as to the chances of the day, but they did not allow their interchange of views to delay their preparations for flight from the danger zone.

I may remark that I had by this time got quite chummy with the Halfbreeds. They were in a different class from the Indians, and there were many points on which we were in sympathy. Had they really been rebels, I would have felt much safer, because then they would have been able to control the Indians, and prevent any sudden outbreak that might at any time occur in such an irresponsible crowd. I would often go over to their tents, to hear what was going on. I will also record my opinion that very few of them were in sympathy with the Rebellion, and I had ample means of finding out.

While we summed up the pros and cons of the situation, an Indian rode up and asked us why we were standing there inactive, while the camp was being attacked. He said help was needed in the ravine to the left of the trail up the hill. No one answered him, and after gazing at us long enough to get the atmosphere, he told us to lose no time and rode off at a gallop. This man, Mis-ut-im-was, was one of the three Indians wounded in the fight. A bullet went clean through his abdomen, but he recovered quickly and without any difficulty. I afterwards asked him how he managed to escape the ill consequences of such a wound, one which I had always heard mentioned as most dangerous. He replied that Indians were always very careful to eat sparingly in prospect of fighting, as then a ball would go right through without piercing the intestines. Of the other two casualties, one was shot through the leg, a trivial hurt, the second had his ankle shattered, which proved a permanent maim.

Four of us, when the Halfbreeds had left, went to a ravine, a little distance on our left and lay down just over the edge, among the brush. Here we stayed for hours, one or the other occasionally rising to peep over the top of the bank, to mark any change or progress in the fight. The inequalities of the ground did not allow much to be seen, but one could hear that the shooting was always centred in the mound on which the soldiers had first taken their stand. About noon, or after, someone said the soldiers were coming; were about to charge; he heard them shouting: "Come on, boys!" This was a signal for us to move on, as the place where we were was likely to become uncomfortable. Up the ravine we went, away behind the deserted tents, without any doubt that the attacking force was

now about to charge and would eventually become masters of the camp.

The firing had long since ceased, and the sun was getting low when we turned in towards the hill, whither we had seen the Indians streaming in the morning. The hill is just the culminating point of a ridge which slopes down to the south, and here the people were all assembled. Some of the tents stood ready for occupation; the rest were in course of erection, and everywhere fires blazed, and kettles boiled in preparation for the evening meal. I made my way to Poundmaker's tent, which was already established. He had doffed his war panoply, had regained his unrestrained demeanor, and talked quite good humoredly. He asked me where I had spent the day and I recounted events faithfully to him. At mention of our flight, up the coulee, he laughed and said that many others had run away, and some had got such a fright that they had not yet returned. Other Indians came in after supper and the fight was fought over again.

The Stonies, or rather some of them—had met the first onslaught, but were quickly recruited by Crees, mostly young men, they said, without any previous experience of fighting. Not more than fifty altogether, had taken part in the battle. This was excusable since few were decently armed, and the weapons and numbers and tactics of their enemy were new to them. As soon as the guns reached the top of the ridge, a rush had been made on them; it had nearly succeeded, and caused the loss of two men. Soon the two sides settled down to sniping, each from his own side of the ridge potting at each other, till the retreat began. By this time the Indians had worked round on three sides of the troops, and wrought great havoc, buzzing about like disturbed wasps till the enemy were well started on their journey home. A number of the Indians wished to follow up their advantage, and had got on horseback ready to pursue and harass the enemy on their journey, but Poundmaker dissuaded them.

Six men, on the rebel side made "the supreme sacrifice", to adopt the euphemism of the present day. The exploits were gone over with individual embellishments, and I got the impression that there had been awful slaughter. Each had knocked over two or three of his adversaries. The chief had stationed himself on the hill, in full view of the combat but about a mile away, where his faith in the protection of his war-cloak was not disturbed by test.

The night was far advanced when the camp at last settled down, but peaceful sleep was a stranger thenceforth. "The soldiers are coming"—was the alarm given every night. Wagons would be heard rumbling. Then would ensue a vigil, waiting for what never happened. Camp was moved frequently—perhaps every other day—to the south side of Cut Knife Creek, where steep and brush-clothed coulees broke up the bare and level plateau, and afforded nests from which attack could be repelled.

Two messengers from Big Bear arrived the day after the fight but I did not hear what was the object of their visit. Riel also sent a delegation with a pressing message to join him at Duck Lake at once. These were quite a different type of man from the arrivals hitherto, and their bearing and words restored confidence and gave a respectable tone to the whole proceedings. But they could not disguise the fact that Riel was now getting the worst of it, and that help was urgently needed.

All idea of a successful termination of the rising was now at an end. I was asked what the government would do to the Indians when peace was restored, and I was careful to impress upon them that they would not all be massacred, as they were inclined to think. I said that those who had committed the murders would be hanged and the heads of the movement put in prison, but that the mass of the people would be sent back on to their Reserves and things go on as before.

START FOR DUCK LAKE—

The question as to what should be their next step now agitated the camp. They could not hold their present position indefinitely; they would be starved out, if not conquered. (That they could be beaten fighting, they found hard to believe.) They must move in some direction. Here division came in. The body of the people now only wanted to get out of the mess in the easiest way possible. Others, including Poundmaker and some other prominent men, held that the proper course was to make for the hilly country round Devil's Lake and, if pressed too hard, take refuge with the Blackfeet where Poundmaker was sure of sanctuary. Things came to a head when the dissidents hitched up and were leaving the camp. But the "soldiers" stepped in here, and turned the horses' heads from the west, herding the discontents along with the main body which thus began its pilgrimage towards Duck Lake to join Riel. Their view was to have the whole business settled one way or the

other in the shortest possible time. The disputants came within an ace of fighting, but the numbers were too disproportionate.

Off towards the east we went, keeping to the rough, broken country that borders the prairie. On the second day, when abreast of the town, just where the road winds off to the south and Swift Current, the advance came unexpectedly on three scouts. Two of these made off too quickly for pursuit, but the horse of the third somehow got away from him, so he took his stand on a little knoll and opened battle. The Indians would have been only too glad to take him prisoner, and attempts were made, by displaying a white flag, to get him to render himself up, but these approaches he either misunderstood or despised, for he made things so hot for the Indians, that they had to surround him and shoot him. It never occurred to them to let him alone. These facts only came out later; when the firing began everybody made for the nearest shelter—some depression in the ground, brush, or anything that afforded a hiding place. From these we emerged when the shooting stopped, to find that what was only an encounter with scouts had been mistaken for an enemy in force.

Hardly had the excitement caused by this incident faded when we had a second thrill. Again all sought cover. It was an eventful day. A train of freighters, bringing provisions from Swift Current to Battleford ran right into our long-strung-out line. One or two of them managed to cut their horses loose in time to get away and no one tried to follow them. The remainder had to give themselves up. They had no escort and were in no position to dispute the possession of their loads. They were so frightened, naturally, at what might happen to them at the hands of the Indians, that they were pressing all the little valuables they had on those Indians they thought most conspicuous, with a view of placating them. One young fellow showed me a watch he had received from a freighter. I told him he had better give it back or he would get into trouble when the reckoning came, but he said he had not asked for the watch; it was a present, and that he would keep it. After the trouble was over he was sent to jail for three months and had to restore the "present". The same fate befell every recipient of a present, where he could be identified. This capture was quite a windfall for the camp, for from this time till the end, our fare was varied by corned beef and hard-tack. I had eaten no bread since the trouble began and hard though

the biscuits were I relished them. They found little favor with the Indians, however.

On the evening of the next day, we found ourselves at what was called "the end of the hills", that is, where the broken ground gives place to open, and more or less level, prairie. Here, a rider came in hot haste from Duck Lake with news of the fighting there. He said that a desperate battle was in progress, that the Halfbreeds had kept their enemies at Fish Creek for three days but had been forced back to Batoche to make their last stand. They must have help at once or it would be no use. The Indians were far from unanimous as to the course to be pursued. We did not move.

COLLAPSE OF THE REBELLION—

A day or so after the first messenger, there came two other messengers from Riel. They brought news of the fight at Batoche, of the surrender of the Halfbreeds and the end of the armed rising down there. They furthermore requested—and advised—the Indians to make terms, and bring peace to the suffering country. A big council meeting was held at which the Halfbreeds set forth every argument in favor of the course they advised. The body of the Indians—excepting the few that had wished to secede—listened with all readiness to a proposal that coincided with their hearty desire. Those who had taken prominent parts in the rising held back for a short time, but were at length persuaded to fall in with the popular wish. Poundmaker called me into a tent in which were gathered a number of the principal men and asked me what I thought would be done to them. I told them that I thought only the Stoney murderers would be hanged and that he and some others would get off with terms in prison, but that all others would go free. This would have been harder to tell, but that they appeared to expect that they would all be massacred. They resolved to accept their fate for the sake of the rest of the people.

My services were requisitioned and I wrote a letter at their dictation, asking General Middleton on what terms he would receive their capitulation. An Indian was named to accompany me, and I was to go to Duck Lake, deliver the letter to the General and bring back his answer. We started accordingly, early the next morning, quite a company, several Halfbreeds—among them the man Joubert, that I have mentioned—and Indians, on a visit, the two who had brought the message to the camp, and my companion and myself. Some rode on horseback; others footed it, my colleague and myself among the

latter. Right across country we went, heading straight for Duck Lake. These natives spent their lives in travelling, had names for a great many prominent places, and landmarks, and, even without the inherited instinct for direction which they possess, have only to go from one known point to another in crossing the country. We camped at a point of bush for which they had a designation, lighted a fire, made tea to wash down the government hard-tack and canned beef, then, disposing ourselves on severally selected soft places, lay down and talked till overcome with sleep. Even the most lethargic person does not care to lie on the hard ground any longer than is absolutely necessary, so that we rose bright and early next morning and after another frugal repast resumed our journey, reaching the first houses of the settlement next afternoon. Here the party separated, my guide and I being invited to stay right there. The people—Halfbreeds—had a decent enough dwelling and had probably been in fairly good circumstances before the trouble, but now even those who had been best off had nothing left and must begin all over again. Hard-tack and canned beef however were in evidence, thanks to the lavishness with which the conquerors were supplied, and the carelessness of those who dispensed or freighted the rations.

General Middleton had gone to Prince Albert but our new friends took such an interest in our mission that they rustled up a pony and buckboard for us to continue our journey with. The troops had also left the district as there appeared to be no spark left of the conflagration. The Halfbreeds had been only too glad to end a conflict that was hopeless from the beginning. There was quite a decent trail from Duck Lake to Prince Albert and we made the journey in a day. But we did not catch Middleton; he had started for Battleford in the steamer. Our mission, however, was too important to be neglected so the officer in charge made haste to procure for us transport up the trail to try to catch the boat when it got to Carlton. In this we were successful, by means of the hard-driving police. The steamer was taking in wood at Carlton when we drove down the hill, so that in no time we were ushered into General Middleton's presence. I delivered the letter. He said he would grant no terms to rebels but demanded unconditional surrender. He committed his ultimatum to writing and gave me the letter to deliver to Poundmaker. The Indians must come in to Battleford, bring in their arms and make submission, or he would turn his army loose on them and destroy them. This was as expected, indeed it was just what the Indians looked for, ex-

cept, perhaps that it was rather roughly put. The General asked if there was anything he could do for me, but, when I told him that my most pressing need was a pair of boots—for I was practically barefoot—he said he was not in a position to help me.

From Carlton, the Indian and I made our way back to the camp. A meeting was called and I read the letter, or rather interpreted it to the assembled Indians. Although the terms were just what the Indians had anticipated, the tone was threatening and our news did not raise the gloom that clouded the camp. The letter was indefinite as to how they would be treated. The General might merely be laying a trap to get the Indians together at his mercy, when he would turn the cannon on them. It was asking them to put great trust in hands that had not yet proved worthy of confidence. White men were tricky. They never kept their word, and so on.

But there was no help for it. It had to be done, and the cavalcade turned reluctant steps toward the appointed meeting place. Those who were expecting to be made the scapegoats were much tempted to fly; only shame prevented them, and the thought that their delinquency might be visited on the helpless body of the people. But the decision hung on a string, almost till we got to town.

The last camp was made at the foot of the Eagle Hills, eight or ten miles out. It was a sad camp; gloom of the deepest clouded every face; all conversation was direful speculation as to the form the General's vengeance would take; they were to be disarmed so as to be completely at the soldiers' mercy. The guns and rifles were loaded into two wagons for transport into town, and a miscellaneous assortment they were. Every kind of firearm ever sold by the Hudson's Bay Company since they came to the North-West up to Sniders looted from the white men, flint locks, sixteen bore single barrelled, double barrelled, eight and fourteen shot Winchesters, were included in this delivery. Along with these two wagons—some riding on horseback, some walking and some driving, came the whole body of men to make their surrender. A halt was called in the sand hills just south of the town, partly to enable the laggards to catch up, and partly that all might be cautioned against talking too much.

The flat between the Battle River and the barracks was covered with the tents of the soldiers—a most imposing array—and into the midst of these, the Indians were to wend their way. Quite a large concourse of people were on hand to take

in the spectacle, but there was nothing in the appearance of the Indians—except their unusual numbers—to indicate that they were conquered suppliants for peace. Their bearing did not lack dignity; they appeared quite unconcerned—some even had a truculent look. Nothing, in short, was provided on the part of the Indians to give the event the character of a show. Poundmaker and the principal men led the way, and were directed to General Middleton's tent. The front of the tent was thrown aside and the general came into view and seated himself in the opening, while the Indians squatted on the grass in a semicircle before him.

POUNDMAKER'S SURRENDER—

Poundmaker rose and came forward to accost the General, holding out his hand but Middleton waved aside the proffered salute saying that he did not shake hands with rebels. The Indian gathered his blanket around him and resumed his seat, while Middleton proceeded to reprimand him for taking up arms and murdering innocent settlers. The chief replied that he had murdered nobody; that he had defended himself when attacked, which he thought he was entitled to do; but they now came to give themselves up; the General had them in his hands and could work his will on them. All that the Indians asked was that the women and children might go unharmed. When the chief got through, the two Stoney murderers came forward one by one and confessed their guilt, making some sort of excuses for themselves. The General ordered these into custody, along with Poundmaker and a few others and told the rest to go back to their Reserves.

When this part of the ceremony was over, the civilians crowded round, seeking out the individuals who had stolen horses or other property from them at the outset of the trouble. The freighters also came to claim what had been stolen from them when the provision train was taken on the prairie. All those accused of any breach of the peace were gathered in and confined in the barracks. Not all those complained of were guilty, but that was not a time when innocence served as a defence; they were all condemned and sent to jail, till the Indian began to realise that "peace" meant merely substituting one kind of warfare for another and that in the legal strife he had no means either of striking back or defending himself.

The two murderers were afterwards hanged along with the men guilty of the atrocities at Frog Lake. These murderers all voluntarily surrendered themselves to the authorities; had

they chosen to evade punishment for their crimes, it is more than doubtful that they would ever have been caught. Several of the Halfbreeds from Bresaylor were also made prisoners as rebels, but there was not a scrap of evidence against them and as they were not tried till some time after, when the excitement had died down considerably, they were acquitted. Poundmaker was tried and sentenced to three years, but his term was commuted and he returned home before his time expired. He lived only a short time after his release. While on a visit to the Blackfeet, he is said to have drunk a bottle of painkiller, which brought on a vomiting of blood from his stomach and so caused his death. All the other Indian prisoners served only part of their time, a conciliation which was said to be due to their embracing Christianity.

Those Indians accused of murder were tried at Battleford. An incident connected with their execution is worth relating. Disposal of the bodies was let by contract but, when it came to the matter of placing the bodies in coffins or boxes, the contractor objected to handling them. This, of course, was to prove his conformity to the prevailing antagonism to "rebels". The conflict between duty and inclination was compromised by his placing the boxes below the scaffold, so that when he cut the ropes by which they were suspended the dead Indians dropped into their respective "caskets". Then they were hauled to the bank of the river and buried in the sand.

Several of those implicated in the Frog Lake rising made their way across the Line and lived in safety in Montana. After the surrender in Battleford, several Indians of Poundmaker's band, apprehending that the arrests might end in including everyone that had taken part in the fighting, departed for the States. One or two afterwards returned home but most of them remained there.

After the taking of Batoche, Louis Riel disappeared from the white man's ken. He was sought, but not with the untiring activity that would have actuated the seekers had the country not been so unsettled. The war, it is true, was over, but the spirit that brought on the fighting still rested in the minds of both sides, and as there was nothing to stop the disgruntled member of the losing side taking a pot shot at any too adventurous hunter, so also there was reason that the victors, no matter how anxious to take the arch-rebel, should be guided by precautionary knowledge of that fact. But he was sought, and eventually taken. Riel claimed to have surrendered him-

self, which was likely enough, when it is considered how easily he could have escaped across he Line. He was tried at Regina, by a jury of his peers, brought from Red River for that purpose. After a long and hard fight, in which his defenders in default of any other appreciable extenuation, endeavoured to prove him insane, he was found guilty, and sentenced to the death penalty. He earnestly repudiated the idea of insanity. When his eccentricities were brought to the notice of the Court—his assumption of the role of prophet and pretensions to Divine inspiration—he contended that he, in common with all other men, had faith in coincidences, and that, if he appeared inspired or a prophet, it only meant that his interpretation of auguries was clearer and better than is general. He said that his peculiarities were only those incidental to his situation. He had been called on for help and had responded to the call. Up to the moment of his execution he expected a reprieve; indeed many people thought he would never be hanged, but the law was allowed to take its course, and he died at Regina gaol.

I had opportunity of observing him whilst he was being tried. He was of medium height and slightly built. His face was the face of an enthusiast, calm and self-possessed, with brown beard and long, curly, brown hair—altogether quite a taking personality.

Riel died and the Rebellion was ended, but so strong was the impression among the Halfbreeds and French that the government dare not hang him, that his death was not credited. Even when the lapse of time and repeated evidences of his execution brought them at last to accept the truth many consoled themselves with the assurance that he had promised to rise again.

Now that the Duck Lake rebels and Poundmaker's outfit were safely disposed of, there remained no other obstacle to peace but Big Bear.

FROG LAKE MASSACRE—

Since there were Halfbreeds at Duck Lake who could write and others scattered over the country who were able to read, it is quite understandable that natives in all parts of the country were kept tolerably well informed as to the progress of the agitation at headquarters. These men have been called spies of Riel, but it is difficult to see that they were anything more or less than people who had an interest in the result of the movement and kept in touch with what was going on.

There were such men in the Fort Pitt district during the winter of 1884 and 1885. They received the news from Duck Lake, and naturally spread around such information as came to them. As has been said before, there are many Halfbreeds who live on the Reserves and take treaty, through whom everything that happened or was expected to happen was passed on to the Indians. No spies were therefore necessary to keep Big Bear informed of events, nor did he and his band need any incitement to throw their weight on to Riel's side when they heard of the fight at Duck Lake.

After the trouble at Poundmaker's in '84, Big Bear's band went back to Frog Lake. While summer lasted they could manage to exist on what the country afforded and fortune brought them, but winter brought privation in every form. They knew nothing about trapping; they could not fish; they could not hunt. Of the resources of the country, familiar to Wood Indians, they could not take advantage. What little food they obtained was hardly earned by cutting wood or freighting and they were not adepts at either. They could get nothing from the government. No wonder they drank in greedily the development of Riel's plans—since any change must be for the better—and impatiently awaited the day when they might pay the white man for all they had suffered. They were a wild lot—the scum of the country—and liable to go to extremes.

Immediately after the outbreak at Battleford, two Indians took horse and sped to Frog Lake to enlist Big Bear and his following in the new enterprise. The chief himself was old—too old either to lead or restrain his men. The worst element took command and, casting aside all restraint, killed the agent, interpreter, farming instructor, and six others, including two priests. The employees of the Hudson's Bay Company were the only men they spared, a fact which speaks volumes. The Indians persist in saying that Quinn was bidden go to the camp but he refused and became the first victim. Once started the ferocity of the Indians knew no bounds. A few bold, bloodthirsty villains overawed the camp.

The agency and the stores were now looted and plans made for besieging Fort Pitt, where a small detachment of police was stationed. Apart from having an official title, this place was no more a fort than any three or four houses built together constitute a fort. There were no defences, as no attack was ever anticipated. The Indians, a little cooler now, hesi-

tated to attack it and compromised by allowing the police to evacuate the place. These went down the river on a scow and came to Battleford.

Thereafter, the Indians danced away their days and nights and feasted on the government cattle. But the hand of fate was on them. General Strange, at the head of the Alberta field force, marching from Calgary, was already on their heels and came upon them at Frenchmen's Butte. It was a drawn battle and Strange had to retire for reinforcements, but the Rebellion was at an end so far as Big Bear's band was concerned. General Middleton from Battleford, joined forces with Strange and pursued the flying, disheartened Indians for a short time, when they split up into small bands and were lost in the wilderness. The prisoners were released and, one by one, the various bands gave themselves up and were disarmed. Big Bear with a few of his followers continued his way eastward and was finally taken near Carlton on the Saskatchewan River.

The old chief was tried at Regina on a charge of treason felony and found guilty—probably because he was unable to stop the rising, because he certainly had no voice in the matter —and sentenced to three years at Stoney Mountain. While incarcerated there, he and Poundmaker submitted to the ceremony of baptism and for their exemplary conduct, were released and returned home. But their spirits were broken and both succumbed before they really realised their freedom.

It is a matter of no importance, further, perhaps than as an illustration of ignorance, but it is difficult to understand how a charge of treason could be fastened on an Indian. They are not subjects of the Crown, but allies, and a treaty was made with them as such. True, they broke that treaty, but treaties are abrogated every once in a while by civilised nations, without the determination being treated as rebellion. There must be some way out of this difficulty, but that way will always remain to me one of the mysteries of the law.

TRIALS AT REGINA—

I was summoned to Regina as a witness on the trials. The nearest railway was Swift Current, and a Halfbreed named Bird was hired to transport me to that station. This was one of the men who brought me up from Red River to Saskatchewan. He had a good team, and we made the trip in five days; from there to Regina is only a short journey by railway. Arrived there, I quickly found that some one with "pull" had the

BIG BEAR IN CHAINS

(From Canon Matheson's collection)

contract for boarding all witnesses. There was no choice. Not that any particular fault could be found with the accommodation but the compulsion was galling and illustrative of conditions at the time.

I was called to prove the letter sent by Riel to the Halfbreeds of the Battleford district. As I have already stated, I not only heard the letter read by one of those who brought it to the camp, but had read it myself. Its contents have before been given. It connected Riel up with the Indian uprising. It was in French and proved the cause of a little diversion in court. The counsel for the accused doubted my ability to translate French into English, a doubt in which my modest endeavours to explain the limits of my knowledge encouraged him; he pressed me till I got annoyed and encouraged his doubts, but the laugh was on him when I proceeded to translate, first literally and then freely the simple letter.

I was also a witness against Poundmaker but, so far as my personal knowledge went there was as much to assert in his favor as there was against him. He was undoubtedly the chief and as chief was held responsible both for what he did and for what he could not prevent. What he did prevent was not allowed to palliate his offence nor mitigate the sentence. The rancour of public opinion did, indeed, die down in a year or so and all the prisoners were released, so that no great harm was done, but it remains a melancholy fact that at that time no charge could be laid against any Halfbreed or Indian in which the accused had the slightest chance of escape, no matter what the evidence might be.

The trials were spread over about two months, with varying intervals between. When all were over, the "pull" was again in evidence. Instead of allowing the witnesses to travel back home in their own way, the "contract" was given to a dexterous wire puller to transport us by team across country. We had to pay, of course, and reached home all right, but the domineering interference was irritating and kept us twice as long on the road as we would otherwise have been.

AFTER THE REBELLION—

The Rebellion was over, but it still remained for the losing side to taste the humiliation of the vanquished, and pay the penalty of their rashness. They were helpless and unarmed, so that there was nothing to be feared from them; they were rebels and could be robbed without compunction and with impunity. In this, many in the highest positions set the example and little

bands of soldiers and armed civilians scoured the country in search of loot. Whatever of value they found, was appropriated as spoils of war. The detachments of volunteers that remained stationed in Battleford until fall started home so loaded with impedimenta that much had to be abandoned on the road to the railway.

The Bresaylor Halfbreeds had quite large herds of cattle; what the Indians did not steal was afterwards requisitioned for feeding the troops. Everything they had that was worth taking was summarily confiscated. One of them, a trader, was robbed of his winter's accumulation of furs—fifty thousand dollars worth. Years after, this matter was brought up in the House, after 1896, and the victim received part payment for his losses, while the ringleaders in the orgy of spoliation were exposed.

The Indians had been ordered back to their Reserves, till their fate should be decided on. They were strictly forbidden to pass their respective boundaries and, as a further restraint on wandering, their ponies were taken from them. But, before this was done, a number got so worked up with apprehension, that they "hit the trail" for Montana. The Stonies went West. Those who stayed at home were left to their own resources. While summer lasted, this was no great hardship, since Indians can get along in summer without resources but, when winter came they had a hard time. Fortunately, rabbits were extraordinarily numerous and arrows served to shoot them with. Their guns were gone. Occasionally one or other would be arrested in connection with the looting of settlers' effects, while those that remained would await their turn. They had not been officially informed as to their fate, and, indeed would not have placed implicit confidence in anything they were told. They expected the worst. If they possessed anything that was worth having—as curios, beadwork, and so on—it was appropriated if it caught the eye of the victors.

The following spring, the Indian Department took hold again. They recognised no responsibility, for the Indians had broken the treaty and were subjected to the most severe discipline. They might not leave the Reserve without a permit and, their horses having been confiscated, they could no longer eke out a living by selling wood in town. But the restrictions were gradually allowed to lapse. Oxen and cows were loaned by the department to those who might be expected to make good use of them. These or their equivalent were eventually to be returned to the government. Treaty money was cut off for sever-

al years, but that too, lasted only a short time, payments being resumed after a few years.

Indeed the Rebellion marked the turning point in both of the parties to the treaty. Most of the wild, contumacious Indians were gone—either hanged or emigrated to the States, leaving the quiet and patient to accept the inevitable. The department, too, had been awakened to the fact that something more than they had been doing was necessary, if their wards were ever to become self-supporting. There was and is improvement, but it is necessarily slow. The considerations are many and varied. The Indians have no votes and can not make themselves heard, so that all information on the subject comes from the other side. Unless news concerning them is catastrophic, it never gets into the papers. To public opinion, Indians are uninteresting.

The Rebellion also fastened the attention of the government on the contention of the Halfbreeds. Why it needed arms to bring this about is hard to say, but the fact that a Commission* was appointed to investigate the question and that their demands were practically conceded points a lamentable moral. Land Scrip—the cheapest way of satisfying their claims—was issued to all up to 1885, and it is illustrative of the Halfbreed nature, that nine-tenths of these were at once handed over to buyers—who were not Jews—at a nominal price—eighty dollars, and upwards.

Most of the old timers—Halfbreeds—or their descendants, still hold their lands on the South Saskatchewan River. They have moved with the times and appear prosperous. But there remains a considerable element that has either drifted up north to escape civilisation, or hangs round the towns, to revel in it. With these latter drink plays havoc and an accompanying improvidence is their leading characteristic.

(*A commission to remunerate Halfbreeds with a view to granting scrips was decided on in Council Jan. 28, 1885, namely before the Rebellion.)

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A. G. Morice, O.M.I.	Winnipeg
R. C. Laurie	Battleford
Col. James Walker	Calgary
J. T. Warden	Cut Knife
Robert Jefferson	Battleford
D. H. McDonald	Fort Qu'Appelle
C. N. Bell, LL.D.	Winnipeg
J. W. Morrow, LL.D.	Medicine Hat
Ernest Brown	Vegreville
W. B. Cameron	Vancouver

Representatives—chosen by the society to assist the organiser in membership campaign; to refer old timers to the society; assist in marking the historic spots; collecting documents and relics. These representatives are:

G. L. Cooke, M.D.	Lloydminster
R. A. Schrag	Vegreville
A. J. McCormack	Edmonton
H. J. Bell, LL.B.	Cut Knife
The MacKay Bookstore	Toronto
Thorburn and Abbott	Ottawa
Van Clelland	Winnipeg
D. M. Finlayson, M.L.A.	Iffley
William Dodds, M.L.A.	Cut Knife
Mrs. E. Storer	Moose Jaw
J. H. Mayall	Maidstone
Canada Drug Company	Regina
M. O. Harrison	Fort Qu'Appelle
J. C. Rowan	Yorkton
G. Goble	Rosthern
Mrs. Hugh McKenzie	Biggar
James Dymott	Paynton
E. J. Skafel, M.D.	Kamsack

An Old River Cart

An old Red River cart, a tumbling barn
Where broken harness sprawls upon a beam,
And toothless harrows, lean against a wall,
With buggy tops, a broken scythe, and all
The flotsam and the jetsam of the farm.

Sun-smote, the old cart dreams with rump in air
Of creaking down from Touchwood day by day,
Or shrieking up Troy's ancient, winding trail
With twenty carts a-following its tail,
And twenty horses, twenty manes aflare.

The camp-fire smell of glowing buffalo chips,
Outspanning by the wayfaring Qu'Appelle,
The fresh baked bannock curling in the pan,
While, washing brown shreds of pemmican,
The bitter tea was sweet to thirsty lips.

Wild winds and sweet still blow the chill from dawn,
And grasses weave their sighing with the stars,
Still creak the old cart's weathered, wooden flanks,
Its tall wheels sag, the broken harness clanks,
But all the golden days upon the trail are gone.

—*Janet Munro*