

*Weeping Dog*.—"Yah, nemo met son, conticu er omnes mooni, oh skreecchy banana."

*Inter.*—"Weeping Dog says, says he, that he would never have stolen anything only he starve, and he heard, says he, that the pale face children of the Torontos send up jam, cake and new towels to their pale face brothers but send him none; and he want, says he, clean underclothing as his laundry stop his credit account in 1853."

*Gen.*—"Well, ask him why he went on the war-path."

*Inter.*—"Ki-ji-tapioca, in sesar bellikum she makitack?"

*Weeping Dog*.—"Kitch-i-nack in hog signes rectum: omnia gallia parvum in multiorum, &c."

*Inter.*—"He says, says he, that Weeping Dog all quiet and peaceable even when he hear that soldiers come to fight. But when he hear that *Piche* and *Worsnop* come out to hunt for his scalp, he get scared and put on the war paint. If *Piche* only go back and not weep for his gore; he says, says he, that Weeping Dog promise to go home quietly, wash his face and bury the hatchet. But Weeping Dog must draw the line somewhere, and for the sake of freedom, he draws it at *Piche*." (*The Squaw comes forward jabbering Indian*)

*Gen.*—"Well what does she want."

*Inter.*—"She wants to take part in the council."

*Gen.*—"Oh tell her to sit down, we can't have squaws in our councils. My experience is that woman's tongue is too long."

*Inter.*—"Gettee move-ala."

*Squaw.*—"Oh, ki-yi, mummy tum-tum."

*Inter.*—"She asks, how about Queen Victoria."

*Stir-the-mud-quick* (*the Indian dude rising.*)—"Hie yi mun, pow-wow-wow-wow."

*Gen. (interrupting)*—"Has he got anything to say?"

*Stir-the-mud-quick*, (*continuing in a lofty manner, waving his hands.*)—"Kam shoock oyay terminay, kuume again, da dee new mown hay Norkey apropos mak skooch de wahpe, &c."

*Inter. (graphically.)*—"Stir-the-mud-quick, the dude of the red men, says, says he, that the Indian is the pale-face's best friend; but the pale-face terribly bad on promises. He says, says he, that *Dewdney* promised