

having eaten his fill it was a time-honored custom with William to retire for a smoke beneath the shade of a large favorite tree. Arrived here he would seat himself on the grassy soil, place his back against the trunk of the tree, cross one of his bow shaped lower limbs over the other, take out his pipe, matches and pouch of "can-icnic" and, for hours, would give himself up to pleasure unalloyed.

Such was William's life at home. The untiring perseverance with which he performed his daily duties rendered it absolutely necessary for him to restore his exhausted energies by an annual vacation. His summer months were spent not at the sea-side but at the river-side. About the tenth of July he, together with the greater number of his tribesmen mounted on small lean ponies and equipped with mighty batons and loud ringing steel spurs, would gallop off to the picturesque banks of the seething, foaming Fraser, to enjoy the salmon season. This despatch being reached, the ponies relieved of their burdens, are furnished with bells and hobbled, (that is, their fore limbs are bound together with a thong of rawhide,) then turned loose on the hills; tents are pitched, fires lighted, wood fetched etc., and, what was a wild prairie, in less than two hours is transformed into a very comfortable summer resort. Salmon-catching with small hand nets is carried on during the night along the edge of the river. At the time I speak of, William was too old to venture out midst dismal darkness among the precipitous rocks and crags which were scattered here and there along the mighty river's banks. Whilst the able-bodied men were out fishing, the chief, together with the other elders, as well as the women and children of the tribe, remained in the camp, kept the fires aglow, and leisurely whiled away the time eating, chatting and smoking. The greater part of the day was generally spent in refreshing sleep. Bathing was another very healthful amusement in which all, both young and old, took part.

What has been said so far applies to William as a private man, we are now to consider him as chief. When acting in the latter capacity he affected great dignity in word, action, expression of countenance, mode of walking, saluting, etc. And

yet, the close observer could not fail to discern a sable shadow of sadness overhanging all this outward grandeur. Chief William had experienced the bitter truth of the proverb: "restless lies the head that wears a crown." His father had reigned over a tribe of three thousand souls. Shortly after the son's accession to power small-pox broke out and carried off over two thirds of his subjects. Such a calamity would have driven an ordinary ruler to despair; but William was an extraordinary ruler and once the small-pox ceased to rage, when not acting in his official capacity, he ate, smoked and chatted with all his former lighthearted cheerfulness. However, as before stated, after the sad occurrences above mentioned all the chief's official words and actions were tinged with an indescribable melancholy.

Hardly had the small-pox ceased its ravages when scores of White men found their way into William's territory and made their own of his lands. He welcomed them as his subjects, but he never could rightly understand the relation in which he stood toward them. When first they arrived the land on which they built their homes undoubtedly belonged to him. After a time, however, this same land underwent an inexplicable metamorphosis and fell into the possession of a foreign potentate called the Queen. The whole affair was Greek to William; he couldn't understand it at all, but the Whites by their actions soon convinced him that his understanding or not understanding it was of little consequence. He still claimed all the unoccupied land within the boundaries of his territory. He often bitterly complained that he and his subjects had been deprived of all land fit for agricultural purposes. Finally the Government granted the tribe a reserve. Commissioners were appointed to wait upon William for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. The old chief was now in great glee. Never before or after did he more keenly feel the exalted dignity of his position. Though he could speak "Chinooke" (the language used by the Whites in conversing with the Indians) fluently he nevertheless secured the services of an interpreter in order to render his interview with the commissioners more solemn and statesmanlike. He made elaborate pre-