about fifty young men took

charge, and an immense number of Indians followed us in canoes to the foot of a small island opposite the shore, then unoccupied and seemingly abandoned. And there it now stands in sight of the tribe, blessed by His Lordship according to the ritual. It was beautiful to see the Indians struggle to carry the heavy burden, preceded by His Lordship, in surplice and stole, with his assistant also in surplice; and then, when it was raised, fifty muskets were fired off, as if to announce a great triumph to the savages on the Kyuquot Islands.

We finished our work in Kyuquot and, with great hopes and expectations concerning the future conversion of this large tribe, we left on May 2, taking the direction of Quatsino Sound. However, the wind was contrary, and His Lordship came to the conclusion, after consulting the captain, to abandon his trip to Quatsino Sound; and thus we sailed before the wind, and arrived that evening at an anchorage in Esperanza Inlet, before the camp of the Newchaliot Indians.

May 3.—Early this morning we were taken in a canoe, by the chief of the Newchaliots and a crew of young men, to the outside camp, where the Indians were at this time living.

The reception given to us by the Newchaliots was something never to be forgotten. The news of our arrival had here preceded us. The chief had made a new house. A wharf about two hundred feet in length, but only about four feet in breadth, had been constructed; and, although the Indians deserved credit for making such extraordinary preparations, we had to measure our steps and movements, lest the whole structure should break down. Inside of the chief's house the ground was covered with white sand, and our path and the room which we were to occupy was laid with new mats; the walls were hung with sails of canoes and pieces of calico. Twenty-nine sea otter skins, valued by Captain Francis, of the *Surprise*, at close to two thousand dollars, were hanging in a line opposite to where we were sitting, and excited our admiration.

The Ehettesat Indians had come across and joined the Newchaliots. We baptized the children of the two tribes, sixty-eight in all. In the afternoon a disturbance between the two tribes took place; our interpreter was of little account, and our success was not in keeping with the great preparations they had made to receive us. However, before we left, harmony had been restored; the Ehettesats went home, and we returned to the *Surprise*, where we remained until May 4, when, at 1.15, a slight breeze sprung up, and we slowly sailed up Esperanza Inlet; by dark we were near the Nootka Straits, and we fastened the schooner with a rope to a tree alongside immense bluffs of perpendicular rocks, where we passed the night. Another night was passed before we got to the Nootka side, part of the day having been spent by the captain and his passengers in fishing for rock cod.

May 6.—After pulling up the oars and dragging the schooner alongside of the rocks for a considerable time, we at last got through the narrows. This morning we had a strong land breeze which took us to Bligh Island, then beat against the breeze from Machelat Inlet, and later the westerly wind came to our assistance and we arrived at the Machelat village (ow-is) at half-past twelve P. M.

Here, also, great preparations had been made, and an Ahousat Indian, Muggins by name, was there with Machelat young men to take us on shore from the schooner. This Indian had profited by our instructions to his own tribe, and upon the request of the Machelats had taught them the Sign of the Cross and some of our hymns. The Machelat Indians brought their children and had them baptized; their number was eighteen.

May 7, was spent with the Indians, the captain in the intervals of his trading filling his schooner literally up with deer and elk skins.

1. A YOUNG WIDOW AND HER CHILD.—2. YOUNG MOTHER, HUGGING HER CHILD.—3. AN INDIAN INFANT HELD BY HIS SISTER.—4. MOTHER AND TWO CHILDREN.—5. A GOOD-NATURED MACHELAT MOTHER WITH HER FIRST-BORN.

May 8.—We started this morning at 4 o'clock with a northerly breeze and cast anchor at 10.30 A. M. in Friendly Cove.

Here we met a large tribe of Indians, very noisy and disorderly compared with other tribes. We succeeded in doing very little beyond baptizing the children—fifty-six—a very small number, considering that the tribe did not number less than five hundred Indians. We understood the cause of the dispositions of the Indians to be the talk against the priests by Fort Rupert women who were living here, and by a few Indians who had been slaves or had resided at the other side of the island. However, we stayed another day and left May 10, when, after sailing before a westerly wind, we arrived in Hesquoit shortly before noon. Here we learned that the Indians expecting our coming were afraid to go out fishing for several weeks past. They had cleaned and laid mats in the chief's house—they were very neatly dressed, the women all in white calico, the men having made pants and coats of blankets. We baptized their children—fifty-six—under seven years, and gave them the usual instructions.

May 11.—We rose at an early hour and recommenced our instructions, but by this time the captain was anxious to return to town as soon as possible, and at 11 o'clock his sails were up as a sign that we were wanted on board. The Indians seemed very sorry and disappointed, but we left, promising to visit them again in the near future.

May 12.—When off Clayoquot Sound nine Kyuquot canoes, seventy-three men and one woman, overtook us. Our visit over the coast had taken away all fear. Only two or three of the crowd had ever been to Victoria, and none in an Indian canoe, as doing so would have exposed them to the danger of being killed or of being made slaves by hostile tribes.

May 13.—We arrived in Dodger Cove. There was no wind and this gave us a chance to go and visit the Ochuklesat Indians. The chief was alongside of the schooner and took us to his camp, where he assembled the Indians whose children were baptized, twenty-three in number. That evening he took us back to Dodger Cove, where we arrived at 11 P. M., every one being in bed. We had no supper, as everybody seemed or pretended to sleep, and we turned in with the happy thought that our work was over.

May 14.—We said Mass at the storekeeper's house at 5 A. M., then went on board and left the cove sometime before noon. This was the feast of the Ascension.

May 15.—We ran before a fine westerly wind and arrived in Victoria at 8 P. M.

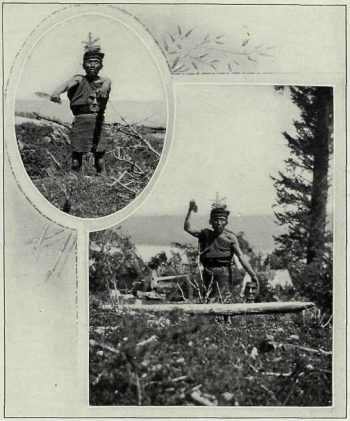
SECOND VISIT TO THE WEST COAST INDIANS IN 1874 BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP SEGHERS, D.D., AND REV. A. J. BRABANT.

The day of our departure was the first of September. Two days before, Captain Francis had been married in St. Andrew's Cathedral by Rev. Father Brabant to Cæcilia, a half breed girl, the niece of Mrs. Lequier. The effects of the feast were visible on the skipper's countenance and in his manners. As a first mishap, the man who was to act as mate did not turn up at the hour agreed upon by the captain; however, after a run on shore by one of the boys, we saw him at last, and upon crawling on board he mentioned that the cause of the delay was that his concubine, a Hydah woman, had run away. This our mate was a Greek, and also rejoiced in the name of Frank. Thus, with two Franks and two Indians from the coast, and as we discovered afterwards, with plenty of whiskey on board, we started on our second visit to our West Coast Indians.

The first few hours were spent pleasantly, but when we got to the straits our skipper began to make frequent calls down in the cabin. At last we discovered

that he was getting very drunk. This rather alarmed us, as Frank, our Greek mate, had never been on the coast and our Indian sailors could not be relied upon. His Lordship advised me to try and find out where the captain kept his liquor and throw it overboard.

Meanwhile Frank, the Greek, came down and told us that he had taken charge of and hidden all the liquor on board. It was now great fun to watch the skipper. He went downstairs on his old errand; he pretended to whistle so as to be unnoticed; then he looked up the staircase, then made for the locker, but nothing there! Where could the liquor be? He did not say a word about it. Meanwhile he silently cursed at his clerical passengers and told the mate of it; then he begged him for a little drink. It was refused at first; later on something was given him now and then to sober him up. All this time the old man was growling at us and blaming us for taking his favorite beverage, and never suspected for a moment that the liquor which was given to sober him up was his own property, very properly taken away from him by the mate.



1. INDIAN WARRIOR SINGING SONG OF VICTORY AFTER KILLING A MAN.—2. IN THE ACT OF KILLING IN A BUSH—A CONVERTED INDIAN POSED FOR THESE PHASES OF HIS FORMER LIFE.

Although the measure adopted had the effect of keeping the old man from greater excess, still he was far from being sober when we entered Pachena Bay. The wind was blowing fresh from the west when we entered the harbor. Our schooner was supposed to go up the river to discharge at the store kept by Neils Moos. We were going full speed when she suddenly struck on the sand bank; the channel had shifted, or rather our captain was out of his reckonings through whiskey! Every wave took her up higher and higher. A few more dashes and she was gone. But Neils Moos coming on board saved her from ruin. We took charge without heeding our drunken skipper, and an hour later she was at anchor before Capt. Spring & Co.'s store.

Nothing of much consequence occurred, but when we left for Barclay Sound we met at the mouth of San

Juan harbor a canoe from Victoria with a supply of whiskey. By and by we saw H. M. S. *Boxer* come out of Neah Bay and steam for the Pachena Camp. Dr. Powell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was on board, and this was his first trip along the coast. When he landed at the ranch he found every man, save the chief, beastly drunk.

We got in Barclay Sound on the 7th of September; the Ohiat Indians had moved up the Sound; and after discharging freight at the store in Dodger Cove we continued our journey to Ucluliat.

Here the schooner *Surprise* was to stop and we were to continue on our trip in our Indian canoe. Consequently Capt. Francis gave us as pilots two Kyuquot Indians, who had been engaged as deck-hands on the *Surprise*, and also a good sealing canoe, besides lots of provisions.

We bade him and his young wife goodbye and a happy honeymoon on the 8th of September, at 7 o'clock. And now we were on the open ocean in a small sealing canoe with two Kyuquot and one Egatisal Indian. The sea was heavy and no wind. An occasional wave broke over our bows and did considerable damage to our stock of provisions, especially to our biscuits and our sack of flour.

Without further mishap we arrived at "Opéssat," Clayoquot Sound, at about 2 o'clock P. M., where we found the Indians very much excited over the news that a man-of-war was anchored to the leeward of Vargas Island with the Superintendent of Indian Affairs on board. We continued our voyage, and about 4 o'clock P. M. we saw H. M. S. *Boxer* at anchor at the above-named place. All this time we had not a breath of wind, but our Indians kept on paddling and we went at last on shore on Flores Island, just opposite one of the Ahousat villages called Esik-ta-kis.

It was not a good camping place, and the hour being rather late and the night dark, we felt compelled to stretch our weary limbs without even taking a warm drink of tea. We were enjoying our sleep as best we could when all of a sudden, some time after midnight, an Ahousat Indian came to wake us up. He was sent by the tribe; they were all up and expected us to go over. But His Lordship prevailed upon him to let us enjoy our camping out rather than go two miles across the sound in the middle of the night and avail ourselves of the Indians' hospitality. When at last the Indian concluded to leave us, he went away saying that we were very lazy!

Shortly after our Ahousat visitor had left us we were again aroused from our slumber by the noise of some Hesquiat Indians who were on their way to Ahousat. They wanted to know who we were, where we came from and where we were going, and finished by saying that the sea was very rough on the outside coast. When next morning we awoke, we made a large fire and at daylight we could see that we had camped in a very poor place, and as it began to rain, which prevented us from leaving, we had occasion to spend some very dreary hours on that spot. However, at noon the weather cleared up and then we proceeded on our voyage till we arrived, about 5 P. M., at Refuge Cove.

Here quite a number of the Hesquiat Indians were living, and as the man-of-war was now anchored in the Cove and had been followed by a large number of Ahousats and some Clayoquots, the place presented quite a lively appearance. A number of junior officers and blue-jackets were on shore, and when we had just pitched our tent we received the visit of Mr. Tim Scanlan, an Irishman who acted as steward on board the vessel. He told us, in a rich Irish brogue, wherein we were wrong, viz.: travelling at such a time of the year and in such a canoe, and he added that the captain of the vessel had repeatedly spoken of us and was determined to pick us up wherever he would meet us. At the request of His Lordship, Mr. Scanlan promised

not to make the captain aware of our presence, but Tim came back soon after with a supply of provisions in the shape of some loaves of fresh bread, a leg of mutton, a quarter of elk, two bottles of wine and one bottle of brandy. Upon his suggestion, we opened a bottle of wine and drank to the health of His Lordship, the Bishop, who in his turn proposed the health of Tim Scanlan. This scene was without outside witnesses, and took place on the evening of the 9th of September, 1874, in Refuge Cove.

Next morning we were having our breakfast when the man-of-war steamed out of Refuge Cove and we resumed our journey as soon as that transaction was over. No wind, a heavy sea and the sun burning over our heads, made the crossing of Hesquiat harbor anything but pleasant. Besides, our Indians had indigestion and were all three very sea-sick. One of them, between the intervals of vomiting, would carelessly sing old Indian songs, which would afford us, if not recreation, at least a topic to speak about. At noon we took dinner in front of the Hesquiat outside camp (oume-is). Then we went on shore again on the Escalante Rocks, whence we paddled to Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound. There, to our horror, we again found the *Boxer* at anchor; and while we were boiling our cup of tea and the Indians were putting up our tent we received once more the visit of our friend of yesterday, Mr. Tim Scanlan, who brought us another bottle of brandy; at the same time he announced that the captain had ordered his boat to be lowered and that with the Superintendent of Indian affairs he would come on shore and invite us to go on board of his vessel. And indeed before we had taken our tea, we were introduced to Captain Collins, of the Royal Navy, and by him prevailed upon to abandon our way of travelling in an Indian canoe and avail ourselves of the accommodation of an English man-of-war to continue our journey. The captain, as we understood, was a staunch member of the Anglican church and every day held divine service on board. He kept a bank for the men and had established a temperance society for them. He made our stay on board most enjoyable, and, as it happened to be on a Friday, he kindly and delicately had matters arranged in such a way that the abstinence enjoined by the Church on that day was easily observed. The weather was thick and foggy, but we managed to pass the Nootka narrows long before noon. We went as far as Catala Island, anchored there for a time, but as it was not allowed by the rules of the navy to go out in the foggy, uncertain weather it then was, the captain concluded to run for Queen's Cove and there spend the night at anchor in smooth water. A beautiful hammock was fixed up as a bed for His Lordship the Bishop, and a bed was prepared for me on a sofa. Our Indians were made comfortable below with the marines. We left next morning at 5 A. M.; got as far as Catala Island, but owing to the state of the weather and sea we once more returned to Queen's Cove. At noon we made a fresh start and running as we did before a fresh easterly breeze, we arrived early in the afternoon to anchor in Man of-War harbor, Kyuquot Sound.

We left H. M. S. *Boxer* next morning at 5 o'clock. Our canoe, which had been taken on board at Friendly Cove, was lowered and the liberality of Tim Scanlan, under orders of the captain, had so much increased our stock of provisions that by the time we got in her we were so deeply loaded that it was impossible or dangerous to look behind us to cast a last look at the fine war vessel, on which we had spent two most enjoyable days.

And now we were on shore in Kyuquot Sound! We took up our headquarters in Capt. Spring's old and unoccupied store. We went to Chiclnat next day, where we did very little besides baptizing one child. We soon dis-

covered that we had chosen a bad time of the year to find the Kyuquots together. They were camped at a dozen different places, but His Lordship concluded that he would go and see the chief. He was at the end of Bokshis inlet, and there we met him next day with a few more Indians. We baptized a few newly-born children. His Lordship prepared a young girl who was at the point of death, but nothing else could be accomplished. His Lordship had bought from the chief for a few biscuits a wooden bucket representing an animal, the tail being the handle, the body the body of the bucket, and the head and mouth the passages through which the water or liquid was poured. It was a curious piece of work very artistically done, and together with some masks got also at this place, was given as a souvenir of our trip to Captain Collins of H. M. S. *Boxer*; who felt so proud of the gift that he afterwards exhibited it in one of the principal hotels in Victoria.

September 17.—The chief sent his son and six other young men next day to where we expressed the wish to go, namely the Newchaliot village. We had a quick but rough passage; at one time the sea struck our canoe and nearly filled her up with water.

At Newchaliot we did very little or no good, the dispositions of the Indians being very indifferent, and it cost us quite an amount of trouble to get a crew to take us to the next tribe. Finally three old men volunteered, and that night we were amongst the Nootkas camped at Cah Shis. We found these Indians in full glee—a dead whale had drifted on their land and the houses were full of blubber, which the women were boiling and reducing to oil. I do not think that anything that we could have said under the circumstances would have had much effect, as the whale was uppermost in their minds.

We stayed only one night, then with a small crew we went down the sound, went on shore at Etawinni, baptized a few children, but could not get to Machelat that day. We therefore slept at a place called O-is and went the next morning to Ow-is, where the Machelat chief was camped and expected us at any moment.

As we went on shore at O-is the evening before, a Machelat canoe had seen us and reported our approach to their friends. Then the tribe at once prepared to receive us. Messengers had been sent that very night to all the fishing stations, and by the time we arrived we learned that the tribe was collecting on the other side of the sound.

September 21.—At 11 o'clock as a strong westerly wind was blowing up Machelat Inlet, ten canoes filled with Indians put up sail on the other side and steered for Ow-is. It was a sight never to be forgotten, the enthusiasm of these Indians and the taste displayed in their arrangements for our reception. They were all nicely dressed, the women in white calico robes and the men with pants and coats. We assembled them at once and stayed with them three days, during which time they learned the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, Ten Commandments and Seven Sacraments in their own language. Most of the Indians were living under tents made with their canoe sails, at all times a poor shelter, but especially at this season of the year. But upon expressing our feelings of sorrow for them, as it was raining most of the time, they pleasantly replied that the rain did not cause them any inconvenience, and that we should not leave them before they knew everything we had a mind to teach them. Such fervor and zeal we had not met in any other tribe, and therefore, in order to encourage and reward them, His Lordship concluded to plant at their principal camping place another mission cross. This was done with great succcess, and in the same order as we had observed on the occasion of our first trip at Kyuquot.

September 25. — Next morning we left Machelat in one of their canoes, with the chief and eleven of his young men, en route for Hesquiat. When off Sunday Rock we met a Hesquiat canoe crowded with young men, who were on the lookout for our expected arrival. As soon as they recognized us they put about, intending to precede us and warn the tribe. However, our Machelat crew took to their paddles, and a regular race between the two canoes took place. There was no wind, and the sea ran mountains high. We had not met such a heavy swell in all our travels. Although in company with the Hesquiats, we would lose sight of them for several minutes to see them again rise on the crest of the heavy waves, whilst we were, as it were, in the abyss of the ocean. It was a really grand piece of sailing we had on that day from Sunday Rocks to Hesquiat harbor. We at last lost sight of the Hesquiats in the fog, but we could hear them fire off their guns ahead of us as a signal to the tribe to be ready. We found the chief's house, where we stayed for four days, cleanly swept out, and mats laid all over the floor, and the Indians full of joy to see us again.

We began our work at once; taught the Lord's Prayer, Hail Mary, Creed, Ten Commandments and Seven Sacraments, all of which the Indians learned with much zeal. Here it struck the Bishop that this tribe would be a good place to start a Mission, being the most central and the Indians of the best good-will. He mentioned the matter to the chief, asking of him to assemble the other chiefs of the tribe and propose to them the matter in question; which having been done, we were informed, in presence of the whole tribe, that land would be given for Mission buildings and other purposes; that we could have our choice as to locality. At the same time a spot was mentioned on the hill—according to the Bishop not desirable, being too much exposed to the northerly wind. As to the objection that the spot was surrounded by Indian houses, the Indians were willing to evacuate the village site and grant it for Mission purposes. During our stay at Hesquiat, as well as at Machelat, we said Mass every morning at 5 o'clock, at which all the Indians were present, and during which they recited the Holy Rosary. We here noticed every morning—and, in fact, whenever we assembled the Indians—such zeal and fervor

MEDAL AWARDED CHIEF MATLAHAW OF HESQUIAT BY THE DOMINION FOR RESCUING THE CREW OF THE AMERICAN BARK *Edwin*.

that old men unable to walk were carried on the backs of the young men to the chief's house, and some of them came on hands and feet.

The old chief of Hesquiat, his son being absent at Cape Flattery, took us to Ahousat with a large crew of young men. We arrived in due time at Esik-takis, the residence of Shi-oush, the second chief of the tribe. Mokivinna, the first chief, was sent for, but refused to come, having only lately lost one of his children. Shi-oush at once sent out several canoes to fetch the Indians from their different salmon rivers. The messengers travelled all night, and next morning quite a large number arrived and listened to the Bishop's instructions, and learned part of our Catholic hymns and prayers; but, being over-anxious to return to their homes that evening, a disturbance took place, and they got a severe reprimand from the Bishop. Afterwards things were settled, and the Indians left us in good humor, while we prepared to leave next morning.

October 1.—Shi-oush and his oldest son and one of his slaves took us to Clayoquot, where we found the chief absent; but we were taken to the lodge of Sitakenim, where we slept.

October 2.—The chief arrived next morning. We went over to see him, but as he was eating as we went into the house, His Lordship, the Bishop of Vancouver Island, and one of his priests were told to go outside; that the chief of the Clayoquots could not transact any business with them till he had finished eating his breakfast! After walking outside quite a time Shi-oush, the Clayoquot chief, came to meet us, asked our business and proposed to assemble the Indians there present (Opéssat) in his house, which was not quite made up for the winter season. The Bishop spoke to them for some little time, after which I baptized four young children. Having proposed to the Clayoquot chief to take us to Ucluliat he wished us to go with him up the Clayoquot arm to his salmon station; he would from there cross to Long Bay or Schooner Cove. If no canoe was at any of the outside camps it would be an easy task to pull a canoe across and put her afloat with our baggage at Long Bay, comparatively speaking, a short distance from Ucluliat harbor. We complied with his desire, which gave us a chance to see Clayoquot inlet, the entrance to the lake, and the muddy flats, literally alive with ducks and geese. The dreary hours that we spent at that chief's house are painful to remember; the smoke and stench inside cannot be imagined; besides, the house was so low and the abundance of salmon so great that we could not move except in a stooping position and we could not put down a foot except on or over dissected salmon or salmon roe! We, therefore, went outside and pitched our tent, and next morning we begged of the chief as a favor to take us to Long Bay and thence to Ucluliat. The poor man seemed anxious to comply with our request, but upon coming to the sea-coast he found that the surf would not allow launching a canoe. We, therefore, were compelled to pitch our tent and await better weather. Meanwhile he went to his house and family, promising to come next day. He kept his word, but made the same remark as the day before—easterly wind. Off he went again with the promise of another visit next day. Again he kept his word, but again the same difficulty — easterly wind. This morning, upon rising, we noticed that our tent had been visited by a bear. His tracks were there, but finding the tent occupied he had preferred to walk off rather than disturb us.

About noon His Lordship proposed to walk over the Indian trail to Ucluliat. The Clayoquots hardly approved of the idea, but promised to take our baggage to Capt. Francis's house as soon as the weather would permit. With this promise the Bishop was satisfied, ordered me to prepare some provisions, which I did with reluctance, and off we went, on foot, accompanied by two Ky-

uquot Indians who helped us in carrying the things that we had judged necessary to take along. We walked all that afternoon, first over a beautiful sandy beach; then we crossed a point and arrived in Wreck Bay, around which we also walked that day over a nasty, gravelly shore, and shortly before dark we made a fire and prepared our supper. Then the Bishop ordered the Indians to prepare for us a decent camping place, which they did, half way on a sandy hill. We laid down and fell asleep, but were soon awakened by heavy drops of rain, and we then noticed that the sky had clouded up and that it was pitch dark. About midnight the water was streaming down the hill under us, and having decamped to the upper side of the stump of a large tree, I called the Bishop to come and join me, which after some persuasion he did, I showing him the way by striking from time to time a match. I was afterwards sorry for extending the invitation, as we soon discovered that we had moved from bad to worse. Here, however, we remained in the water and mud till four o'clock in the morning, when I went down the hill and made a cup of tea on the fire of last night, which had kept alive under a large piece of a log.

A GROUP OF INDIANS WITH THEIR CHIEF, MATLAHAW, THE WOULD-BE MURDERER OF FATHER BRABANT.

We left as soon as it was daylight.

After a short walk along the beach we took to the bush, intending to make a short cut of a projecting point. After struggling about a couple of hours through the thick salal brushwood, we came to the Indian trail, which we were glad to discover; and following it with great avidity we travelled about five miles an hour, when, lo! to our great disappointment, we noticed that said trail led directly to our old camping place, where the fire on which we had cooked our breakfast was still smoking. Our courage now sank very low, and then, instead of following the same trail in an opposite direction, which with a little reflection we ought to have done, we went over rocks and boulders around the point which we had intended to have cut off that morning. According to directions given by the Clayoquots we were at a certain spot to cross to the Ucluliat inlet. This we intended to do, when we took to the bush again. We walked and walked till I found my strength failing, which the Bishop noticing, he proposed that we should take something to eat. Accordingly we made a fire in the bush, and then we boiled doughnuts! We ate them with great appetite; then we noticed that our two Kyuquot Indians began to show bad will and insisted on going back to the beach, which we accordingly did.

Early in the afternoon the rain, which had fallen in the morning in the shape of a Scotch mist, became thicker and thicker, and having come to a small bay, where driftwood was piled up in great quantity, we prepared a place where we could spend the night. We started a big fire, which soon spread to the trees around, and in the morning I discovered that a hole was burned through one of my boots and that my cloak was badly damaged. The Bishop's clothing had also suffered to a certain extent through fire. We took as breakfast the last piece of meat we had left, and we also made slapjacks with our last flour. After this we began to walk with renewed courage. However, about nine o'clock the Bishop took a fainting fit. He lay down on the rocks and asked if I had any food left. I took down a satchel which I had on my back, and after careful examination I found in a paper a few grains of sugar and a little flour in the corner of an old flour sack; this I gathered in a spoon and presented to His Lordship; he would not, however, take any of it except after I had taken my share, saying that he did not know what would become of us in case I should also give out. We next noticed that the Indians were gathering mussels on the rocks and ate them with great relish. This we also did and raw mussels and salal berries were the only food which we took till we reached Captain Francis' place in Ucluliat next morning.

The captain could hardly recognize us; seeing our condition and hearing of our long compulsory abstaining from food, he advised us, and we followed his advice, not to take any full meal till we had by eating very little at a time prepared our stomachs for its usual functions—at the same time the captain went into his store and gave us new pants and shoes, for all our clothes had been reduced to rags in our attempt to travel through the brushwood. His Lordship, Bishop Seghers, at one time escaped being drowned, having slipped from a rock in crossing a ravine, where the sea swept in very freely at high tide.

Our experience from Clayoquot to Ucluliat had such an effect on our general condition that it took more than two weeks for us to recover our usual strength.

At Ucluliat we did nothing, as the Indians were all away to their salmon rivers. The young chief Wish-Routl took us to Ekoul and some Ekoul Indians went with us to Wannicanut where we found the Indians under the influence of liquor. We baptized at Ekoul seven children and a few at Wannicanut.

Then we made arrangements with an Ekoul Indian to take us to Wanaimo, which he promised to do for six dollars.

A TYPICAL INDIAN SCENE, HESQUIAT, B. C.

We had a pleasant trip up the Alberin Canal. Having left Ekoul in the morning we arrived in the afternoon at Gold River, called at the house of the miners but found them absent, but as a sign of our passing there the Bishop wrote on their door the fact of our calling and wishing them success. That night we were received and made comfortable by Mr. Clark, who was then manager of the Johnston farm. He showed some fine horses of which he had twenty-two; also some of his cattle, stating that he had a hundred and sixty head running all over the settlement. Besides Mr. Clark, Mr. Cuglar was the only settler.

Next day we went to visit the Opichasat where we were well received. They were then living above the forks of the river. The Iseshats were also on the river, but, as their chief had refused to receive us the day before, we coolly passed them over.

Next day again we commenced our walk to Qualicum, a delightful trip over the newly made road. At noon we were at the lake, which we crossed in a canoe, and thence we walked to the East Coast side, where we arrived at 5 P. M.

Here we pitched our tent, and on Sunday morning we found a canoe in the bush and with paddles and a sail made with our tent, we travelled with great speed to Wanaimo where we were in time to hear the Protestant bells ring for evening service. It happened that the steamer *Emma* was to leave the next day for Victoria and on her we took passage arriving in Victoria on Tuesday morning, at 2 A. M. We went on shore at once and astonished every one by arriving in time to say Mass, which for both of us was a Mass of thanksgiving.

First Mission

ESTABLISHED ON THE WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND AT HESQUIAT.

About the beginning of February, 1885, I had just returned from a mission to Sitka, Alaska Territory, when I was notified by Right Rev. Bishop Seghers, D.D., to prepare myself and to be ready to go to Hesquiat and take charge of the West Coast Indians in the beginning of the spring.

In conformity with this order I got everything in readiness, and a carpenter was hired by His Lordship at the same time. Rev. Fr. Rondeault, of Quam-

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 Leclaire, 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 residence 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 waterlogged 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 Itloune, 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 Itloune 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 Itloune 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

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 Leclaire, 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 Hesquiat 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, is 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 Kyuquots, 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 Hesquiat 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

belonging to Ehattesat, who was supposed to be the wife of one of the Nootka young men. She sent an Indian to see me, and wanted an interview. I allowed her the privilege she asked for. She told me that she wanted to accompany us to Ehattesat; that she would not live with the man who claimed her as his wife and had been stolen by him out of a canoe against her will. She had been a slave in Nootka, and was considered as such again.

After considering these and other reasons and hearing the opinion of some of the most influential Nootka Indians, I gave her permission to accompany us, and the next day she was returned to her friends and home.

But nothing else unusual happened, although at Kyuquot we were very badly received, and my Indians, suspecting danger, slept with knives in their hands. It was only after much trouble that they would allow me to baptize their children.

We were absent about two weeks, and shortly afterwards I received a letter from Bishop Seghers summoning me to go to Victoria.

I left Hesquiat about the twentieth of September and arrived back on the schooner *Surprise*, Captain Francis, on the fifth of October. The Indians were glad to see me back. Next day Captain Warren entered the harbor on the sloop *Thornton*.

Upon landing I was told that an Indian woman, "a doctoress," had died during my absence, after a few days sickness.

Next I heard that a large number of Nootka Sound Indians were sick and that several had died. The report arrived that the sickness was small-pox; that the whole tribe was wild with excitement; that they would come to Hesquiat and kill as many of the tribe as had died of the disease! I spurned the threat and persuaded the Indians not to be uneasy.

On the eighteenth of October the wife of Matlahaw died rather suddenly at Hesquiat. As I suspected that everything was not right, I assembled the Indians on the hill, and told those who were living in the chief's house to quit, and also if there was anybody else unwell to come and give me information.

Upon arriving home, I was met by Charley, whose mother had died during my absence. He reported that his father was sick. I went to his house and found the old man very sick, evidently with small-pox. He was lying in one corner of the room and in the other corner was his sister, an elderly woman, also in the last stages of the fatal disease. I baptized both of them, saw them well provided with food and water, and went home convinced that a very trying time was before me.

I was not disappointed, for next morning the first news I heard was that both were dead and that others had taken sick.

As soon as Mass was over, a large number of Indians came to my house, and I made preparations to have the dead buried. I went and dug two graves, but when the time for the funeral had arrived no one would help me take away the corpses. I reasoned and entreated my visitors to give me a hand, but all to no purpose. At last after several hours talking, a Cape Flattery Indian living here with his Hesquiat wife volunteered. Others followed his example, and I mustered a force of ten to do the burying of the dead. Never was such a funeral seen by mortal man! First I had to give medicine to everyone of them. As I had none I boiled water, broke some biscuits in it, sweetened the whole with sugar, and insisted that this would be the very best preservative in the world against small-pox.

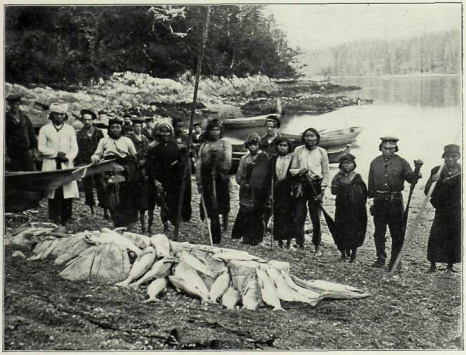
Then began the march. I led the procession, then came the ten Indians in a line, with their faces blackened and covered with Indian charms. They were shouting and jumping, and when we came to the house where the dead were, not one dared to come in and assist me. But the Cape Flattery Indian again gave an ex-

ample of bravery. He was accompanied by Charley's father-in-law and Charley himself. The coffin was a small Indian canoe, to which was attached about forty feet of rope. We took up the old man first: he presented a ghastly sight as the blood and bloody matter were covering his face and streaming out of his mouth. The woman was covered with two new black blankets, and had evidently died first, her brother having rendered to his dead sister the pious duty of clothing the corpse; she was put into the same canoe and then orders were given to take hold of the lines. Everyone wanted to take the very end, but after some confusion the canoe was pulled out of the house, I acting as steersman, and thence a good distance into the bush. And after securely covering the original coffin with Indian planks, we all returned to my house.

Before entering, the Indians all rushed into the river praying and shouting; and having thrown away their blankets, which were their only covering, they next came in every one of them as naked as the moment he had been born. Some thoughtful woman, after some time, came with a supply of blankets and then the spectacle became rather more decent and respectable.

But now another scene was enacted—as they had noticed that I was chewing tobacco upon going to bury the dead, they had insisted upon doing the same thing, and not being accustomed to that polite practice, they had swallowed all the tobacco juice. Some of them in consequence came near dying, as it took them many hours before they got over their vomiting.

Next day I went to see the chief's daughter, who was very low also with small-pox. She was a courageous woman and did not give up till she was quite blind and her head as black and as thick as a large iron pot. She was baptized and seemed to be in the best disposition. Her own father and another old Indian



INDIANS OF DIFFERENT TRIBES.—SAILORS FROM *H. M. S. Boxer.*

helped me to bury her. The sight of the corpse was simply horrible, and as we left the shanty in which she died swarms of flies surrounded us all.

At this time Matlahaw, the Hesquiat chief, his father Cownissim, Omerak and Charley had obtained permission to sleep in the Indian room of my house. Upon according this privilege, Matlahaw promised and gave me all the strip of land between the river and the beach.

I passed most of my time in vaccinating the Indians and in trying to cheer them up, for the fear and discouragement in some cases were altogether alarming. Matlahaw and Charley were hardly alive. Hence they would sit for hours together, telling me of the importance of their lives and insisting upon my using all possible means to preserve them from the disease. Charley had been vaccinated successfully in Victoria, but although I tried it twice on Matlahaw the vaccine had no effect. This seemed to increase his fear. He now became morose and avoided the company of his friends; in fact he was not to be seen in the daytime for several days.

We used to be up before daylight and for two or three mornings, as I got up, upon looking through my window I noticed him sitting alongside of his father apparently engaged with him in very secret conversation.

On the twenty-seventh of October he shot some blue jays on my potato patch, and the rest of the time he stood outside, watching my movements, and from time to time exchanging a few words with the Indians who were constantly about my house.

Towards evening the report that an Indian woman was very sick was received. I went to see her, but noticed that her case was not very serious as yet. However, next morning the first thing I did upon getting up was to go and see the old woman, who was if anything rather better than the day before.

Upon entering my house and about to go and ring the bell for Mass, Matlahaw came into my house and asked me for the loan of my gun, which upon handing to him I stated to be unloaded. He simply remarked that he had powder and shot in his shanty, which was made of a few Indian planks and which with my permission he had constructed behind my little barn.

All the Indians of the tribe, save the old woman who had small-pox and Matlahaw and his father, were at Mass. The old man was missed at once, and afterwards it was found out that he had crossed the bay with his little grandchild and gone up Sidney Inlet, where his wife had gone before him. There she died of small-pox, as also her female slave; and the old chief, in a fit of passion, took a stone and with it killed the husband and one old slave.

When the Mass was over, and just as I was about finishing my breakfast, Charley came into my room and said, "Look out, Leflet; Matlahaw is sick. You had better take your gun from him."

I made one or two inquiries, and after saying a few words jokingly, to give heart and courage to the messenger, who looked alarmingly excited or downhearted, I went out, my pipe in my mouth, to see the would-be patient. When I arrived inside of his shanty I noticed in the middle a small fire, before which he was squatting down. He had his chief's cap and also the coat presented by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Behind him, against the wall, stood my double barrelled gun and an Indian musket. I asked what the matter was, when, smilingly, he looked up, and pulling the skin of his leg, he answered, "Memeloust—small-pox." I reassured him, saying that I would give him medicine and that by evening he would be all right. Again he looked up, his face being very pale and the sinews of his cheeks trembling, and pulling at the skin of his throat he repeated memeloust. Once more I repeated that I would give him medicine and that he would be well before evening.

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

Indians of Clayoquot and Clayoquot Sound, were not to be trusted, he advised the Hesquiats to avail themselves of the darkness of the night to return to their homes, and with his compliments and condolence sent a number of yards of calico to be used by the Indians as a shroud for my "corpse!"

On November 1 (Monday at noon), a deputation of Indians excitedly entered my house and told me that they were going to send a canoe with the news of my state to Victoria, and report to the Bishop and the police.

I told them quietly to please themselves, but as they were determined to leave at once I gave them a paper on which I had every morning written a few words.

Meanwhile my wounds became more and more inflamed. The Indians were up with me day and night constantly pouring cold water over my injured hand. The wounds in my back and side gave me great pain from the fact that I had to lie on them and that they could not be reached by cold water dressings.

As the hours and days advanced the swelling increased and inflammation was rapidly gaining. I was trembling with cold although the Indians kept up a good fire.

At last, on Tuesday, the 9th, just as it was getting dark, an Indian out of breath ran into my house and shouted that a man-of-war was entering the harbor!

I cannot describe my feelings and those of the poor Indians who were in my room and acted as nurses. . . . Half an hour later one of the doctors (Dr. Walkem) who had volunteered to come to my assistance, rushed into my room and after examining my hand expressed his opinion that it could not be saved and that I would have to submit to amputation. By that time Bishop Seghers, God bless him, had also come in. I can see him now, a picture of sadness. With tears in his eyes he told me how happy he felt to find me alive. . . . I could hardly utter a word! My strength was gone, for I had not tasted food or drink for several days.

The Bishop went into my bed-room, opened a bottle of port wine and gave me a full dose of the medicine as he called it in the presence of the natives and lo! my strength and courage came back at once. I told them of the details of my situation since I had seen him a month before in Victoria.

The doctor of the navy (Dr. Redfern) after thoroughly examining my wounds, declared that nothing could be done at present; that I would have to go to the hospital in Victoria, etc., and urged upon me the propriety of taking some food. He then cooked a meal and although everything was prepared in an artistic shape I could not take more than one or two mouthfuls of his preparation.

Next morning the captain of H. M. S. *Rocket* (Captain Harris) came on shore and proposed to have the would-be murderer arrested. In fact he stated that it was part of his object in coming to Hesquiat. But just then an Indian came into my house with the news of new cases of small-pox, and expressing his uneasiness and that of his Indian friends to be left alone with the dread disease in the village. Happily, Captain Harris did not understand the messenger and so we urged upon him the necessity of returning to Victoria, as the doctors insisted that my wounds would have to be attended to without further delay.

Besides, I told him that the man who had shot me had run away into the bush —that he had not been seen since and that he might be ten or twenty miles away in the mountains.

An arrangement was then made with the principal men of the tribe that they were to take to Victoria the Chief Matlahaw in case he could be arrested and that the provincial police would pay them for their trouble the sum of $100 and a supply of provisions.

Thereupon arrangements were made to have me conveyed on board of the man-of-war. Eight men placed me on a cot, took me down to the beach between two lines of Indians, whilst one of the

HESQUIAT, B. C.—1. A CATHOLIC FAMILY.—2. THE YOUNG CHIEF OF THE TRIBE, HIS AUNT, AND TWO CHILDREN.—3. THE FIRST CATHOLIC FAMILY ON THE COAST.—4. CATHOLIC MOTHER AND SON.—5. CATHOLIC FAMILY. THE FATHER CAN READ AND WRITE.

chiefs made a speech regretting what had occurred and bespeaking the speedy return of "their Priest."

When we arrived at the vessel the cot was slung from the spanker-boom, an awning was stretched over the whole, and I was made to feel as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

A GROUP OF INDIAN WOMEN, AT NOOTKA.

We arrived in Victoria next morning. At the time of our landing an immense crowd of people were on the wharves. The city was indeed in great excitement, for the news had just reached the people that the steamship *Pacific* with 260 passengers—quite a number of Victorians—had foundered at sea and that thus far only one passenger had reached shore alive. As we came from the very coast where the wreck had taken place, and as it had happened just a day before, the people were all in hopes that a number might have been picked up at sea. We had seen nothing of the wreck, and the crowd, looking for friends and good news, were doomed to return home disappointed.

The same men who had taken me in a cot on the man-of-war carried me on their shoulders from the vessel to the Bishop's residence, and then landed me on a table in the dining-room. That room,—where I had passed so many pleasant hours with Bishop Demers and Bishop Seghers, his successor, and my colleagues, the priests of the diocese and especially of the Cathedral,—now looked gloomy. Everyone wanted to have a look and say a good word. The Sisters of St. Ann were there also well represented. Warm water, towels, linen and other necessary articles were prepared by them, and the doctors, four in number, began to talk business.

They were going to amputate the hand! Yes! perhaps it would do to amputate only the two first fingers!! Such and other remarks I heard them make. However, I was not going to part with those necessary members of a priest's body to allow him to say Mass, without an objection! And object I did! And asked them to allow me to die rather than have me become a useless man in the world, such as a priest would be if he cannot say Mass. Protestants as they were, the doctors, at first, did not understand my reiterated pleadings to be allowed to keep my hand and fingers. However, they concluded to wait a couple of days and for the time being agreed among themselves to cut open the main ulcers, remove the broken bones and cut out pieces of lead and other foreign matter.

They all left me with the expectation of returning a couple of days later to perform the amputation; but prayer had the best of them. Two days later one of the doctors made his usual call, and seeing that the blood began again to circulate he could not conceal his astonishment and went away wondering how this unexpected change could have occurred.

I was in the doctors' hands for nearly five months. I then heard that a schooner was advertised to go out sealing to the West Coast, and foreseeing that no other opportunity to return to my mission would offer for the next six months, I asked for a passage on board and returned to my mission in Hesquiat on March 23, 1876.

I arrived in Hesquiat on April 5th. The Indians having learned that I was on my way back to the Mission, and understanding that the vessel on which I had embarked would not come as far as their village, sent a canoe with nine men to meet me and take me home. I met them at "Asatikis," about twenty miles from the Mission. On our way we called at (Maktosis) Ahousat and baptized the newly born children; next day we arrived in Hesquiat.

My house was in the state I had left it—the floor covered with blood, the temporary bunk which I had caused to be put up in my sitting-room so as to have more space to move about with water, dressings, etc., was still there; everything reminded me of sad days and sleepless nights. It all had a tendency to make one feel downhearted, but the Indians were then so happy to see me back that I put aside all other thoughts, and after a few days' cleaning, settling down again, I recommenced my work where I had left it off.

On Easter Sunday I established a force of policemen. The occasion had been furnished by the Indians themselves. They had resolved to have a feast in my honor and to present me with a gift of their own as a sign of their good feelings towards me. True enough, the day was appointed and two influential men of the tribe were delegated to come and invite me. The men were dressed up in red blankets over their red skins, pants and shirts being an unknown article to men of their class; their faces were covered with black and red paint, and down of birds covered their heads and their long hair. They rather shouted than spoke, at the same time giving vent to wild, savage gesticulations.

And so I went to the feast, which was given in one of the houses of a chief. As there were no chairs in the village a thoughtful savage took one of my own and placed it in the middle of the immense building.

There I sat like an Indian chief, calmly smoking my pipe and pretending to enjoy everything that was going on. There were dancing and shouting and gesticulations and many other extravagant things, which no one can fancy who has not seen wild men and women, covered with feathers and with painted cheeks, giving free expression to the feelings of their savage heart and nature. That sort of thing lasted for about two hours, and being nearly blind with the smoke of the camp-fires and as nearly deaf with the noise made by the women, as they beat with sticks on planks and Indian boxes to the measure of the songs of the men and boys and the younger class of women, I was anxious to go home and enjoy fresh air and peace. But what should happen? There in a corner got up one of the chiefs and taking a shawl from a woman's shoulders held it open in view of the whole tribe and looking at me as with an angry countenance he called out, "(*Leflet! Leflet!*) Priest! Priest! this is for you, this is for you! I present it to you in the name of the tribe of the Hesquiats, who are all present here to do honor to you!"

I do not know what anybody else would have done; as for me, I took the shawl and thanked the tribe and went home. But scarcely had I reached my house when I began to reflect and ask of myself, "What in the world shall I do with that shawl?" After mature reflection, I hit upon a plan to get rid of it.

Easter Sunday arrived and, as said above, I established a force of Indian policemen, as asked for by the Indians themselves and approved by the Bishop. Having then carefully selected my men

I proceeded between high Mass and evening service to the house of one of the chiefs where the whole tribe, were assembled. I explained to them the object of the meeting; then I appointed three men to act as Indian constables, and gave each of them a coat and pants, to distinguish them from other savages and as a mark of their authority. Then taking the shawl, I held it up before the tribe and made a present of it to the woman, who took care of the orphan boy of the man, who had tried to kill me. The new policemen were then appointed guardians of the future chief of the Hesquiats I availed myself of this season of fervor to teach them the "Catholic Ladder" of Father Lacombe. I also taught them to sing Mass in plain chant.

We had the first high Mass on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

On June 5 following, there was unusual excitement in the village. Early in the morning the news is brought that a dead whale is floating off the harbor. There is shouting and running about; paddles are got ready and all the large canoes pulled down to the beach. Not an able-bodied man is left on shore: even a number of women accompany the crowd. You can see the excitement at sea, you can hear the shouting and singing as the monster of the deep is being towed toward the shore. At last shore is reached. The men stand up in their canoes, paddles in hands, and intone one of their old songs. . . . The women on shore stand alongside the houses, and taking part in the general rejoicings, beat a measure on the sides of the dwellings and their old Indian drums.

As the day is well advanced, it is decided that the cutting up of the whale shall be postponed till next morning. Meanwhile knives are prepared, and the chiefs and principal men, who alone are entitled to a share of the big fish, secure a number of inferior men to give them a hand next day.

June 6.—Long before daylight the whale is surrounded by half naked Indians; they all know the share they have a right to, but not one seems satisfied with what belongs to him—there is no end of quarreling and pushing each other about. In the disturbance a couple are wounded—one very seriously. After half a day of fighting and general disturbance, the whale being cut up, the Indians all retire to their houses, happy at the prospect of enjoying the delicacies of whale blubber and whale oil for the next few months.

June 7.—In the heat of their happiness the chiefs decide to go to Ahousat and invite their friends of that tribe to come and have a share in the general festivities.

June 10.—Three Ahousat canoes arrive in Hesquiat, in all twenty-two men. All the Indians assemble to receive their guests on the beach; they walk in procession, one man behind the other, in white man's clothes, save two, whose heads are covered with feathers, and who dance the dances usual on such occasions. Meanwhile the Ahousats, appreciating the compliment, rise in their canoes, begin to beat a measure on the sides of the canoes and sing a song in response to a speech made by one of the Hesquiats.

It all finishes by the pulling up of the canoes of the visitors and leading them into the house of one of the chiefs, who at once entertains them at a meal of "whale meat."

The accidental floating on shore of this whale and the importance which the Indians attach to this event had caused them to talk a great deal about the subject. Apropos of this event, let me give a notion of their superstitions on this point.

A few months ago an old Indian chief called "Koninnah," and known all along the coast, died in Hesquiat. This man enjoyed the reputation of bringing dead whales, almost at will, to the shore of the Hesquiat land, and even now he gets the credit for the whale that floated on shore yesterday. For as the Indians say that their chiefs do not forget their friends and subjects when they reach the

other world, hence Koninnah, by his influence, sent them "a dead whale" as a token of good will.

This man, I am told, had here in the bush a small house made of cedar planks; to this house he would repair from time to time to visit his charms, which it contained, and go through his usual devotions, prayers and incantations. His charms mostly consisted of human skeletons, especially those of ancient chiefs and famous hunters. To these skeletons he would speak as if they were alive and order them to give him a "whale." Each of the skeletons had its turn, and in addressing himself to them he would give due credit to those of their number who, he had reason to suspect, had been granting his request.

It is narrated that Koninnah one day was boasting of causing a dead whale to strand in Hesquiat harbor. As it happened, the flesh was tough and the oil not sweet. The Indians finding fault with their supposed good luck, he told them that he would get another one for them of better quality; when lo! a couple of days later his prediction was verified.

The Indians tell their yarns with such conviction of truth that it is almost painful to have to contradict them.

Koninnah, when desirous to be successful, led a life of strict continence. He also observed laws of fasting and bathing in salt water. Besides, he was never to taste of the flesh or blubber of his whales under pain of losing his extraordinary powers. Whales are an article of immense importance in this locality and with all the tribes on the coast. They are considered the best and most wholesome food, and the oil is used with all kinds of dry fish.

June 23.—Up to this date it has rained a great deal; the weather now seems to break up and a rainbow is seen in the direction of Sydney inlet. All at once a couple of Indians to whom I am talking, bow their heads and turn their backs on the rainbow. I learn from them that the Indians on the coast never look at a rainbow for fear that some harm befall them.

DINNER HOUR.

June 25.—A child was born to-day, and being the offspring of an important man, there is great rejoicing. According to an old custom a couple of men having the title of *Okhei*—beggars—covered with feathers and paint, go to the happy parents' house and there begin their pranks and dances

accompanied by singing and pleading, their only object being to induce the child's father to make presents to them and invite the tribe to a feast of food and amusements. Strange to say, the father of the newly born child is confined to the house as well as the mother—on no pretext can he go outside and look at the ocean or sky. Such conduct on his part would have the effect to scare away the fish and to anger the waves of the sea. In case of extreme need to go outside, the man must cover his eyes, look down to find his way; but under no pretext can he look up or walk along the beach.

Apart from the general rejoicings, the old women of the neighborhood must also have their turn. There they sit around the newly born with sticks in their hands, and striking up some of their usual songs begin to beat time on cedar boards or a worn-out tambourine. This they continue until the new mother or her nearest relatives make some suitable present to all the women visitors.

The name of the infant, given before birth, is that of a female dead relative or ancestor. In case the progeny belongs to the masculine gender another name is soon substituted.

Another peculiarity about the Indians is this: If any one dies his name dies with him; that is, no one will dare pronounce it again, especially in the presence of relatives, and if any one in the tribe has a name which sounds like that of the deceased he will change it at once.

There is something so ludicrous about this, that to day you may know the names of all your people, and still six months later you are likely to know only one-half of them. Christian names are a great improvement, but in giving them one must be careful to make a proper choice, as the Indians cannot pronounce all our letters. A boy called "Damien" was the other day asked his name, to which he replied, without, however, showing any signs of anger, "Dam You," meaning, of course, to say "Damien," a French Christian name.

The names given by the Indians to their children are family names, that is, they belong especially to a certain clan of the whole tribe. Through intermarriage, however, many have passed into different clans, and in fact, as far as I can see, they now are pretty well spread all over the tribe. Inferior people, however, dare not give to their children certain names, which seem to be the property of the chiefs of the different tribes, nor do they, whatever their merits may be, apply them to themselves.

In general, the names of our Indians have some meaning, being mostly suggested by the doings of some big hunter or ancient warrior. Quite a number of them, though, have no meaning whatever, and are simply given as having been the name of some ancestor. As a rule, children take the name of their grandfather or grandmother, sometimes of other ancestors, but never those of their parents.

I gather from what I heard that respect for the dead and their (living) relatives seems to be the main reason for avoiding the adoption of their names or of having them pronounced within a certain period after their death.

June 26.—A canoe containing nine Ekoutl, Barclay Sound, Indians has just arrived. She attracted our attention from quite a distance at sea. Although the wind was favorable she took in her sail, when we could hardly see her. She carried a flag at her stern and the Indians were paddling as hard as they could. Next we could hear them sing, and when they were quite near shore they stopped paddling, and one of the men, getting up, struck up a song in a loud, moaning tone; then, upon landing, he shouted something to our people, which I was afterwards told was the name of our chief, and gave him a couple of blankets as a present.

The Hesquiat Indians evidently knew the object of the visitors, for, as a rule, with all the tribes on the coast, when strangers arrive at a village, there are al-

ways a number of the people who run down to the beach, either to welcome them or to get the news.

In the present case, not one of our people went to meet the strangers, who were now at the landing place. Yet, when called upon to go and receive the blankets, the chief sent one of the young men to fetch them to him.

After this was done the same spokesman (of the strangers) got up again and in the same tone of voice called out the name of the second chief and made him also a present of a couple of blankets, which a messenger went down to the beach to take for the second chief.

This was repeated six times, so that all the principal chiefs received a present before the men put an end to their generosity.

Some of the Hesquiats, upon hearing the name of their sons called out by these strangers, got quite excited, and before inviting them into their houses also made presents to them, which were accepted with the usual expression of thanks: "*Tlako! tlako!*"

It struck me as strange that in all their feasts and meetings the parents are not mentioned; that is, if a man invites to a feast, if he has an heir he will always extend the invitation in the name of that heir, and also when presents are given they are always given to the heir, even if he were only one day old. The parent always disappears behind the heir, who in all cases comes or stands to the front in the estimation of all the Indians on this coast.

The Indians of Ekoutl, Barclay Sound, are here with the object of inviting the Hesquiats to a potlach, as the peculiar way of their landing here indicates. This is the first invitation to a potlach extended to my Indians since I came to the coast.

A potlach, as I understand it from the meaning of the word, is a feast where gifts or presents are made, a gift-feast. The priests and ministers of all denominations condemn the feast, and the Dominion Government at their suggestion has passed a law prohibiting it under certain penalties. As for me, I cannot see any harm in it, although I would rather have it abolished. I had no reason therefore of my own, but giving due importance to the conduct of men longer in the ministry than myself, I used all my influence to keep my people from going to the present gift-feast in Barclay Sound.

As I understand it, a potlach simply consists in this: A man, say a chief of a certain tribe, after a season of prosperity has accumulated a large number of blankets—the Indians here have no money. He then resolves to invite a neighboring tribe to a feast and distribute to them according to their rank the fruit of his industry—his blankets. He privately warns the members of his own tribe to be prepared for the reception of the tribe which he singles out. This proposition is approved of, and his friends, the principal chiefs, secure the necessary provisions, so that when the feast is on they can entertain at a meal the invited guests.

The tribe to be invited are also warned in due time and afterwards formally notified that their presence is expected soon after the formal warning.

The occasion of starting is one of great excitement. All the able-bodied men as a rule and also a number of women go along, and are evidently intent upon having a good, enjoyable time.

The arrival at the village where they are invited is also very exciting. They sing and dance in their canoes, the drums beat and the muskets are fired off. Meanwhile the people on shore are also doing their best to make a good show, and after many different ways of bidding welcome, the guests land and are invited by one of the chiefs to share his hospitality by taking a good meal.

Immediately after this meal, and more frequently before it, the visitors are divided, for their present quarters during the day when disengaged and for sleeping

at night, amongst the members of the tribe, who take pride in accommodating especially those to whom they are in any way related. There they are also welcome at meals; but every day during their stay one or more of the chiefs or important men invite all the strangers to eat in their houses where singing, dancing and exchanging gifts and presents are freely indulged in.

A potlach or gift feast consists in exchanging presents either with the object of gain or of exciting the admiration of their fellow-Indians. Sometimes in the height of his savage pride an Indian makes presents, for doing which he is afterwards sorry, especially if an article far below the value of the one he has himself made a present of is returned. Every one seems to speculate either for gain or for glory!

On the fourth or fifth day the feast comes to a conclusion by the man who has invited the strangers making presents to all of them according to their rank or their importance; not, however, without losing sight of the probability that the one to whom the presents are made will sometime be able to make an equal return to the giver. Herein the potlach fails of good, for the old people are almost lost sight of and so are orphan children, especially those of the female gender. A potlach is not an expression of charity, but a pure piece of Indian speculation.

During the festivities, the Indians wear their best blankets and keep themselves cleaner than usual, but for their dances and games, they have resort to all means to make themselves look ugly or odd. Their faces painted, their heads covered with down, masks of different descriptions, bear skins are put on and even Chinese queues are worn by the younger class of people.

The festivities come to an end by a speech made by the one who invited the strangers. These pack their gifts to their canoes and the people at home resume their usual work and occupations.

The hospitality shown by our Indians to visitors or strangers is quite noteworthy. As soon as a canoe of strangers arrive at a village they are at once invited by some of the residents to carry their belongings up to their house; a meal is prepared for them and lodgings are offered. When traveling our people take little or no provisions along, for they may always reckon upon receiving hospitality wherever they happen to go on shore near an Indian settlement, and whatever food is left after their meal, is taken to the canoe of the visitors. It is used by them on their voyage home and remnants are distributed to their friends at home, during the partaking of which all the news of interest is communicated.

In their own homes after a successful day or season at fishing or hunting invitations are often sent out to the tribe or a part thereof, to come and partake of a feast of food, the remnants in all cases being carried by the young people to the respective homes of the invited guests. Before retiring a speech is made by one of the principal men, and thanks are duly given to the host in the name of those who were invited. In all cases the invited guests occupy a place according to their rank. It reminds one very much of the customs of the Jews at the time of our Lord.

June 28.—To-day the first funeral according to the rites of the Catholic Church takes place. A funeral is never a very funny affair, still this one seems to be an exception, at least as far as I was concerned. The Indian died about midnight; as was customary he was put in a box or trunk at once, a fact of which I was warned by a messenger. I got up and told the Indian that the funeral could not take place before morning—however, that there was no objection to having the corpse put outside of the Indian house.

About three o'clock I was again aroused. Once more I told the messenger to have patience till Mass time. But about four o'clock there were quite a number of messengers. I got up again;

YOUNG SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN. — THREE LITTLE GIRLS AT PLAY. — SCHOOL CHILDREN. A GROUP. — A FAMILIAR COMPANY.

by that time the primitive coffin was in evidence at the church door. Still, I thought it rather unusual to bury the dead at four o'clock in the morning, hence I postponed again; but when five o'clock came there was no use trying to put it off any longer. The funeral was to take place right then. Quite a number of people crowded into the church; the coffin was put in the centre, but every one faced the coffin, even those in front in the church turned their backs to the altar. When Mass was over I solemnly headed the funeral procession with cross and altar boys, reciting the prayers of the Ritual, when looking behind me I noticed that the savages had taken another road with the corpse, in fact they had put it into a canoe and were paddling across the small bay around which I was walking. Still, we arrived ultimately at the same spot, but to my dismay there was no grave dug. There we stood about to bury the dead chief and no grave. Shovel and pick were sent for. I took off my surplice, began the digging of a grave, got an Indian to continue and went home and had my breakfast. When everything was ready, I went back and blessed the grave, and the first Christian of this region was laid to rest in consecrated ground. R. I. P.

I am informed that this Christian funeral is quite a victory towards breaking up the old pagan customs and superstitions of the Indians of this coast in case of sickness and death. First of all, because the Indian was really dead when he was removed and put into the coffin. Many instances are narrated where people have been buried alive. A coasting trader told me that when he was stationed at Clayoquat a man was put on an island where there was a small trading post. During the night somebody rapped at his door, he got up and there stood a naked Indian, the man who had been buried the day before. He lived two years after his supposed death. The strangest part of the story was that the Indians who had buried him maintained still that the man was dead, and that it was a bad spirit that now occupied the corpse, or rather the body of the new Lazarus.

Some time ago I was called to see an Indian supposed to be dying. What was my horror when coming in the house I found them tieing together his arms and legs and actually preparing to bury him alive.

A young married woman had given birth to her first child. She took convulsions and fainted away. No time was lost in putting her in a box, and removing her into a cave close to the village. Next morning a man went bathing in the neighborhood and heard the poor girl cry for pity. She was alive . . . and, horrible to relate, she was left to die in her misery. Her new-born baby soon followed her in death, having starved for want of food. This happened at Nootka. I know a man whose son, the father of a small family, took suddenly sick through exposure; he seemed to have cramps all over his body and became speechless. After four or five days the old man ordered a coffin to be made and asked the services of three young men—they narrated this to me themselves with delight—to force the sick son into the box; they tied him hands and, feet and having him well secured they did as they were told by the heartless father, and took him out into the bush to perish of misery. During all this transaction, the unfortunate fellow groaned and seemed to ask them to have pity on him. They were inclined to comply with his wishes, but they were told: "Never mind, do as I tell you; my son is dead, the bad spirit has hold of him and makes all this resistance."

Another case came to my notice as reported by an eye witness: A middle-aged savage was cutting down a tree; it fell unexpectedly and crushed one of his legs very badly. He was carried home, bled a great deal and at last was pronounced dead by the "medicine men," although every other witness knew that

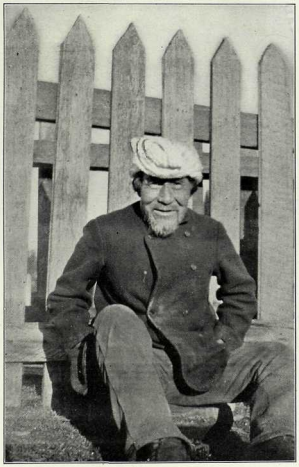
he was only in a faint. Next morning as my informant was walking along the beach he noticed that one leg stuck through the square box into which the body had been placed, an evident sign that the man had been buried alive, and that in order to free himself he had used the sound leg to break the side of the box, the injured one having been too far destroyed or too painful to be used for the purpose.

In rare instances the Indians mutilate the bodies of the dead before removing them. One case came to my knowledge. A young couple had had several children, but they had all died soon after birth. This happened again, and the father of the dead child, upon the advice of the old people and with the object that such a misfortune should not happen to him again, literally broke every bone of the legs and arms of the dead infant before placing it into the coffin.

The Indians up to this had never buried their dead under ground. When it was time to remove a corpse, they made an opening in the side of the house—they never took a corpse through a door, especially on account of the children and younger people who, as the savages thought, would die in case they passed through the passage followed by people carrying out a corpse. They removed the dead through an opening made in the wall by removing a few of the side boards of their houses—then they walked if possible on the beach below high-water mark. If the body was placed in a canoe, that canoe was afterwards destroyed. The bodies were removed to only a small distance from the village and placed in a prominent place on the limbs of trees ten or twenty feet from the ground. There they were fastened to the body of the trees with strong cords made of cedar bark; afterwards they were covered with blankets; then a display was made by hanging blankets all around. While this was going on, the people in the house, especially the old women, gathered everything that had belonged to the dead man or woman, made a fire outside, threw all the relics into it and destroyed whatever was not inflammable.

And now you could hear them in the houses cry and lament and utter the most unearthly wailings that one can listen to.

When men of importance die, the mourning is general and the scenes that



MY NURSE IN ILLNESS.

are enacted go beyond all limits. Those of a lower rank are mourned by only their own relatives and nearest friends.

A year later the relatives and friends of the deceased walk all in a body to the tree where the body has been placed; they open the box and taking out the skull they carry it to their house and there keep it as a relic.

The idea is, I am told, to keep it from desecration, for the skull of the dead is used as a "charm" to be successful as a hunter, a warrior or a "medicine man." Yet, notwithstanding all the precautions that are taken, you can find along the streams in the bush different constructions that have been put up by the natives where they used to go and pray for good luck or success, and there you invariably find the skull of some dead Indian!

July 10.—I arrived back from a trip along the coast with six of the best and strongest young men. We were well received by the different tribes and visited them all, the Chicklesats being met in a small bay near Cape Cook, the extreme limit of the Mission of the Sacred Heart of which I have charge.

On our way back we called on the Ehattisat Indians living near Tachu. There we found Chief Maquinna, being on his father's side the chief of this tribe and on his mother's side the chief of the Nootka or Mowachat people.

We were ushered into his lodge by the chief himself. His Indian wife, the sister of Matlahaw, the man who shot me, received us with evident signs of uneasiness and shame. However, I spoke to her kindly and my Indians also tried to make her feel at home. After giving Catechism instructions to all the Indians present I went outside with the object of saying my office, and having retired to a certain distance from the camp I felt annoyed to see Maquinna come and join me. I found an excuse to send him away for a few minutes, and availed myself of his absence to walk up a small creek where I could say my office without being disturbed. When lo! I saw my Hesquiat guides run about evidently in a great state of excitement They noticed me at last, and coming up they told me to quit my place of refuge and not to go out of their sight again. I knew not what they meant and followed their advice. When night came I prepared myself to lie down in the chief's house, who had acted, as it struck me then, in a very suspicious way in the latter part of the afternoon.

I went to sleep about 10 o'clock and expected to have a good night, for I was worn out with fatigue and the strong, thick smoke of the open fire had almost made me blind. Although I was lying on the bare boards I dozed off almost at once.

Suddenly I felt an oppression on the chest. I awoke and opening my eyes I saw the chief's face close to mine. His eyes were staring out of their sockets and his heavy breath was suffocating. What did he want? What was his intention or purpose?

Next morning, just at daylight, I was aroused from my couch by one of my crew; he told me to get up at once as quietly as possible and follow him out of the ranch. I followed his orders, but notwithstanding our precautions we were detected. We jumped into our canoe, the chief following us in a rage down the beach, and abusing my people in most insulting language.

However, no notice was taken. My men were at their paddles and they did not take a breath till we were several miles away; then looking behind and seeing that we were not followed, one of them told of our dangerous position the day before.

The chief was going to have me killed by one of his men if he could not succeed in doing it himself. Then he was going to accuse my guides of having committed the murder in order to get even with them, for one of the men with me had taken to Victoria and delivered to the police and authorities the father of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, and had

there accused the old man of having incited his son to do the shooting. In answer to a question, I was told that such a practice is very common with the savages of this coast, and that many a war has had its origin and cause in false accusations of this kind.

July 16.—Townissim, the father of Matlahaw, arrives in Hesquiat.

Townissim was the chief of Hesquiat and the father of Matlahaw, who was acting as his successor.

together, and to their horror they saw only a few paces away the body of a dead man at the foot of a large, hollow tree. There could be no mistake about it; it was he! He wore his uniform as chief, and a medal presented by the Dominion Government on his breast.

Horrified, they all retired—gave the news to their friends and looked upon the spot as a place to be avoided. However, before making this search they had already arrested Townissim, the young

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.

A few days after the man of-war had taken me to Victoria the Indians arranged a search party, and they had promised to take the young chief to the authorities of the police department, in case he could be found. All the able-bodied men took part in it, and having started from a certain point they meant to walk through the bush for miles around. However, they had hardly begun their work when one of the party uttered a cry of alarm. They gathered

chief's father, and taken him to Victoria. They accused him, and not without grave reason, that he was at the bottom of all the trouble, and that Matlahaw had only acted under orders from his father. Indeed, previous to the shooting, the old man had been seen for three successive mornings in close private conversation with his son; then on the morning of the shooting he had left the village, even before daylight, taking along his grandchild, and had not been seen

ever since; from which the Indians concluded that the man knew what was going to take place, and kept out of the way till further developments.

Hence they had at once begun their search for him or for both, when one morning noticing the smoke of a camp fire at Entrance Point, they crossed in their canoes and arrested him.

He was six months in jail in Victoria, and then the news that Matlahaw was dead having reached the authorities, he was sent back with a caution, and in due time arrived in Hesquiat.

July 25.—Townissim came to my house to-day just as quite a number of Indians were in my house. I told them to be kind to him and at the same time told him to show no ill feelings against anybody.

August 23.—Notwithstanding my caution, Townissim is inciting the Indians against me. I hear that the poor man is in dread of being killed by his own subjects. Hence, whenever he goes outside of his dwelling, he always carries a knife concealed under his blanket.

September 25.—Good news to-day. The Bishop is on his way to this place and is accompanied by a priest.

September 29.—Right Rev. C. J. Seghers, accompanied by Rev. P. J. Nicolaye, arrives in Hesquiat a few minutes before midnight.

October 1.—Feast of the Holy Rosary. The Bishop blesses our new church, the first on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and places it under the patronage of St. Anthony. A procession is organized in which participate, besides all the Hesquiat Indians, all the Machelats, a number of Nootkas, Clayoquats and Ahousats.

October 8.—The Hesquiat chiefs are called together and a grant of land is made, on which, in the distant future, it is proposed to build a substantial church and to erect other buildings as circumstances may require. The ground may be taken up at once and cultivated.

October 10.—Reverend Father Nicolaye received leave to stay with me during the winter. He is supposed to prepare himself to take charge of a portion of my mission next spring.

October 12.—The Bishop leaves on the schooner "Alert," G. Brown captain, and returns to Victoria, his visit to the Mission having created quite an excitement amongst the Indians as he has told them that they must prepare for baptism. I avail myself of the opportunity to commence preaching against their superstition with new zeal and determination.

But oh! how far they are from having the least idea of Christianity and a Christian life. We have a mountain to remove which only God's grace can help us to do.

At this time of the year many of our Indians go up the inlets and rivers with the object of making new canoes. Up on the hillsides or on the lowlands they cut down a cedar tree and with a common axe cut off a length according to the size required for the purposes of the canoe, *i. e.*, sealing, fishing, sea otter hunting, or traveling. Then they put the proper shape to it, very roughly, first outside, then inside. Next they invite some friends and together they pull the clumsy frame to the stream or to the ocean and then float it and pull it on shore before their houses in the village. When otherwise unemployed, especially in the early morning and toward evening, they use a peculiar hand chisel or adze (in old times they used a chisel of stone or of horn of the antlers of elk), and with wonderful patience they cut off chip after chip, till the frame is reduced to the proper thickness—say one inch or more for the sides and double that much for the bottom. Then knot-holes are filled up, finishing pieces put in, and when all this is done a fire is made under the canoe, raised up from the ground on blocks, and the bottom is rendered perfectly smooth. All the work is done without instruments to go by or measure; yet most of these Indian canoes are so true and so well shaped and pro-

portioned that not even an expert could detect the least flaw or imperfection.

October 22.—All the natives of the tribe have come to church to day, even those living up the inlet and rivers.

I make a rule (in church) that all the people—men, women and children—must at least wear a shirt, and that no one will be admitted into my house except he wears a shirt under his blanket. After this I show them the absurdity of some of their superstitions.

As this is the "salmon season," the old people are as usual preaching to the tribe the propriety of conforming with the old established reguations lest this great article of food should leave the neighborhood and not come back again in the future. For instance, salmon should not be cut open with a knife; it should not be boiled in an iron pot, nor given as food to dogs or cats. The bones must be carefully collected and thrown into the sea, and under no consideration must it be given to any white man, including the priest, lest he prepare it in lard or a frying pan. It should not be taken to the houses in baskets, but carefully carried one in each hand. These and many other details will show what an amount of absurdities were in these people's minds. They were in utter darkness without the light of the Gospel.

It is almost humiliating to have to say that this and like matters formed to-day the subject of my sermon, and that it created quite a revolution in the camp. In fact, it had the effect of my presence here becoming a cause of alarm and a matter of regret on the part of the full grown men and women in the village.

November 1—For some time the Indians in discussing with me their customs and beliefs have been talking about a mountain said to be inhabited by a ghost or spirit. It seems to be the main prop of their creed, and it struck me that if I could not prove this to be a fraud, I could not hope to uproot the rest of their superstitions. Hence I resolved to visit the mountain so often spoken about, and show them that they had been deceived by their forefathers.

FOND OF THE CAMERA.

According to the legend, nine men have died on the top of that mountain through entering a cave, the home of the ghost, without having first made the requisite preparations. Some of those preparations are, to be fasting during ten days, and to abstain from all relations with the other sex during ten months. The natives here, be it noticed, have an immense idea of continence and they attribute to the fact of my vow of chastity that when their chief shot me I was not killed on the spot. Hence, in preparation for their wars, their hunting parties and every undertaking of great importance they keep or pretend to keep strictly continent.

The legend continues that only one man has entered the home of the ghost; and that he used to do so every year. In consequence of which he was most

successful in the whale hunt, an average catch being ten whales per season.

His nine brothers begged of him one day to be allowed to accompany him on the hazardous expedition. After using every means to dissuade them and seeing that still they would insist, he at last complied with their request and the ten travelled together to the top of the mountain. The hero of the expedition insisted that the brothers should enter first into the cave, the supposed home of the ghost. One after the other entered as he was told; the tenth was just about to do so, too, when all of a sudden the entrance closed up and remained closed till the nine unfortunate men had been torn to pieces and devoured by animals the size of a mink. The hero of the story reported what had happened upon his arrival in the camp and ever since that time the cave on the mountain has been looked upon as a famous and sacred spot. The report adds that as soon as anybody approaches the top of the mountain pieces of rocks and pebbles are thrown at the visitor and the ghost is heard to groan from a distance. This it also does when a severe easterly storm approaches.

Having been obliged to manifest my plan in order to secure a crew to carry me to the foot of the famous mountain, and, if willing, to accompany me to the top thereof, I meet with general disapand probation from the tribe. All the important men put their strength together and are determined to prevent me from carrying out my plan. Consequently they come to my house and by violent gesticulations and with shouts declare that I cannot go; that no Indians shall accompany me; that if I do go I am sure not to come back alive. Two young men who had promised to accompany me are deterred from doing so. Only one intrepid fellow keeps his promise. The Indians threaten to kill him in case he does not bring me back alive. Seeing that all their efforts to prevent me are useless, the Indians retire full of dissatisfaction and anger, assured that I will perish in the attempt, and subsequently that my fellow white men will blame them for having been indirectly the cause of my death.

Late in the evening an old man, in order to make up for the conduct of his son, who after having promised to accompany me, had afterwards backed out, brings word that he himself will be a member of our party—and adds that he will take along an axe to knock the ghost (poke) on the head!

November 2.—After offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass I warned the Indians that I would leave at once, and that I hoped that no further resistance would be made. I took along Father Nicolaye who was very anxious to accompany us.

We arrived at noon at the foot of the famous mountain (3,000 feet high), called by the natives, "Kwo ah-all." We experienced very little or no difficulty in ascending it, for it is clear of brushwood and covered only thinly with cedar trees, some of which are remarkable for their size. At four o'clock we were at the foot of an immense bluff which crowns the mountain and which to the southeast is of a dark red color. According to the report of the Indians, this mysterious cave is southeast of the bluff. Without losing any time we wended our way in that direction. Meanwhile our guides began to make the remark that they heard no noise, that no pebbles or rocks were thrown at us; which gave them such courage that they were determined to find the cave, if there was any, even at the risk of their lives! But our search which lasted several hours was in vain; and after traveling till dark on and around the bluff without finding any mysterious opening or cave, we concluded that we would look for a good camping place, and return home next morning, and report that, as we knew beforehand, the story of the nine dead men and the ten whales is an Indian yarn. Just before

retiring for the night one of the Indians ascended to the summit of the mountain and fired off the two barrels of his gun to arouse as he said the ghost from his lethargy in case he should be asleep. The report of the gun was heard by several Hesquiat Indians who were camped three miles away from the foot of the mountain.

We enjoyed ourselves capitally on the top of the famous mountain. We spent a most pleasant night around a large fire which our guides had started and which they kept going till morning. However, we suffered considerably for the want of water as none can be found beyond midway of the large mountain.

November 3.—Our descent from the mountain, which we commenced at daylight, was very pleasant till we came within an hour's walk from the water's edge. Then we stood before precipices frightully deep which delayed our return home for several hours, as we had repeatedly to return on our tracks and find other paths. At last we arrived at the spot where we had left our canoe the day before with no other mishap save that my Newfoundland dog, which we had taken along as a bodyguard, had fallen into one of the ravines mentioned above and could not be gotten out.

We arrived at the mission about dusk. Our mission flag was hoisted at the stern of our canoe as a sign of victory of the Cross over pagan superstitions. Upon our landing no Indians could be seen outside of the houses; only one man came to meet us. He was a young fellow who had backed out of his promise to accompany us the day before, and upon seeing us come home alive the first remark which he made was to the effect that now he was convinced that the Indian belief and legends were pure inventions.

November 4.—Great excitement and confusion. I had no visitors to-day.

November 5.—This being Sunday quite a number were at Mass. I availed myself of the opportunity to speak again against their superstitions and bring in a few items about our trip to the mountain, and finished by exhorting them to abandon their old Indian, pagan belief.

After Mass one of the chiefs invites the tribe to his house, where speeches are made by all the most influential men, who exhort their friends to hold on to the old faith and pagan customs. In proof of their being on the side of truth they give as a proof the loss of my Newfoundland dog. The priest was not hurt and came back alive because he is a bachelor and continent.

November 6.—Having sent a couple of Indians to look after my dog, with the promise of a pair of blankets in case they can bring him back alive, the brute is brought home in sound condition.

The Indians say very little, but I notice that their minds are not calm.

November 10.—It is reported that the leaders of the tribe are using all means in their power to keep their influence over the people, and are making speech after speech to the young men to stick to the old practices.

I am having a great time here. I noticed before now that when the Bishop appointed me to come to this coast I was getting charge of a great parish. Their superstitions are so numerous and so absurd that they are almost incredible. Just think of it! they won't allow us again to have any salmon for fear

that I might fry it in lard, or boil it in an iron pot! I will get the better of them anyway—to-morrow I will go out fishing myself, if the weather permits.

November 11.—I asked a couple of boys to come with me and have a canoe ride on the bay. I took along a line and a spoon bait. Before speaking of my good luck I must first state that yesterday I had sent a young man for a salmon and had paid three fishhooks for it. The owner of the salmon was out at the time, so the messenger simply told the woman in the house that he was taking one of the "sacred" fish for the priest and in due time he gave it to me. However, when the owner of the salmon came home he was told that one was missing. He at once called three of his friends to accompany him to my house, and seeing the now famous salmon about to pass under the knife, he sprang forward, took it away and throwing to me the three fishhooks he went his way growling.

This upset me so much that, as said above, I resolved to go out fishing myself.

As soon as I got away from shore with my boys I threw out a line and spoon-bait, when lo! after a few minutes we caught a fine large salmon. I did not care to get any more and so I returned to the village.

Upon landing, I called the dog and putting the salmon into a basket, which mode of carrying such fish was against the rules, the brute took the basket up and preceded me home. Of course no Indian would attempt to molest the large, faithful animal. Quite a number of men and chiefs assembled in my house, and protested against my using a knife or frying-pan. I took no notice of their protestations and proceeded with my work, my only aim being to show that their superstitions were absurd and to try by all and every means to get them to give them up.

November 14.—A young man, Clawish, has gone out to the inlet, a great place for salmon, and proposes to let us have some in spite of the opposition of the tribe.

Toward evening a couple of young men come to the house with some salmon. I notice that the head is cut off, and the fish split open—perhaps too the fish is not fresh. I send them off with my compliments, for I have been told that the superstitious observances are only applied in the case of fresh salmon not yet beheaded or cut open.

November 20.—Clawish brings us a supply of fresh salmon. It is easy to notice the feelings of indignation of the old people, but they are afraid to do more than make a few remarks of remonstrance, owing to the presence of seven white men, who have just arrived, and propose to go prospecting to Machelat Arm for gold, and on our peninsula for coal.

At a meeting of the tribe the chief speakers predict famine for the rest of the winter.

November 25.—After a spell of stormy weather the sea has become calm and the Indians have gone out fishing. The salmon is abundant—hundreds of the large fish are brought to the camp.

November 30.—A second meeting of the chiefs took place last night. When everyone was in bed one of the chiefs sent a messenger to awaken all the inferior chiefs and call them to his house. The great subject anent the salmon was discussed, most of the men inclining to give up the superstitions and make peace with the "priest."

"Tom-Sick Lepieds," a famous old cripple, and a notorious thief and rascal, is arrested by the local Indian policemen. He is accused and found guilty of stealing an old blanket, a piece of tobacco and one yard of Indian beads. He was condemned by the chief constable to pay a fine of two new blankets, within one week from date. If not paid within the time mentioned, Tom is to return to the courtroom of the Mission-house, and submit to having his hair cut off and his head shaven.

The theft was committed during Mass on the occasion of the blessing of the church.

December 5.—I went to Barclay Sound with six men in an Indian canoe, according to orders received from His Lordship, Bishop Seghers. I made arrangements with the Indians of that Sound, about establishing a mission. The spot which I selected is Namukamis, the property of the Ohiat Indians.

Upon my arrival here early in the morning, we noticed quite a number of people sitting before the houses as is their wont.

One of them got up and made a speech. My guides told me that he was insulting us and objected to our landing; that they wanted no priest and could take care of themselves without the help of the white men.

We had noticed on our travels that the Indians on this coast have a horror of having what they say written down. So I quietly took a pocketbook and pretended to write down the gist of the savage's speech. Whereupon he stopped at once and disappeared behind one of the houses. We then quietly landed, were invited to enter the lodge of the chief, and were kindly received by him and his family.

All the Indians assembled in the chief's large house about noon, and after baptizing the newly born children I explained to the meeting the object of my visit.

The Indians rejoiced at the idea of having a resident priest in their neighborhood and the chief told us so in a neat speech, adding that we could have all the land we required for the purpose, and make our own selection as to locality.

December 21.—Upon my return home Rev. Father Nicolaye reports everything orderly in Hesquiat.

December 26.—We had midnight Mass. Nearly all the men of the tribe were present, but only very few women. At midnight Mass, which I sang myself, I preached on the mystery of the day.

AN INDIAN HOUSE AND SOME OF ITS TENANTS.

December 27.—The young men, I am reliably informed, are all, with very few exceptions, doing the "oseniecli."

The oseniecli (or osenietcli) is a religious practice resorted to by all the Indians of this coast, and is considered to be of the greatest importance and necessity. It is a mode of praying, transmitted from one generation to another.

After inquiries made of different individuals I discovered that the Indians do not all have the same way of performing this religious practice. Yet they all consider it necessary as a preparation for everything of great importance, be it the hunt, the war, or the like.

They address a mysterious being—one they call "Wa-we-meme," who dwells over the mountains—to him they pray for whales, sea-otters, seals, bears and the like.

Kwa-yetsmimi is the favorite of the medicine men, and all the people have recourse to him for health.

We'a Kwaitliume, to be strong and successful at war—to be brave and overcome their enemies.

They have also one whom they ad-

dress to give them abundance of fish and is called Wawitt-illsois.

When the sun rises and just before he sets, young mothers pray to that orbit for a happy delivery at child-birth. One of the main rules to be observed is to go inside the house just before sundown and not to go out again for fear of harm. The moon is also prayed to. But one man told me that his uncle who initiated him, made him pray to a being—not mentioning the name or locality of its existence—who had it in its power to give him sea-otters, seals, etc.

When they are at sea in bad or dangerous weather they pray to a queen "Wakoui"—in, above or beyond the seas. They ascribe to her the heaving or swelling of the waves. Then they shout out to her asking her to cause the waves to calm down.

With some Indians the "osenieclí" is a very severe performance. They fast four days, are up at night and dive in the sea four times each night, four different times at a turn, and as they rise above the waves, they speak out in shout-like utterances asking for sea-otters or the like that they may become rich or big chiefs. Others have only two nights on the sea, and they confine themselves to swimming and praying as above. Others again do not take to the salt water at all.

But bathing in fresh water is required by all and in all cases—by some, four days; others, only two—however, every one goes in turn apart from the tribe and the company of his friends to pray. As a rule the savage goes to the woods, strips naked alongside of a stream or a clear pool of water and then rubs his body with a kind of grass, of brushwood or roots, leaving in many cases the marks on his body and not seldom drawing blood from his cheeks and chest. The number of bunches of this "charm" varies according to the instructions received from the one by whom he has been initiated. During all the time that he rubs his body and members thereof he constantly repeats in short shout-like accents a formula of prayer expressing the object he prays for, be it sea-otters, seals, health, bravery or what not.

You will often find in the neighborhood of where the Indian goes to pray a skeleton, bunches of charms, of weeds put together in a bunch and also small cedar sticks put up to represent a man with a spear in his hands aimed at a bunch of fern-roots or the like, representing a fur seal.

Then the savage has in his house his own medicine (charm), which he keeps sacred and uses as circumstances, in his opinion, call for. He keeps them from the view of other Indians, hides them with care and only in extreme cases, such as the dangerous sickness of a child, does he make a display of them. One of our Indians the other day, either through pride or with some other object in view, perhaps the appeasing of the bad spirit who was in his sick little boy, exposed his "charms" before all those present in his house—the subject was very much talked about.

The charms which the Indians keep concealed are the bones of dead people, also hair, nails of the hands, beaks of birds, feathers, etc., etc.

I know an Indian who went sealing the other day, and as he left he opened the coffin of an old woman, cut or plucked out one or both of her eyes, put them in his pocket and when he arrived at the sealing ground he took them in his hands and rubbed his face with them in the region of his eyes as a means to best clear them and discover from a great distance the seals as they were sleeping on the waves.

When the Indians do the "osenieclí" they have recourse to a great many ways besides those mentioned above; but they all amount to very much the same thing and can all be ranked under the name of superstitious practices. The old people preach strict continence to the young men; and none, who do not live apart

from their wives, can expect to be successful in the pursuit of whales or fur seals. As a preparation the time limit is ten months for whales and five calendar months for fur seals. This mode of living is only to be given up when the hunting season is at an end.

In order to avert evil the Indians have recourse to different means. On the occasion of an eclipse I have known them to throw baskets of food into the sea, at the same time uttering a formula of prayer. I have also in unfavorable weather at sea, seen them throw food on the waves; heard them blow a whistle which they use on the occasion of the "wolf" festivities. After a bad dream about a child, the parents of the child paint its face red, burn a blanket, calico, prints or something of the kind to appease the bad spirit or their divinity.

January 10, 1877.—About midnight we were called up by about half a dozen Hesquiat Indians, who, coming from the inlet, brought the news of chief Nitaska's death. Nitaska, although not the head chief of the tribe, was considered as the most influential man here and was renowned all along the coast. He was a fine orator.

At the request of the messengers we rang the church bell and in a few minutes nearly all the men of the tribe were at the mission buildings.

The excitement was immense. The shouting and the unearthly cries of the people at this unusual hour of the night frightened both women and children.

IN OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

Directly, speeches began to follow the first excitement. They all amounted to the same sentiment: "Nitaska is not dead, for he has children." The man is supposed to have been swamped as he passed in his canoe too close to a well-known whirlpool, where several Indians are said to have been drowned.

January 11.—Nitaska's death is a great event in this region. All the tribe are crying and general gloom hangs over the village. The dead man was evidently a great favorite and very much liked.

As for us, we consider his death almost a blessing for our work. The man's influence was too great and he was inclined to work against us as regards the conversion of the people.

The Indians say that his body is not in the salt water because, if it were in the sea, there would not be any herring, whereas to-day there are immense schools of the fish up the inlet.

Availing themselves of the state of mind of the Indians, three medicine-women go into trances and predict the death of the second chief of the tribe. This gives his parents considerable uneasiness.

This, I am told, is an old dodge of that class of impostors. Their object is to get presents from the relatives or parents of those whose death they predict—which being given, death does not occur!

January 24.—One medicine-woman caused a deal of excitement in the tribes this morning. She just came out of the tent, her head covered with down, dancing and shaking her head as one who has fits, and meanwhile spitting out mouthfuls of blood. In this state she rushes into the homes of the three first chiefs, predicts death for the sons of the families and causes general alarm. One of the families gives her a blanket, another a bladder of whale oil; but the third, more sensible than the others, takes no notice of her doings. At last she retires, to the great relief of the credulous.

January 27.—One Indian having died after a few days of sickness, the cause of his death is explained as follows: his dog (the dead man's dog) was a few days previous sleeping alongside of his master. At daylight the dog went outside and began to howl. . . A few days later the man took sick and soon died. Hence the cause of his death is ascribed to the howling of the dog.

January 28.—Subsequent to the drowning of Nitaska a short time ago, Townissim, the father of the would-be murderer, Matlahaw, got into unexpected trouble. Nitaska was the leader of a crew who had taken the old chief Townissim to the police authorities in Victoria. He was a rival of the first chief, Townissim, and had been instrumental in capturing him and removing him to jail.

The old people ever since the death of their favorite, Nitaska, felt very morose, and some of the most wicked spread the news and attributed the accident to the fact that chief Townissim, ever since his return from Youil, had constantly prayed for the death of Nitaska. Hence they secretly resolved to kill him! But secrets among Indians are likely to leak out, and so it happened in this case.

The plan for killing Townissim was very simple. A day was determined, a Sunday after High Mass. A feast was announced to take place in one of the houses; all the Indians were to be present; whilst they would be eating, a daring old warrior was to get up without warning and stab the old chief; that was to be a signal for others to get up and stab him to death.

Just before Mass a young Indian, a relative of the chief, walked into my house downhearted and looking despondent. He told me about the events that were to take place and pleaded for my interference. I sent for the old chief and cautioned him against going to the entertainment. I need hardly add that he strictly followed my instructions.

Next I sent for the man (Tsokwit) who was to commit the murder and put him on his guard. He did not deny his evil intentions and that of the tribe. But after a good deal of reasoning he promised that he would not commit the crime. However, the old chief more than ever abstained from going out alone after dark. And then, whether day or night, he always carried a weapon concealed under his clothes.

March 1.—Ever since the beginning of last month, with the exception of the last three days, the Indians have been unable to go out fishing and have suffered very much from hunger. This circumstance I made use of to make the Indians understand that the idea that chiefs will send food—whales or fish—to their relatives from the other world after their death was absurd. Nitaska was a great chief and yet sent no whale or food to his starving Hesquiat relatives. I am almost losing patience and use every opportunity to impress on their minds the idea that they will have to renounce their old pagan belief.

March 8.—There arrived here last night four Kyuquot men on a very important errand. As they walked into our Indian room, they presented a most alarming appearance. Their faces were painted black with a red circle around their eyes. Their only covering was a piece of blanket around their waist and in their hands they held Indian muskets pointed as if ready for shooting. They were followed by a number of my Hesquiat Indians, who were suspicious of evil designs on the part of the visitors, and were prepared for any emergency. One of the strangers, acting as spokesman, placed the butt of his gun on the floor and held it with one hand whilst with the other he made indescribable gestures. Then his chest began to heave, and, panting for breath, he at last spoke out in a loud coarse voice. He had big news to tell. His son, a lad whom I knew well, was missing. The report had it that whilst on his way from Puget Sound to his home in Kyuquot, his canoe had capsized when off one of the Nittinat villages at the entrance of the Straits of Fuca. Thence, having reached shore alive, he and three of his companions had traveled on foot with the object of reaching one of the Ohiat villages near Barclay Sound. This was only a report, but the speaker, the father of the young man and a very influential man at home, was of opinion that by this time his young son was with the Ohiat Indians. This idea seemed to have a great effect on the state of his mind. However, he added that, if his son had been maltreated by the Nittinat Indians or killed by them, two hundred warriors of the Kyuquot tribe would come on the warpath and avenge the death of the young chief.

The four men here now are a detachment of a crew of twenty men now camped at Vamis and detained by head winds. They intend to walk back to the spot where they left their friends and then sail to the Nittinat coast, as soon as the weather allows.

March 20th.—This day is marked by a welcome change in the condition of the natives. Since the 5th of the month, the Indians had been unable to go fishing and had very little food in their houses. They were actually starving and their little children crying for food. You can see the misery on the faces of both old and young. The oldest people assert that within their memory they have never been in such a state of distress. To-day, the weather being fine, an abundance of herrings and salmon are brought to the camp.

As regards the spiritual state of the tribe it is worse than ever. They blame me for the absence of food. They laugh at the doctrine which I teach. I gain nothing by making the sign of the Cross. I am neither a white man nor an Indian. I am the (Chig-ha) devil!

March 25.—This day, Palm Sunday,

YOUNG INDIAN MOTHER.

Rev. Father Nicolaye left after Mass for Barclay Sound (Ucluliat), there to join a schooner which is soon expected to sail from thence to Victoria. Complaints of illness are the cause of his departure. I am under the impression that the poor father is not really sick, but is sick at heart to see the discouraging state of affairs here. And indeed our position would almost make an angel lose heart and courage. Solitude, we have not seen a white man since October; we have not received any mail for several months; our provisions are nearly all gone and what remains is of the poorest kind. And our Indians are as bad, and as much attached to their pagan ideas and superstitions as before we commenced our work and took up our residence here. Father Nicolaye left me. God bless the poor man and restore him to health!

I am now again alone with not a friend to speak to!

March 30.—There is some rejoicing in the camp since this morning, when a canoe of visitors brought the news that there was scarcity of provisions and a great deal of distress in all the villages on the coast. When our Indians meet with misfortune they always feel much relieved when they hear that others of their class have met with misfortune also. Hence, my people feel good to-day, because they have not alone suffered for want of provisions, but other tribes have fared as badly as they themselves.

April 28.—Rev. Father Nicolaye arrived back from Victoria about midnight per Indian canoe. He seems to be completely recovered.

He brought orders from the Bishop that I must leave at once and report in the episcopal city, where a synod is to be held.

The canoe which brought the father took me to Clayaquot where I found the schooner "Anna Beck," Douglas Warren in command.

May 15.—I arrived back at the mission to-day about noon. With the exception of Father Nicolaye all the priests of the diocese were present at the synod.

May 20.—To-day, Pentecost Sunday, all the Indians are at Mass, save three men and a few women. As I had told them on Easter Sunday that I would call on this day for the names of those who would be baptized, I received ninety-four men and women on the list of candidates for baptism. It is evident that the movement is too general to be worthy of confidence. All the medicine-men and women offer themselves as candidates for instruction as a preparation for the sacrament of regeneration.

January 5, 1878.—I arrived here yesterday from Namukamus, Barclay Sound, where I had been since the 24th of last August, superintending the building of a new mission to be dedicated to Almighty God, under the patronage of St. Leo the Great.

Before leaving for the Yukon River, Alaska Territory, the Right Rev. C. J. Seghers commissioned me to go and superintend the building of the new mission. Consequently I left Hesquiat at the end of July, and went to Victoria in order to make the necessary preparations and engage a reliable carpenter. Rev. Father Nicolaye, for whom the new mission was to be built, remained meanwhile in Hesquiat, and attended to my Indians and work there.

I left Victoria on the schooner "Favorite," Hugh McKay captain, on the 23d of August, accompanied by a French-Canadian carpenter called Morrin, and arrived the next day in a small bay on Copper Island opposite the Sarita Valley and river. From there we went and carried in canoes our provisions and tools, and selected a spot for the buildings close to the Namukamus Village.

Our first work was to put up a small cabin, 12x12 feet. This was to be our residence for over four months. The walls of our cabin were made of flooring, the roof of flooring and the floor was mother-earth. As it happened, the

weather turned out to be very moist. For three months we were living as if in a cloud; it rained day and night. It soon appeared that our roof was not close, the water freely streaming through the crevices, and as the wind occasionally blew quite lively, we soon found out that our walls were not much of a protection against the dampness of the season. Our cabin was built on a slope and the water streaming from the hill above found its way to the Pacific Ocean over our uncovered floor. No wonder that our carpenter would make the remark now and again: "that only for our strong constitutions we could not stand it."

My work was to look after the Indian laborers and do the cooking. We had a bunk on each side of the cabin, a stove in the middle, and a small table and a bench at the end of the room. Under the bunks we stowed our provisions—bacon, potatoes, rice and beans. The flour we kept in a small barrel as a protection from the mice which infested our odd dwelling. I made bread as often as required. The Indians we fed on biscuit and molasses. One morning, having neglected to cover the bucket in which we kept our molasses over night, I found twenty-four mice drowned in the sweet stuff. I carefully picked them out, unseen by the Indians, who afterward continued to enjoy their molasses and biscuit as if nothing had happened. The Indians, unaccustomed to a white man's food, enjoyed their fare immensely. The carpenter also was satisfied with my culinary efforts, and altogether we had rather a pleasant time.

We squared the logs for the new building which was 64x26 feet; twenty feet being walled off for the residence of the priest in charge. The work of the Indians consisted in cutting down the trees, next picking them with their axes, and after the carpenter had finished squaring them, taking them down to the site of the building. We found all the timber which we required on the spot. We even made the shingles ourselves—and with the exception of the flooring and window cases no lumber was used from the saw mills. It was slow work, yet it was pleasant to see a lot of wild men at work and to hear from morning till night the noise of the axe or hammer in this wild part of the world.

THREE MACHELAT MAIDENS.

I said the first Mass in the new building on Christmas Day, and Rev. Father Nicolaye having arrived at his new residence on New Year's Eve, I left on the second day of the year for Hesquiat in the canoe which had brought my former assistant to his new field of labor.

From the beginning of this year all the

Indians of Barclay Sound and down to Port San Juan inclusive will be attended to from St. Leo's Mission, of which Rev. P. J. Nicolaye is the first resident pastor.

Before taking charge of his new mission of Barclay Sound, Rev. Father Nicolaye gave me a short account of the conduct of the Hesquiat Indians during my five-months' absence, of which the following is a synopsis.

He continued to preach Sunday after Sunday against the Indians' superstitious worship and the Indian medicine-men. He told them that none could expect to be baptized except they would first abandon their superstitious practices. In a moment of fervor forty men and women resolved to comply with the conditions and gave in their names. Before ten days had elapsed ten of the number had transgressed the rules. In a few days more, sickness having broken out in the settlement, recourse was freely had to the medicine-men and women. In short, when he left for his new mission only seven had remained faithful. The struggle between good and evil is very great. The old people are most determined to frustrate our plans of converting the tribe. Two of them—Eskowit and Eagakom—have declared that they will kill the priest in case their sons come to die with sickness without having consulted the medicine-men or women —that is, if they have acted at the instigation of the priest.

A young man—Nagokwit—one day entered the house and began to abuse Father Nicolaye. Next he raised his hand to strike the Father, but he was pushed back and prevented from carrying out his design by some friendly Indians who happened to be present.

January 15.—On the feast of the Epiphany very few Indians were at Hesquiat, almost all the tribe being at the time fishing at the head of the inlet.

The weather being better last Sunday all the men came to Hesquiat to attend church; there were also quite a number of women.

It is evident that the people would like to be good and become Christians, but their prejudices are too strong yet and their superstitions too deeply rooted. I notice that the leaders against us and those who follow their instructions most closely are ashamed of themselves; most of them keep out of my way altogether.

The few who are preparing for baptism are young men and three young women. The old people are once more holding up their old superstitions as regards the winter salmon. There was a row on account of some of the most reasonable threatening to use their iron pot as a utensil for boiling fresh salmon.

January 22.—A dead whale was found on the beach this side of Estevan Point. It is cut up by the natives who reside here at this time of year—every one helps himself the best way he can—almost all the chiefs and the rightful owners of a share of the big fish are absent at the inlet—these, upon hearing the news of the stranding of the fish hurry to Estevan Point, but find that very little is left for them. This greatly enrages them and trouble is imminent. However, they confine themselves to going from house to house and taking away all the blubber they come across. This amounted to very little, for the thieves had concealed the principal part of their booty in the bush with the expectation of fetching it home when the excitement is over.

January 25.—I am informed that most of the blubber of the famous whale is now being boiled and the oil pressed out away in the bush.

March 1.—Since the middle of January there has been great scarcity of food. Owing to the easterly gales which commenced last October and which have not been interrupted by fair weather except for a few days about New Year's, the Indians all along the coast have been unable to go out fishing. As the natives of this coast have no food except fish, and several tribes had been unable to lay in a provision of dry salmon last

season, it follows that those tribes are almost starving—and all, without exception are very hard up. The second chief of the tribe, a nice young fellow, came to my house to day, about noon. He told me in a pathetic tone that my dog had entered his house and had taken away a piece of whale blubber, the only food there was left for him and his parents, and asked me to lend him some flour so that they might have a decent meal for a day or two. The flour was given with a good heart and the poor fellow went away rejoicing. I find it very hard and painful to see the sufferings of these people for want of food.

March 3.—The state of the weather becomes more satisfactory and the Indians avail themselves of it to go out fishing. Any amount of salmon is caught in the inlet and at Hesquiat.

The superstitions are as strong as last year. The old people are desperate and most abusive against anyone who ventures to trangress the old customs. But quite a few of the young people do not mind them.

March 11.—To-day a young fellow was whipped by the police for running away with his uncle's Indian wife.

March 14.—The Indians are drying salmon. This was never done before on this coast. The Indian basket is also used to carry the famous fish to the houses from the canoes. The number of those who got over the superstitions regarding the winter salmon is so great that the advocates of the ancient practices give up in despair the idea of trying to keep them alive any longer.

A canoe arrives from Clayoquot and reports the Indians of those parts in very great distress, owing to the lack of food.

One of their number, the Juggler, who claims the power to make the herring flock to their harbor by incantations and superstitious means, finds himself disappointed, not one herring having thus far been seen in the neighborhood. A few days ago he ordered the Indians out in their canoes, having noticed, as he thought, by the appearance of immense flocks of sea-gulls, that the herring was coming in shore. He claimed credit for this *event*, but in the evening the canoes came back disappointed. Hence his father and his nearest relatives in public speeches put the blame on one vicious young fellow who last year had crushed with a stone the head of a fresh herring!

April 13.—This beautiful weather of the last two weeks, and which will continue fine, puts an end to the destitution of the Indians. There is an abundance of salmon, codfish, halibut, rock cod, etc.

The women had, since the beginning of the famine through bad weather and rain, gone out to their different fern and wild clover patches to dig up fern, clover and other roots for the food of their families. Now they look happy and contented as they cut up the fish, hang it up to dry in the sun or prepare it for the use of their households.

April 14.—I received this morning intelligence of the death of Pope Pius IX.—R. I. P.—and the accession to the pontifical throne of Leo XIII. The late Pope died February 7.

April 17.—There was an Indian marriage to-day; this is not the first or most important since I resided here. The marriages of the Indians of this coast are arranged by the parents of the young people; at least this is the general rule. Girls who have both parents alive are preferred to orphan girls, and the daughters of chiefs or wealthy people are generally preferred to those of inferior Indians. The fact is, the Indian is essentially a speculator. The parents of the young man are in favor of a girl who has both parents alive because they hope that these parents will continue to support their daughter by giving her presents, clothing and other useful articles. In many cases the wish of the young man is not much considered. He is told by his parents or guardians that they are going to propose to a certain girl, and, as a rule, he consents. Then com-

mences a number of secret visits of the elders, small articles are given as presents, good humor, kindness, are all had recourse to, when at last the parents of the would-be benedict invite the girl's parents and nearest relatives to a sumptuous meal. If the secret has leaked out they almost invariably decline the invitation; but the food, in all cases most abundant, is then carried to their houses. Sometimes it is returned, in case the girl is to be refused and no union is to take place. In other cases it is partaken of, but yet the news reaches the parents of the boy that their plans are to be frustrated, and another article, generally of food, is returned to make up for that already consumed. If the invitation is accepted or the food distributed to the nearest relatives, it is a sign that there will be a marriage.

Shortly after the preparatory step, two or three important men go, still on the sly, and make more open proposals. If no answer is given, it is a good and favorable sign. Without much delay quite a crowd of the most important men approach the girl's parents or guardians, and speak plain and open language that everybody may listen to. It consists of first extolling the dignity and importance of the relatives of the future bride and then giving a word of recommendation in the same vein to the would-be bridegroom.

Sometimes an answer is given, but as often the speakers are quietly told to retire to their houses. This means that the matter is settled. The girl very often is not consulted, but it is almost sure that she will not live with the young man except she feels like it. Threats, entreaties and all kinds of means will have no effect in many cases on even young girls when they have made up their mind to marry somebody else. Yet the marriage ceremony must take place if the parents have not positively refused their assent to the union.

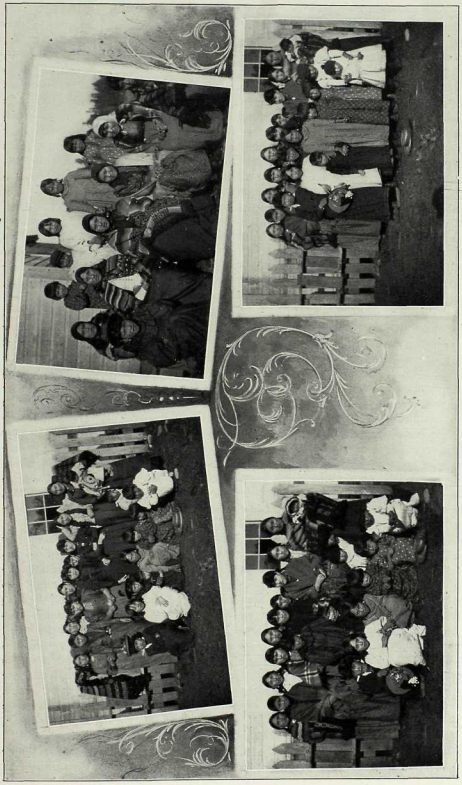
It commences by a crowd of people gathering on the beach and walking in the direction of the house of the girl's parents or guardians. They advance to the measure of the tambourine, the women covered with feathers and their faces painted. They all sing some of their old songs, and now and then one or more of the women raise their voices above all the surrounding "vacarm" and unearthly noise. They stand for a moment on their heels and swing their bodies about, at the same time stretching out their arms, over which hang their red and colored blankets, and then they proceed to their destination. To the looker-on, from a distance, it presents a savage, yet an attractive scene.

At last they all stop before the bride's residence, or the house where the union is to be declared and contracted. One of the important men acts as orator. For hours and hours he stands at the head of the crowd, his face turned towards the residence of the girl's parents. He talks and talks, mentioning the reasons why and how; the noble deeds of the forefathers; the importance of the clan! Call it flattery? Why, in most cases it is rank untruth. But never mind, his object is to please, and he must obtain it. I have seen them and heard them two and three days, talking all the while before a house, whether there was anybody in it or not. To a civilized being, it was the greatest entertainment possible.

While this is going on, one of the men, from time to time, walks up to the door of the house and places one, two or more blankets before it. Then there is a discussion, and again more blankets are presented. The nearest relatives are included in the recipients of presents.

At last it all finishes by the word being passed that the girl is given to the boy to be his wife and a stop is put to the ceremonies.

The age at which Indians marry varies, but it is an unusual case when a young woman is not married before she is sixteen years old. Many of them are joined in wedlock at thirteen and fourteen years.



HESQUIAT, B. C.—CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The young men now marry when they are about sixteen or seventeen years old, but I am told that in the past it was the custom to postpone looking for a wife for a young man who was below twenty or twenty-two years.

As said above, the girls are not openly consulted in matrimonial matters; their mothers, however, or aunts, or other near relatives are generally informed privately and do a great deal of persuading or dissuading of the future bride as regards accepting as a husband the one on whose behalf the advances are made. When the contracting ceremonies are over, it soon leaks out whether the girl will consent to live with her husband. If not, you will see on the face of the latter finger-nail scratches, or on his back a torn shirt, or other marks or expressions that his new life is a hard one, and that in an attempt to make love to her, who is supposed to be his wife, he has met with resistance and even hard treatment. This sometimes lasts for weeks, and then, after a worse scene than ever, the young man packs up and returns to his own home.

It is, however, unusual to have a union broken off so peremptorily. In most cases it is only a bluff. Indians are very touchy, and in matrimonial cases they are very much determined that their friends shall not find an occasion to jeer at them for having been left.

So then, after a time, new advances are made and a number of the most intimate friends of the discarded husband go in a body to the parents of the girl, make more speeches and especially more presents to the relatives of the girl, when, in all likelihood, the favorable answer will be given again. And so it goes on till the girl finally consents or gives unmistakable signs that she forever repudiates the idea of becoming the wife of the young man whom she has discarded from the beginning.

The Wedding Feasts.—When a favorable answer has been obtained the father or guardian of the young man sends a number of presents, especially articles of food, to the parents of his new daughter-in-law. Without much delay, the tribe are invited to a feast of food, at the end of which it is announced to all present that the occasion of the feast is the marriage of his daughter, the food having been sent by the guardians of his new son in-law. Meanwhile, the young wife has been entertained at a choice meal by her new parents-in-law, after partaking of which she returns to her parents' home. These, in their turn, a day or two later, take their daughter to her new home and deliver her over to her husband, at the same time making suitable presents of food, which are also partaken of by the whole tribe. Compliments are passed during the meal, and general rejoicings are engaged in. In the evening especially, the Indians assemble in the house where the young people reside, and sing and dance, and have a general good time.

It is always understood in the minds of the Indians that in case no offspring be born to the newly married couple it will be in order for the young man to separate from his wife and contract a new alliance. This is also the case where children are born, but die soon after birth. All Indians, without distinction, want an heir, and the old people especially will discard a daughter-in-law who is not the mother of at least one grandchild.

June 18.—There was one peculiarity about the marriage that took place yesterday. The young man for whom the ceremonies were gone through was absent in Nootka Sound during the performance, and he knew only upon landing that he is now a married man.

When marriages are contracted between parties of different tribes the ceremonies are about the same, save that the strangers come in their canoes, which they ornament with a symbol of some kind having reference to old-time ideas, or legends or important facts.

A singular case came to my notice with reference to a marriage of two par-

ties of different tribes. They were already married two days and the man had not yet spoken to his wife; in fact, he did not know which girl he was married to!

July 29.—Having made a trip to Victoria where I arrived June 20, Feast of Corpus Christi, I just returned and am sorry to learn that during my absence the greatest disorder has reigned in the camp. Some of the young men who, as I thought, were preparing for baptism were among the leaders.

September 1.—I have just made a trip to Djeklesat, and Mar tribes—the Kyuquots, the largest Indian settlement on the coast, were absent at Quatsinogh. I saw only a few of them and was informed that the tribe is very orderly and the people very anxious to have a resident priest.

September 15.—I went to Barclay Sound and saw Father Nicolaye at Namukamis. The Father seems to be making good headway amongst the Ohiat Indians.

With regard to the Hesquiats I must say that there is now not one Indian left, either man or woman, who has remained faithful to the conditions laid down as a preparation to baptism. Some have altogether returned to their superstitious practices, whereas the others are very unruly in different other ways.

October 6.—A dead whale is found on the beach at "Hole in the Wall." The Indians belonging to the outside camp bring the news to Hesquiat. The finding of a dead whale by the Indians is, as we have seen, always an occasion of great disturbance and trouble; and this is not an exception. An Indian called Manako-ah in protecting his piece received a bad cut on the arm from a young man called Nayokwit.

November 7.—From all accounts I am gaining in the esteem of the Indians. In their meetings my name is seldom mentioned with the angry feelings that it was last year. The motive may be that they have experienced that giving fish of every description and transgressing their old pagan rules does not affect their success at fishing The young men, however, are as usual addicted as ever to the superstitious mischief called "osenitcli." You can read it in their countenance, the skin having been rubbed off by the use of their charms.

November 16.—There was a severe thunder-storm to-day. There is now a light seen in the direction of the inlet. It is so similar to the light of a vessel that most of the Indians take it to be the light of some vessel in distress. A canoe went out, but was driven back by the storm.

November 17.—The light of yesterday turns out to be the light of a bush fire caused by lightning. This is taken as a proof that the thunder is not a bird, as birds do not make fires!

The fact is there was quite a discussion in my house about the thunder yesterday. The Indians maintain that it is an immense bird—the thunder-bird. One of the young men told me that Koninah, the third chief, was in possession of one of its wing-feathers. So I sent for the feather, but the young fellow came back disappointed, the chief having stated that he had not nor ever had had such a feather. The noise of the thunder is explained by the fact that the thunder-bird takes hold of a whale and in a struggle with the monster of the deep causes all the thundering reports.

The lightning is a reflection of the bird's eyes which it opens and closes in rapid succession. Others have it that the neck of the bird is surrounded by a being (Hé-étlik) of the shape of a snake which breaks loose and inflames and goes about scattering what we call the lightning. Others again say that the light comes from under the wings of the bird which becomes visible as the bird flaps its wings.

January 26, 1879.—Archbishop Seghers arrived here very unexpectedly a few days ago. He brought authentic news that he is to go to Oregon as Co-

adjutor *cum jure successioris* of Archbishop Blanchet.

Upon arriving, the Archbishop told me that he had come to baptize my Indians. I replied that none were fit to receive the sacrament. He insisted, and in order to avoid all further controversies I resigned for the time being, confining myself to the office of cooking. After a couple of days he commenced to see that it was premature to speak of baptism to most of the people. He thought, however that it was wrong to be over-exacting, both as to knowledge and conduct, and to-day ten Indians, six men and four women, received the sacrament of regeneration at the hands of the new Archbishop of Oregon.

All the Indians were present and the long ceremonies of the Ritual were followed.

January 27.—Archbishop Seghers left Hesquiat in an Indian canoe. I accompanied him.

February 9.—We stopped a day in Ahousat, where we assembled all the Indians in the chief's house. As usual the Ahousats were very noisy, but withal very friendly. We passed the other tribes, going direct to Namkamis, Barclay Sound, where we met the Rev. Father Nicolaye. On Sunday the Bishop blessed the new church of St. Leo. The weather was very stormy and most of the Indians who were living on Copper Island were unable to come across. Quite a few of the men were, however, present.

I arrived home with my Indians, having left the Bishop, who is on his way to Victoria, and thence to Portland, Ore., in the house of Father Nicolaye.

I have just returned from Victoria where I have made my usual purchases of clothing and provisions for the next twelve months. Nothing unusual has occurred these last three or four months. Upon my return home I learned that several of the Indians baptized by Archbishop Seghers have returned again to their pagan practices—only three or four have remained faithful. As I had foreseen this, it did not upset me much—in fact I had told his Grace that such would be the case; and as the Indians also mistrusted the would-be-Christians it caused very little scandal.

They are now, however, watching with some concern the conduct of one who was supposed to be sincere about his adopting Christianity. The fact is his wife has just given birth to a little boy, and every one watches the couple to see whether they will not have recourse to the Indian medicine-man or women.

Never within the memory of even the oldest people was a child born and not at once taken charge of by one or more "sorcerers." The children of the chiefs and important people are especially subjected to the superstitious treatment of those impostors.

As soon as the child is born, one or more are invited, or invite themselves to handle the poor little creature. A woman who expects to become a mother soon will be sure to live in the neighborhood of the medicine-women, or at least, she will move to where she can have easy access to them. Up to now the Indians were under the impression that a child cannot live except it be doctored Indian-fashion. There is no word to express how they will humble themselves and how slavish they will become in order to secure the services of the savage-doctor. If a young man is the son of a medicine-man or medicine-woman his chances for marriage are far superior to those who have no such dignitaries in their immediate household. The Indians told me that to become Christians, they could give up everything, but their "doctors" never!

The services of those impostors are called for and made use of at all times. Upon the birth of an infant several of them rush to the place. They all take hold of the newly-born, sing, squeeze its little belly, pretend to cast out the evil one and often exhaust the little one to death.

It requires some heroism in our neophytes to refuse to subject a new-born child to the treatment which up to now was considered of paramount importance by all the Indians of this extensive coast.

July 21.—The father of the child is a determined, good man; he has an amount of trouble with his relatives who all want him to take the "doctors." The infant is a weak child and gives doubtful signs of a long existence. This gives them a chance to find fault with him all the more. But he does not mind their suggestions or interference. In my own mind I can see the consequences if the infant should come to die; never would an Indian listen to us again under similar circumstances; for Indians are exceedingly fond of having an heir and passionately attached to their offspring.

I make daily visits to the newcomer, but he is not a great success!—and as he cries a good deal the people all say that it is because the evil one was not cast out by the "Sorcerers."

August 28.—I just returned from Kyuquot and other tribes. My instructions from Archbishop Seghers on the occasion of his last visit were to feel the pulse of the Kyuquots with regard to having a priest stationed at that place. Part of the Indians had moved to their river stations; however the chief and several of the most important men were still at "Akties," their summer residence.

The chief not only told me that he was anxious to have a resident priest, but besides promised to grant all the land required for the use of the missionary, free of charge.

Other important men also spoke and expressed their happiness at the idea of having a chance to have their children properly educated.

My opinion of the Kyuquots is that it will be hard to manage the old people; but as regards boys and girls, of whom there are hundreds, I consider it to be the very finest mission, not only on the island, but in the diocese.

December 3.—As said above, the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Indians is the idea that they will have to give up the Indian doctors or Sorcerers. I know a young woman who refused to marry a young man because he intended to become a Christian; the idea that he would object to her consulting the Indian "doctors" both for herself and children made her reject his advances for matrimony.

The Sorcerer is either a man or a woman—on this coast. Very few men are Sorcerers, but the number of women "doctors" is very large. In some tribes three-fourths of the women and in others one-half or a third—nearly all the the old women—claim some special talent in that line.

The Sorcerer does not deal in drugs nor use medicine for his patients. He does not study medicine as a preparation, but he is put up to become a Sorcerer by some relation of the craft, or sometimes through some motive of his own.

The starting-point is either a dream or a so-called vision or the discovery of something unusual in his wanderings on the beach or in the bush—then he will feign sickness and he retires to his couch. His friends pretend to be or are really alarmed. . . . He suddenly utters deep sighs or groans; does so repeatedly; then he jumps up, shaking his head—eyes closed—and intones a song supposed to have been taught by the one (a mysterious being) who inspired him to become a Sorcerer.

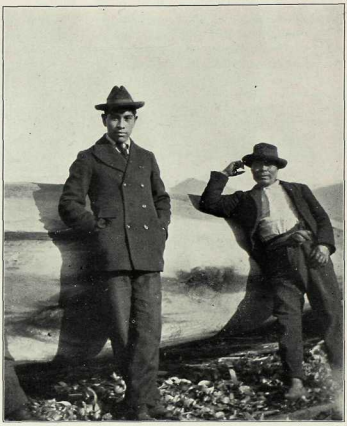
This is the announcement to the tribe that they have a new Sorcerer. The cases may differ in some of the details, but they all amount to the same.

We have one here just now—the first since I am stationed on the coast. He is a young, sickly fellow of a silent, morose disposition. He is the last Indian that I would have suspected of being inclined that way. But he is always sick and very likely he tries this dodge to get well; for Indians say that

when anybody is an invalid he will recover at once by becoming a Sorcerer.

The Indians have been talking a good deal of their new "doctor"; they say that he pulled a snake out of his abdomen and that he will walk on the salt water as if it were "terra firma." They also say that he walks on the branches of trees to their very extremity, and thus passes from one tree to another.

As I always strive to draw good out of evil, so I tried to do in the present case. Nothing like facing the enemy—it may be hard at first, but it is the only way to convince for the future.



A HESQUIAT BOY AND AN ELDERLY MAHAPE INDIAN.

So I defied the hero of all the Indians' talk. And on Sunday I told them what I thought of such impostors and of those who take their part.

Next Sunday, Nov. 9, about four o'clock in the morning, I was aroused from my slumber by the loud voices of Indians and the noise made by their new Sorcerer. He was on the top of a tree and at times barked like a dog or croaked like a raven, then he would strike up a song or work his rattles to attract the attention of the stupefied savages.

At Mass-time Michel, the head of the only family now faithful to their baptismal promises, came to see me in a despondent mood. I think I felt as bad as he did himself, but I composed myself and sang High Mass as usual and preached on the Gospel of the day.

At noon all the Indians of the tribe were entertained by an old couple and during the repast they were unanimous in rejoicing at the fact of having a new medicine man. The old people especially were jubilant and availed themselves of the opportunity to commend their old superstitions to the rising generation.

I may here say that speculation was at the bottom of this general endorsement by the tribe of the new "doctor." For this his first appearance was the announcement that four days later he would make a gift-feast to the tribe and those who praised him most expected to be the most favored in his acts of generosity.

When the repast was coming to an end the father of the new hero went into the house and invited all those present to follow him behind one of the houses,

where his son would give proofs of his extraordinary powers.

Michel was called out by name. Like a man—a determined fellow, as he always was—Michel got up and all the people followed him outside, expecting to see him covered with confusion. He put his hand to his mouth and as he walked at the head of the crowd he prayed "that truth might triumph!"

We found the new medicine-man standing at the foot of the tree on which he had been doing his performances since the early morning. All the Indians arrived on the spot and stood around in a circle, none daring to approach the awe-inspiring juggler. Michel, however, being called upon to do so, went up to him. We at once noticed the preparations that had been made and showed before all those present that the initial step of the would-have supernatural powers was an utter failure. The trick consisted or was supposed to consist in the fact that the Sorcerer was, by incantations, to cause the lower branches of the tree, under which he stood, to bow down and thus enable him to reach them so that by taking hold of them he could climb up to the spot where he had caused the admiration of everybody in the early morning. Michel being close by noticed hanging from the lower branches a thin string which was not supposed to be there, and thus the trick fell through. One would think that the people upon noticing that they were imposed upon would walk away disgusted. But not at all—their boasting changed into anger and was followed by most unusual excitement.

Three days later the medicine-man made a gift feast (Potlach) to the whole tribe. When all the people were assembled he recommenced his wonderful(!) performances. Once more, Indian Michel was called upon and defied by the performer. He was equal to the occasion, and before long he was advised by a thoughtful friend to retire, leaving the whole assembly of pagan Indians covered with confusion. The feast went on and I was glad to learn that my good and faithful Indian friend came in for many and valuable presents.

I have written the above details with a feeling of disgust, but they will show, when paganism and superstition have disappeared from this coast, the blindness and obstinacy of heathens, before receiving the Gospel, and the amount of truth there is in the ancient saying, *mundus vult decipi*.

I have been asked, "Are there real sorcerers to be found amongst your people?" My answer is: If there are any I have never met or discovered them.

January 27, 1880.—Very extraordinary news! I received word that we have a new Bishop. I received indeed a letter dated October from Victoria in the handwriting of Father Brondel, late of Steilacoom, Washington Territory, inviting me to go to his Consecration, which was to take place in the Cathedral of Victoria, B.C., on the 14th of December of last year.

February 25.—An Indian arrived at the Mission from Barclay Sound and delivered a letter, with a portrait inclosed, of the new Bishop of Vancouver, the Right Rev. J. B. Brondel, D.D. The new prelate expressed his astonishment that I was not present at the great celebration of December 14th, when he received the mitre at the hands of Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers.

A great many events take place and great celebrations in the Church are had, but, although I would be happy to be present and witness them, I must forego the pleasure of taking part in them owing to the lack of communication. Our new Bishop will after a time understand the situation and in the present instance he will be astonished to learn that it was over a month after his consecration that I received the letter of invitation, to be present on the great occasion.

April 20.—I have just returned from Victoria, where I went to pay my respects

to Right Rev. J. B. Brondel, our new Bishop.

This visit was occasioned by a very disagreeable circumstance. Early in March the Indians became very dissatisfied and troublesome. The old people were finding fault and exciting the others at any and every chance. They now made up their minds that they would work on Sundays and ignore all the established rules. First they came to ask permission to go out fishing, and as they pleaded scarcity of provisions, the weather having been very bad, I allowed them to go out on one Sunday, and again on the following. On the third Sunday—there being now abundance of food in the village—they went out without leave. However, when the bell was rung for High Mass, they all came on shore and attended Mass. I warned them and insinuated that the trangressors of our Sunday law would be punished; that I could not punish them all, but that the one who would start the others would be the sufferer. After Mass a messenger came to tell me that all the men of the tribe were preparing to pull out their canoes. And indeed, upon looking out I saw about thirty canoes in a line and on a certain signal being given, they all pulled out together. This was very clever on their part, for I could not punish any single starter, as they all started together.

However, I walked down to the beach and I noticed that not only the men but even most of the women were bent on desecrating the Sunday. Only two or three of the Indian policemen had remained faithful. With their assistance I took away a number of nets, said a few words to the leaders, and walked back to the Mission. On my way a scuffle took place between the police and some of the worst of the lot. This I stopped without delay and without any harm being done save the tearing of a few shirts and the pulling out of a handful or two of hair.

When I got home I tried to take the matter coolly. But how could I? Here I was now nearly six years! And only one convert and two or three decent fellows, although heathens, besides! However, the Apostles fared still worse, and the missionaries in China and elsewhere have no better times. Nothing like persevering and fighting the matter through!

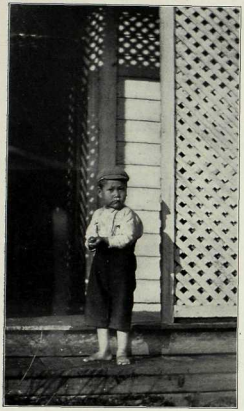
Now, then, the thought struck me to leave the place for a few Sundays, for what could I do were the same trouble to arise again the next Sunday? I was half victorious, as quite a few nets—the articles most necessary for the herring season now on—were in my possession.

I therefore resolved to make a trip to Victoria and see our new Bishop. His wise counsels and a talk with my fellow-priests there would give me new courage and light.

I secured a crew of six Indians, and, as usual, we travelled in an Indian canoe. The weather looked fine, but at this time of the year the nights are very cool when one must sleep outside on the shore or in the bottom of the canoe. And yet we could expect nothing else; for the next four or five nights we would be compelled to do so. When we came within sixty miles of Victoria the weather was bitter cold, but the sea, comparatively speaking, smooth. On the shore, though, there was considerable surf, and the northerly wind was very strong. We managed to paddle in shore, and as it was near midnight, my men concluded to make a landing. I was so crippled up with cold that I refused to go on shore, and preferred to pass the rest of the night in the bottom of the canoe.

One of my guides, hearing that my feet were actually freezing, turned about in the canoe and put the soles of his feet to those of mine. This had the desired effect of imparting heat to my chilly limbs and making me feel more comfortable, for the feet of our Indians are always warm, even when they walk barefooted through the snow.

I was aroused very early by the crowing of a rooster in the bush, and later on



"THE FATHER OF THE MAN."

I was amused to see one of my Indians, in his shirt tails, running everlastingly after the lonely rooster, which he caught at last and mercilessly killed. The bird had been left there by Indians of the neighborhood, who had, I suppose, stolen him from some farmer, and left him there to shift for himself, and who were in foggy weather guided by his fits of crowing, as a seafaring man is guided by the reports of a fog horn. We cleaned the rooster and ate him at breakfast.

I remained in Victoria three days with the new Bishop and the priests stationed there. During that time the weather had changed, and on our way back to the coast we had a favorable leading wind.

When we had made a little over a hundred miles, which we had done in less than three days and two nights, we came very near being drowned during a most severe storm. Both the Indians and myself had given up; the waves were immense, and rising like mountains threatened to engulf us at any moment. We all lay flat in the canoe, save the man in the stern, and at times our frail skiff stood almost perpendicularly up and down. At last we got on shore, being soaked with the brine of the sea. We camped on a small island, where we found a good supply of driftwood, and there we passed the night under *la belle etoile*, and as I lay under my blankets I wondered at the myriads of stars and admired the wonderful works of God, and after saying *Benedicite Stellæ Cœli Domino*, I managed to take some very much needed rest.

Next morning the wind and storm had abated so that we could make a little headway and pass the day in an Indian camp.

Three days later we arrived at Hesquiat, where the Indians were becoming uneasy on account of our prolonged absence.

The trouble they had given me before leaving seemed to have weighed heavily on their minds, and I was reliably informed that they were determined to avoid listening to the evil counsels of their wicked leaders who, without exception, are all old men and old women.

July 28.—Right Rev. J. B. Brondel made his first episcopal visit to the coast, and I am sorry to say I could not report *omnia prospera*. The Bishop seemed to be disappointed; he expected to receive a great reception and he would have been received with all the honors due to his rank. But my Indians with the exception of one family being still pagans, I thought it would look like hypocrisy to make them turn out and act as Christian Indians do elsewhere. I live in hopes that the time may yet come when our Bishop will be duly received here by Christian Indians.

July 30.—The Bishop called here on his way back from further along the coast. He was accompanied by Father Nicolaye,

and upon landing he introduced me to the Father as the future missionary at Kyuquot, sixty miles west from my Mission. Everything was arranged and the new Mission was to be put up without delay.

September 25.—These Indians are extraordinary people! There is an elderly man who of late has been giving a good deal of trouble to some of his old enemies. Several of them have come for protection and seem to be really alarmed. At the bottom of all the mischief complained of is an old threadworn blanket in the possession of the old man!

The Indian in question is a very troublesome individual. He has the name of having been a daring warrior and at home he has had many a quarrel and fight with the people of this tribe. At last he got tired of black eyes and bruised limbs, and so he had recourse to the following ruse: Early one morning he came back from a long walk on the seashore. He wore as usual an old blanket, his only covering. The old man was frothing at the mouth and his blanket was dripping wet, apparently with blood. He called his friends together and with a trembling, hoarse, voice he told them that at a short distance from the settlement he had come upon a strange object; it was at the foot of a large tree and it was bleeding profusely. Something seemed to tell him to take off his blanket and steep it in the red liquid. He impulsively did so and left the spot assured that he had now in his possession a "charm" that would render him invulnerable—an object that would serve him to defy his enemies, and whether at home or abroad, defeat them.

I had often heard the Indians speak of this blanket and tell me that the wickedness of the children of this man was to be ascribed to the fact that their father, immediately after their birth, had rolled the blanket around their tiny limbs and body and had otherwise besmeared them with juices extracted from his famous "charms." Not only that, the blanket had such mysterious qualities that it would be impossible to send a shot through it!

As there was now quite an excitement in the tribe about the wonderful blanket, in order to destroy any further belief in the obnoxious article, I sent the men who had a new grievance against the old fellow to tell him to come over to the Mission and see me. He came, but did not take along the mysterious covering. I had my gun in my hands and quietly told the poor fellow to go and get it, that I wanted to be convinced and that if I could not pierce a hole through it with my gun, the Indians would be justified in looking upon it with awe and dread.

There were now quite a number of people around to be witnesses of the results, but of course it all ended in confusion on the part of the old man; the others after some discussion returning to their homes convinced that they had all along been imposed upon.

It is slow work, but one after another the dark spots in the Indians' minds are being cleared off. A few more proofs of this kind will go a long way to make them look upon the old Indian yarns with misgivings, and truth will at last prevail.

There is general feasting going on just now. The festivities are called "Chookwahu." They remind one of the feasts of the "Mardi Gras" of Europe, and from time to time are indulged in by the tribes on the coast, especially during the winter season. The origin and the spirit of this feast are, I think, the same, although some of the details differ, in the several tribes of the west coast of the island. A chief or one of the leading men has prepared for the occasion. He must have a large supply of food and of blankets, for he is expected to feed all the people of the settlement during the festivities and to close them by making a gift to everyone who has been invited and taken part in them. These gifts consist in canoes, blankets, axes, fruit, calico, Indian beads, etc., etc.

The opening ceremonies are a banquet at which all the Indians are supposed to be present—one or more of them go outside and return immediately into the house and cause consternation in the assembly by reporting that a pack of wolves are to be seen at a short distance from the camp. The wolves are some of the young men running on all fours, imitating the step of wolves, and with a tail and ears, so that from a distance they resemble fairly well the much to-be-dreaded animal.

This is the signal for great excitement. The chiefs make speeches, the old warriors sound the alarm, songs are indulged in, fright is cast into the bosoms of old and young, and general notice is given, especially to the children, to be on their guard against the wolves.

On this and the four next days no work is to be done, and general rejoicing is indulged in. Banquets are given, and there is singing and dancing and joking, and all kinds of drolleries are the order of the day.

This is, however, interrupted by the appearance of wolves in the morning and towards evening. They are very bold; they make for some of the children—singled out before the time of the festivities and now purposely exposed to the danger—and take them away with them in the bush. The men of the tribe, seeing this, run into their houses, take up their guns and shoot them off as they run in pursuit of the fleeing wolves with their prey in their hands. You can now hear the shouts of alarm of mothers and old women . . . but after a while the excitement subsides and the general rejoicings recommence.

And thus the game continues for four days. Meanwhile the children that are taken away by the wolves are kept out of sight of the tribe. The mothers weep, the fathers are wild with grief. Everything is done to make the uninitiated believe that real wolves have carried away and devoured their children.

It is a matter of pride for a chief and for all his tribe to have the "Chookwahu" festivities take place. And no more important news can be communicated to a neighboring settlement. It travels all along the coast and compliments are extended by all and every friendly settlement.

In old times and even now on the coast there are tribes where ceremonies ending in mutilation, or at least wounding, are indulged in. But the wounding is received voluntarily and payment is made at the conclusion of the festivities. The occasion is suggested by the individual himself. He knows that as long as the "Chookwahu" is on, a man who fights or quarrels with his wife or strikes her is liable to have a spear passed through the skin of his arm, which, as a rule, causes profuse bleeding and much pain. This individual, I say, will purposely transgress this rule, whereupon a number of men enter his lodge, take hold of him and pass a sharp piece of iron or spear through the skin of his arm, which naturally enough causes fright and consternation in the bosoms of the women and children.

Being aware of this, I cautioned the people of this settlement against doing anything of the kind, but I can see nothing to find fault with at the present time. When I see the masquerades, cavalcades, historic processions, dramas, and other entertainments of our white populations abandoned and given up forever, it will be time enough to tell the Indians that they must give up the "Chookwahu" festivities.

On the fifth day, if it be fair weather, the Indians all dress up. The initiated know what is to take place. The wolves, as usual, come out of the bush. This time the children whom they had stolen away from their homes accompany them. The Indians get excited They pull down to the beach two large canoes, cover them with planks and the chiefs and men and women of a special rank, using this as a platform, slowly proceed over the water to within close distance where the

supposed wolves have charge of the children. They beat the drums, dance as they proceed, sing incantation songs, fire off their guns, and at a determined moment rescue the captive children and send the defeated wolves back into the bush.

The now rescued young people are naked, their only covering being small branches of trees and brushwood, and they are solemnly, amidst songs and general rejoicing, taken to the house of the chief, who gives the famous entertainment. The day is passed, without hardly any interruption, in this house. The children tell their experience in the home of the wolves, mention new names they are to take, and many other ceremonies too long and too numerous to mention are gone through.

The feast continues at this place nearly a full month—in other tribes it lasts only a week. It comes to a conclusion by the burning of the branch-covering of the children as they were rescued from the wolves; and finally by a "potlach," or a gift of presents by the chief who organized the festival, to all the members of the tribe.

July, 1881.—I have just returned home from Ahousat (eighteen miles from Hesquiat), where I built a small church with two rooms attached for use as house and sacristy.

To build a wooden church with the material I had at my disposition would puzzle many an architect. I had explained my plans to the Bishop, who sent me enough flooring and planks for the body of the building. Then I made the Indians get cedar, which we squared and used for sills, rafters and other necessary supports; lastly I enlisted the services of an old fellow who brought me a supply of cedar blocks, cut in two feet lengths, of which I made shingles to be used as a covering for the roof. Outside the building is neat, but the inside has the appearance of a common barn. I put up an altar and communion railing. But for the generous assistance of the natives I could never have finished the work by myself alone.

DISTRUSTFUL OF THE CAMERA.

I have been complimented on my work, but people cannot throw dust into my eyes—it is altogether a poor job; yet it will answer a useful purpose and has cost the best of only a few dollars.

I considered this place very necessary if I want to instruct the Indians of this tribe. Thus far I had done it in the house of the chief, but it was a terrible place.

The house of the chief was over one hundred feet in length by sixty in width. The corner posts were immense pieces of cedar twenty feet high; they were met on top by long sticks three feet through. One monster beam was laid across the centre and served as crosspiece to support the roof planks. With a fall, for rain and water, of only about two feet, the roof looks almost flat. This is now the form of all the Indian houses on this coast—immense places with almost flat roofs The sides are cedar planks fastened by ropes of cedar bark below and above. The cedar roof planks are chiseled out so as to leave a groove for the rain. In fine weather one of these planks is raised and shoved above its neighbor to let in air and give a place of exit for the smoke.

In this chief's house twelve different families had their home—twelve different open fireplaces supplied the room with smoke and heat. There were no windows in the house, although the crevices between the wall planks permitted some light to enter. How could I instruct these people in such a horrible place of filth and smoke?—not mentioning the noise made by the quarrelling of the women, the crying of children, the growling and fighting of dogs. . . . And then the immodest bearing of the numerous inmates! Yes! I required a place to try and do something for the Ahousat Indians, and I now rejoice that when I go there next season I will have a place of my own, no matter how poor and how undesirable it may look or be.

During my stay at Ahousat I was greatly amused to see a couple of young Indians taking their daily walk around the place with each a shoe on one foot only! The man wore a shirt with a blanket over his shoulders and the wife had also a blanket over her dress; both had their faces painted with red vermilion. I was told that the reason for this odd action was that they had recently become the parents of twins. By this time they had gone through a very hard experience and they were still looked upon by all the people as outcasts and as to be shunned. No one will use the vessels they have used either to drink or to eat. Their diet is to be strictly dry fish; nothing fresh is to pass their lips. Now, and for a long time to come, they are not allowed to go on the sea in canoes either to fish or for pleasure. The man has to retire daily in the forest and by shouting and bathing reconcile the "spirits." Their life is not a pleasant one as every one avoided them, and being forbidden to work or to go after food, they have before them the prospect of famine and endless miseries. The birth of twins is a source of great excitement with all the Indians on the coast. They have special songs for the occasion in which all the principal men of the tribe join before the house where the twins are born.

Another time unusual excitement was caused by one of our chiefs becoming crazy. The Indians soon bethought themselves of an old remedy. They took the crazy man up to his waist in the sea. Half a dozen men had charge of him and carried in their hands branches of brushwood. Upon a given signal they began to flog him; then they took the man by the hair and forced his head under water. The bubbles indicated when to allow him up for breath. Then flogging recommenced . . . and the head under water again . . . and the process was continued till very little life was left in him. Their idea was to flog out the bad spirit who was supposed to be in the poor insane chief!

March 29, 1882.—A young Indian most unexpectedly called at my house, a few days ago, and asked to be married in the church. This was quite a new thing, for never before had anybody applied to me for matrimonial religious services.

After mature consideration I made up my mind to comply with the young man's request. And so we were at last going to have a Christian marriage! It was to be the first since I am on the coast. The young man had not been

baptized, but he was well instructed and a faithful attendant at church and a real good fellow He also told me that the young woman whom he was to lead to the altar was willing and anxious that I should marry them.

After some difficulties to make her tell me that she was free and willing to marry the man in question—for Indian women were never supposed to say or acknowledge that they were willing to marry a certain man, such language being considered imprudent and immodest—I proceeded on March 23, to marry the pair. First I administered baptism, then I brought them to the altar and everything went on well until I told them to join hands. This was almost too much. Single Indian women on this coast are never to touch a young man's hand—it is an act of immodesty—and how could she do so *in conspectu omnium*, for quite a crowd of people were in the church? However, after some coaxing and persuasion, she at last put out the tip of her fingers from under her blanket, when the bridegroom, now rejoicing in the Christian name of John, grasped hold of it and the ceremony proceeded without any further difficulties.

I may here add that John stood before me in shirt tails with a blanket over his shoulders and barefooted; Paulina, his young bride, also wore a blanket over her dress of brown calico and was both barefooted and bareheaded.

Withal, their modesty and good dispositions were a hint to our civilized people on the occasion of contracting matrimony. God bless John and Paulina! If they are not rich in worldly goods they have now a chance to live as good Christians and their souls are as valuable and as precious in the eyes of God as those of the rich and powerful of this earth.

But trouble not quite unforeseen soon arose. This Christian marriage was an innovation in these parts. The chiefs used to be consulted in these matters and do a great deal of interfering. It was often an occasion for them to be praised and rewarded for their services. Now they were ignored. To be sure, the parents of the young woman refused to recognize the union, and although their consent had been asked secretly by their daughter, they refused to accept the presents which were sent — an old custom — by the parents of the young husband. There was such a row and such an excitement in the camp that the young couple, after signing the register, refused to go to their home. This, however, they did, but not before the darkness of the night had come on.

I now learned what was being said and the protestations that were uttered in public against my taking in hand their matrimonial affairs. It was no business of the priest. The young people whom he wanted to marry were not his children. Such and other remarks were made by the old people, and none of their daughters would submit to such unheard-of arrangements. The idea of anybody being married in the church!!

The following Sunday I preached on matrimony, explaining it as being a sacrament and the dignity thereof. Next, I called their attention to the fact that their old marriages almost amounted to selling their daughters as one would sell a canoe or a horse—just as of old the chiefs were selling their slaves. This I had told them more than once, but it had had no effect. However, I knew that the young men of the tribe were favorable to the Christian marriage, and as they occupied all the one side of the church, all the women occupying seats on the other, I turned myself towards the men and told them to stand by me, that I would have all those who were yet single married in the church, and that if the girls did not comply with that rule, I would take the matter up and go with the men and look for wives for them in other tribes. This seems to have had the desired effect, for several young women, being about to be married, fearing that they would be jilted, sent word through their parents

that they were not of the number of those who had objected to the Christian marriage.

The superstitions of the people are disappearing little by little. The attendance at church is good and the Sunday is fairly well observed. The Indians are now preparing for the fur-sealing season.

Up to a couple of years ago they lived almost exclusively on fish and potatoes. They availed themselves of the presence of large schools of dog-fish to make dog-fish oil, which they sold to coasting schooners, receiving in exchange flour, molasses, tobacco, print-calico, and articles of dress. The old people who did most of the work objected to the buying of clothing, but the young people, especially the women, did not listen to the pleadings of their elders, and invested most of their earnings in the purchase of decent wearing apparel.

I now made it a rule that no men should come to my house unless they wore pants!!

This was hard on them, for they had always considered this covering of their lower limbs as superfluous—a real bother! But I was inexorable. Pants on or remain outside. The other day the young chief, a boy about ten years old, came to see me on business with his aunt. I saw him coming from a distance, in his shirt-tails and a blanket on his shoulders. He had a small bundle under his arm. When within ten steps from the door he sat down on a piece of driftwood, took the parcel from under his arm, and shook it open. It proved to be his pants. He now put them on and solemnly walked into the Indian parlor of my house. I watched him as he left, and was amused to see him, almost at once, strip off the bothersome trousers, hand them over to the aunt and join with a lot of other boys in one of their favorite games.

Two years ago I persuaded the young men of the tribe to try their luck as fur-seal hunters. From the beginning their success was such that they now seem determined to prosecute this lucrative work and leave the dog-fish business to the old people. However, the work is not beneficial to spiritual matters. Convinced as they are, especially by the arguments of famous hunters of the tribe, that in order to have good luck they must have recourse to the pagan practices of the "osenitcli," that they must bathe, use charms, fast and strictly observe continence, most of the young people have their faces disfigured by the use of the superstitious remedies. There is no use arguing with them, and it is most discouraging to hear their replies and to see the determination of both men and women to persevere in their pagan practices. Nothing less than a miracle of grace will ever convince these poor benighted people!

It is worth mentioning that, when the young men are out sealing, the people at home observe strict old-fashioned rules. So, for instance, the doors of the houses must remain closed and the room be kept as dark as possible; dogs, chickens and even children are turned outside. I heard a young man say that he missed a seal—or rather saw a small school of seals on which he was gaining stealthily, expecting to throw his spear at one of them and kill it, when all at once they all awoke and began to fight on the water; and he attributed his ill luck of not killing it—as they can only be speared when they are asleep — to the fact that at that very time a band of dogs had a row in his house, as he was afterwards informed by the women at home. The Indians go out after the seals in their canoes and, finding a seal asleep, stealthily approach and throw out their harpoon, loosely attached to a pole ten or fifteen feet long and pull the struggling animal alongside, when they kill it with a club. Guns are not used by the Indians when hunting the fur-seal.

Another source of revenue are the sea otters, which animal, however, is now scarce on the coast. They caught a few last year and the year before, altogether

about seventeen, and were paid from thirty up to ninety dollars in trade for each animal. The sea otters are close in shore, rarely more than two miles away from the rocks or surf. The mode of hunting is different from that of the fur seal. Ten or twelve canoes go out together—the weather must be calm, no wind and no waves—the sea being like a looking glass, the Indians spread themselves over an extended surface. When noticing a sea otter, a signal is given with the paddle, when all the hunters close around the coveted animal. The Indians use small canoes, three persons in each canoe and use bows and arrows. The sea otter on seeing danger dives under the waves; he must come up for breath after a while, when the Indians begin unmercifully to shoot their arrows at him: if not hit he dives again, but must soon come to the surface again for breath. When he comes up the third time he remains on the surface and, like a duck, flutters away from danger the best way he can.

The Indians, having now gathered together around him, manage to hit and kill him amidst the greatest excitement. The man who first wounded the animal claims it as his own, although another man may have done the real killing. The woman or little boy, or may be the old man, who does the steering gets the tail for his share. The one who killed a wounded sea otter is also paid according to an agreement; and every one who succeeded in wounding the animal after it had been hit by the man who now becomes the owner, is also paid, receiving one, two or more blankets as per agreement before the hunt was engaged in.

The sea otter is very easily killed, a slight wound often causing death. It is sometimes very touching to listen to the narrative of the Indians on their return home from a hunting expedition. When a female sea otter feeds she leaves her pup floundering on the water; otherwise she carries it always in one of her flippers which in the human family are represented by the arms. Now this poor brute is so attached to her little offspring, that she will be wounded two and three times and not part with it. She wants to protect it as long as life is in her motherly bosom, and in many cases the Indians take the little pup from the flippers of its lifeless mother.

At other times, whilst the mother is feeding under the waves, they manage to catch the helpless youngster, and attach it to a rope tied to their canoe. By its wails and cries, it attracts the attention of the mother, who on coming in proximity with the canoe, is unmercifully killed by the cunning sea-otter hunter.

October 20.—On the tenth of this month two Indians came to my house and having great news to communicate asked me to close and lock my house.

They had come from "Oomis," a fishing station about seven miles distant

A HAPPY PAIR OF BLIND MEN, HESQUIAT, B. C.

from my house and on the open ocean. A vessel had been wrecked the night before, so they had come all that distance to inform me, and the body of one of the sailors was now lifeless on shore before their fishing camp.

I made some necessary preparations and went out at once and was followed by a large number of the people who lived at the Mission. It soon became evident that a great calamity had occurred, for we had not walked more than three miles, when we found on the beach a trunk full of ladies' dresses and children's wearing apparel. All along our road, which was over a beach covered with rocks and driftwood, we met signs of the disaster. When I arrived at Oomis I found the lifeless body of a young man covered with rocks. He had stripped and evidently tried to save himself by swimming for shore, but the sea being so rough and the surroundings one vast mass of rocks, he had failed to attain his object and was drowned. There were no wounds on his body, save a scratch on his forehead. He seemed to be a man of twenty or thirty and had the complexion of a Scandinavian. We covered the body with canvas from the ship, dug a grave and I buried him.

Next I began to say my Vespers, and the tide going out the Indians manned their canoes and went cruising amongst the rocks and in the small bays. All at once I heard a cry of alarm, and next I understood them to say that they had found the body of a woman. I went down to the landing and then indeed I was just in time to take on shore the body of a young woman. She was evidently a lady of good circumstances, in all probability the captain's wife. She was dressed very gorgeously and had likely put on all her best clothes, so as to save them, in case she should reach shore alive. I uncovered her face, over which the Indian rescuers had drawn a veil. She had a small wound above the right eye, but otherwise she looked as if she had been alive and in a trance. As I moved the body out of the canoe, with the assistance of the Indians, I noticed that her neck was broken, for her head swung from one side to the other, and with her beautiful blue eyes wide open I was almost tempted to believe that life was not extinct; but no! She was dead—drowned with her husband and her two little boys! It was the saddest thing I ever saw in my life—the letter-blocks of the children and their toys and their pet little pig were lying about on the beach!

The vessel had gone all to pieces and it was with some difficulty that I discovered that she was the bark *Malleville*, of Freeport, Me.—Capt. E. Harlow; the lady in question being Abbie Newcomb, of Brewster, Me., the young captain's wife and the mother of his two little boys. I called upon the chief of this clan and he supplied us with calico in which we wrapped the body of the dead lady; then we got canvas off of the vessel, made a shroud and buried her in proximity to the grave of the sailor.

I must not forget to mention that the Indian who discovered the body and brought it on shore had taken from her hand two diamond and two gold rings—her wedding and engagement rings; two diamond earrings, a gold pin and a piece of a gold watch-chain—the watch having in all probability dropped into the sea. After landing the body this man gave me these articles of jewelry and asked me to take them in charge. I told this good fellow—who might be given "as an example" to civilized people for his honesty—that we would send them to the relatives of this lady in case we could discover their home and get intelligence of their wishes. Altogether twenty-two people were drowned, including the captain's wife and two children and the second officer's wife.

After burying the dead and leaving instructions for the burial of some of the bodies which had not yet been recovered, I prepared to go home.

But I was sick at heart, and completely

exhausted with fatigue and hunger. I had passed two days with the most distressing scenes before me. I had seen, it is true, with satisfaction the noble and heroic work of the Indians; I had seen them, up to their necks in the surf and sea, drag the bodies on shore and hand them over to me for burial; those very people who at one time killed the living or left the dead unburied to become the prey of the ravens or wolves. Yet my business on that inhospitable shore came vividly to my mind as I saw a lot of dead men, women and children before me—people who had relatives and for whom tears would be shed. As at night I lay on a couple of planks, placed by the Indians on the heads of two empty barrels, so that I would be more or less protected against the vermin, a cold fever seized me and only for the heat communicated by my Newfoundland dog which I took as a bed-fellow, I think I should have perished of cold and misery.

On our way home we encountered the body of another sailor, an immense man, dressed in blue overalls. I was in company of two Indians. The waves of the incoming tide moved the body in shore. We found the half door cover of the hatch. We passed it under the corpse and thus floated it towards the beach. We then began to lift it up, hatch door and corpse. We were thus proceeding when one of my men lost hold and the body went splashing back in the sea! Oh! horror of horrors! it was dreadful. Finally we had carried the unfortunate man to his last resting-place, and after digging a grave we let him sink into it and covered him with the hatch door of the vessel on which he had met his sad end.

November 22.—A gunboat arrived in the harbor yesterday. The message which I sent to Victoria reached there per way of Alberni. Two young men volunteered to carry the news over the newly-built government trail or road to the East Coast and to Manaimo, whence it reached the naval authorities.

Captain Thorn, of H. M. S. *King Fisher*, is now on his way back to Victoria with some of the details which he asked me to write for him. The arrival of this steamboat was a Godsend to us, for I had lost the run of the days of the week, and could not say with a certainty that we were keeping Sunday at a proper time or day. When, at one time, I was informed that one of our priests (Rev. Father Roundeault) had lost—or, rather, gained—a whole week in the calendar—when he had given the ashes a whole week before Ash Wednesday—I thought such a mistake almost unpardonable! I know better now. It is a hint to me not to disbelieve the Indians when they report that they have kept Sunday on Monday or Saturday. I made the same mistake.

1883, January 30.—Upon the arrival of H. M. S. *King Fisher* in Victoria, dispatches were sent abroad with the news of the wreck, and today I received a letter from Mrs. Strout, of Portland, Me., telling me that the lady whom I had buried was a relation of hers and asking me to send the jewels which we had recovered to the dead lady's parents, who were living in Brewster, Me. From what I understand these people are Protestants, yet they believe in keeping relics of the dead. Withal, the letter was a beautiful one and exceedingly touching. Many were also the thanks expressed by this estimable lady for the services rendered to her dead relative by the Indians and myself. Good Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., had given her permission to use his name in writing to me.

July 15.—Sent jewelry, Bible, and sealskin cloak to the mother of the late Mrs. Barlow, of Brewster, Me. The Indians let me do so, although I could not promise any reward for their generous conduct and their trouble.

September.—At my request, the relatives of the shipwrecked people having neglected to reward the Indians who had helped me to bury the dead and

had parted with the valuable jewelry, the American Government granted a sum of two hundred dollars to be distributed among the most deserving ones, and a gold medal was presented to Chief Aimé as a souvenir of the kindness and humane conduct of the tribe. The interests of the Mission and of the priest in charge were forgotten by all parties concerned.

December.—The Indians having commenced some of their winter festivals and the chief being engaged in a "Chookwahu" entertainment, a young woman fell into trances and began to prepare to become a medicine woman. As my position with the majority of the people was becoming solid, and as I could reckon upon being sustained in anything I would undertake for their good, I decided to interfere. The medicine men and women being all around the candidate for new honors, I sent a posse of strong men to scatter them with menaces and threats. All the impostors immediately left the house, the young woman herself took to the bush and left the village, and it is now settled that for the future consulting and employing medicine-men and women can no longer be tolerated in this neighborhood.

Thus the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Hesquiat Indians is forever removed.

1884.—Bishop Brondel is gone to Montana to become Bishop there. Rev. Father Jouckau was to be his successor, but he does not accept on account of sickness and poor health. I now heard that Archbishop Seghers had obtained permission to return to his old diocese.

August 15.—I had a narrow escape from drowning. I was coming from Nootka where I had spent a month. As I left Friendly Cove with a young man and his wife there was no wind, but a heavy sea was coming into Nootka Sound.

It was a signal of the approach of westerly wind. Just the wind we wanted. We had hardly traveled half a mile when we met the breeze; yes, a regular gale! "What do you think of running for shore?" cried my Indian. "Take in sail, I cannot steer." I obeyed his orders. We were now in the midst of a fearful tempest. The young woman began to cry and utter shrieks of despair. It was terrible, but I prayed like a good fellow. The sea was now breaking over our canoe. . . . I put the matter into the hands of St. Lawrence, whose feast we were to celebrate the next day, and I called the reef, on which we happily succeeded in landing, St. Lawrence's reef. The Indians baled out the canoe, dried their blankets in the sun, and I retired amongst a little brushwood, growing between the rocks of St. Lawrence's reef, where I made myself comfortable and slept that night.

September 9.—A wicked young fellow, the son of the most desperate characters of the coast, had recourse to an old dodge, very frequently used in the past, to procure for himself a partner in life. A canoe of Newchatlat Indians passed here and called at the village. The rascal watched his chance and whilst her friends were enjoying a hospitable meal in one of the houses, he went to their canoe and took out by force a young woman, who struggled and cried as he carried her to his parents' residence. Although I felt inclined to stop the performance of this dastardly act, for motives of prudence I was compelled to abstain from interfering.

September 14.—Distant relatives of the young woman in question to-day took her to her home and friends.

Speaking in general, the people are orderly and docile and well behaved.

Since the abolition of the medicine-men and women free recourse is had to me for medicines and medical treatment. Day and night calls are made for remedies for the old and young—they want medicine for any and every complaint—there is no end to it. Strong, burning medicines are preferred; in fact, mild

remedies are discarded. Since last year I must have applied a square yard of blistering and mustard plasters to the aching limbs and bodies of my parishioners. I hope this habit of calling for help for even the most trivial ailments will soon cease; if not, I have a hard and busy time before me.

1885, November.—Since the beginning of last year the religious status of the tribe has greatly changed. Many adults have been baptized and received into the church. All the marriages are now contracted in the church and it is only a matter of time to have all the young people gathered in the bosom of the Church and leading practical Christian lives. At last, then perseverance and prayer have carried the day. *Deo Gratias!*

Last June seventeen young men went on a sealing expedition to the Behring Sea. They did very well, and arrived home highly delighted with the success of their long voyage. They had killed 1,400 animals, receiving two dollars per animal. However, their earnings were considerably reduced, as they had to pay for their board on the vessel. Their mode of hunting is as follows: Their canoes are taken on board of the vessel and secured on deck. When they come to the sea their canoes are lowered when the weather is calm. The Indians then, with spears and some provisions and a compass, begin to cruise around, hunt the seals and return to the vessel to spend the night.

It is hazardous work, as the waters of the Behring Sea are very treacherous and become covered with a dense fog sometimes more than once a day; the Indians, of course, use their compass, but it takes good reckoning, to come from a distance of ten or fifteen miles, and then just meet the spot where their vessel is drifting about. In such weather, signal guns are fired off and are of great assistance to the befogged hunters; yet on their first voyage two Indians lost their vessel and by their absence on board caused much uneasiness and grief to their friends and many tears to their relatives at home on the arrival of the schooner.

They are back now, and pose as heroes. After losing the vessel they landed on one of the Aleutian Islands. There they met a native who treated them well and, by signs and gestures, showed them the direction of a trading post. The trader, a white man, gave them some provisions and directed them to a bay where American fishermen were busy at their trade. Thence they were taken in a boat and landed at one of the central trading stations, whence they were passengers on the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *Dorah* and landed at San Francisco. They were treated with much kindness by the captain and his men; and the first officer took the two Indians, bewildered upon seeing the large city of the Pacific Coast, to the British Consul who paid their passages to Victoria, B. C. Here they at once went over to see the Bishop, who assisted them by a letter of recommendation to the owners of the vessel from which they had strayed. A canoe was bought and a supply of provisions and they arrived home last Sunday morning, just in time to attend Mass. They now excite the wonder of, not only their own friends, but of all the Indians of the coast, and, no doubt, their experience, told in all its details, would excite the admiration of people more accustomed to travel than these Indians who had never before left their home and country.

All is well that ends well!

"Wewiks," an Indian boy, the son of parents whose great pride it was to entertain the tribe with food and presents and had only half fed and clothed their own children, got in trouble and died a few weeks ago. It has been stormy and dangerous-looking for me ever since, and I now have a paper on my table stating that, if I do not turn up and that my body is found with evidence of having been murdered, traces of it can be found on the lower limbs of the man who

committed the deed. I have since the beginning of the trouble carried a revolver in my pocket with the object of wounding in the lower limbs, the man who committed the assault, so that nobody but the guilty party may be hauled up.

Wewiks broke into the store of a trader. He was condemned to six months' imprisonment, contracted consumption in prison, and died a week after his return home. Three days before his death his father came to my house and began to abuse and threaten me fearfully. I took it calmly and simply cast the blame on the one to whom it belonged, namely, the boy who had broken into the store. Just before leaving me the old man changed his tone and gave me to understand that my services as a priest would not be rejected. So I went over and prepared the poor young fellow for death. I was, however, informed that trouble was brewing and to be on my guard. The sick man had in his possession a brand new gun, and it was lying alongside of his bed. What was the use of his parents buying a new gun, when it was evident that their boy must soon die; and then, was the bed of the dying man the proper place to keep the dangerous weapon? Such were the remarks which were made and thence the hints thrown out to me. I could easily see that my position was not a safe one.

Now, the evening before the young fellow died, a messenger, in the person of the sick boy's brother, came to ask me to go over to the house. It was dark, the Indians had retired for the night and the sick man was dying in a house away from the settlement, and had no company there save his wicked parents. A coasting trader was with me when the invitation was made. He jumped up as I rose to follow the messenger and entreated me not to go, that they were going to kill me, the last word I heard him call out being "Oh! Father, come back, for God's sake do not go!"

I knew that I was running a great risk, but how could I in conscience refuse to go and see a dying man? On my way I called on a man whom I could trust, and asked him to accompany me. He was quite willing, but how disappointed the sick man's parents looked when they saw that I was not alone! My presence as a priest was not wanted—not one of them spoke a single word to me—but they all entered in conversation with my companion, and so after a while I returned to my house with this one consolation that I had done my duty.

Wewiks died, but his people objected to having him buried from the church. They were bent upon making trouble. His body was placed on the branches of a huge tree, covered and decorated with blankets, and the famous gun is also in evidence as an ornament. All this is against tne rules of the Christians and even the pagans, having for some time since renounced many of their old customs, now found fault with the conduct of the bereaved relatives. But it is evident that this transgression of our newly established regulations was only made with the object of creating trouble.

The lamentations of the nearest relatives, their shrieks of despair and the expression of the wickedness of their hearts surpass all limits. They call me a liar and all sorts of names, the curses directed against me are of such a nature that the children and young people feel horrified. You can hear their maledictions against the poor priest from morning till evening, and for no other motive save that the man who had the boy arrested and punished was a white man like myself.

March, 1886.—For the first time in the history of the world was Confirmation administered on this coast. On the 28th of February, the Most Rev. C. J. Seghers, Archbishop of Vancouver, administered here in the Church of Hesquiat, this sacrament to thirty-seven adult Indians.

We had tried to give him a good reception as becomes a Bishop of the Church, and the Indian being now

almost all Catholics, we succeeded to a great extent. You can now read happiness and joy on the countenances of these poor people who, a few years ago, were the slaves of pagan practices. The Bishop seemed glad to see that the work which we had commenced together twelve years ago, was at last becoming successful.

It is now only a matter of time to see the non-baptized Indians imitate their more fortunate friends. There is an element though of people who are still far from adopting Christianity. It is a family of chiefs who suspect that Christianity will have the effect of lowering them in the esteem of the other Indians of the coast. The idea of seeing people of low rank raised to their own level, as all Christians are alike, and have the same spiritual privileges, hurts their feelings. Pride is at the bottom, that Indian pride which is among the greatest obstacles to the conversion of all Indian nations. But I must continue and try to get them all gathered into the fold. Things look well now, and I begin to enjoy some of the consolations of the priests of God who administer to civilized Catholic congregations.

On the occasion of his visit to the coast, the Bishop went to Kyuquot, where I accompanied him with Father Lemmens. We went on a schooner and were well received by the Kyuquot Indians, who had been duly prepared by their priest, the Rev. Father Nicolaye, who was glad to receive us.

The Bishop on this occasion blessed the cemetery at Kyuquot; thence we returned in canoe and visited the different tribes on our way back, preached to the people and baptized their children. We came near being drowned close to Bayo Point; but escaped as by a miracle; then we made our home for a week, on account of bad weather, in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, where our provisions gave out; at last we managed to reach Hesquiat and enjoy a full if not a luxurious meal.

From Hesquiat we went to Ahousat, and the Bishop here made arrangements to appoint a priest for this tribe, where at one time I had built a chapel and dwelling rooms; thence we continued in our canoe to Clayoquot, where we saw the Indians. There my trip was at an end and after receiving the Bishop's blessing I bade him good bye and returned to my headquarters in Hesquiat.

The next news which I received was that Father Lemmens was stationed in Clayoquot Sound and that my work was reduced to looking after the Hesquiat, Nootka and Matchleat Indians.

1887.—On the occasion of his last visit the Bishop made arrangements for building a new dwelling house, my old quarters having become almost uninhabitable. We therefore commenced work early in June. I had logs squared and ready for the men on their arrival and the foundations were laid. The house was to be a log house with lining inside and rustic outside. The two white men employed did their best, but understood very little about building a log house. It took more time than we expected and was much more costly.

While this was going on, Archbishop Seghers was absent in Alaska and we were overwhelmed with grief when we learned in August that he had been murdered. The news was so unexpected and of such an unheard-of nature that my men dropped their tools in complete discouragement. We had no details, but the Bishop was dead and the news utterly upset us.

Most of my Indians were also absent; they had been induced to leave their homes and go to the hopfields on Puget Sound, Washington Territory. With the news of the death of our lamented Bishop came almost simultaneously the news of sickness amongst the thousands of Indians who were in the hopfields.

Later on some of the people began to come home, their children had died of measles. Others brought their little ones home, but they had the sickness

with them. Having been exposed to the cold in their canoes, many died and those who seemed to have recovered became consumptive and soon followed the others to the grave. Before long I counted over forty children of Hesquiat alone who had become victims of the disease and had died. With my Bishop murdered and my young people dying around me, I closed this year with many, many sad feelings.

February, 1888.—Depression and gloom seems to be in the air all around. Most of the Indians have now come back to their Hesquiat homes. This used to be an occasion for rejoicing and good feeling. It is different now. From morning till night you can hear the women cry and lament; some of them express anger and passion. But it is touching and sad beyond expression to hear the young mothers who have lost their little ones bemoan their loss. It would draw tears from the eyes of stolid men to see them in groups of three or four, with their eyes filled with tears, squatted before the houses and hear each one of them tell in song-like words that can be heard all over the village the greatness of her loss and the sufferings of her motherly heart.

The men also take part in the general mourning. Like the women, they clip their hair short, neglect their attire and seem to be deprived of all ambition. Some look morose and sullen, others are the picture of men with broken hearts.

It is terribly hard on me to be here just now, for one cannot help commiserating and feeling for his poor people. However, there is no use sitting down and crying. But the worst is that some of the pagans look very bad and by their conduct are very provoking. May this state of affairs soon cease and have no evil consequences!

June 5.—A couple of schooners called here for a crew and are now off to the Behring Sea on a fur-sealing expedition.

The news arrived that Father Lemmens is to be our new Bishop.

June 25.—Unexpectedly the steamer *Maude* called in Hesquiat harbor and I took passage on her and went to Victoria

The steamer called at "Clayoquot Mission." I went to see the Bishop-elect, whom I found in his shirt sleeves, with an axe in his hands, splitting firewood. After taking a pot of coffee, which he prepared for me in good style, we talked the matter over and we left together for Victoria.

July —Here the new Bishop elect was welcomed by the clergy and especially the Very Rev. J. J. Jouckau, the administrator. This last-named gentleman was very weak and evidently suffering very much.

Rev. Father Lemmens objected to becoming Bishop, but he was eventually persuaded to accept and his consecration was set for August 5.

On the Sunday previous his administrator, the Very Rev. J. J. Jouckau, died quite suddenly and his funeral, at which I was made to preach, took place on the following Tuesday.

August 17.—Two days later I received word through the wife of the Indian agent for the coast, that a murder had been committed at Hesquiat; that the body of a little boy of four years had been found behind one of the houses, but that there was no evidence to prove by whom he had been killed.

This news spoiled all the pleasure and enjoyment of my presence at the consecration of the Bishop, when all the priests of the diocese met together. I went home with a crew of Indians who had specially come for me in a canoe. It was a long, tedious trip, all the more unpleasant as I could see the trouble I had before me on account of the murder.

August 21.—I arrived home shortly before midnight, and retired at once. About two o'clock A. M., I heard somebody knock at the door I waited for another knock, but the visitor left.

Early next morning a man called

Isiniquah came to see me, and as he began to say that he was falsely accused of being the murderer, I would not give him a hearing. Later in the evening he came again and asked me what the Indians had been telling me about him. But again I sent him off without making any statement.

The Indian agent called a couple of days later and went to Victoria to inform the authorities of the circumstances of the crime.

A magistrate and a couple of policemen were sent. Isiniquah underwent a preliminary hearing and was taken to civilization for trial.

Meanwhile the father of the murdered child arrived home from Behring Sea. I never in my life saw a man the victim of such a struggle to control his temper. However, he held out, and I heard him say in my own house to his weeping wife: "Now let us not be oversad; if we are good we will see our little boy again in heaven." The tears came in my eyes and it struck me then that if I had had my troubles I had at least done some good by remaining and trying to do my duty.

October 25.—The schooner *Kate* arrived here and had been chartered by the government to take the witnesses to Nanaïmo for the trial of Isiniquah. I received a summons to accompany them and act as interpreter, which I did, rather than pay a fine of five hundred dollars for non-attendance.

The trial came off in due time, lasted three days and Isiniquah was condemned to be hanged December 12th.

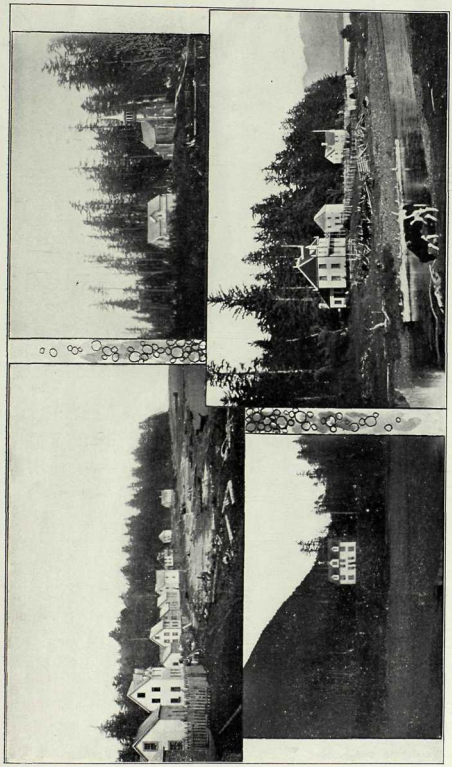
The Methodist ministers and one Presbyterian bigot got up a petition to have the sentence commuted, or rather, have the prisoner discharged. They considered it a piece of persecution and compared the proceedings to the proceedings of the "Spanish Inquisition!" Their object at the bottom was, to gain the good will of the natives who were related to the murderer, excite them against the Catholic priest, and thus prepare the field to put a Protestant mission on the coast. This was the first attempt they made to intrude on our missions on that coast.

December 19.—Isiniquah was hanged on December 12th, after being duly prepared by baptism and instruction in our holy religion.

The motive of his crime had, presumably, been the fact that one of his children who had died of measles was called Moses, and the boy whom he killed had the French name Moïse; this latter boy was the child of Michel, a good Christian. Isiniquah and his friends, according to an old pagan custom, wanted this man to give another name to his child on account of the similarity of the two names. Michel having refused to do so, the murderer availed himself of the absence of the parent and the grandfather of the boy in Behring Sea to get him out of the way, and he unmercifully took the little fellow in the bush, put his strong hand firmly on the mouth and nostrils of the child and then choked him to death. When the sentence was pronounced in court, a white, Catholic woman, the mother of several little children, was heard to say, "that a rope was too good to hang a man who had choked to death an innocent child."

When the time of going back to the mission had arrived, the government put at our disposition the schooner *Favorite*, (80 tons), Captain L. McLean. The Indians took along a supply of building lumber and other material with the object of improving their habitations and their mode of living. I had also on board several thousand feet of lumber and bricks for a new church in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound These Indians had for a long time refused my services as a priest, and, as they now had repeatedly asked me to do so, I concluded to build a chapel at their place.

After discharging men and freight at Hesquiat, at the request of the captain, I returned on board of the vessel, as she put up sail, and so we started on December



SOME MODERN ASPECTS OF THE MISSIONS.

17th, about noon. The wind was favorable but there was considerable sea on and the weather as a whole looked bad. In less than two hours we were sailing into Nootka Sound. As we neared Friendly Cove, our destination, the wind abated and soon began to blow against us.

It was now dark and the wind shifting again it became favorable. I was down below when the captain, quite excited, came down, told me to put on his "mackintosh" and follow him on deck. He wanted me to act as interpreter. There were two Indians on board whom he could not understand, but, being of this district, he wanted them to act for us as pilots. The captain had been only once before in Friendly Cove, and, the weather being so very thick, he was not sure that he could make the harbor. The rain fell in torrents and the wind blew a hurricane. I now stood against the mainmast and the Indians were giving their orders, which I interpreted for the captain. The skipper had his misgivings about the directions given by his Indian pilots But he followed them. . . . The Indians knew the entrance to Friendly Cove. Yes, that was the cove. But it was not the cove . . . it was a small bay, close to the entrance of the real harbor, which we had to make; and the *Favorite*, having sailed in at full speed, was before long looked upon as in extreme danger close to and touching the rocky shore. The would-be pilots were despondent; the skipper kept cool and ordered his sailors to run lines on shore, fasten them to the rocks and then try to keep the vessel from going to pieces. I heard him make only one sour remark and he did so in a solemn, stern way. "I could," said he "shoot those sons of savages as they stand in their boots." The mistake was they wore no boots.

The sailors, after fastening lines to the rock to keep the vessel from striking, came back on board and began to put their clothes and belongings in their traps and bags to have them ready when ordered to abandon the vessel. As for myself, I was advised by the kind captain to turn in, if I wanted a couple of hours' rest. But how could I do so with my shoes full of water and on a vessel that might go to pieces at any time? That night was a dreary one for us all, as the vessel began to roll on the rocks and keeled over considerably. Early in the morning, as the tide came in, she slid down from the boulders and finally was afloat again. The men, later in the day, hauled her out from her dangerous position and anchored her in Friendly Cove. She was damaged very noticeably and from the very start she took in quite a deal of water.

The next six days were spent in Friendly Cove — about the most dreary days I have spent in this worldly sphere. There were no Indians around, the weather was bad and everyone on board seemed dejected and downcast.

However, we made a start for home on Friday—a week since we had entered Nootka Sound—a light, northerly breeze was blowing, hardly strong enough to move us out of the channel. When the everlasting easterly (toochi) wind sprung up, it favored us for a time. At four o'clock P. M. we were off Hole-in the Wall, at the mouth of the great harbor.

But the weather looked thick and the captain determined to "lay to" that night. I forgot to state that as soon as the vessel began to roll, her pumps were called into requisition every fifteen minutes and an amount of water came forth each time.

Meanwhile the *Favorite* was drifting southwest; the wind increased as night advanced, and about ten o'clock the second mate came down, drenched with rain, and reported, for my consolation, that we were drifting to the southwest like a "bundle of straw." Later, at the shift of the sailors' watch, I overheard a secret conversation which was to to the effect that, if they ever got into port, the sailors would abandon the vessel and

get to town the best way they could, rather than stay on the leaking craft.

Further details would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that for a whole week we were in a continuation of gales of wind and rain. The sailors were at the pumps day and night. The waves rolled right over the vessel . . . the mainsail was split to atoms. . . .

At last a westerly wind came to our assistance, land was sighted and after sailing a full day before the wind we at last cast anchor in Hesquiat harbor. According to our captain's reckoning we had been blown a hundred miles from shore and out of our course.

We had a fine Christmas—all the savages of this neighborhood were present, all the Christians went to Confession and those who had been accustomed to do so received Holy Communion.

Close of 1888.—There are now in Hesquiat only three or four families of real pagan Indians and a few old men and women. The rest of the settlement are Christians—some of them very fervent, the others less so; yet always attentive at church and of good behavior.

1889. May.—The old chief Townissen, the father of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, and who was accused, for plausible reasons, of having encouraged his son to commit the deed, died here the other day. The old man had a better chance than his son, who had died unbaptized and impenitent, to meet his Maker and Judge. For several years he had been a regular attendant at church, was an example to his subjects and was baptized and received all the rites of the Church before his death. R.I.P.

August.—I built a new chapel in Friendly Cove for the Nootka Indians. I employed three Indians to help me. I did the carpenter work myself. The Indians made shingles and generally helped me to put up the building. It is a very neat structure, but the inside work is not finished for the want of lining. As soon as possible I assembled the people and baptized their newly-born children. I then left them for the winter season. As I was preparing my canoe to return to Hesquiat, most of the people made also arrangements to go up the rivers for the salmon season.

1890.—I saw the Nootka Indians, stayed with them a short time and then went on a voyage to Europe—the first since my arrival in the country twenty-one years ago.

November.—I returned from the old country, where I had spent four months, and secured the necessary funds for a new church in Hesquiat. It was about time to move out of the old building, for it had become a complete wreck. It rained on my head as I was saying Mass, and the floor of the body of the building was covered with water. It was the poorest church in Christendom. One of the fruits of my European voyage will be the possession of a better place for Divine Service.

1891, March.—Two French Canadian carpenters arrived here last month on the schooner *Favorite*, loaded with building material, in order to build our new church at Hesquiat. On account of the general boom in British Columbia the wages are very high, my men being paid three dollars and fifty cents per day (each) and their board. The plan of the new church was made by Stephen Donovan, of Victoria, but was considerably modified on account of lack of means to put up a building such as he had designed.

October.—I understand that a young man representing the Presbyterian Church of Canada has taken up his residence at Alberin, Barclay Sound, and has been introduced by the Indian agent to the natives of that district.

1892.—Some of the Indians are not behaving as well as they ought to do. Their contact with the sailors on the leaking schooners has a bad effect. It is too bad that after all the trouble I have had a class of white men, who ought to know better, should excite them against

me; and yet only for my presence on the coast their life and property would not be safe. Satan has more than one means to pervert good people and hinder the work of God from going ahead. In the present case so-called Christian white men are his chosen tools.

July.—There is great excitement here since several days, and the old pagan people are exceedingly provoking. It was known all along the coast that Antonin, the young chief here, and the son of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, was sick and sinking fast of consumption. The young man, a good lad, was preparing for death as a Christian. Now the chiefs from the neighborhood sent medicine-men and medicine-women to tempt him and make him renounce Christianity and have recourse to the old superstitious practices. All their efforts were of no avail, and the young lad died after receiving the last rites of the Church. He was buried in the cemetery with grand solemnity, but the old people objected and used every means to prevent it. Being defeated in this matter they insisted that the house of the young chief should be broken down and burned. This was always done in the case of anybody dying childless, especially if the departed was a chief. At first I objected, but as the aunt was willing to allow the movers to have their own way I withdrew my opposition. And so the young chief's house, which he had built and intended to occupy as soon as he was married, was torn down and burned on the beach. The Hesquiats have no chief again. The aunt of the departed boy will now be considered as occupying the dignity until her infant son becomes of age.

February, 1893.—The Right Rev. Bishop Lemmens paid his first visit to the Indians of this district. As the Bishop had not given notice of his arrival, no reception was prepared for him. Most of the Indians were absent, but when they heard of the presence of His Lordship they all came to the mission and on Sunday, January 29th, were all present at the blessing of my new church in the morning and the blessing of the Stations of the Cross in the afternoon.

As a piece of bad news the Bishop told me that the Methodists were preparing to put up a mission in Nittinat and had obtained a grant of five hundred dollars from the Dominion Government for missionary purposes. They had asked and obtained the grant for the building of a school, but of course with them that also means a meeting-house or a church.

December.—My people this year have had considerable sickness in the village and many deaths have occurred. It casts a gloom over the place. Otherwise the outlook is good.

July, 1894.—During my absence a party of Indians from the State of Washington came across the Straits of Luca with a supply of whisky which they intended to dispose of in Hesquiat. As soon as the presence of the liquor in the settlement became known, three of my Christian Indians went and took it away and secreted it in one of the rooms of my house. I reported this to the Indian Department and the men, who had acted so judiciously in confiscating the vile spirits, received each a reward of twenty dollars from the Dominion Government.

Very touching stories reached us from Nootka The Indians of this district, having refused my services as a priest for a long time, are not as well instructed as they might have been. They were not of real bad will, but the chief having lost his only child the whole tribe went in mourning, the consequence being that they excluded not only their games but also the practice of religion. So that on one occasion as I presented myself I was told in the name of the chief, a true pagan and bigamist, that my presence was not required. Since then, however, they have sent for me and seem to be well disposed again, as I had occasion to notice when I visited them last.

One of their young men, having been sick a very long time and feeling

that his end was coming, sent for his nearest relatives. This is usual with all the Indians of this coast and the scenes that are then enacted are sometimes most touching.

The patient is duly prepared for the arrival of the visitors. One comes in after the other, the men stoically, the women with a sad face and a weeping voice, nod their heads to the patient; then when they are all seated they all begin to cry and lament and wail. The noise which they make as they all join in the songs of grief must be a torture to the dying relative, but it is meant as a compliment and it is taken as such ; it is a matter of pride and deep consolation to the living when not only near and distant relatives call, but especially if the chief and his subjects related to the patient extend a visit of condolence. After death it is always remembered who did and who did not call and the feeling of the living is good or bad toward their neighbors in accordance with the fact that they have or have not performed this act of etiquette.

After a spell of crying and lamentations speeches are made by the chiefs telling the patient to have a good heart, reminding him of his acts of daring and his success as a hunter, etc., when all begin to retire, leaving only his nearest relatives to whom he expresses his last wishes, the disposition to be made of his worldly possessions and many other matters.

In this present case the poor young fellow, after the above scenes and formalities had been gone through, being now left alone with his mother, his stepfather and a half-brother, gave orders to count the money which he had still left. He had been a great sea-otter hunter and very successful, especially the last season. He then sent his half brother for a suit of new clothes which he put on —the Indians always put on to the dying their best clothes and blankets. Then he sent for another suit and underclothes. The trader told me that he spent over one hundred dollars for wearing apparel in his place, and the orders of the dying man were that what he could not put on should be enclosed in the coffin or box in which his body was put for burial.

It is a very curious custom, but in most cases the coffin of the Indians contains not only the body, but also a great many things dear to the dead one, such as clothes, toys, money, his own and also blankets presented for the purpose by his friends. His favorite dog is killed, his canoe split up, his watch or clock destroyed ; anything and everything that would remind the living of the dead relative is done away with and gotten out of sight As noticed already, articles or parts of articles having belonged to an enemy are also very often enclosed with the body, the idea and belief being that such a proceeding will have the effect of causing sickness and death to an adversary.

The other case referred to was that of a young man whose two little children had died before him. He evidently expected to join them in the next world, for shortly before his death he sent a messenger to the nearest trading station with orders to buy such and such toys, at one time dear to his little ones, and he ordered them placed in the coffin with his own body the moment his death would occur.

This was an old practice and the fact that it existed before the arrival of a priest on this coast proves that the natives believed in a life after this life. Were they not ahead of some of our civilized would-be scientists?

1895.—Our Indians all over the coast are well disposed ; the people of Hesquiat, with the exception of some old men and women, being Catholics and most of them very exemplary.

This being known seems to have excited the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations, and their efforts to invade the coast are very pronounced. Now that the Indians are more than half civilized and are withal peaceable

and docile, the sects will come and give us trouble. A monthly steamer now also visits the coast, as the government has established a Scandinavian settlement at Cape Scott, the northern end of the island, and bound itself to carry the mails and provisions once a month. With these facilities of travel and the peaceful behavior of the natives all along the coast, the zeal of the Protestant ministers has grown to the extent that they now have established themselves at different points on the coast. When a man's life was in danger and when the only means of traveling was an Indian canoe; when the mails reached us only once or twice a year . . . we were welcome to do alone the work of converting the natives; but now with the present facilities and the absence of danger, the ministers come in sight to give us trouble and to pervert our Indian children.

After mature reflection I made up my mind to propose to our Bishop a plan for his approbation. I would build in a central part of the coast an industrial school for boys and girls.

August.—We had a retreat for the clergy last month. All the priests of the diocese were present. Before returning to my mission I spoke to the Bishop of the idea of a boarding-school for our children. His Lordship called on the Indian agent, who promised that he would obtain a grant for the support of the teachers and children from the Dominion Government. Next I was sent for and this same agent urged me to put up the buildings at once, and said that as soon as the school was occupied a per capita grant would be available.

Everything we asked for was promised by the agent, and so I returned to my mission, rejoicing in the thought that the efforts of the Protestant ministers would be unsuccessful. If we could keep the children from perversion, our position was safe.

I am now sorry to put on record that, per letter from the head of our diocese, I was yesterday informed that I must abandon the idea of having a boarding-school which, in my mind, is the only means to save the fruits of my labors of more than twenty years. But, it is so! I must submit and be resigned to the regulations of the one who rules over me —my Bishop.

1896.—A young man representing the Presbyterian Church is now stationed in Ahousat. He is a school teacher by profession, but he holds divine service on Sunday. He established himself between two missions having a resident priest. He will do nothing himself, but he will report as a credit to himself, any improvements these Indians will make, and yet all the credit will belong to the example of my people in Hesquiat, and that of the Clayoquot tribe. And the poor little children so anxious to learn to read and to write will be perverted without noticing it.

1897.—News has reached me that Bishop Lemmens died in Guatemala. So then we are again without a Bishop. It is reported that he died of the fever of that swampy country, where he had gone to collect funds for his new cathedral in Victoria. R.I.P.

1898, February.—This year opened with sickness in the settlement. Whooping cough was brought here by a family of visiting strangers. They were here several days and their children having the whooping cough communicated the dreaded disease to our children. I have my hands full just now.

February 15.—To-day, after a spell of vain-glory, I feel terribly disappointed. Here are the details: The night before last I was called out about midnight to visit the child of a young couple. They wanted medical treatment for the coughing infant. It was a dark night but the sky was cloudless. So then I took my lantern, whistled for my dog and wended my way in the direction of the village. I noticed a light in some of the houses, for there was sickness in almost all of them. The wolves were howling in the distance, and the Indian dogs were bark-

ing at the rising moon. The sea was breaking against the shore, but there was not a human soul to break the solemnity and the monotony of the midnight hour. Oh, what a wild, lonely country this is after all! In the home I was impatiently expected; the grandparents, four of them, and the young mother looked up to me with eyes full of tears. . . The child was very bad; the chest and lungs very much affected. I administered the usual remedies and returned home with the expectation of having another funeral. Yesterday I went over again; my patient was much better and likely to recover; this made me feel good and the thought of vain-glory got the best of me. To-day I feel bad; the child is dead. This morning, as I went to church to ring my bell for Mass, I found under the bell-tower a small box containing all that was mortal of the dear little child whom yesterday I prided myself on having treated and restored to health.

April.—I lost a few days ago one of the most sensible and most pious persons it has been my fortune to have in my parish. This woman for several years refused to become a Christian and gave as a reason that she was afraid that she might be tempted and return to the old pagan practices. She was converted at last and from the day of her reception in the Church by baptism she attended Mass every day of the week and was at church every Sunday twice. She had made her first Communion and was confirmed; and as her son was inclined to be wild and thoughtless she never ceased to warn him. Her last message to her family, was to remain faithful to and follow the instructions of the priest. She received the last sacraments and oh! how touching it was to see her with her beads in her hands; and when she could not speak any more raise up her hand and point her finger towards heaven! The faith of those people and the trust they have in God at their last moments are worthy of all admiration. I have assisted many good people at the hour of death, but I have never been so much edified as when I assisted this good woman a few days ago.

She was buried on Sunday morning at the parochial Mass. Her husband with his beads in hands said the prayers aloud, to which the rest of the people answered. I attempted to say a few words, but the sadness in the church was such that I broke down and cried with the rest. Such a scene of sadness and the feelings of sympathy expressed by the good people cannot be described nor even imagined by anybody who was not present at the funeral last Sunday morning. God rest the good Indian woman and may she pray for us!

May.—The rumor which reached us some time ago that we have a new Bishop proves to be true, for I have just received a letter from Rev. A. Christie, of Minneapolis, inviting me to his consecration, which is to take place on June 29, in St. Paul, Minn. I know nothing about Father Christie. But I wrote a letter of congratulation to him and bade him welcome to Vancouver. *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*, and *ad multos annos*.

August.—Bishop Christie was consecrated in St. Paul, Minn., June 29th, and arrived in his new diocese on the 5th of August. He received a grand reception from the people and his presence made a good impression on them.

With new courage and the prospects of an early visit to our missions by the new prelate, I returned to my house in Hesquiat and began at once to prepare some of my people for Confirmation.

1899.—I received a letter from Bishop Christie with this message: "Come to Victoria at once. I want to consult with you about building a boarding school for the Indian children of the west coast. I have just returned from Ottawa and have obtained a per capita grant from the Government for fifty children. If we do not accept the grant it will be given to one of the sects; your children will be perverted and you will lose the fruit of all your labors."

Since Bishop Lemmens had abandoned the idea of such a school, as I had proposed to him five years ago, I had never mentioned to him the advisability of the undertaking since that time. It must have become evident to the priests nearer to the Bishop than myself that the work was a real necessity for the salvation of our Indian children.

In Victoria the good Bishop Christie explained all his plans. "But," said he, "Father, we have no money to do the work. However, let us commence at once, *Deus providebit.* Return to the coast at the first opportunity, choose a central location and I will send up lumber and men to do the work."

I went back a few days later and chose Clayoquot Sound as a location easily accessible to all the Indians of the coast.

At the foot of a mountain in Deception Channel I found and secured a large piece of table land open to pre-emption and away from all Indian settlements. It is fifty feet above the surface of a fine bay which at low water has a sandy beach of more than twenty acres—a magnificent playground for the children. It is also in proximity to another bay, a real clam-field, so that with a bay swarming with salmon and other fish and a large field of clams, the expense of supporting the children will be considerably reduced and their health will be benefited, for all our people from their very infancy look upon fish as their main food and they acknowledge that without fish they cannot live and keep their health.

A few days later I received another letter from Bishop Christie, announcing that he was to leave us and go to Portland, Ore., as the successor of Archbishop Gross. The Archbishop-elect now told me again to go ahead with the work, insisting that if the school was not built now it would never be built, and that either the Methodists or the Presbyterians would get our grant and use it to pervert our Catholic children. In the course of conversation afterwards His Grace told me that he had talked the matter over with his Vicar-General, and they had come to the conclusion that as soon as the work was well started I should go abroad to collect the necessary funds. "And," said he, "Father, let us go ahead; the work of your life will be destroyed. It will be lost if we neglect this chance offered by the Government. We must put up the buildings and pay for them ourselves, but the Indian Department will by a generous yearly grant do the rest. I have ordered the lumber and the men will go up next month; but when the buildings are up, you will have to go East and ask the good people out there to extend to us a helping hand. And, Father, do not be uneasy; you will do well. The people out there do not know what you are doing for the salvation of souls; I had no idea of it myself before coming here. Do not prepare any lectures, but speak to the people as you speak to us. . . . The priests will allow you to speak in their churches; whatever you get from their people will not affect them. I have experienced that myself when I was rector of St. Stephen's church in Minneapolis."

October.—Our school is now built. . .

1874–1899.

Twenty-five years have now elapsed since I first set foot on the western shore of Vancouver Island. When I first met the inhabitants of that desolate coast, they were savage, immoral and treacherous. Their dwellings were hovels of filth and misery; their attire a blanket of cedar bark, dog's hair or other inferior article; they were addicted to witchcraft and innumerable superstitious practices. All alone in the wilderness, deprived of the company of friends or white men, with no mails except once or twice a year, I have spent many mournful seasons without seeing any encouraging results of my arduous labors.

But God has been kind to me and has granted me the grace to persevere, and

has rewarded my labors by the conversion of many of my poor people. With Christianity, they have adopted civilization. The people immediately under my charge are now, as a whole, docile and law abiding. They have used their earnings to improve their material conditions. They have built neat and clean dwelling houses; they dress well, both men and women, after the fashion of civilized people; they are regular at church and at the Sacraments. Visitors are edified to see them at church and do not cease praising them for the spectacle they present when at their devotions. They look more like a congregation of white people than one of native Indians.

It is to be regretted that now, when these people have so much improved by our instructions, outsiders should come: that Methodist and Presbyterian ministers should intrude and sow discord amongst them. Yet it was to be expected, for it is their pride, not to civilize savage nations, but to pervert them, after the Catholic priests have converted them to Christianty, and sown the seed of civilization. Our case is not an exceptional one, but it is none the less saddening and painful.

However, with the grace of God, no means will be spared to protect our people. It may have been rash on our part to put up for our dear Indian children, with the object that they may not be perverted, the buildings of a central boarding-school for which we have to pay, although we have not the means. But under the protection of St. Joseph, and with the assistance of St. Antony, we hope to be able to secure the necessary funds to pay for the work just completed, the Indian Boarding School in St. Mary's Bay, Clayoquot Sound, Vancouver Island.

With the blessing of Archbishop Christie, and his best wishes of "God speed," I must now set out and ask the good Catholics of the Eastern States to extend a helping and generous hand to bring this work, in all probability the last of my life, to a successful issue.

A. J. Brabant,
Hesquiat, W. Coast,
Vancouver Island, Canada.
October, 1899.

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