

had established a reformed religion for the Metis nation and had formulated the following creed :

"We believe all believers constitute the true church. We do not believe in the infallibility of the Pope. We believe in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures and the right of every man to learn the truths they contain. We believe in a regularly ordained ministry. We believe in a form of church government, preferring the episcopal. We believe there is one God. We pray to God, to Christ, to Mary, to the saints. We believe in the final salvation of all men."

Riel had proclaimed himself to be "Elias who was to come and change all things," and to begin with he changed Saturday into Sunday.

CHAPTER III.

THE INDIAN RISING.

The success of the Metis at Duck Lake excited the Indians on every reserve throughout the North-West. Without industry, and improvident, they are, in spite of Government aid, always hungry and in want, and ever ready to supply their wants by plunder if there is any chance of success. The reserves of the strongest and most warlike tribes were, however, within easy striking distance of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the chiefs, knowing how swiftly a blow could be struck against them, curbed the restless young braves, and wrote characteristically eloquent letters, alleging their perfect loyalty to the Government, which they transmitted by telegraph. Their loyalty was confirmed, doubtless, by generous gifts of extra food and tobacco.

One hundred and eighty miles north of the railway, at the junction of the Battle and North Saskatchewan rivers, is the town of Battleford, within a compass of thirty miles of which were the reserves of large bands of Cree and Stoney Indians, numbering in all over two thousand. The abandonment, by the Mounted Police, of Fort Carleton, which lies between Battleford and Riel's head-quarters at Batoche, allowed free intercourse between him and these Indians who could not resist a prospect of plunder and the war-path. On the night of the 29th March the Indians were reported to be advancing upon Battleford, and some three hundred settlers and townspeople thronged into the stockade at Battleford, which is on the point formed by the junction of the Battle River with the North Saskatchewan. Col. Morris, who was in command of the Mounted Police post and the local company, into which all the able-bodied men enrolled themselves, had already set his forces to work building bastions and pre-

paring for a siege, and that night was passed under arms. The next day the Indians made their appearance on the south bank of the Battle river, and the plunder of the stores and dwellings in the old town commenced. These Indians were of Poundmaker's tribe, and there were probably not more than one hundred of them, but they were soon after reinforced. On the morning of the 31st, at 3 a.m., a tall Indian forced his way into the bedchamber of George Applegarth, the farm instructor of Red Pheasant's band, at the Eagle Hills, about twenty miles south-west of Battleford, and warned him that the Indians of the reserve were up and he

left Battleford on the 29th, he was in constant danger. Upon the same night that Applegarth was attacked, the Stoney of Mosquito's band, on the reserve adjoining Red Pheasant's, murdered their farm instructor, Payne, who, two days before, had been assured of their loyalty. The united bands, numbering about one hundred fighting men, joined Poundmaker, and soon an army of five or six hundred Indians lay around that place. The Indians made no attack upon the barracks, which, situated on a high bluff on the river side, were as impregnable to an Indian force without cannon as the Rock of Gibraltar, but in trying to plunder that part of the town nearest the fort they frequently came within range of the seven-pounder gun, and it was used vigorously and with effect upon several occasions. The period of the siege was anxious but comparatively uneventful save for the occasional arrest of a half-breed for one offence or another, and for the adventures of the scouts who attempted to communicate with the surrounding posts.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FROG LAKE MASSACRE.

At almost the same time as the outbreak at Battleford, about a hundred and fifty miles to the west, there occurred a series of incidents without parallel in the history of Canada. Fort Pitt, station of the Mounted Police, on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan, about one hundred and twenty miles to the north-west of Battleford, was held by a garrison of some twenty men, under the command of Captain Dickens, a son of the great novelist, who had come to Canada and become an Inspector in the force. Thirty miles to the north-west of this again was the Indian station and mission of Frog Lake, situated on the reserves of a couple of Indians who were under the influence of that suspicious and moody chief, Big Bear.

On the 30th of March news of the Duck Lake fight was received by Mr. T. T. Quinn, the Indian agent at Frog Lake. The option was given him by Inspector Dickens of coming to Fort Pitt with all the people at Frog Lake, or of being joined by the garrison of Fort Pitt. A council of war was held, and it was decided that the squad of police at Frog Lake, only seven men, should be sent away at once, as, while too few to protect the people in case of an attack, their presence irritated the Indians. The people believed they would be safe if the police were gone, and they hurried their departure. As the police left they heard the whoop of the war-dancers in Big



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would be murdered if he did not at once get away. The Indian told him also that Battleford was taken, and his only hope of escape was to follow the trail to Swift Current, a station on the Canadian Pacific railway one hundred and seventy miles distant. Applegarth put his wife and child into a buckboard waggon, and taking advantage of a moment when the Indians were plundering the stores, started on his long drive for life, unobserved. He had not gone far before the Indians were after him, and all one desperate night he dodged them from coulee to coulee, and for two days more, until he had caught up to Judge Rouleau's party of refugees, who had