



Probably no place on the Pacific Coast bears a more peaceful aspect than the little inlet known as Maple Bay, but, unless Indian tradition errs, here was fought, less than a century ago, that bloody battle which lives in the memory of the Cowichan Indians as the last of their many fights before the white man, arriving on the scene, took the law and the land into his own hands, and the Cowichans, without striking a blow, became a subject race.

The story comes down to the present Indians from two or three generations back, when the grandfathers of the oldest Cowichans of today as young lads, remembered the fight.

The Cowichan Indians, in alliance with some of the neighboring tribes, had planned a raid on the territories of their hereditary enemies, the Indians of Fort Rupert.

Several months saw them busy preparing for the expedition; new war canoes were built, and others patched, ready for the long sea voyage. At length all was ready, and the united forces were collected at a village on the banks of the Cowichan river.

Early in the morning they embarked, and, passing down the river and out of the bay, headed up the Sansum narrows.

The next morning saw them passing the northern end of Admiral Island on their long trip, which, as fate decreed was to be interrupted.

One of the men, who had been gazing astern for some time, perhaps contemplating the possibility of that being his last look at the familiar landscape, became suddenly interested in a tiny object far over the water.

He shaded his eyes that he might see the better, and soon others followed his example. Yes, directly astern of them, in the gilded path which the reflection of the now well risen sun made across the water, was what their experienced eyes knew to be a canoe; the flashes of her paddles as they caught the sun's rays came in quick succession, and told of a desperate race; she was evidently trying to overtake them, but for what reason none of the puzzled warriors could guess.

For more than half an hour they watched the never-ceasing flash-flash of her paddles, as they rose before each stroke.

She was rapidly approaching, and two figures were soon visible; they were paddling hard, but it was easy to see that the tremendous exertion was telling on each of them.

Several canoes hastened to meet her, but the two men were unable to reply to the host of eager questions which assailed them, and sank forward from sheer exhaustion; but they soon recovered and were able to tell their story.

While fishing along the shore they had noticed in a small bay several grooves in the shingle, where at least thirty war canoes had been beached.

The gravity of the position soon dawned on them—these were undoubtedly traces of strangers—and such a large band of strangers could have come with no peaceable intent. They knew what would be the probable fate of the Cowichan villages, deprived as they were of almost every able-bodied man, should an enemy attack them, and realizing that their only hope lay in being able to overtake the departed Cowichans, they set out with but faint hope of doing so, and had paddled desperately all the way.

As the story was finished, cries of surprise and fury burst from those who were close enough to hear, and one or two canoes started wildly in pursuit of the unknown enemy, who might at this moment be slaying the defenceless Cowichan women, and sacking the unguarded ranch-houses of each village; but the chief arose, and in a loud voice reduced them to order. Among his men his wisdom was looked upon as almost superhuman, and his assurance that they would in some way outwit the intruders, calmed them greatly.

He proposed that they should return as far as Maple Bay and there conceal their canoes, and cross by land to their homes, which they could thus reach in time to defend their wives and children. Seldom was the wisdom of any of his plans disputed. So all set out for Maple Bay, which meant a paddle of some eight or ten miles.

By the time they reached the point which marks the entrance of the bay, after having visited the little inlet, where the traces of the

alarms, strangers were to be seen, and satisfied themselves that it was no delusion; the sun was low in the west and twilight was setting in, bringing with it that calm peculiar only to itself, when the splash of the fish as they rise from the water and the calls of birds may be heard for miles over the placid sea. A loon called softly from within the bay as they rounded the point, and soon another. The leading canoe stopped, and every man in her listened—again came the cry, a succession of low calls, followed by a dismal wail. The faces of the Cowichans showed intense excitement—in the last call there was unmistakably a human accent. The bay concealed a band of the Fort Rupert Indians themselves!

Cautiously the canoes retired farther round the sheltering point, and instinctively all eyes turned toward the chief.

With upraised arm he beckoned silence, and pointed out a cove some way up the coast, where there was no danger of being heard by the enemy. The Fort Rupert Indians had evidently been in the bay for some hours as their last camping-place (where the marks of their canoes in the shingle had betrayed their presence to the Cowichans) was but a few miles astern; they were probably resting after their long journey from the north in anticipation of the struggle which tomorrow might bring; for they had learned that to successfully attack the strongholds of the Cowichans they needed all their strength and energy.

Knowing, from their own abhorrence of doing so, that the swiftest travel after dark, the Cowichans felt confident that their enemy would remain where they were for the night, and thus give them time to divide their forces, and under cover of the darkness, to conceal half of them behind the point on the opposite side of the entrance to the bay, round which the enemy, if they wished to continue their journey on to Cowichan Bay, were certain to pass.

By midnight the plan was carried out, and both points at the mouth of the Inlet were strongly guarded.

Just as the grey dawn was breaking, the cry of the loon was again heard by the expectant Cowichans, and by the dim light they were able to see a long line of dark objects crossing the water; they were heading in the direction of Cowichan Bay, and the Indians behind the point gripped their paddles more firmly and awaited the signal from their chief. Just as the leading canoe of the enemy was abreast of the point he motioned with his arm—instinctively every paddle struck the water, and, uttering a wild cry, the Cowichans sent their canoes shooting from behind the sheltering rocks.

With a howl of dismay the baffled enemy turned back in wild confusion, but their chief, seeing that there were comparatively few Cowichans, to some extent rallied his forces, and they began to offer a fierce resistance with spears and arrows.

Meanwhile the Cowichans from the other point had come to the aid of their companions, and the Fort Rupert Indians, seeing the reinforcement, again showed signs of panic and looked wildly about them for an opening in the ring of Cowichan canoes with which they were now completely surrounded, but for a narrow space near the shore. Seeing this as their only possible way of escape several of the Fort Rupert Indians paddled wildly for the gap, hoping, no doubt, to reach the shore and fly on foot from their enemies, but they only drove their canoes upon a submerged rock. In the resulting confusion the Cowichans easily overturned the stranded canoes and their occupants, while struggling in the water, were, as the Indians express it, "speared like salmon."

The remainder of the enemy fought like devils, but one by one they fell before the deadly showers of stone-pointed spears and arrows rained on them by the Cowichans.

That night, when the sun set below the western hills, his last rays lighted up a ghastly scene of blood; the falling of the last of the Fort Rupert warriors had some hours before closed the final act of the great tragedy, and the Cowichans had departed to their homes to rejoice over their victory and mourn over their dead, each canoe bearing, elevated in her bow, the bleeding head of one of the fallen Fort Rupert Indians, in a grim triumphal procession.

Hardly had the excitement caused by the victory died down among the Cowichan people when they began preparations for another expedition to Fort Rupert, the treacherous nature of which brings little credit to them; but treachery among all savage races is looked upon rather in the nature of good generalship than that of cowardice, and had the tables been turned, doubtless the Fort Rupert Indians would have acted similarly.

A few days after the battle the Cowichans had learned that during the fight a score or so of the enemy had escaped by swimming across the bay, and had crossed the mountains in the direction of Chemainus. On their way they had come suddenly upon a party of Cowichan squaws gathering hcomas, or wild onions, and had killed them all.

Though the escaped Fort Rupert Indians were subsequently captured and killed to a man by the Chemainus Indians, the Cowichans determined to avenge the death of the women. Accordingly the canoes of the Fort Rupert Indians were repaired, and a band of Cowichans, disguised as the Indians of the North, embarked.

For months they labored on, working steadily up the coast by day, and camping each night. At length they reached their destination, then an Indian village, and, of course, having an Indian name.

For some time their approach was unnoticed by the women and children, who were occupied in collecting driftwood from the beach and carrying it to their houses, until one of the Cowichans imitated the cry of the loon—a woman looked up from her work, and, seeing the approaching canoes, uttered a guttural cry.

Instantly the peaceful scene became one of wild excitement; bundles of wood were thrown to the ground, and squaws and children rushed down to the beach to greet, as they thought, their returning warriors.

Swiftly the Cowichans paddled in, and, springing onto the beach, seized as many of the women and children as they could drag back to their canoes, and, pushing off from the shore, were gone almost before those who were left behind well knew what had taken place.

The unfortunate captives were carried back to Cowichan as slaves—the triumph of the Cowichans was complete.

Edward VII.

Hall Caine, in the New York Herald.

In the language of Scripture, "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." A life that influenced to an untold degree the national existence has come to an end. He who long and ably filled the public eye has shared the common lot of humanity. Soon he will be laid soundly to rest, just as is the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task.

To make any summary of the characteristics of so exalted a personage may be a dangerous task, but it is a very proud duty. I shall do my best to present a portrait of the late King as he lived.

King Edward VII. assumed none of the retired state of an Eastern sultan, being always content with the social dignity of a British monarch, therefore his face and figure were so familiar that it seems needless to say more than that in person and countenance he was firmly built and of manly figure, which later in life indicated more solidity than alertness, with eyes that were serious rather than animated. If there is any medical term which denotes the exact opposite of the neuroathetic temperament, with its deep fits of depression, and its flights of exaltation, that word, I should consider would best describe the temperament of King Edward as his face and figure expressed it.

A man's voice is perhaps the most direct expression of the soul, and it must be admitted that King Edward's voice, especially in later life, had not always the most pleasing effect. He spoke with a certain guttural note, an impression which, however, very speedily wore away as one knew him better and listened to him longer.

As a public speaker I would describe King Edward as nearly always strong and effective. He lacked, of course, the mellifluous flow of Gladstone's eloquence and the forthright power of Lord Rosebery's rhetoric, but his delivery was always firm, his sentences were always well balanced and his phrases always well considered and strong. What struck me most on various occasions was the entire absence of nervousness such as the greatest orators constantly experience, which even in a king would have been natural. The mere presence of vast masses of humanity, the pageantry of great occasions, produce in some an emotional effect that expresses itself in voice and manner, but never at any time did I see any trace of this in King Edward VII.

In his conversation the King gave the impression of extraordinary range. It was the conversation of a man who had lived a full and varied life. It had characteristics which I never have seen in the same degree in any other person. There was nothing approaching the monologue in it. The King seemed rarely to speak more than a dozen words at a time, but there was no reticence. His talk was a continuous flow, often of questions.

In the intercourse I was privileged to hold with him, I found myself telling stories and he would tell stories in return, but never in the manner of a story teller. He was not what I should describe as a leader in conversation, yet conversation never for moment flagged in his presence.

King Edward had what all royal personages cultivate, a memory tenacious to the most flattering degree of all minute particulars which interested those who were presented

to him. Thus it occurred that in the intercourse with which he honored me, he talked chiefly of the drama and of literature.

King Edward's knowledge of the theatre was singularly intimate. I remember that he seemed to know the whole history of one leading member of the theatrical profession, telling me what errors he seemed to have made in statesmanship in his life, how his theatre was too large, how his policy was not quite abreast of the desires of the public and how his talents were best fitted for parts which he did not often allow himself to play. It was all startlingly true and suggested an extraordinary power of observing and recalling events from what must necessarily have been a considerable distance.

As to the King's taste for the drama, I doubt whether he was much interested in what some of us consider its more serious forms. It did not occur to me that he cared much for the play of the problem. On the other hand he seemed to find real pleasure in wholesome drama.

I do not think King Edward was a great reader. Indeed, I doubt if any day of his life found him holding a book in his hand for a whole hour at once. Nevertheless, he knew books. As far as I was able to judge, it was impossible for a book to make a great impression upon the world without its making some impression upon him. He had much of the swift assimilative power that belongs to the great journalist, though he used this quality in a still higher sphere. I do not think he cared for books that dwelt upon social, religious, and political problems.

King Edward's manner was always free and unrestrained, but it never lost for one moment certain suggestions of consciousness of the exalted height of his rank. I cannot imagine that anybody could ever have taken the smallest liberty with Edward VII. I doubt if even his most intimate friends, however close they may have come to him, could have forgotten for a moment the difference between him and them.

Let this give a suggestion of aloofness let me hasten to say that nothing appeared to give him greater pleasure than an opportunity of sinking the sovereign in the man. He did not do this as Thackeray describes "Farmer George" doing it, but with an ease always allied with personal dignity. Thus during a visit to the Isle of Man, where I first had the honor to come to close quarters with him, he took obvious pleasure in the freedom with which the people who surrounded his person spoke to him.

I remember that one of our company said, pointing to the little gray town of Ramsey, which in a few hours had become transfigured into an Oriental city, under the blaze of every conceivable scrap of bunting:

"This beate Coronation Day in London, Your Majesty."

The King smiled and gracefully allowed himself to agree.

There were no police with him that day, no detectives and hardly any escort—only a gentleman in a light bowler, two ladies in sailor hats, with a few carriages full of friends behind them and a number of bicycle journalists scudding at their side. It was a charming picture of a sovereign who felt absolutely secure in the love and protection of the people over whom he ruled.

"I trust we have not tired you to death, sir," I said.

He answered: "It has been simply delightful. I've enjoyed it all immensely."

The King's memory was an extraordinary gift. Pointing to a monument on top of a hill, one of our party said:

"That is Albert Hill sir. The tower is Albert Tower, so called after a picture of the Prince Consort's visit to Ramsey in 1847."

"I remember perfectly," said the King, "I was on the yacht with the Queen, but I was only seven years of age and the Queen was ill so I did not come ashore."

"Perhaps you remember, sir, what happened when the Consort landed?"

"I do. He had come unexpectedly. There was nobody to receive him and a local barber took him to the top of the hill." A memory that retained an incident of such little moment can never have failed Edward VII. in relation to greater events of his life.

The King's visit to the Isle of Man has, of course, left enduring memories among the Manx people, but a welcome so spontaneous, a demonstration so informal, yet so enthusiastic, must be a rare occurrence even in the life of a most popular sovereign. The King was genuinely pleased.

It was a glorious day, with a cloudless blue sky and brilliant sunshine. Accompanied by the Queen and the royal party, King Edward made a circuit of the whole central and northern portions of the island. Lunch was laid upon an improvised table under the broken arches of the roofless Cathedral Nave, in the ruins of old Peel Castle.

The King appeared to enjoy the picnic. He sat long and talked and smoked, while the brown sails of fishing boats swung with the movement of the tide in the bay below.

It was all very surprising as well as delightful to our Manx people, next morning the old island seemed to awake from sleep, rub its eyes and wonder if such things really had been.

The King's powers of observation were almost enough to have made him a Balzac among novelists. I remember as we drove into Peel he said to me: "I should say you have many Nonconformists in the Isle of Man."

"That is so, sir, but it would interest me to know how you arrived at that conclusion," I replied.

"By observing the great number of little Methodist chapels which we have passed on the way," said the King.

The little Methodist chapels in question are, for the most part, whitewashed structures, hardly distinguishable from barns.

King Edward was naturally too full a man in the broadest sense not to be interested in women. No woman's face seemed to escape him during the long drive to which I have referred. When somebody at Peel spoke of the excellent type of Manxman found among the Manx fishermen, the King said:

"Your Manx women are good, too."

"But isn't it possible," I suggested, "that you are mistaking English visitors for Manx women?"

"Oh dear, no," he answered. "I know the difference between types."

It may be truly said of King Edward that he found life good. He loved to live. This surely may be counted among the causes of his great popularity. He was the kindly partaker of all honest pleasures. Hence he liked sport. He took pleasure in the speed of a horse. He enjoyed a good dinner and a very good cigar, smoking big ones which he kept in a large case in his pocket and offered to his immediate friends, while a silver box containing cigars of a lighter kind was passed around the table.

Although I had little or no opportunity to observe King Edward in his domestic character, I should not hesitate to say he had his marked characteristics as son, husband, father and grandfather. It is difficult for me to think of a temperament that had less in common with that of Queen Victoria, and I have heard, without much surprise, of the almost mischievous pleasure he found earlier in life in defying the too rigid regulations of the maternal household.

King Edward was very jealous of any encroachment upon his wife's dignity as Queen. I recall the fact that when Her Majesty did me the honor to ask me to assist her in the work of a Christmas gift book, which was published with so much success, it was in vain that I tried to enlist the co-operation of the King in its behalf.

"Anything for which the Queen stands responsible," he said in effect, "is sufficiently recommended to the public by her own name; therefore I cannot allow myself to offer any tribute to the quality of her book or make any appeal in its behalf."

I have reason to think King Edward was a very affectionate father, sometimes a little impatient of youthful indiscretions, but always very proud of his sons' achievements, and especially pleased at the great recognition which the Prince of Wales' travels and speeches received from the Empire.

As a grandfather Edward VII. seems to have been as much as any of us under the influence of that mysterious law of nature which makes a man's grandchildren even more dear to him than his immediate offspring. In little Prince Olaf, his particular darling, he found great amusement in many ways, the prattling child, a soldier already in his own esteem, loving to drill grown men and to assume the airs of a general and a King.

Perhaps it is less praise to say that Edward VII., while a man of broad judgment and strong intellectual capacity, was not profoundly interested in what seem to some of us the very highest things of life. Without being in the accepted sense a religious man, I think he always regarded religion with deep reverence and differences in faith with wide toleration.

I give it as my opinion, but without authority, that that part of his coronation oath which referred to Catholicism would not be agreeable to the spirit of such a man. He had little in common in this respect with his illustrious father, but I think a parallel may be drawn between them in at least one striking characteristic. Both loved peace.

What Edward VII. did to compose the differences of nations does not need to be retold here. It was a great work of peace on earth, but done not so much by a religious enthusiast as by a most sagacious man of the world.

As far as I could see or hear I should describe King Edward as a liberal in politics, but I hasten to add that his liberalism was not of the kind that find much following in parliamentary institutions, whether in England or elsewhere. I think he always was in sympathy with the spirit of reform, but I hazard the opinion that he hated everything tending to disturb the social order and had something of Lord Byron's scorn for what the poet called the "ignoble swarm of ruffians who are endeavoring to throttle their way to power."

He liked the wheels of life to run smoothly. His own effort was to oil them that they might never jar. I think he disliked the iconoclast, the revolutionist, the man who wishes to uproot and recreate.

King Edward loved nothing so much as to unite people to the Throne. I recall the pleasure with which he received a tribute from representatives of two millions of trades unionists for his work in the interest of universal peace.

He was always aware, I think, of the weight of his personal influence with the people. He found the utmost gratification in every fresh proof of it. I remember that when we published an earlier edition of the Queen's book, called "The Queen's Carol," I wrote to him to say that I had promised the Queen to get her £10,000 to distribute among the poor and that the difficulty of fulfilling my promise was beginning to alarm me. I asked him to write a letter of the kind I indicated, to be used as an appeal to the public. He wrote a letter of his own which was infinitely better than mine. The letter was published within twenty-four hours, and the result expected was more than achieved by reason of it. He was sincerely pleased when I said, "The whole nation, sir, answered instantly your appeal."

Field

SPORTSMAN

(From an Editorial in

Between the "sport" and a great gulf fixed, yet many of the two. There is all the difference between the extreme east and west, the black and white, dross and the one from the other, and the others, but in the heart of the

For numerous reasons "the" len into disrepute, and because able ways is non persona g munity as soon as his real ch regardless of his smooth ap monds as big as pigeons egg ble, unless to those of his c they demand that he walk hands up. Play with him business.

The pursuit of pastime for when the thousand tongues of ical stamina call for a let-up dom of business grind or so not only a token of a man's g evidence of good sense. If as to say, "I cannot spare ti may confidently watch for the shades are drawn low at his hork of the physician's autor his street.

Play is as honest as toil, realm of its own and bears marks that never associate trade. Whenever the elem gain sets aside the considerat physical reward for time de sport, one of the Almighty's prosituted.

Nature sounds her warning feeling" so prevalent at spring absent-mindedness of which aware, in fits of irritability an vishness and proneness to dis calling men out of bondage, where forces that make for th nerve and brain tissue may rfect poise that marks the wel vidual—one fitted to be a st for real prizes in life's arena.

Happy is that man or wo formed the habit of keeping t sing days and inviting anticipa come by making pets of the too for evening clothes as the unifo their use! Halcyon days are de ing the canoe or yacht; rewind and straightening rods and tackle; overhauling and setting sights of shotgun or rifle; filli line with outing paraphernalia well aired and ready for the ca

When the first wire is mad streams and lakes are open and sound your friend as to his rearing off the cares of the market a smell of the pines. Does he te number and size of the fish h of the deadliest and surest c use of worms in waters where results from casting flies are s that the law prohibits other lurt sort to nets or high explosives creel trophies, when other mean sometimes will on the best fish take it from me, he is no sports characteristic. Both loved peace.

If, on the contrary, he waxe over fine country, picturesque purring brooks, sun-kissed, mirro good comrades, homely fare an prizes that come to his landin royal battle at the insistence of ging manipulated with a consur that friend of yours is my frier rings true at the test. He is a sp

If he is a hunter, he will pr most game, kill the least, bring b and best of the game pictures, animals writhing in agony, to d in the wilds, or slowly return to after their wounds have healed.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN

In this country we hunt; in shoot. There does not appear to to be much difference between the and I have used them as synonym but I know now there is a great d a recent experience in shooting in England I came to understand th merely a British peculiarity neve word "hunt" with respect to bir passed the gatekeeper's lodge it upon me that the "beaters" did and the first morning that I stat in a "butt" among the heather wa birds to be driven within shooti realized why the sportsmen wer "guns."

The British, who do all thing round from year to year, long upon "the twelfth" of August for of the grouse season in Scotla known on the calendar of a man, a good churchman and a good s "St. Grouse's Day."

A number of likeable men can good time together in the heather juvenated at the end of a visit, al may not have taken more severe riding to the "butts" and raising

This system of shooting is part able for older men. I have in m sportsman who, as he came in house, remarked that he was disg dog. It was too old, and he propo