

that they might not resist. But their time soon came. With the paint washed off their faces and in their ordinary attire, one of the men was recognised by Craig as soon as his eyes rested on him. The police advanced to make the arrest and the fellow fled! He had a big knife on his person, which he had boasted he would use. They caught him, and he submitted without any attempt at resistance.

It would be impossible to describe the excitement that prevailed during all this time—it was not more than half an hour from start to finish, but it seemed ages—the tension; the shouts of incitement of the young bloods to finish us off without delay; the cautioning of older heads, to let the white men begin the fight—the racing to-and-fro—and the piercing war whoops—all combined to make an indelible impression on the memory. Events were on a hair trigger for a while:—yet, nothing happened.

The summer before this, the Indians—at File Hills—successfully stood off the Mounted Police who were trying to make an arrest. They had given in technically only, and from negotiation rather than by force, and the story of this success had spread all over the West. This affair might have ended in the same way. Few would have attempted what Crozier did, but he had long experience in dealing with the natives and he knew that if they once find that you are afraid of them, not only is all your influence gone but it can never be recovered. The men who had assaulted Craig were loud in their asseverations of not allowing themselves to be taken. They said they would rip up anyone who tried to arrest them. Had their spirit been equal to their will, a fight was unavoidable. During that half an hour, then, any little mishap would have started a row—a gun going off accidentally—a chance encounter—any roughness on the part of the police. Everything was ripe for our extermination; none would have escaped. However, it just was not to be.



FINE DAY—Leader of Indians at Cut Knife

Much less likely circumstances precipitated the Rebellion. In that case, a decrepit old man—in derision more than anything else, for he was unarmed and too old to do any harm, thrusting aside the interpreter's rifle, so upset the latter's equilibrium, that he shot the old man dead, when the rest followed as a matter of course. In the present case, the police kept their heads, and restrained themselves, though some of the bolder Indians tried to irritate them into some indiscretion that would warrant retaliation and begin a row; attention, however was all directed to the taking of the two culprits and these incidents passed as minor and unimportant trifles.

Two brothers took part in the Craig assault. One, the principal, was captured after inglorious flight. The police and volunteers who, to search effectually for their men, had operated necessarily in extended order, now closed their ranks and marched, with their prisoner in the centre, down to our camp—perhaps a couple of hundred yards off. All around was pandemonium; Indians galloping to-and-fro, yelling and encouraging each other to set on and doing everything, in fact, they could think of as calculated to inspire us with fear and throw us into disorder. It was our lucky day, however, for not only was

the prisoner brought safely through it all but the brother, in trying to provide an opportunity for the prisoner's escape, made himself so conspicuous as to be recognised and taken.

The crowd of Indians followed us to the camp and, after the prisoners had been ironed and placed inside the building, Crozier and the agent came forward to try and persuade the people to go quietly back to their tents. They chose the easiest and most effective way to encompass this end. They threw open the store-house, and dealt out provisions to all the most important men, that is to those who had come most prominently before his notice during the last three eventful days. This really meant those with the most cheek, as there was little time for discrimination.

While the distribution was proceeding, Crozier called me to one side and asked if I thought I could safely stay on the ground and pursue the accustomed routine, as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary. He did not want the Indians to regard the affair as anything greater than an incident and, to keep up this fiction, while he did not want me to take any desperate chances, if it were at all possible, he would like me to stay. His request took me altogether by surprise, since I had never even contemplated such a thing. The police were going; Craig was not to be left behind. And, had I been given time to reflect, without responsibility being thrown on my decision, the answer would certainly have been "No". I told Crozier that I would see what the chiefs thought about it. I first interviewed Poundmaker, who would not commit himself—"He did not know". I had better see "Oo-pin-ow-way-win". I did so, but he was a prominent malcontent and declined responsibility. He referred me to "Ta-twa-sin", who would not touch the proposition. Finally, I went to Little Pine. All the other chiefs evidently considered it to be a dangerous undertaking on my part but, Little Pine, without the slightest hesitation, declared that it was the proper thing to do and that he would stand by me if I should decide to make the experiment. It is one of the unwritten laws of the Indian that there is safety in the protection of a chief. I knew that if I stepped carefully, I ran the risk of the unforeseen only. My brother and a young English companion, who had come up with the volunteers, said they would stay with me and give me their moral support. Circumstances seemed to combine to make me stay, so I told Crozier just how the idea had been received by the Indians and that, though I did not relish the position in which he was placing me, I had decided to stay.

The army of occupation departed for town with their prisoners; the crowd of Indians dissolved into the gathering dusk and we three were left to go over the events of the last few days and to speculate on what the morrow would bring forth. Thinking it over thus, we could realise what a narrow margin had stood between us and death. The attitude of those Indians who were undoubtedly friendly showed that they did not believe it possible that the arrest of the two men could be accomplished without ending in a fight. They deplored the idea of a rupture, but that would not prevent them siding with their own people, when it came to be white man against red. The two culprits were known to be "bad men", so, when they said and repeated and asseverated that they would not be taken without resistance, everyone believed them and foresaw what must follow. As it was, in the tension of excitement during the hunt and arrest, the smallest thing would have turned the balance between peace and war. And, to do the chiefs justice, they were powerless in the hands of the young bloods, and were forced into the position of Red against White.

We did not sleep long that night; events were treading on each other's heels. In the early dawn of the summer morning, we were wakened by a thundering on the door. Indians, armed in all kinds of ways, were demanding their share of the "grub" that was being distributed. These, it appeared, had been overlooked the evening before, or they had gone home early to avoid trouble, or some other equally good reason was given for getting what they wanted. In any case, it behooved me as one in charge to repair such portentous omissions and heal up properly the wounded feelings of the Indians after such a providential escape. Of course, all this sounds tame and commonplace enough and it is only when connected with the wild character of the speakers and with every menace of voice and action, of appearance and demeanor reinforced by untiring pertinacity, that an estimate can be formed of the contract I found on my hands. I was alarmed at this ravening attitude but, fortunately, not so badly as to fall before their demonstrations or comply with their demands. I was extremely careful in what I said and avoided all controversy, replying to all that I had no authority to give away anything, that if they considered they were entitled to flour and bacon, they could easily take it, since I had no more power to stop them than I had to give it to them. They had no intention of breaking into the store, however, as I soon found out; they wanted me to give it to them and were doing their best to frighten me into doing it. One lot would

go away, and be replaced by another, who would repeat the general performance, with such variations as suggested themselves to the individuals. This continued from dawn till dark and I shall ever remember it as the greatest strain on my nerves that I had yet experienced. But they did not get anything and I went up several notches in the Indians' esteem.

My brother and his companion had enough of it by night and made up their minds to get out as quickly as possible, earnestly entreating me to accompany them. It was a great temptation but I could never have faced Major Crozier had I allowed myself to be frightened away after having successfully stood off the main attack. I resolved to stay and see the thing through. At the worst, the Indians could only take the store. So my partners left for town and, after they had disappeared over the hill, I got on horseback and rode off to interview Little Pine.

I explained the developments of the situation to him, and told him how I was beset by the interminable procession of beggars; I showed him how it was for the good of the Indians generally that nothing should happen to rekindle the smouldering fire of discontent that needed only time to die out altogether, and I gave him to understand that there was great likelihood of the storehouse being rifled unless he could interpose his authority to stay the ravening or in some way raise the siege.

He said the goods were too distant from his camp for his authority to be effective and proposed that the contents of the store be moved up to his Reserve where, he said, things would be under somebody's eye continually and so free from molestation. To keep them down on Poundmaker's in isolation, was to invite marauding. He procured several ox-teams and, before night, we had the provisions stowed safely in the new storehouse, with the key in Little Pine's charge. No rations were to be given out till the strangers departed and the home Indians went to work.

I had no further trouble. The Indians—Poundmaker's, Big Bear's and Lucky Man's—were still camped round the site of the Thirst Dance and, though many fish were obtained from the baskets in the weirs on the river, yet the camp soon began to feel the pinch of hunger. The chiefs could find no way of accomplishing their project of concentration: they had all been told that when they dispersed to their several Reserves they would receive rations and there seemed but one thing for

the Indians to do. They showed no hostility, indeed, I found my reputation had moved up several notches from having dared to stay there after the police had gone. About a week elapsed before the agent ventured to send enquiries as to how things had gone since the police left with their prisoners; this was not because of absence of anxiety, but rather on account of there being too much of it. Wild rumors were in circulation in the town, concerning the doings of the Indians. They were killing cattle. They were prowling round the adjacent country, frightening the settlers, and so on. The agent was not sure that it was safe to trust a messenger. But the messenger—an Indian from Sweet Grass—reported all quiet. The excitement was over; the seething had subsided. Within a fortnight, Big Bear was on his way to Onion Lake, where land was allotted him, while Poundmaker's and Lucky Man's Indians had settled down to their usual routine on their several Reserves. The formidable had dispersed.

A great deal more flour and bacon had been served out during the month that ought to have shown a light issue in the slack time, and it required all the ingenuity of the Indian Office to give such smoothness as would not raise suspicion, to the returns that were sent down to Headquarters for the month of June.

Reviewing mentally this episode, I am not sure that I have done justice to the points that emphasise the bare margin by which about three hundred of us escaped death and the country a catastrophe that would have deluged the land with blood. The Indians expected trouble, because, though many of them were not anxious for it, there was a considerable element that desired nothing better and could be relied on to help it along. Everything hung on two points—the resistance of the man who was to be arrested and the unguarded action of the first law of nature in some fearful soul during that arrest. Both points had every chance in their favor, yet all these chances failed.

Two slight circumstances recur to me as I write. Poundmaker, when I saw him during the last scene of the last act, when all the head men were talking to Crozier after the arrest, was armed with an instrument of wood, about one and a half inches by four, three feet long, with one end shaved down to serve as a handle, and with four or five butcher knife-blades embedded therein so as to leave a few inches sticking out on one edge—a terrible weapon if your adversary is running away or is afraid of you. Poundmaker's opinion of the white man

was Crozier's opinion of the Indian—that one only needed a club to kill them. The second item is, that the chiefs who conducted negotiations with Crozier averred that he wore what must have been a coat of mail under his outside garment. I thought this unlikely at the time but have since seen reason to alter my opinion. Very little escapes the observation of the Indian.

I am reminded of another, and in some respects, a similar adventure, in which I played an involuntary part. Again, it was a case in which a man, whose circumstances and position demanded that he be calm and unmoved under provocation, and lose neither his temper or his presence of mind. The time was later, and the scene, another Reserve. I was in the employ of the Indian Department as interpreter, and accompanied the agent on his rounds of the different Reserves. The occasion was a wrangle between an Indian and his instructor on the ration question, ending in a technical assault on the latter by the former. The times had changed, it is true, but the Indian, isolated on his Reserve, had not progressed with them. Also, this Indian had earned the reputation of being a bad man, a truculent fellow, one of those untiringly contumacious spirits that infect and spoil an otherwise calm and parient community, and one of those who, unfortunately have to be allowed to commit the overt act of illegality which their continued insubordination unfailingly predicates, before they can be brought under the restraint that is no longer preventative as it can never be reparatory.

The instructor was assaulted and the majesty of the law had to be vindicated, so, on word being despatched to Battleford, a police rig with a driver, a sergeant and another came up to the Reserve to arrest the Indian. The agent and I were already at the instructor's house when the police arrived and, as they had come away without their own interpreter, I was conscripted to act in that capacity. The Indian, as I have said, had a very bad reputation and had, furthermore given out his intention of shooting anyone who should attempt to arrest him. His fellows expected him to do it and passed their apprehensions of trouble along to us, so we took every precaution we could think of—not to prevent his shooting, which was beyond our power, but to make sure that he should not escape. It was a three mile drive to where he lived, and a sharp turn in the road near the dwelling gave very little time for him to do much before we should be up to his door in the front of the house, where there were no windows through which he might

pop us off. It was arranged that I should precede the others—an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, all good reliable men—and open the door while the police stood, weapon in hand, one on each side of me, ready to shoot if the Indian resisted, attempted to use his rifle or tried to escape. I carried no arms, since it would be impossible for me to use any in the situation. I made no pretence of liking the job, but I was satisfied that the Indian could not escape the attentions of the police on either side of me, no matter how I fared. So I unlatched the door and pushed it wide open, advancing myself within the threshold with the ready rifle of a policeman on each side of me. The Indian stood waiting in the foreground. He merely smiled as he put forth his wrists for the handcuffs. He was bundled into the rig and taken down to the barracks. Here again, nothing happened though there seemed quite a chance of it.

But it should not be lost sight of that both these cases arose over a few pounds of flour or bacon. For years past, when the Indians were at their wildest, the Hudson's Bay Company has had men occupying isolated posts among the Crees—and hungry Crees at times—with little record of trouble and no loss of life. Yet these traders had no better backing than their character and the reputation of their masters. Any difficulty they made for themselves, they had to find a way out of. These are the same people that the Indian Department had to deal with but with anything but a happy result. Disputes and heart burnings have marked every step of the way. The backing of authority and force has not prevented occasional petty outbreaks. And the Indian is always in the wrong. It was not an uncommon occurrence for an instructor to throw an Indian out of the house—even to kick him out, and not unlikely that the Indian would thereupon also be sent to goal for his insubordination. So bitter has been the experience of the Indian, that to this day it is the universal opinion of these wards of the government that a white man, clothed with authority necessarily becomes domineering. It may be accounted for presumption thus to criticise the Indian Department and forty years ago it would have been treason, but these words have to be said.

The excitement of the Thirst Dance over, and all the visitors gone, our Indians returned, each to his little holding, and resumed work. I should perhaps mention that there was no community holding on the Reserve, but each Indian had his own little farm, from which he produced whatever his skill and industry, supplemented by the climate, allowed. Indeed, it



was one of the cardinal principles we had to inculcate—this survival of the fittest, to give it the most high-sounding appellation I could think of. Even in this disguise, the text is quite a hard one to preach a sermon on and keep a straight face.

#### *ORIGIN OF 1885 REBELLION—*

Back to work, I found that things were now considerably easier than they had been before the eventful dance. I knew the Indians, individually, better and I had, to a great extent, gained experience of them as a band. They were now more willing to avail themselves of advice, generally amenable to reason and not at all lazy. In any case, there was always the chief to appeal to and I could always rely on his being able and willing to see my side of the question, when any hitch occurred. The members of the band were mostly young and, with the limited means placed at their disposal by the department, made a respectable showing. They really wished to try out the white man's means of livelihood. This is speaking generally. There were a few to whose confidence I never could find entrance, but they were exceptions.

The year 1884 was a dry year and the crop through the West was a failure. This was not disheartening to the Indians only, but every settlement felt the pressure of want. Battleford, at that time was a divisional point of the N.W.M.P.; it had a resident judge and various government officials and the money circulated by these stipendiaries prevented the dearth being so badly felt in that district. Prince Albert, on the other hand, had none of these advantages. It was an outpost, merely, of the police force, with only a few subordinates in charge and had no resident government officials. It was a settlement of farmers, leavened by just the necessary complement of other occupations, so that failure of crops in '84, following shortness in '83, was a very serious matter. It was clearly "up to" the Prince Albert people to do something.

First, the government was asked to make the town a centre for the police force. There were Reserves in all directions a short distance away and a large force was quite as necessary there as at Battleford. The government could not see their way to this. At this momentous juncture someone discovered that a few of the Red River Halfbreeds who came to Saskatchewan immediately after the first Rebellion had not participated in the distribution of Scrip. This can only be explained on the assumption that they had good reasons for avoiding publicity and wittingly kept their whereabouts quiet. It was also put

forward that the children grown up since that time ought to be similarly recognised, either as a matter of desert or of right.

Public meetings were held, in which practically the whole population took up the case of the Halfbreeds ad called on the government to repair these serious wrongs. The Scrip, when issued, would at once be thrown on the market, bought for next to nothing and a great amount of money put into circulation. In this agitation, it was notorious that the prominent men took the lead. Every variety of wild talk was indulged in at these meetings and very few had either the will or the courage to dissent.

The Halfbreeds took the hint thus given them—if it could be called a hint—and joined the agitation. They imagined that the whites were in earnest, and would be on their side against the government. The situation appealed so strongly to those in local authority, that an appeal was made to Ottawa on its behalf. But the government would do nothing.

The Halfbreeds had, by now, been talked into believing that they had wrongs to be redressed; they were strongly interested and their agitation, abetted by the whole population of the district, became more and more pronounced. As Ottawa appeared unmoved by all these declamations, the thoughts of all turned to Riel. It was resolved to ask him to come to Saskatchewan and give them the advantage of his weight and experience. This scheme, if it did not originate with the white people, at least had their secret approval. One of those delegated to visit Riel in his Montana home—he was a Scotch Halfbreed, J. Isbister, an old Hudson Bay man—not satisfied with *sub rosa* backing would not leave till he had obtained from a very prominent person, a letter giving some sort of authorisation for the mission. Riel accompanied these men back to Duck Lake, the centre of the Halfbreed settlements.

(The tradition persists that Lawrence Clarke was an active sympathiser with the early stages of the Rebellion. The matter was discussed in the press in May, 1885. Isbister said that he went straight from the meeting which decided to call Riel, to Lawrence Clarke, and that Clarke had said that there will have to be a rebellion. Clarke admitted the visit but claimed that he had turned Isbister out of his office with indignation at his design to bring Riel in. The Prince Albert paper claimed, probably with justice, that Lawrence Clarke's word could be relied upon.)

A few miles from the Reserve across the Battle River was a large settlement of Halfbreeds, English and French. The Prince Albert movement, from its inception to the arrival of Riel was public property and was understood as an attempt to

force the government to spend money in the district and, indirectly help the settlers through the times of their distress. The idea of bringing this about by force of arms, though talked about, was never entertained seriously by those who started and helped forward the agitation. There was no question of the Indians being in any way interested. During the winter of '84, a French Halfbreed from Duck Lake was teaching school at Bresaylor, the settlement referred to. He appeared to be in constant communication with Duck Lake and broadcasted all information that came to his hands during the winter. It was from that source principally that we, on the Reserve heard what was going on. The Indians were constantly back and forward, bringing all the gossip they gathered there. In fact, word came regularly through, not only to us on Reserves but every one in the district. The Indian Agent was aware of what was going on, and repeatedly said that there was no danger. If the situation was serious, it was not serious enough to deserve even comment in our little weekly paper. If the authorities did entertain apprehension, they hid it very carefully from those who held isolated positions on Reserves and were therefore nearer to danger.

The Bresaylor settlers were mostly of a class superior, they were fairly well off, owning quite a number of stock; they had no need of and expected no government assistance; they had seen all they wanted to see of fighting the government, in the first Rebellion in Red River; so that what interest they took in the agitation of their poorer relatives at Duck Lake was neither a warm nor a personal one. There were a few of the needier among them, more intimately connected with the Duck Lake people, who only waited an opportunity to join up. These thoroughly believed in Riel and the programme of the discontents, but for this their poverty and their ignorance were all to blame.

The Halfbreed grievance was the Indian grievance. The question of Scrip was merely an excuse. They had owned the country; they had lived well and easily; now both their country and their means of existence were gone. The white man had deprived them without giving adequate return. Most Halfbreeds were hunters and knew nearly as little of farming as the Indian and they could not make a living by tilling the ground. The Bresaylor settlement was therefore divided into every degree between opposition and co-operation.

*THE REBELLION BREAKS OUT—*

About the end of March, there was a noticeable stir among the Indians. It was rumoured that war had broken out at Duck Lake. The police had gone out to fight and had been beaten. How the news arrived is unknown, but the Indians heard of it early and their comments and speculations were not reassuring. There had been several police killed, indeed they might have been wiped out had Riel not stayed the Halfbreeds' hands. Such was the Indian story. It was war. What the Indians would do, was not yet decided.



ROBERT JEFFERSON

Eventually, the Reserves emptied themselves on the road to town. Out of about six hundred people, only some twenty remained at home on Poundmaker's. Craig, who was still in charge of Little Pine, and Lucky Man, whose land ran contiguously to Poundmaker, up the Battle River, came down to my place to talk the matter over. We knew there was danger, but did not know how much. However, after much agitated discussion, we took the trail to Sweet Grass, about eighteen miles down the Battle River, where we understood the Indians were to camp for the night.

McKay was instructor there, a man of the country and of much experience and whose judgment in a crisis like the present we might safely follow. We three talked the matter over from every point of view and ended up in uncertainty. The Indians held a big council that night and after it was over, McKay called Sweet Grass in to find out what had been decided on. But we could pump very little out of him. He said that he was not altogether in sympathy with the meeting, but could not separate himself from what the whole people seemed to have set their hearts on doing, and that on the morrow they intended going down to Battleford to interview the agent, since they deemed that this was a crisis that would give their requests as great force as demands. He did not anticipate any trouble. They did not seek it.

We three instructors debated long as to whether we should stay or go into town, and eventually decided to bluff the thing out. The affair of '84 showed that there might be great excitement among Indians without anything serious happening and really, as yet, there was nothing more than apprehension to cause us to run away. So, the next morning Craig and I went home—that is to Poundmaker's Reserve. All day we talked matters over, and the more we talked, the more we frightened ourselves; indeed Craig paced the floor most of the night gradually working himself up, till his fortitude gave way under the ever increasing array of possibilities. The result was that next morning early he started off for Battleford. It took a tremendous exertion of self-restraint to prevent me from going with him; the thought of how foolish we would look if nothing came of all the fuss, alone kept me back.

On the one side, we knew that the Indians were bitterly disappointed. They had accepted the statement of the white man that a living—independence—could be obtained by tilling the ground. This hope of eventual escape from dire poverty, alone had kept their inexpert hands at work; had restrained their chafing openly at the assumption of superiority and domination of men, nearly as ignorant, and not more intelligent than themselves. In this hope they had borne hunger, disease and want for several years and they were no nearer their goal. It looked as though they might die off before they reached it—that is, if it existed. Poundmaker once said, while the Rebellion was in its first stages—"Of old, the Indian trusted in his God and his faith was not in vain. He was fed, clothed and free from sickness. Along came the white man and persuaded the Indian that this God was not able to keep up the care. The

Indian took the white man's word and deserted to the new God. Hunger followed and disease and death." "Now," said he, "we have returned to the God we know; the buffalo will come back, and the Indian will live the life that God intended him to live." They were disappointed and discontented.

There was a point of view other than the Indian's. Hayter Reed, who was then at the head of Indian affairs, had calculated to a nicety how much work a yoke of oxen and a plow were capable of performing in a given time and the Indian fell a good deal short of this. He had figured out how little food it was possible to get along with and the Indian was always hungry. The Indian was lazy, therefore he must have short rations; if he fell sick, there was the doctor who could give him pills but no food.

All these things ran through my mind that night. Craig had a fixed idea that it was not intended that the Indian should become self-supporting. He was only to be kept quiet till the country filled up when his ill will could be ignored. My own opinion was that the government was in earnest, so far as its aims were concerned, but that its measures were hopelessly inadequate. I knew, too, that most of the Indians were peacefully inclined, and would have to be forced into a row, while the truculent and contumacious were a small minority, and the chances were that the trouble would disappear under a shower of flour and bacon.

Craig, therefore drove off to town, and while on the subject, I may as well dispose of him, as he here fades out from my narrative. He overtook the crowd of Indians at Finlayson's, about six miles from Battleford, where they were camped for the night, and had no difficulty in passing through them and reaching the barracks. I saw him when the trouble was over and heard his story, which was amusing rather than wonderful. He had devoted his time and attention to looting the stores and houses, that had been broken into by the Indians, but his enterprise was frustrated by the persistent robbing of his tent whenever he left it. He could not keep a thing unless he sat on it. Whenever I think of Craig, a saying of his recurs to me, which I have always regarded as cryptic. How the subject started I cannot recollect, but he told me that wherever he could get his head in, he could get his body to follow. He went farming after things quieted down, and, after a few years returned to the United States.

Soon messengers came from the north side of the river. The agent wished to know what the gathering of the Indians meant. What did they want? They wished to see the agent. The agent refused to come. He sent Peter Ballendine, a native, and at one time employee of the Hudson's Bay Company; he had lived in the district and traded with these Indians for years, so he was both suitable and safe. But he could do nothing with them. They wanted the agent. Had Payne and Tremont not been killed by the Stonies, it is highly probable that the disturbance had ended right there. The agent would have come across the river and met them. He would have made whatever concessions were needful and the Indians would have returned to their homes. But, the Stonies had thrown down the gauntlet and all the Indians were involved. Under such circumstances the agent might be excused for playing safe. A man like Crozier would have crossed the river and met the chief, and by force of character settled matters then and there. But it was not to be.

Balked in their efforts to get the agent, the Indians came down into the flat; the houses, the stores were deserted and at their mercy. But nothing was touched till evening. Even then the raiders were mostly women, with only a few men of little consequence. The judge's house was fired, how, nobody seemed to know. Next morning not an Indian was to be seen. Hastily grabbing whatever in sight took their fancy they scurried off homeward, pursued in imagination by police through the darkness. It was a regular stampede. They had been too hurried to take much; the principal looting was the work of the white men. As soon as the coast was clear in the morning they came over in detachments and finished what the Indians had begun. They made a clean sweep.

The third day after the exodus to town, before mid-day, one of the Indians who had remained at home came along. He said that the people were returning and reported that the Stonies had killed their instructor and another man, that the goods had been stolen from the stores, and that the bands were recruited by the Red Pheasant Indians, and were in full flight back to the Reserve—finally that all the white settlers had abandoned their homes and taken refuge in the barracks, leaving what little property they had at the Indians' mercy.

#### *IN DANGER ON THE RESERVE—*

This Indian—my visitor—whose name was "Chatsees", said that, alone as I was, with nobody near, I stood a great

the instructor's possessions—which were few—and robbed the Halfbreed interpreter of everything he had. There were several visitors during the afternoon, bringing news of one kind and another, and I really think as little to their taste as to my own. They regarded themselves as intrigued into a quarrel of some one else, implicated by the murders of the Stonies and involved in war against their will. I tried to impress on them, that if the affair went no further, each individual would be called to answer for his own doings only but, this was so contrary to all their customs and ideas that they could not believe it.

The day was wearing away, when Chatsees told me that he thought the Indians must by this time have arrived, that he was going to join the camp and would have to take me along. We had only a mile or so to go and on arrival found everything in agitated disorder. Some tents were pitched; others in course of erection, while many apparently did not know what to do; armed men were parading about everywhere—and Poundmaker had not yet arrived.

Chatsees was now in a quandary. He might be able to put up a defence in a log shack, but could do nothing out in the open if any ill-disposed person regarded my presence offensively. As a way out of the difficulty, he piloted me to the house of an Indian, whom we believed to be friendly, which stood invitingly near. There were a number of Indians inside, talking events over. I heard that when the bands got to town, they were met by the news that the Stonies had murdered two men and were out on the war-path, thus cutting off any hope of peace; that the assemblage of Indians had elected Poundmaker as chief—against which his modesty demanded a disclaimer—that the Indian agent was so frightened that he refused to cross the river to meet them in council; that all the settlers had taken refuge in the barracks; and that finally, they had hastily raided the stores, before stampeding off home. Their fears took the form of hearing imaginary pursuit all night long.

Word was brought that Poundmaker's tent was now up, and an old man volunteered to conduct me to that sanctuary. The people in the house were friendly, but not to the extent of running much risk for a comparative stranger. My guide, however, was a Stoney whom I had known before coming to the Reserve, and as it was Stonies we were most doubtful about, this old man was undoubtedly the best person to go with me.



than anything else and in conformity with Indian customs and ideas, for, as an Indian, he could not have ordered the affair differently. His dignity as a chief would have been sullied by ordaining anything that would strain his influence, or by forbidding anything that might be done ere his wishes were certainly known. Also, all Indian tradition teaches that one who seeks the protection of a chief's tent—or indeed any tent inside the camp is safe while remaining in that camp.

I did not take long to realise that the head man of an Indian band under the treaty is a different person from the chief over twelve or fifteen hundred Indians suddenly freed from all the restraints that law and order had hitherto imposed on them, and irritated by real or imaginary wrongs. He gave me his version of the happenings since he left the Reserve and, while deploring the murders that had precipitated events and confounded his schedule, he had accepted the honor that had been thrust upon him and was prepared to do his duty to his people.

I had the reputation among the Indians of always speaking my mind very plainly and in this case, though the least reflection would have told me to keep my mouth shut, I felt so exercised at the trouble that loomed up in front of the thoughtless Indians and of himself in particular, that I told him they had got themselves into a very serious mess, that troops would arrive sooner or later; that the Halfbreeds and Indians could not hope to contend against the force that would be brought against them, and would be dispersed, and that Riel, if he did not run away, would be hanged.

Then I had another aspect of Poundmaker. "You know nothing," he said. "You are merely the bait that the Indian Department uses to trap the Indians and bring them into subjection. They would care no more for you than for an Indian if you were killed." And so on. He said that a soldier's tent would be organised, so that all would have to keep together, whether they liked or not. Finally, he said that this was the hand of the God, whom the Indians had temporarily deserted, but whom they would now return to, and that the buffalo would emerge from the hiding places to which the God had directed them; that the Indian stomachs would again know plenty, and they would be happy once more. The white man had failed. The Indians all over the North-West would rise as these had done: his adopted father Crowfoot would light the beacon in the south and leave not a policeman alive. Riel had arranged everything.

dians and whose names alone raise a question of their origin. Again, there are Scotch and French among them, and a few English. Lastly, some are in good circumstances while others—the greater part—are poor. It is therefore quite reasonable, as it is a matter of fact that the more intelligent, by education and comparative affluence, should fight shy of armed opposition to government. There was also good cause for such not wanting to go into the barracks, though that cause may not be easy to exhibit. Quite a number of Halfbreeds whom the police apprehended were thrown into cells that would bear comparison with the "Black Hole of Calcutta" and kept there till the relief marched into town.

I have already adverted to the fact that one, Joubert, a schoolmaster, was the agent, accredited or affinitive, of Riel, and had been very active amongst the people all winter, keeping them posted on all that transpired at headquarters and working tactfully on the zeal of the ignorant and the apprehensions of the timid.

A number of the Scotch Halfbreeds had fled to the barracks, in Battleford, not any more for protection than to afford tangible proof of loyalty; but, the French Halfbreeds still remained on their farms, and the Indians, not in the least doubting that these were heart and soul with Riel, or at least, ought to be, wanted them to declare themselves by coming over the river, and joining the big camp. But, the Bresaylor people had other views. They had been through the first Rebellion, and had seen the end. They were also better informed than they were at that unfortunate rising; they were in pretty good circumstance and stood to gain nothing, and to lose much by overt connection with the rebels. They had also small faith in any protection that the Mounted Police could afford them. They had therefore decided to remain quietly on their farms, guard their property, and let the two factions fight it out. Neither side would interfere with them.

But this did not suit the Indians. Were these people to sit at home safely, while others fought for benefits that all would share? Were the Indians to bear all the burden in a conflict where the Halfbreeds and not themselves had been the prime movers. . . . No! All must come to the camp, and thus declare their complicity with the movement. They could not stand in between. They must share the risks as well as the benefits.

The Halfbreeds resisted, but while the dispute was going on, the Indians drove off all the cattle they could collect, so that, though argument barely escaped taking the form of blows, the Halfbreeds reluctantly gathered what goods they possessed that were portable, and came across the Battle River with their conductors.

When the Indians crossed the river on their expedition to Bresaylor, they, at the same time sent a party of missionaries to convert the Moo-so-min and Kah-pit-ik-koo bands, neither of which had been represented in the demonstration at Battleford a few days before. But, these were Wood Indians, a different type altogether; a people whose experience of fighting was limited to struggles with nature and wild life. Their only knowledge of the plains and life there, was the trifle gained in occasional and hurried trips after buffalo meat. Of war-parties, and raids, and horse-stealing, of violence, and battle, and murder, they knew only from tales. With them, the menace of the white man's wrath and retaliation had much greater weight than any problematical results of rebellion. The risk of dying by starvation was more easily guarded against than the chance of a bullet or the sword.

These bands occupied Reserves on the south side of the Saskatchewan River about twenty miles above Battleford. The ambassadors found that Moo-so-min had already skipped, so they scoured the country and collected a great many of the retiring Indians' cattle to drive over to the camp. With Kah-pit-ik-koo they were more fortunate. They caught him just as he was getting ready to leave. To their invitations, the chief returned an evasive answer. He said he would consult his men. To save the chief trouble and to provide an incentive to change of heart, Poundmaker's men rounded up all the cattle they could find belonging to Kah-pit-ik-koo and started them off to the big camp. No sooner had these militant apostles disappeared than Kah-pit-ik-koo's people hastily got their few portable possessions together and hurried down to the crossing of the river. Here they found the Moo-so-min outfit engaged in getting their goods and themselves over to the north side of the Saskatchewan and safety. The ice had not yet all gone out but was in its last stages. They had no ferry or boat, and the task presented difficulties and dangers that none but an Indian could tackle. However, they all managed to cross, with the loss of only an animal or two, when, each band with its own objective in view, struck off up north. Moo-so-min stayed in retirement till the trouble was over but the other chief saw his good

resolutions vanish one by one, at the pressure of hunger, and in a short time he turned up in camp.

After the Halfbreeds came over, quiet reigned. The Indians had taken all the flour and bacon from the storehouses on all the Reserves before leaving, but that amounted to very little among so many as there was never any great stock kept on hand. Nothing in the way of food was looted from the stores in Battleford, so that the whole camp depended on beef, and, while ownership was not without meaning in the camp, yet possession had still greater force. Cattle would always stray; the boldest would venture farthest in hunting them. These facts and others led to great disparity of well-being amongst the Indians. Some had all the beef they liked to kill, while others had to live almost by begging. Poundmaker had not taken an article from the stores in town; he had nothing from the stocks of provisions on the Reserves. His dignity prevented him from engaging in the scimmages for loot, and his position as head man could not be taken advantage of to acquire even necessaries. Yet he was well supplied by voluntary contributions.

It can be readily understood that the question of ownership of cattle gave rise to many disputes—even quarrels—in the camp, and there would have been many more had it been possible to distinguish ownership by the taste of beef. Beef, of course was almost the only food. I do not think I tasted bannock six times during the six weeks' adventure, and no salt. This condiment, which I thought indispensable up to this time, I soon found could with advantage be done without. Tobacco, too, was scarce. An old woman, whom we had christened Bidy when she worked for us at Red Pheasant's occasionally gave me a little, and on that little I had to rely till the end of the Rebellion.

About once a week, camp would be moved but never very far and always in sight of the creek. I was assigned a small tent that was always pitched near the chief's and I did not, during the first stages, hear much of what was going on since I stayed inside most religiously so as to be as inconspicuous as possible. I did hear, however of the killing of Frank Smart. Two Indians were prowling along by the river bank about three miles from town, when they heard the beat of horses' footsteps. Hastily they sought shelter under the bank, which there borders the road, at only a few yards distance. Thus hidden, they saw two horsemen riding up. They fired and one drooped and gradually fell, while his horse galloped on. The Indians

did not venture up to inspect the fallen man but came home the shortest way, rather awed by their successful audacity. The event was not paraded at all, owing, I believe to fear of the consequences when the accounting should be made. After things had quietened down, the man who did the killing ran off across the Line, disbelieving that the white man would call this killing different from ordinary murder.

It was only a short time after the camp assembled that other messengers came from Duck Lake with a letter from Riel. Poundmaker called me in one day and told me that a council was to be held that afternoon to hear what these men had to say. After all had seated themselves one of the Halfbreeds rose and read the letter, afterwards giving a translation in Cree. The large soldier's tent was the meeting place, the Indians squatting on the ground round the edge and listening to the visitor's account of matters at Duck Lake. One little incident which they related though trifling, struck me as very peculiar. During the fight, they said, Riel stood with a man on either side, each holding up one of Riel's arms. While the arms were up, the Halfbreeds prevailed, when the arms sagged down, the police had the best of the fight. The messengers' accents were tinged with awe as they told this story and they seemed to believe it, but I do not think the Indians were affected at all, except in the way of curiosity. Poundmaker had asked me to come along with him to this meeting. He sat opposite to the Halfbreeds and I crouched down beside him. One Indian after another would rise and ask a question, which the Halfbreeds would answer discursively and at length. After the letter had been read and explained to the gathering, it was handed to Poundmaker. Arrived at his own tent, the chief pulled out the epistle, gave it to me and asked me what was in it. He did not place implicit faith in Riel's emissaries. The letter was in French which, at any rate as far as the written or printed language is concerned, I am not unacquainted with. I translated the letter for him, substantially as the Halfbreeds had given it. He asked me what I thought of it. I said it read as though the Duck Lake people wanted help. Poundmaker made no remark but I could see that the idea was not at all to his fancy. The first messengers had conveyed the impression that Riel and his Duck Lake following were going to carry all before them, and that the Indians' part was to sit quietly by, and yet participate in the benefits to result. Also, nothing had been heard from other parts of the country—and much had been expected—from the west, from the north and from the

Blackfeet. The worst was to be anticipated from this ominous silence.

It was at one of these temporary camps that Little Pine died. He had not taken any prominent part in the proceedings because he had no faith in the promised end, but he had not the power to curb his people and would not disassociate himself from them. He was not ill long, which gave rise to the rumor that he was poisoned, a rumor that I cannot think deserves the slightest credit. Indeed, I am of the opinion that this was rather a suggestion of the white man, since it is more in line with our habit of thought than with the Indians'.

At this juncture occurred an incident that only good fortune prevented being an event. Some of Red Pheasant's band had taken to the woods rather than join the rebels, and from there a young man came to visit the camp. He came to see me and in my constant state of suspicious apprehension it appeared like the arrival of a long lost friend, because I had been very intimate with him while on Red Pheasant's Reserve. We talked over matters without reserve and I advised him to stay in the bush, as the end could not be far off. He seemed to accept my diagnosis and proposed that we go along to the tent of another Red Pheasant Indian and tell him about it. We went to the tent, entered and sat down. I have already explained, I think, that the confidence of the Indian is a possible attainment to all those who manifestly interest themselves in his behalf—except employees of the Indian Department. These appear in no way or degree able to break down the barrier of suspicion that comes between; they are the instruments through whom the Indians are to be brought into servitude. It will be understood, therefore, that the Red Pheasant Indians, among whom I had lived for six years, teaching school, regarded me as a proven friend, indeed, some of them, a companion. When we sat down, then, in Pee-ay-chew's tent, I felt all the confidence that one knows only with friends; a confidence warmed up by the inspiring change of atmosphere. A strange Indian was there and he was reeling off to a number of Red Pheasant Indians, who sat round the tent—a big one—an account of the doings at Duck Lake and round Batoche and outlining Riel's plans for the future. First, the railroad was to be broken up, so that no assistance could come from the East; then all the police in the West—"caught like fish in a weir"—were to be cleaned up. Riel would start at Prince Albert and march up the Saskatchewan River, taking the various posts on his way. The Blackfeet were to attend to the South. After

all vestiges of government were wiped out, the United States authorities were to be called to a conference somewhere on the plateau, near the South Branch. Arrangements would there be made for the disposal of the country in which the interests of the original inhabitants were to be adequately secured. When he had finished, the Indians discussed the matter at length, and Pee-ay-chew asked me what I thought of it. I told him that all this harangue was only a fine fairy tale; that from Riel's letter the Halfbreeds felt themselves to be losing ground and wanted the Indians' help, that the other natives of the country had evidently not risen, or they would have heard of it, that the arrival of troops was only a matter of time, and that punishment would surely follow for all those who took a conspicuous part. I was allowed to say all this without a word of interruption, but when I had ended, the strange Indian rose—his name was Jay-kee-kum—and addressing himself to me, said: "So this is the kind of man the Indians have saved alive and are keeping in their camp. Tomorrow I will call a council and tell what sort of a man you are, then we will see what they will do to you." Then he stalked out. They told me that he was one of Riel's messengers, a Duck Lake Indian.

I can find no words that adequately express my feelings at this news. I had felt frightened many times since the trouble started, but never sufficiently to lose my head. I had kept balance. But now I was paralysed as I expected the result to be my certain destruction. Pee-ay-chew soothed me somewhat by saying that he had never entirely believed the Halfbreeds' stories; Halfbreeds were liars. He had concluded, too, that help was needed at headquarters and that the letter meant that and nothing else. The other Indians expressed themselves in similar language. This talk soothed me somewhat but the next forty-eight hours were the most racking I ever spent. I was just waiting for the end. Nothing happened; I heard nothing more about it; so that after a few days my anxiety wore itself away. I have revolved this episode over and over again in my mind and have come to the conclusion that what I said was just about what most people thought and that my rash outspokenness helped rather than lowered me in their estimation.

The Indians went out scouting frequently. I heard Pound-maker giving directions to his general, Kah-me-yo-ke-sik-way-o, which is translated into Fine Day, a near approach in English—just before starting. They were not to stay in one place, but to appear quickly at spots some distance apart, to give the impression of numbers; they were to keep strict watch of the roads;

they were not to waste ammunition, as their arms were of short range compared to the soldiers'; and they were to travel at night as far as possible. On one occasion they came in contact with a section of the relief force and exchanged shots with them. One Indian was shot through the body in this encounter and afterwards died.

Two Nez Percee Indians, refugees from the United States were living on the Stoney Reserve. One of these disappeared early in the disturbance and it was said in the camp that he had gone into the barracks. It appears that he had put in a good deal of his time among the police, doing little chores for them in return for his food, and this intimacy was given as reason for such deduction. However, after all was over, his body was found in the bush on the south side of the river, and nothing is known as to how he met his end. The other Nez Percee was killed just at the beginning of the Cut Knife fight, as he and a few other daredevils tried to rush the guns at the start of the battle of Cut Knife.

During the whole of the outbreak, there was no organised attempt at besieging the barracks; indeed there were not enough Indians to do it. Such men as thought fit prowled round the town at night, but at a safe distance. In the daytime when they would appear on the hills on the south side of the river they were saluted with bullets from watchers on the other side and at night they were too few to do any harm. Great consternation prevailed in the white camp but it arose altogether from the preconceived idea of Indian warfare and the barbarities that accompanied it. The Indians were not sufficiently worked up to attempt offensive measures, especially against a force as great if not greater than their own. They did not expect to have any fighting of any account to do: Riel and his Halfbreeds had undertaken that part of the business—theirs but to create a diversion. Just as little did they anticipate an attack.

#### *BATTLE OF CUT KNIFE HILL—*

Imagine, therefore, the consternation that prevailed in the camp on the memorable morning of the second of May.

Several times had the tenting place been moved since the outbreak and up to the day before the fight the Indians were camped in the valley of Cut Knife Creek, about three miles from the hill that gives its name to the place. On that day the tents were moved over the creek on to the plateau that extends to and is commanded by the hill. The country is more or less



broken by depressions that deepen into ravines as they near the creek. Poplar and willow scrub also diversify what little level ground there is and screen the coulees up to their very edges. The creek comes from the west and skirting the base of the hill, turns in a northerly direction till it meets the Battle River, three or four miles away, running through impenetrable willows the whole way. The bottom is sandy and the banks steep, so that fording is restricted to certain places.

It appears that scouts from the barracks—Halfbreeds—had spied the camp while it rested in the valley; and dreams of surprising it and ending the Indian part of the Rebellion had taken firm hold of the mind of Colonel Otter, who commanded the force that had come to the relief of Battleford. With this view he started out from town with all the men he could muster—his own force, Mounted Policemen and volunteers—with transport teams, a few mounted scouts and two guns. They travelled all night, halting only for refreshments, and arrived at the edge of the valley just before dawn, only to find nobody there. The Indian trail left no doubt as to the direction they had taken and the scouts, following it, rode up to the top of the plateau and found themselves almost in the centre of the camp, which was arranged in a semicircle facing the east, flanked by ravines on each side, and sheltered by massed poplars and willows behind.

An Indian camp can never be said to be asleep; some one or other is always prowling around; and, on this occasion, an old man, who had mounted the "Look-out of Cut Knife", just on general principle discerned, along with the rising sun, the avalanche that was bearing down on the camp. He saw the scouts ahead lining out the trail from the last camp. He saw mounted men following and he saw wagons, wagons, wagons, filled with soldiers, winding towards him from out of the distance behind. From where he stood he was visible to the whole camp, so that his alarms and demonstrations quickly roused the sleepers and, when the first soldiers came to the summit of the rise, they saw the Indians—like ants disturbed in their hill—streaming in all directions away from the tents. The guns were quickly placed on the high ground and the whistle of shells and the rattle of the Gatling apparently cleared the front of everything moving before any opposition was encountered. The empty tents bore the brunt of the fusillade. It was not long, however, before a few Indians who had hastily armed themselves jumped on their ponies and rushed to meet the danger. The soldiers were so slow in taking advantage of their surprise

attack that their opponents succeeded in establishing themselves in a ravine that flanked the east side of the road up the hill. There, though only a few—not more than fifty—they kept up so continuous a sniping that the advance was stopped and the result practically determined. The Indians, gradually working down the ravine, improved their position till they were potting the soldiers from behind as well as from the front and the side. The guns, along with part of the force kept the mound that commands the camp but they had no enemy in front of them, and so long as they remained there, inactive, they were worse than useless, for the enemy was gaining courage. Indeed, an attempt was made by a few Indians in the first stage of the fight, to rush the guns, which, had the attacking body been stronger might very well have succeeded. One old Cree and the Nez Percee were killed in this diversion. The Cree was afterward taken away and buried by his relatives but the Nez Percee lies where he fell; a depression in the ground still marks the place.

The advance guard took up their position on the mound at the top of the road; those who followed behind were checked and finally stopped by the growing fire of the Indians, so that wagons and men were crowded on the several steps of the rising ground between the mound and the creek. From their elevation they had a fine view all around and took pot shots at the odd Indians that they caught glimpses of, but they were themselves exposed to enemy snipers and suffered considerably. One of the guns was out of commission—they had brought the wrong sized shells, it was said—and with the other they kept up a straggling fire at the Cut Knife ridge, on which the greater part of the Indians had assembled, but without doing much damage.

The advance once checked, the defenders who had been very few at first, gained both confidence and numbers, so that the ravine on the south side of the road and the willows that bordered the creek gradually became harbouring places from which a promiscuous fire was kept up on the troops. This state of affairs continued till about noon, when the troops were practically surrounded. Soon their retreat would be cut off. For ten or more hours the fight had continued and Otter had not advanced a step. Whatever he came for had not been accomplished. His men were wasting ammunition, shooting by guesswork at imaginary Indians. Every minute he stayed increased the perils of his situation. He gave the order to retreat. Up to this time, the Indians had been the greatest sufferers. Many of them were using shotguns, and even their

Winchesters, of the older types, were not effective at more than two hundred yards and the Indians' cover was further away than that, while the troops had weapons that would carry eight hundred or a thousand yards; but, when it became manifest that all hope of success was lost and the retreat began, the loss was greatest on the side of the troops. The crossing by which they had come was no longer available; the willows were full of Indians. Pushing ahead they luckily reached a ford lower down before the enemy and, crossing there in haste and disorder took the road back to town. There was no pursuit. A number of Indians had mounted and were about to start after the retreating soldiers, but Poundmaker would not permit it. He said that to defend themselves and their wives and children was good, but that he did not approve of taking the offensive. They had beaten their enemy off; let that content them. So there was no pursuit. Poundmaker had now no hope of the Rebellion succeeding.

It was just as well, otherwise very few, if any, of Otter's force would have escaped. They were forty miles from home; they were tired and disheartened; their road lay through a wilderness fashioned for ambushes.

Had Otter followed up his advantage of surprise and come right on when he reached the top of the hill and, instead of being awed by a few casualties, pursued closely the flying enemy, there is little doubt that he would have attained his object, as, in order to protect the women and children, the Indians would have surrendered. They might even have given in if a flag of truce had been sent forward instead of a Gatling gun. If the Indians had elected to fight, he could have dispersed them by charges of horse. The weak point of the Indians' case was their anxiety to keep the fighting as far as possible from their women and children. Otter allowed them to fight on their chosen ground.

It is said that Otter had been forbidden to make any offensive movement, so he called this a reconnaissance in force. Had it proved a success, it would likely have received another name. But for the grace of God and the complaisance of Otter's Indian opponent, it would have been left to strangers to name it, for there would have been no survivors.

On that memorable morning I was wakened by the yells, by the rattling of the Gatling and the shrieking of the shells. I dressed hastily and hurried outside. All was confusion, as

people poured forth from their tents, but it was the confusion of everyone attending to his or her own business and that business was to reach some place of safety from the coming onslaught. The deep voices of the men, the sharper tones of women and the crying of children, all mingled as the crowd filed off behind the tents toward the south. They took nothing with them; the tents and their contents were left just as they stood. A wooded ravine that came up from the creek, skirted the northern base of Cut Knife Hill and lost itself in the level of the plateau. Down this depression the Indians poured and in a wonderfully short space of time were lost to sight. The Gatling gun spitted awesomely in the distance, but none of the bullets yet reached us, while the shells, whistling overhead in slow measure, fell far away in the rear.

I lost no time in getting to Poundmaker's tent. He was just performing his toilet, and appeared in no way perturbed by the unexpected attack. He told me that an old man, called Jacob—the same Jacob that I have spoken of as wanting to render me up to the tender mercies of the two vengeful Indians—mounting the hill just at dawn, had detected the rumble of the wagons as they wound across the flat and struggled in the sand at the creek. He had roused the sleeping camp; some Stonies had rushed off to check the approaching enemy till a sufficient force could occupy the natural vantage points that abounded all round them. He donned the fur cap that he always wore and proceeded to invest himself in what looked like a patchwork quilt. In my ignorance, I ventured to ask him what it was, and my excuse for such an inopportune question is, that the garment—if it can be called a garment—had such a paltry, ordinary look, that I never connected it with the grave panoply of war. All the war-bonnets that I had seen might be tawdry, but they were barbaric, and essentially Indian. Poundmaker's expression, however, at once made me realise how flippant and hasty was my question. With great dignity he informed me that it was his war-cloak; that it rendered its wearer invisible to an enemy. Then he got up and stalked out of the tent without another word.

My mind possessed nothing like the quiet stability of his and I felt quite excited over the prospect of an end to all this wearing agitation being in sight. So, as soon as I saw his tall form mingle with and lose itself in the streaming crowd of fugitives, I hurried over to the Halfbreed tents, which stood at a short distance, grouped together at the end of the semicircle of teepees. There I found a very animated discussion going on