

kettles are deposited round the fire and the burdens given over to her by the women as they arrive. These she hangs up. Women line one side of the tent, men the other, while young people crawl in under the flaps of the sides, and crouch informally behind.

The priestess, when all have arrived, makes a prayer to the Spirits and her Familiar, burns a wisp of sweet-grass and throws a little food on the fire as a sacrifice. Then the feast begins. Everyone has a dish of some kind and into these the food is ladled from the kettles by a server going along the lines. A hash of meat and saskatoon berries is the favorite dish on this occasion but anything eatable will do. All has to be eaten up clean: nothing must be left over; and here is where the young ones nestled down behind, come in. These clean up the fragments, for as the elderly participants become satiated, the platters are passed behind to run the gauntlet of the younger and keener appetite.

It is quite a silent feast, outside of the necessary noise of eating and clattering dishes. After the feeding is done—that is when nobody can eat any more, the priestess rises to her feet, and starts a wail. All follow and dance slowly down and back, with heads shrouded, lamenting and weeping. The burdens are selected when reached in the course of the promenade, and nursed in the arms of the dancers, as they go round and round. The priestess intones a song, a melancholy one, and all take up the dirge as they go solemnly round and round the long enclosure. They stop, sit down for a while, until some one else begins a tune, when all rise and dance as before. This is repeated till the approach of morning, when everybody goes home refreshed in spirit, and the ceremony is concluded for that year. There is no particular dress attached to this observance, indeed, no attempt at adornment; the idea is to attend with a kettle of food, a bundle of relics, and a mournful appearance. The food that is thrown on the fire is fed to the spirits of the departed. The wailing on these occasions has reached the standard of an art and is most horrible to listen to.

THE SMOKING TENT—

The most serious of all the Indian observances, in fact the only one conducted without any foolery or skylarking of the younger and lighter-minded of the community, is the Smoking Tent. Only the serious and mature are allowed to participate, and only males. It is of annual observance—in the early fall—and, strange to say, is not a dance.

Only certain men will take the responsibility of conducting this ceremony. The lodge is made large enough to take three or four ordinary tents to cover it in; it is made in round form, and open to the east. A sufficient quantity of food is prepared, including a supply of grease of some fluid kind. Those who take part, daub their heads with white clay, in imitation of grey hair, but in no other respect does their appearance indicate any special preparation.

When the appointed time comes, all participants repair to the tent, in the middle of which a fire has been lighted, and seat themselves round in a circle. The "maker" of the tent has taken his place at the far side, with his long-stemmed pipe and the kettles of food in evidence. No drum is used in this performance, the rattle taking its place, thus giving a character of gravity to the proceedings which would indicate an incantation, rather than a ceremonial. The assemblage being seated, and everything ready, the pipe is charged with modified tobacco or the best substitute, and reverently lighted. Every move is weighted with the utmost gravity. The "maker" takes a whiff or two, and then carefully lays the stem to the cardinal points of the compass, then up, then down. After another whiff or two, the pipe is now deliberately handed round, for each man, in turn, to take a few draws thus travelling till it comes back to the man who is officiating. The "maker" now lays the pipe aside and takes a portion of the food and grease which, before the kettles are handed round, he throws on the live coals as an offering. Then, each, in turn helps himself from the kettles, which go the round for that purpose. For some time all are absorbed in eating. Very, very gravely the whole proceedings are gone through, hardly a word being spoken.

After the feast, comes the singing; the rattle is jingled in quick time by the "Tent-maker" as he starts his song, and all join in. Then the rattle passes to the next in line who begins a song of his own, and again all take part. So, the rattle goes the round, each holder leading in song—often his own composition—with the rest of the company coming in as chorus. There are no words to these songs: merely tunes, and only the tunes peculiar to this ceremony. At intervals, the pipe is charged and lighted and goes the round, when the music begins again. The sitting continues all night with sedate singing and smoking, the devotees departing at dawn and going off gravely to their own separate tents.

The ceremony is one of oblation. The best in food that the community can afford is thrown on the fire as an offer-

ing, and the pipe is turned in every possible direction, for the use of all possible spirits, as each person has his own particular guardian and guide.

THE VIGIL—

This custom of the Indian, though scarcely a religious ceremony, was certainly one in which the spiritual influences which all the world regards as co-efficients of religion were sought in fasting and meditation. Therefore, every Indian with a son to whom he wished to give all possible advantages, would want him to essay the "Vigil".

As a preparation for this, such a father loses no opportunity of impressing the objects of Indian ambition on the growing intelligence; kindness and hospitality in the camp, bravery in the face of the enemy, honesty, truth and reliability have been inculcated; while greed, meanness, lying, stealing, and especially truculence among friends have been decried. Thus trained, on arriving at man's estate, the youth is further prepared by advice and encouragement for the severe trial he is about to undergo; and, some night, the father and son steal away from the tent, and repair to a chosen, desolate spot, where the youth is left to fast for ten days and nights, alone.

No Indian can be truly great and famous, except he be assisted from the Unseen World, and the object of the "Vigil" was to give the spirits a chance to communicate with the aspirant to fame, while the body was chastened by hunger and thirst and solitude. If successful, he would be taught songs by which ever Familiar attached itself to him and, by that Familiar, he would be guided and shielded through life. He would be instructed how to summon this Familiar when need pressed. For this help, some service would be required of him, but rather in the way of homage, than of a burdensome nature. He must never stick a knife in the ground; he must never cross a swamp; he must sacrifice a certain part of every animal he killed in the hunt; or he must always wear some particular article, or he must never wear it. As the consequence of this, one man never takes off his head-cover; another never wears anything between his moccasins and his feet, and so on. These were the terms on which he would be helped, and dire were the consequences of disregard or carelessness in performing his part of the contract.

When complaint was made to the Indian of the want of any outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual grace, in those who had undergone this trial, he would refer to accomplishments in old times and deplore that the attributes

of his race are gradually slipping away as the result of the contaminating influence of the white man.

THE SCALP DANCE:—

While on the subject of Indian customs, it would be a serious omission to say nothing about the Scalp Dance. The life of the Indians of the plains of the North-West, before the white man established law and order in the country, was one of constant danger; of ambuscade, butchery and reprisal; so that it is small wonder that the spirit of ferocity was inculcated by every habit and custom, and fostered by each peril encountered and circumvented; that the routine of Indian life was one continuous incentive to make the desire for renown in war as consuming as possible; and that every appeal to the Powers Unknown was for victory—for life rather than for daily bread.

In this order of things the Scalp Dance was a prime factor. The hair of a dead enemy was the first thing taken, indeed it was not necessary that the enemy be dead, so long as he was unable to resist the mutilation. Many even survived it. A cut was made round the head, just above the eyebrows and ears, and the skin torn off with the teeth. This operation was often performed hurriedly and imperfectly, in which case the next man came in for the remainder, and one head might furnish several scalps. Even a small portion was cherished. A willow was bent into circular form and tied; the flesh side of the scalp was then cleaned and the trophy stretched inside this willow form by string through holes in the edges. The whole thing was, for the time being, hung to the end of a stick, five or six feet long, which served for the purpose of display when used as a walking stick. There the scalp dried and dangled.

Suppose the return of a party, successful in a foray, with one or more scalps. They would halt some distance from, but out of sight of the camp, and paint themselves on all exposed parts with a compound of grease, lead and charcoal—the lead triturated, as it were, by the greased hands; the result, with a little charcoal added, is rubbed on the body, and the process repeated, *ad lib.* Thus adorned, they commence their ceremonious entrance into the camp. As heroes of the hour the happy owners of scalps march in the middle front, bearing their trophies. The others act as chorus, singing the correct songs—tunes, that is, with words to suit the occasion, and naming the successful warrior. When the attention of the camp was attracted, all would rush forward towards the adventurers to hear the good news. The custom was to rifle the tents of those who brought home scalps—probably with the idea that they

were so transported with joy as not to notice the depredation. This was the next step, and all hastened to take what they could lay their hands on; and, to such an extent was this license allowed, that a brave returned from war often was obliged to seek shelter and food in some one else's lodge. It paid a man better to devote his talents and audacity to horse-stealing, rather than to the acquisition of scalps, and yet this latter was infinitely more desired. Then, to the dance.

It is a day dance, and only women take part in it. Their faces and hands are blackened, like those of the men. No drum is used, and the songs are peculiar to the dance. All join in the tune and some one is inspired to set words that suit the occasion. In this recitative the name of the hero and his great deeds are extravagantly sung, with the chorus coming in at the end of each sentence. The whole performance is sweet to the men, who stand mute objects of admiration. The scalp wands are snatched from each other by the dancers, who progress round and round in time with the tune. At intervals, one virago or another pours forth fiendish sentiments in staccato song. Eventually, both sentiments and fury are exhausted and the party separates to meet again at night.

Now, men as well as women participate, and the drum is used. The tunes are of the same kind. All sit round, the sexes on opposite sides. The drum is started, a tune begun, and one after another rises and, keeping time, promenades slowly around inside the circle, till the singing ceases, when the dancers suddenly stop and hurry to their places. This goes on till they all get tired.

The distinctive feature of the Scalp Dance appears to be the black paint, that is, apart from the tunes used. These, indeed, mark a difference where otherwise none appears in all the ceremonies and amusements of the Indian. The dress tells little or nothing, for it is a feature more or less beyond control; discipline and routine are merely rudimentary and, like dress, vary within wide limits with the whim of the individual; but the song speaks unmistakably. Let an Indian hear a tune and he knows at once the class to which it belongs. It may be remarked here that Indian songs, which present such a sameness and want of melody to the white man's ear, are not nearly so harsh and monotonous when one gets accustomed to hearing them. There are many distinct types, and many of each type, with just as much variety as songs generally present.

“*MATH-TAH-HIT-TOO-WIN*”—

Another semi-religious ceremony of the Indian that takes

dancing as a mode of expression is the "Math-tah-hit-too-win", a word that is untranslatable. The nearest that can be got to it is "Passing off something to each other". The man who is competent to make this dance, must be an adept at all weather practice and familiar, through his visions, with the little demons called "Pah-gah-koo-suk". These are understood to be ghosts of a mischievous type, surprising people in the scrub, apparently with the sole object of frightening them. They are not given to showing themselves but manifest their presence by whistling; they are, however, described as small skeletons and they inhabit bushy places. Indians wandering around at night exhibit an almost childish fear of these little goblins on account of the misfortune they can bring and it is to propitiate them that the ceremony is observed. "Give away", it is often called.

A large, round tent, taking two or three teepee-covers to roof it in, is made, the doorway large, and open to the north, with a rude carving of a human figure, cut in green poplar, on each side of it. Outside, at the cardinal points of the compass, are four poplar sticks stuck in the ground. Each of those who attend brings a big dish or kettle and a spoon. At the far end of the tent, opposite the door, sits the convenor of the meeting with a little fire in front of him and by his side, a bladder of fat, and his magic rattle. This rattle—very important in Indian ceremonial—is made of thin raw-hide, scraped to consistency, shaped while green, but now hard and dry, with two or three pieces of metal inside it and tied to a light handle six or eight inches long. The drum is not used in this dance. Four of the male guests are now deputed to go outside with loaded guns, each, at the signal of the rattle, to fire at one of the four posts. When all is ready, the maker begins to sing and suddenly brings the rattle into play, when four reports outside are heard and the whole crowd bursts into song. When the tune comes to an end, the rattle is passed on to the next man in the row who then sings his song. So the rattle goes the round of the circle, skipping the women on its way, till it comes back to its owner. Next, some men take kettles of food and therefrom ladle the contents out into the dishes of the company, who greedily devour it. All this is merely preliminary. The serious part of the ceremony begins with the rising of the priest of the cult and the man opposite him. The former takes the bladder of fat, bites a piece out and spits it on the fire as an offering to the "ghosts", then waves it backward and forward with both hands, feigning to throw it to the other, who stands ready to catch. Finally it is thrown, and caught—sel-

dom missed—the catcher repeating over and over, “I catch such and such a thing on the fly”—naming whatever he is most in need of; as, for instance, “I catch long life on the fly” or “I catch health for my daughter”, or “I catch a good hunt”. The bladder is then thrown back to the first man, who repeats the formula according to his needs. So, it is thrown backward and forward along the lines to the end.

Now begins the “Math-tah-hit-too-win”. Any person in the community may, of malice aforethought, go up to another, sing an appropriate tune, dance up and down a little by bending the knees and finish by saying, “I bestow such and such a thing on thee”. It is not possible to refuse the gift, and it is then incumbent for the recipient to dance off to somebody else, something of equal value. This is to even up the transaction by passing on the onus incurred by the acquisition, because it is supposed that any balance between receipts and disbursements is made up at the expense of the receiver’s luck. So most people try to give as much as they receive, in case the difference is taken out of them by fate.

For four nights this goes on, and property changes hands briskly, passing from one person to another. The tent is full of people all the time and the originator spends all his time there: but it is not absolutely necessary to go there to dance off property. Any person, casually encountered, may have something “danced on” to him; which, or its value, he forthwith seeks an opportunity of “dancing off” to someone else. By request, one more night may be added to the time during which a chance is given for “doing” an acquaintance out of health or good fortune, at the expense of mere worldly possessions.

The sharp ones often dance off balky horses, or things they are tired of, in the hope of bettering themselves by the return gift; while the young and thoughtless have a general good time during the continuance of the dance.

This observance was one of the first that was stopped by the Indian Department, as increasing the poverty of a people who could hardly be poorer, but, inasmuch as what one gave, another got and the aggregate of possessions remained the same, the reason would not appear to be a very good one.

POUNDS.—

While on the subject of the characteristic customs of the Cree Indians, it may not be without interest to dwell shortly on pounds. The poundmaker was in a class by himself. He was

a professional. By virtue of the teaching of his Familiar, he could guide the buffalo in any direction he pleased. The spirits of the buffalo communed with him in his dreams, and were at his command when he needed them. In no other way can the unsophisticated Indian explain the facility with which a herd of buffalo was seduced to its destruction. The co-operation of ordinary individuals was, however, necessary—also a favorable location. The bush must be handy and the lie of the land suitable. Season mattered not; either summer or winter would do. The Master's aid must be sought and nominally compensated—this in conformity with the invariable practice of those privileged with superhuman power.

For the pound, a down grade was best, but not imperative. At the lower end a circular fence of brush was made, several feet thick, and eight feet high, thirty or so yards in diameter. Occasionally, two fences were made, one opening into the other. The opening or entrance, was about ten feet wide and floored with sticks—that is trees of a few inches in diameter. This platform was sloped gradually up to the top of the fenced enclosure, while the descent into the pound was abrupt, so that the buffalo, in their frenzied rush, would tumble in but would be obliged to climb out. A lane, with brush fences on each side and leading up to the gate, was made outside the enclosure. This was so designed, that a sharp turn near the pound hid from the frightened animals the trap that was prepared for them. This was a critical point and the fences were strongly built. From here, outwards, for a long distance, the lane gradually grew wider apart till, eventually, isolated bunches of brush, behind which a person might hide took the place of the fences.

Indians who could be relied on to bring the buffalo within the range of the hidden beaters were few. Many tried it; some could do it occasionally. Wonderful tales are told of this or that man who could make the buffalo follow a song to their destruction, but they are generally too wonderful for belief. So it would appear that the successful poundmaker was an Indian observant enough to acquire an intimate knowledge of the habits of the buffalo and at the same time sufficiently shrewd to put his familiarity to use. Halfbreed hunters say that the animals were possessed with the idea that they were being headed off, if a horseman got close up to them, and that they would persistently try to forge round the front; in which case, of course, they might be herded in any direction by a rider with a horse fast enough. Once decoyed past the outlying brush, the task is comparatively easy. An Indian jumps

up from his hiding place, waves his blanket and the herd shies off to the other side cannoning, as it were, from one side to the other, till they enter the brush lane. They are scared into hurrying on and the further they get the more incessant becomes the hue-and-cry, till their efforts to escape assume the proportions of a stampede. Behind the brush lanes too, people are stationed to prevent the frightened animals from breaking through the fences and to shoo them into the pound. Over the inclined threshold into the enclosure they go. A dancing crowd of Indians with waving blankets and shouts, blocks the entrance way, and the frantic herd mills round and round until shot down by the hungry foes that encompass them. Dead and dying are pitted together in a writhing mass, till the knife ends the butchery.

Then all hands bend to the task before them. Flaying is done as best it may since the floor is too crowded for scientific work but the hides are stripped off; tid-bits of raw liver, fat, and kidney assuage the immediate pangs of hunger, while the meat is being stripped from the bones for the orgies of feeding that last till plenty becomes scarcity again. But, after all, there is a limit to even an Indian's capacity and, once their well-developed appetites are thoroughly satisfied, the crowd settles down to drying the meat and sinews; extracting marrow; stretching hides for leather; and perhaps preparing pemmican for either winter use or sale at the trading post.

In general, it may be said that this method of hunting the buffalo—if it can be called hunting—was resorted to but seldom. Success depended upon too many circumstances. The ground must lie correctly; timber should be available; the game has to be fairly plentiful and within easy reach. Also, some one able to guide the animals in the right direction was indispensable. Under the most favorable conditions, too, the herd often escaped. They might stampede through the confining lines of Indians. They might with their great weight and momentum crash through the encircling walls of the pound. But, when it did succeed, it was a great accomplishment.

I have been at great pains to make all possible enquiries regarding the danger from stampeding herds of buffalo, but could never find any experienced hunter who believed such a thing to be possible. All agreed that, no matter how large the herd, nor how badly frightened they might be, they were easy to turn from their course, and all expressed the opinion that stories of travellers—in large or small parties—being wiped out of existence by stampeding herds of buffalo were products of the imagination. In running the buffalo there was the chance

that the animal, goaded into desperation, might turn on its tormentor and gore either the horse or its rider, but all regarded the "stampede" as a joke. Yet, the country, on occasion, was literally black with buffalo as far as the eye could reach.

THE INDIAN AS A WARRIOR—

It is the common opinion that the Indian is a coward, he will not fight fair. Instead of coming out in the open, like a man, he sneaks behind trees and bushes or what not till he gets a safe and easy chance at his opponent. The Indian, in conflict with the white man, pits his experience and his inherited system of tactics against the superior arms and the discipline of his opponent. To ask the Indian to stand out in the open to be shot down before he got within range of his own weapons, would be as absurd as to demand that his adversary arm himself with bow and arrows and butcher knives and that the white man take not the advantage of his superior numbers. Under all circumstances the imputation of cowardice comes with small grace from the powerful against the weak, from the aggressor against the savage defender of his life and liberty, who asks only to be allowed to exist and to be let alone. But the Indian is not by any means a coward, on the contrary, he is heir to whatever intrepidity is natural to the human race and in him, the gift has not faded out for want of use, but has been nourished and trained by his mode of life, and the circumstances by which he finds himself surrounded. He is, in consequence, hardy, patient and resolute, and his experiences have not brought out much to engender either love of life or fear of death. Many instances might be adduced in support of this estimate, but one must suffice; it is a true story, and a good illustration of the Indian character. It is the

STORY OF ALMIGHTY VOICE—

"Almighty Voice" was a Saulteaux, born and brought up in the Settlements. So close, indeed was he to civilisation, that he had spent most of his youthful days round a N.W.M. Police post, and had quite a smattering of English. He used to wash dishes and run errands; in return, he got his food, and scraps of all kinds to take home. Naturally, there sprung up quite a familiarity, if not a positively friendly feeling between members of the detachment and himself. Eventually, he grew up, married and settled down on a Reserve near Duck Lake. At this period, the Indian Department had a scheme by which cows were loaned to the Indians, as a basis from which they might raise stock for themselves. The original stock was to be returned to the department, when the borrower's herd warranted it.

This expedient, theoretically good, and prompted by the right spirit, proved a constant source of friction owing to the unbending system of control required by red tape in the hands of insensitive agents. "Almighty Voice" had cattle, the issue of such loan. His wife fell sick. To the Indian, meat is the only nourishing food, and he had no meat to feed her. So, in accordance with the rules, he asked permission of the agent to slaughter one of his own animals. The agent, more interested in preserving the cattle than in the welfare of the Indians, refused that permission. Strict account of cattle was demanded of the agent, whereas the death of an Indian would be reverently regarded as a manifestation of the inscrutable designs of Providence. Notwithstanding this refusal, "Almighty Voice", who regarded the animal as his own, and the request for permission to kill as a mere matter of form, killed the animal. The agent immediately had him arrested. He was taken to the detachment quarters, unshackled in any way by the police, who knew him well, and anticipated no trouble. But their confidence was misplaced, for he walked outside to freedom while the police were engaged in their usual avocations. He went home, got his gun, and disappeared from the white man's view, though he did not go far away. For some time he kept in close touch with his sick wife, if, indeed he did not stay altogether with her. But the chase soon got too hot and he had to take to the wild. His whereabouts leaked out, and a sergeant—who knew him well—with an interpreter, went to arrest him. They came upon him, but, while they were still at some distance, he levelled his gun at them, and told them not to come any nearer, or he would shoot. The sergeant, depending on the intimacy existing between them, tried to talk him into submission, but "Almighty Voice" said he was determined not to allow himself to be arrested, and would listen to no blandishments. Still persuading himself that this was all bluff—though the interpreter thought differently—and that there was no danger, the policeman continued his advance. "Almighty Voice" shot him dead. The interpreter ran away.

There was now a hue-and-cry after the murderer, but the police could never get on his track, and eventually it was the general opinion that he had skipped across the Line. But he never went far from home. The Indians would not betray him and he took good care not to show himself where he might be identified. His friends, it appears, tried to get him to leave the country but he would not. Two years elapsed, till hope of arresting him had almost vanished, when he was recognised by a Halfbreed, and the hunt became warm again. During this

hunt, he killed one man and wounded another, but he was now so hard pressed that he finally took shelter in a fair sized clump of poplar trees—what, in this country, is called a "bluff". Here, at last, he was driven to earth. He had evidently prepared for his last fight, for he had dug a pit in the centre of the bluff and cut roads thence to the edges. Individual attempts at ousting him failed through the death of those adventuring. Finally, the bluff was surrounded, and the outlaw besieged by about two hundred men, including a large force of police with guns. For about ten days he stood them off, occasionally killing one of the more enterprising of his enemies, while the bluff was pounded to pieces by shelling. When they at last took him, he was dead. His last meal had apparently been a crow; and with his last cartridge he had blown the top of his head off. The whole affair reeked with mismanagement from beginning to end; the only outstanding point is the indomitable resolution of the Indian. How many he had killed in his conflict with the law, I do not remember—six or seven, perhaps more.

He could easily have escaped across the Line or to the pathless woods, north or east; that course, it was said was urged on him by his relatives; but he was determined to fight it out at home. Many other instances might be adduced—without citing any in which all the actors were Indians, and which might therefore be regarded as apochryphal—but, where such appear necessary, they would not convince. The Indian is patient, enduring and resolute. He is brave.

I have been repeatedly told by old fighters that Indians were not brave at all times and under all circumstances, but only when they made up their mind to it. They would not always seek danger. Even young men, who had a name to make, chose their occasion. Yet, when danger sought them out, all would make a desperate fight. As instancing their wonderful resolution, it is not inapt to point to the fact that every one of the murderers during the Rebellion voluntarily gave himself up, though they knew to what they were resigning themselves. They all came singing to the scaffold and met death with seeming unconcern.

Again, the Indian is cruel. So he is—to his enemies; to those from whom he asks no mercy, he gives none. Yet he is cruel only in an inefficient, savage way. He is behind the rest of the world a thousand years, while of the refinements of cruelty, as practised by civilised nations in their wars, he is hopelessly ignorant. Without doubt, they are cruel, but who

shall denounce them? Surely not the exponents of the boot, the rack, and the stake; of bombs, of poison gas and blockades.

We have read and heard a great deal of the Red Man's cruelty, yet he adopted most of his prisoners. In all the tribes of the prairie may be found strangers, living assimilated, and quite content amongst their hereditary enemies. While on the subject of fighting, and also because the tale has a local interest, it occurs naturally to relate the Indian account of the

FIRST BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE—

Quite a long time ago, yet still within the knowledge of many still living, buffalo were plentiful, and a large number of Crees had gathered for their summer hunt on the prairie to the south. Their camp was situated on the south side of Battle River just within that debatable ground, for the quiet enjoyment of which the Crees and Stonies, as allies, had for generations contended—and were still contending—against the Southern Confederacy. This spot had been named as the gathering place, and the camp would remain there till the concourse of Indians was great enough to warrant them in boldly launching out into the midst of their enemies. Meanwhile, they maintained themselves as best they could and gave themselves up to amusement with the zest that comes only to those whose lives are for the most part spent in solitary places.

Arrangements for the coming hunt were already in progress; a head man had been appointed and a band of soldiers.

The land on the south side of Battle River stretches level for a few miles, till it meets the escarpment of the prairie plateau. Here the rise is in most places very steep, and covered more or less with thick brush, but, coulees break the sharp edge of the hills at frequent intervals, and afford easy means of communication between the two levels.

The Cut Knife Hill is an eminence rising from the upper plateau, and dominating the country for miles around. One side descends abruptly to the edge of the creek which, far down below, winds its way towards the Battle River. Bush marks the course of this little waterway, and, at this point, extends over the whole face of the hill, which here has a north-east exposure. The summit is level, covered with low shrubs, and about fifty feet in circumference, the ground falling away very gradually towards the prairie—on that side as even as a floor, and bounded by the sky.

Meat was getting scarce in the camp, and, as buffalo were known to be within a short distance, a hunt on regular, organised lines was projected. Every preparation having been made the night before, two young men were sent off ahead of the main body of the hunters, very early in the morning, to ascertain exactly the whereabouts of the game. They expected to have some distance to go and started so as to reach the place where they thought to find the buffalo by dawn. As the crow flies, travels the Indian, for he goes light, and instinct seems to guide him; the straight way, moreover is the shortest. Rise after rise would be ridden up, and the country surveyed from that vantage point, but the search had taken them a considerable distance east, when the quarry was at last espied grazing unsuspectingly at a distance. Then—back to camp the nearest way. This took them over the level ground to the west of Cut Knife and, as they neared the edge of the plateau from which the tents would be visible, they skirted the foot of the hill that commands the view for leagues. Prompted by fate they decided to climb it. They would take advantage of the elevation in looking out for the hunters, and in signalling to them the direction to be taken.

They slowly walked their horses up the rise. When their eyes came to the level of the top, there burst on their view the figure of a man lying on his belly in the short brush. He held a spyglass to his eye and was too much absorbed in contemplation of the distant encampment, and the approaching hunters to notice the tread of the ponies behind and the danger that consequently menaced his rear. The instant they saw him, unseen, they instinctively glided from their saddles and, flinging themselves on the ground, silently crawled towards their unconscious enemy. Slowly, noiselessly they stole up, but, just as they were about to throw themselves on him and bury their knives in his breast, he turned his head and his eyes met theirs. Quickly they sprang at him, but he leaped lightly down the declivity and was lost to sight in the bushes that clothed that side of the hill, from the top till the creek laves its base.

From where they stood, the approaching party of hunters was visible, slowly riding along. These, probably, it was that had absorbed the spy's attention. A shot or two attracted their notice to the excited young men who trailed their blankets to-and-fro to summon help and in less time than it takes to tell it, a hundred mounted warriors were keeping up a running fight with a war-party of Sarcées, thus accidentally discovered. The enemy hastily fled to the inviting shelter of the thickets

that fringed the creek. From here they easily held their opponents at bay and hoped to make their escape when darkness should come to hide their movements.

By this time the whole allied camp of Crees and Stonies was on the spot and pandemonium reigned. Women shrieked like Furies, calling on the men to rush on the enemy and overwhelm them; men kept shouting their war-cry, shrill and eerie, and firing their guns; dogs were barking and howling—all at a safe distance. The hunted were scooping out shallow pits, near together, each to hide two or three men, to enable them the better to resist attacks till the coming of night and, if the worst came, prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The hunters crept up as close as they could on all sides and each party potted at the other from time to time, without much harm being done, practically marking time till either could perceive some advantage. So it went on all day. In the afternoon the Crees took counsel together. The pits must be taken by storm. But, it was almost evening and they might hurt their own men if the charge were made in the dark. Under cover of darkness again, the enemy might escape. So, watch-fires were lighted, all round, and men lay hidden within close distance of each other, in a circle, guarding the enemy. Thus, they waited for dawn, when the attack was to be made. One of the Sarcees was killed, trying to crawl off along a deep buffalo path, but the path led in the wrong direction and he was seen and shot. Once in a while a Cree would sneak up as near as he thought safe, to listen to the enemy's conversation, suddenly springing up, and zig-zagging his flight back into the darkness. All night, a fire of taunts was kept up by both sides. "I am Short-knife. I have eaten many Crees. I think I have more to eat yet." And, then from the other side,—“Don't sleep! Namesakes! Tomorrow you will sleep soundly”. “Are ye women, that ye have to be so pressed to come?” “We will send word home how ye died.” And so on. Individual Crees stole noiselessly up as near as they might to the enemy's lair to try their luck but crawled as silently back without result. Several of the Sarcees crept, under cover of the darkness, through the unordered lines of their foes to liberty, but, with these exceptions, and some promiscuous shooting, the night passed uneventfully.

As soon as it was light enough to distinguish friend from foe, the Crees started their cautious approach on all sides. No firearms were to be used; nothing but the knife, the spear, and the hammer. Those in the pits would jump up suddenly, and

fire off their guns; but these were random shots, for picked men on the other side were watching to fire at any who exposed themselves and prevented careful aim. Of a sudden, the air was rent with shouts, to which the Sarcees responded with the war-whoop—"Now, Now!" . . . "Rush on! Rush on!", and a multitude of men darted out of the cover of the bushes, ran forward, with jumps from one side to the other to avoid careful aim, and precipitated themselves on the pits. Blankets were pitched in first—open, to blind the enemy and confuse them, then the men themselves followed. There was a brief hand-to-hand fight, while friend and foe were mixed in one writhing mass, but resistance soon ceased, and the bloody remains of thirty Sarcees silently testified to the valor and ferocity of their enemies. Of course, when the fighting finished, the women had to come and wreak their vengeance on the dead, by mangling the bodies till very little was left.

So, like a warrior, died "Short-knife", but his name is perpetuated in a hill and a district, that will outlive the memory of the bloody event that baptised them.

It is not to be understood that this summary of the Indian character and customs was all gained in the six years of my residence on Red Pheasant's Reserve; it is the condensed experience of my whole forty years of close touch with the natives, and an intimate acquaintance with their language; but I have considered it more convenient to put all on record here, at the present stage, rather than to relate it without continuity and at fortuitous intervals throughout the narrative

PERIOD OF AGITATION AND CONFLICT—

The Reserves—Poundmaker and His Reserve—Big Bear—The Crisis of 1884—The Origin of the 1885 Rebellion—The Rebellion Breaks Out—The So-Called Siege of Battleford—In Danger on the Reserve—Emissaries From Riel—The Battle of Cut Knife—The Start for Duck Lake—The Collapse of the Rebellion—Poundmaker's Surrender—The Frog Massacre—The Trials at Regina—After the Rebellion.

RESERVES—

My six years on Red Pheasant's Reserve had seen little change in the country. It had been expected that, once the tribes had signed the treaty, and ceased their interminable feuds, the prairies of the West would quickly fill up with settlers whose example would instruct the natives in their novel agricultural venture, who would help to solve the Indian Department's difficulties by affording work to the Indians, and whose presence would bring cumulative safety to those whites who had so long lived on sufferance in the country.

But, settlers, had not come in. Except for the railway through the south there had been no increased means of communication. Mail came in from Swift Current, three hundred miles, instead of from Winnipeg, six hundred miles. There might be a score of venturesome men squatted at widely separated points through the district; a few Halfbreeds from Red River, fleeing from civilisation, had settled here and there—at Prince Albert, at Duck Lake, at Bresaylor; but these additions to the population meant only added insecurity and responsibility. The Indian was still paramount but was not fully aware of it. Battleford was still a post of the Mounted Police, the headquarters of a division, the purveying for whom furnished the means of living to the few freighters and farmers located in the vicinity. The seat of government had been moved to Regina and all the advantages the town had confidently expected from that connection had vanished. Apart from the Indian Department and the police, there was no work. There were no settlers because there was no railway and no market. There was no money. What little the farmers brought in was traded for goods at the store.

The town—if that be not too grandiloquent a term—had started to move across the Battle River to the large flat opposite, a most magnificent site, but, by reason of having a river on each side, difficult of approach for a railway. The stores set the example of migrating but, such a state of stagnation existed, that only the carefully nursed hope of a railway in the near future kept the place from being deserted. The only English heard was in the town; elsewhere, it was Cree or French. With Cree, you could go anywhere, for all the Halfbreeds spoke it, while few understood English; with English alone, one's itinerary would be uncomfortably circumscribed.

Indian ponies were cheap and horseback was the usual means of travelling. These ponies, that did not know what oats were could travel sixty miles a day for a week, on grass. They were wonderfully tough and a few, when trained, developed considerable speed; racing, therefore, was a constant diversion.

About 1882 buffalo began to get too scarce to be depended on for food—even to those who gave up all their time to hunting, so, one by one, the tribes of Crees whose discontent with the treaty terms had sent them out into the south country after buffalo, rather than accept life as they saw it on Reserves, found, with the disappearance of their natural prey and the consequent temptation—if not necessity—of killing cattle for food, that every man's hand was against them and the country too hot to hold them. So they gradually drifted or allowed themselves to be herded back up north, where they were placed on lands that had been severally allotted them.

POUNDMAKER AND HIS RESERVE—

One of the first chiefs of importance to give in, was Poundmaker. At the signing of the treaty, he had been what is called a councillor, or head man under a chief but, as a discontent and the mouthpiece of those that held out for better terms, he had accumulated a large following of bold, truculent fellows, mostly young men. After the first Reserves had got settled down to work Poundmaker came up north to see for himself how the government's scheme for transforming the hunter into an agriculturist was working and how the Indians fared in their new circumstances. He saw nothing very encouraging and departed again in disgust. But the net was closing round them in the south and the following year he and his band reluctantly came home. The outlook here, little as they liked it,

was preferable to the lawlessness of the boundary country, where the worst elements of all the North-West tribes strove with the white hunter and with each other for a precarious existence.

Up to this time Poundmaker had never distinguished himself as a warrior but had acquired what reputation he possessed from his ability as a negotiator. He had been adopted by the Blackfoot Chief "Crowfoot" as a son and, with the standing accompanying this position, had many times performed the part of negotiator and patched up many differences between Blackfeet and Crees. He called himself a peacemaker.

Little Pine, a warrior of great note, brought in his band shortly after Poundmaker and, with Luckyman as neighbour, chose for his Reserve, land adjoining Poundmaker's. Poundmaker was at this time about forty years of age, tall and good looking, slightly built and with an intelligent face, in which a large Roman nose was prominent; his bearing was so eminently dignified and his speech so well adapted to the occasion, as to impress every hearer with his earnestness and his views. Indeed, for the time being, I believe he impressed himself.

He convinced the officials of the Department of Indian Affairs that the Indian could not work with insufficient food; nor could they become successful farmers and earn a living without tools and stock. On the other side, he was quite prepared—indeed glad to consent that those who would not work should not eat.

Poundmaker's Reserve, along with Little Pine's and Lucky man's, stretched contiguously along the Battle River, about forty miles above the town; another Reserve—that of Sweet Grass—was halfway between the two. Battle River is a small stream winding about in a valley of varying width, nearly parallel with the lordly Saskatchewan which it joins just below Battleford. The Battle can be forded at many points during normal stages of water, the other is a river a mile wide, here and there channelled by islands, difficult of navigation by reason of shifting sandbars and with a bottom of quicksand that almost precludes fording. Cut Knife Creek runs through Poundmaker's Reserve from the south to join Battle River, and historic "Cut Knife Hill" rears its head above the surrounding country from the middle of the Reserve. This hill, which gives its name to the district surrounding, is named after a Sarcee chief, who, there, with a few followers, paid the extreme pen-

alty of temerity in the usual Indian way. The term is an adaptation from the Indian, who has divided his country in his own way, and who has specialised localities for his own guidance, and for his own satisfaction. He calls this hill—"Kees-kee-ko-man oot us-ow-wap-ee-win" approximately "Short-knife's Look-out." A short account of this fight has already been given.

The advent of the Indians from the south, who had witnessed the comparative liberality with which the Americans treated the natives and had their ideas enlarged by the spectacle, combined with the representations of Poundmaker, started things moving in the Indian Department. A few more oxen were given out among the different bands, with plows, harrows, and various small hand tools. Rationing on a more liberal scale was also begun; a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of bacon per head per day was issued out to those who "worked". Everything else besides these two staples—tea, tobacco, sugar, clothes—these trifles they had to "rustle" for themselves.

At this stage of affairs, I had been teaching school on Red Pheasant's Reserve for about six years and, for various reasons was dissatisfied with things generally. I therefore wished to find some change of employment and applied to the Indian Agent for a position as instructor. This term was applied to the resident representative of the department on the Reserve, taking orders from the agent—who lived in town—and carrying those orders out as nearly as circumstances and the temper of the Indians permitted. The instructor had to bring results and adapt his means to the peculiarities of both sides; he had also to bear the brunt of any ill-feeling engendered in the performance.

On the strength of my eight years' experience in the country and my knowledge of the Indians and their language, I received the appointment and was sent to Poundmaker's Reserve where there was a vacancy. The department had experienced some difficulty in managing these Indians who were "kickers" and defiant in their contumacy. My predecessor on the job had been there but a short time, and had given up the task in despair.

The habitation allotted the instructor was a shack of two rooms; this, with a small store-house of similar pretensions, constituted the homestead. Both buildings were of log, with mud plastered between each stick and whitewashed within and without. The roofs were of poles with an outer covering of



POUNDMAKER, 1885

dirt, as was common with all rough houses—and all houses except those of high officials were rough—in the country at that period, and, although Saskatchewan is a very dry province from an agricultural point of view, yet it is still too wet for the old-time roof. These roofs did not merely leak, for the mud fell down along with the water, till the house, and everything in it was in an abominable state; indeed, in wet seasons the only escape was by pitching a tent outside. Luckily we never had any furniture to spoil; a cook stove, table, a box nailed on the wall for a cupboard, other boxes for seats, with a bed, was all it was safe to have inside as household goods.

The Indian buildings which were occupied only in winter, were similar, except that they had mud fireplaces instead of stoves and generally had earthen floors, while ours was of rough lumber. These huts were strung along the six miles of flat that bounded the Battle River and formed, with the "Little Pine" outfit, a continuous settlement. There was a departmental dwelling and storehouse on this latter Reserve, where an Americanised Scotchman acted as go-between in the fight between civilisation and savagery. The Roman Catholic Mission, with a priest and school, rounded off the community.

On Poundmaker's Reserve were about two hundred and fifty Indians, with a very large proportion of able-bodied men among them, fair workers, but resenting all, even advisory interference, and with an undisguised truculence of manner; showing pretty plainly that it was only the dire pressure of circumstances that had brought them to accept the restraint of Reserve life, and further that they were prepared to resist anything that looked like an encroachment on their free will, either as to what they should do, or how they should do it. So, I had to walk warily and be always "on the job", keeping in daily touch with what each was doing, without saying very much, till they got accustomed to me. At first I had trouble with the rations—which were given out daily in order to make the issue coincide with the work done; from morning till night they would come straggling along, so that it took nearly all day rationing. I gave out that I would issue nothing after six in the morning. They countered this by coming as early as daylight would let them, thinking to sicken me of my attempt at efficiency. I told them they could not come too early for me and they gradually fell into arriving about six, which left me the whole day in which to make my rounds.

Thus we managed to get about a hundred and fifty acres under crop, which was quite an accomplishment when all things were considered but, it proved a dry year, with no rain till July, and small prospect of a crop. However, as far as running the Reserve was concerned, things were going quite smoothly when trouble began to appear.

BIG BEAR—

Big Bear was one of the most noted chiefs of the Cree Indians in his time and, prior to the treaty, had a large following. His band—and others—thought very slightingly of the terms of that august agreement and sought a livelihood in the south, resisting alike, every inducement and every threat to get them to settle down. The pleasures of an Ishmael life on the prairie more than counterbalanced its perils. They also observed that the southern Indians, either because there was greater menace in their dissatisfaction or because their country was unsuitable for agriculture, were well treated by the department. They were fed beef. So for some time Big Bear stayed down south. But, as time passed and settlement encroached on the wild, the pleasures lessened while the perils increased, so that, little by little, Big Bear was deserted by those of a less hardy nature who came up north and joined the bands on the different Reserves.

In the fall of 1883, a crisis arrived. The roving Indians were committing such serious depredations—though they could not be caught red-handed—that the settlers demanded that all the predatory bands be brought under control. Law and order too were now strong enough to enforce what had hitherto been attempted by negotiation. Accordingly, Big Bear, with his desperadoes—picked by natural selection—was escorted up north and deposited on a Reserve near Fort Pitt. They refused to stay; conditions were not at all suitable. They had to cut cordwood, at so much a cord for a living. They stayed on the Reserve all winter and, when spring came, hitched up their ponies and leisurely travelled down to Poundmaker's—on his invitation, they said. This, if it was so, and there is no reason to doubt it, was in pursuance of that chief's policy of agitation for better terms; his plan was to get as many people as possible settled close together so that they might act in concert. The southern Indians acting as a unit, had perceptibly greater weight in negotiating with the government. They got proportionately better treatment. For the Crees, divided into insignificant units scattered through the country, he said he could

see nothing better in the future but to become the slaves of the white man. With their collected strength, he hoped he could constrain the authorities to make better terms and so give the Indians a more hopeful outlook on the future. Had the Indians known the term, they might have called this "patriotism". The Indian Department called it insubordination and contumacy, and all sorts of bad names, for all their policy had been directed to precluding such an event by closing every avenue that might lead towards it.

THE CRISIS OF '84—

In due course Big Bear arrived and, after him, as quickly as news reached him, came the Indian Agent, with a detachment of Mounted Police. The agent took a high tone and "ordered" the Indians home. This was within his province, since the Indian Act forbids the continued presence of strangers on a Reserve, without the consent of the agent. But the order failed to move the Indians. The police tried to smooth the difficulty over by negotiation, but Big Bear refused to budge. He told the agent that he came by invitation and would leave when he had finished the business that required his presence. To the police he said that he intended no harm and that to leave the relatives and friends who had called on him for counsel and support was a discourtesy that he was incapable of. The matter had, perforce, to be left at that, so the agent went home, leaving the police to keep an eye on the situation.

The Poundmaker Indians had just finished their spring work, so the agent, before leaving for town, ordered that no more rations be given out, hoping thus to starve the visitors into leaving. The Indians straightway built two weirs across the river and got an ample supply of fish from the baskets. Also, they sent messengers with "wah-pay-kin-ee-kun" to all the Indians in the district, calling to a "Thirst Dance" and a conference. The north boundary of the Reserve was named as the meeting place and, in a few days, over two thousand Indians were camped there. There was, apparently, nothing to be done on the part of the authorities but to wait and avoid complications, till the movement should wear itself out and the obnoxious strangers take themselves off home. The police were moved up to Little Pine's, where they would be nearer the heart of things, and in a better strategical position for observation. The Indians seemed absorbed in preparations for the dance; already the tent was nearly ready, and quiet promised

quiet, when a metaphorical bomb fell and burst in our midst. Craig, the instructor on Little Pine's was assaulted by two of Big Bear's young men.

According to Craig's story, they had come while he was in the storehouse and demanded food; which demand he had refused with appropriate gestures. He could speak no Cree; they, no English. Craig seems to have lost his head, since the controversy culminated in his pushing the men out. One of the intruders then took an axe-handle that was near the door and struck Craig on the arm with it. This was an unpleasantness which at such a juncture, should have been avoided. Craig's arm was not injured, but his feelings were, so he took his case to the police. These were a mere handful and could do nothing but send a messenger in to headquarters with news of what had happened. That evening the dance was started, and next morning Superintendent Crozier with the agent and a few troopers as escort came along. I went with them to the camp.

Craig had heard that his assailants were among the dancers so, with him to identify the men, Crozier, the agent and I pushed through the throng of armed Indians into the tent. The drum beat and the dancers bobbed unconcernedly up and down during our inspection of them, but paint and dress have so much to do with an Indian's appearance that Craig failed to find his men. Evening came upon us while so occupied, so the agent and Craig hurried out and procured several ox-teams, which we loaded up with the flour and bacon from Little Pine's storehouse for transportation down to Poundmaker's, in accordance with a plan of campaign formed by Crozier. In the dusk of a mid-June evening we left the instructor's shack. The procession was led by the police; the ox-teams followed, with Craig and myself driving in the rig with the agent, bringing up the rear.

The road led straight through the camp and, as we wished our movements to be as unobtrusive as possible, we made a considerable detour round the circle of tents. Before we had got very far the Indians who had been commandeered to drive the oxen, deserted us. This journey made a lasting impression on me. At the beginning there was quite a suspicion that we would not be allowed to carry off the provisions without interruption. The desertion of our teamsters depressed interruption to molestation and we had serious doubts as to whether we should get through alive. These doubts showed themselves in agitation, in hurry, and in disorder. They received confirma-

tion in the "war-whoops", the yelling and shooting that assailed us till we had passed out of hearing of the camp. I have since come to the conclusion that the Indians were merely trying to frighten us, as the bullets that whistled over our heads might just as easily have been sent into our midst. But we had other things to think of than motives or the dissection of circumstances, and everything sounded real enough at the time. By the way, the war-whoop has quite a blood-curdling effect, especially with conditions such as those under which we made the journey that night. It is produced by yelling in falsetto, and at the same time rapidly slapping the open mouth with the palm of the hand.

The distance from the camp to the creek we had to cross is little more than a mile, measured by the indiscriminating, material chain, which allows nothing for relativity, but, that night, prodding the crawling, insensitive oxen ahead of us, and precipitated, as it were by the ravening crowd behind us, proved conclusively the existence of a fourth dimension. The distance seemed endless. Here, however, the road ran through the open country. Here, we could not be attacked unaware. The creek we had to cross ran through a wide bed of willows and had a bottom of quicksand. There, was the ideal place for an ambush and, if we escaped before that, there, we expected the Indians would waylay us. Not once but twenty times had we to stop, for one thing or another along the road. Craig had joined the teamsters, to give his uneasy spirit something to exhaust itself on. So the agent and I formed the rear guard or, acted as a buttress behind. Of course, when we came to the creek the wagons stuck in the sand. We doubled up; we lightened the loads; indeed we tried all the easy remedies for such emergencies that we could think of. But, in the end, all the flour and bacon had to be unloaded and carried to the far side, with the unnerving fear of attack from the bushes all around us, to bring fear and disorder into our midst, for we could have made no effectual resistance in any case. But, nothing happened; the yelling and shooting at last died down and we reached the instructor's house at Poundmaker's, physically unscathed, to unload the wagons in the early dawn.

After a hurried meal, Crozier despatched two of his men to town with orders to bring up the remainder of the detachment with what volunteers could hastily be got together. The rest of us were employed in building a bastion at each end of the little house with the logs from an old shack we pulled down. It did not occur to me at the time, since I was too busy to give

the matter thought, but, often afterwards I wondered whether these bastions would have been of any advantage to us in the event of our having to take refuge from the Indians in these buildings. In the first place, fifty men would have crowded them and Crozier had three times that number assembled on the field the next day; again, one of the bastions faced a bush from which we could have been picked off by snipers; and lastly, neither of them was a bastion in much more than name. They were, in some sense, shelters in addition to the house from which men, too crowded to do anything but get in one another's way, could have fired at the enemy until the Indians rushed the place and massacred us all. The Indians had a very poor opinion of them.

When the fortifications were completed and we had eaten a miscellaneous dinner, Crozier determined to make an attempt to induce the chiefs to give the offenders up to justice and so avoid any chance of a collision between the police and the Indians, for we were told quite frankly that the two men whom it was sought to arrest had resolved to resist, even if they had to seek the aid of arms. In fact, they said they would not be taken alive.

So, once more, Major Crozier, the Indian Agent and I, drove up to the camp. The dance was at its height; the drum sounded its monotonous boom, and the singing was in full vigor, when we poked our heads into the tent. As though totally unconcerned, no one took the slightest notice of our presence but, the little while we were there was time enough for fifty or sixty Indians to assemble on horseback with all their finery and arms and arrogance, to escort us to the tents of the chiefs, whither we had asked our way. They were looking for trouble and needed only something to start them. A word from either Poundmaker or Big Bear would have done it but both these chiefs were interested in the opposite direction. Trouble, they were not averse from, as long as it went only a certain length, but they wished as little as we did that it should come to a clash of arms. Quite a number of their followers, however, would have liked nothing better than a row, and they did their utmost to precipitate a collision by taunts to us and incitement to each other—by riding madly backward and forward and firing off their guns.

We got Poundmaker and Big Bear into the latter's tent together and Crozier and the agent spent much time and endeavor in trying to persuade one or the other of them to give the

offenders up. Both chiefs talked quite reasonably but neither would undertake the job. As a matter of fact, neither was able to do it. Both, however, were emphatic in declaring that trouble was inevitable if the police tried to take their prisoners while the dance was in progress. Big Bear at length made the proposition, that if Crozier would defer his attempted arrest till the dance was finished—which it would be that same evening—the Indians would go down to Poundmaker's in a body when the police might take the men if they could. This was the best that could be obtained, so with that understanding we returned to our base of operations.

Our reinforcements arrived that evening; quite an imposing body of men, but how many, I never heard. At sundown the dancing ceased, but the drum never stopped throbbing nor did the camp sink into repose, so we spent a wakeful night; in fact day had already dawned when we sank to sleep. The sun was high when we came to life again. Everything was quiet. The Indian camp might have been a camp of the dead; they were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. The morning was spent in making every preparation we could think of in anticipation of trouble. Just before noon we saw what appeared to be the whole camp of Indians on the move towards us; they came and passed us and up on to the plateau by the road that would lead them home if they kept moving. This road incidentally looked down into our fortification. In passing, Chief Sweet Grass called in to inform Major Crozier that he was not in sympathy with the intrigues of Big Bear and Poundmaker, so, now that the dance was over, he was leading his people home. This sounded very nice, but they did not relinquish their commanding position till all the fuss was over.

ARREST OF MEN WHO ASSAULTED CRAIG—

Scarcely had they filed up on to the high ground when we heard Big Bear and his following approaching. First arrived the horsemen, tricked out in full war costume, yelling and racing up and down near our camp. Those on foot followed, halting a couple of hundred yards from the buildings and making the air reverberate with their cries. Leaving enough men to man the bastions, Crozier marched out to arrest the offenders, Craig going with him as guide. They were immediately lost in the moving crowd of Indians, as they marched to-and-fro in their search. Luck that day was on our side. The police were under orders not to take the offensive or to use their arms; consequently they met with a good deal of hustling