

guilty Indian without more ado by stricter measures.

Instructing Antrobus to bring forward all available men in about ten minutes, he strode out to meet the assembled Indians. With him were Laronde and Craig, the complainant. Up to now Crozier, hoping to effect the arrest peaceably, had refrained from taking Craig along, believing that his appearance among the Indians might incite them to violence. But, all other means having failed, there clearly was now only one course open—identify the miscreant and take him prisoner by main force. And Craig was needed to make the identification.

The Indians looked on in wonder as the three officials approached them. Then they began to deploy as they saw Inspector Antrobus in the background advance with his men, a grim assembly determined to fulfil its duty. The atmosphere was tense and, as the police drew nearer, the older chiefs including Big Bear sensing that the situation might at any moment get out of hand cried out, "Peace! Peace!"

"Bring me the prisoner", Crozier shouted back, "or I shall arrest you all, if we have to fight for it."

These words seemed to incense the hitherto conciliatory Poundmaker. Bagley saw him raise his awesome war club in a threatening attitude to Inspector Antrobus who happened to be standing nearby. But when Reg. No. 863, Cst. F. E. Prior looked down the sights of his carbine into Poundmaker's swarthy face the chief lowered his war club.

In another direction Bagley saw Chief Wandering Spirit, instigator in the following year of the Frog Lake massacre, raise his rifle several times and point it at the sergeant major who sat his horse like a graven image in front of the line. Bagley waited hardly daring to breathe. If Kirk were aware of his danger he didn't show it. Continuing immobile he kept looking stonily straight ahead, without so much as batting an eyelash. For some unaccountable reason the war chief didn't shoot and the bad moment passed.

At first, owing to the war paint and grotesque markings on the faces and bodies of the Indians, Craig was unable to locate his assailant. Then suddenly he detected him. At this critical moment Chief Lucky Man, believing that he was acting for the good of all, brought the wanted man, whose name

turned out to be *Cow-itch-it-e-wanat*, to Crozier. But as the superintendent stepped forward the suspect recoiled and yelled, "Don't touch me".

"I shall not touch you", Crozier answered, "if you come with me quietly."

*Cow-itch-it-e-wanat*, however, had no intention of surrendering and continued obdurate. Suddenly two constables, one of whom was Reg. No. 887, Cst. W. "Sligo" Kerr who a year later on July 2 was credited with placing Big Bear under arrest, broke ranks and seized him. The Indian struggled furiously but he could not shake his captors. In a flash a protective ring of policemen, mounted and on foot (for there were not enough horses to go round), formed about him and slowly the entire group began to retire.

Bedlam broke loose. Some of the younger savages were spoiling for a fight and for several minutes bloodshed seemed imminent. They charged forward and tried in every way to fluster the police. Shots were fired but though close these went harmlessly overhead. During the pandemonium the prisoner's brother tried to rescue him but was himself identified as the other assailant and captured.

With their prisoners firmly held, the police, trailed all the way by the irate and baffled savages, eventually reached the fortified agency building without injury. The frustrated throng milled about but, when the store house was thrown open and provisions doled out, *Cow-itch-it-e-wanat* and his plight were quickly forgotten. During the diversion caused by the food, the prisoners were bundled off to Battleford.

*Cow-itch-it-e-wanat* appeared before Judge C. B. Rouleau at Battleford on Aug. 29, 1884, charged with assault, and was sentenced to one week's imprisonment at hard labour.

A few weeks after the foregoing episode, Hayter Reed, assistant Indian commissioner, arrived at Battleford and ordered that all ponies belonging to the Indians of Poundmaker's and Little Pine's bands be branded with the large ID iron. Bagley was detailed to take a detachment of ten men to Poundmaker's reservation and see this work through. There he established a camp near the corral and as the branding started the Indians gathered to watch the operations in sullen silence.