

THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 9.]

MARCH, 1876.

[No. 3.

NOTES OF THE QU'APPELLE TREATY.

BY F. L. HUNT, WINNIPEG.

IN the clever and faithful work of Mr. Grant, "Ocean to Ocean" (which, from many years' acquaintance with a large part of the route and country described, I can strongly recommend), the author devotes space to comment upon the Treaty of the Lake of the Woods, and sees (as all cultured men of the world do) much to enkindle his sympathy and regard towards the Indians with whom he came in contact, and, from them at large, to all these children of the woods and plains, dwelling now in the long shadows cast by their declining sun, telling of the brief night, so soon at hand, that will hold scant dawn for them.

I propose to give in this paper an off-hand account of the Treaty of Lac Qu'Appelle, holden in September, 1874, by the Hon. Alexander Morris, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; the Hon. Mr. Laird, Minister of the Interior; and Mr. William Joseph Christie, late Chief Officer of the Hudson Bay Company in the district of the Saskatchewan, but now retired from the service.

I write freely from my notes, nor yet complain. Impressions of the hour gain in

freshness what they lack in precision. If they smack of the dishabille of the Plains; the undress is not necessarily irksome to the reader.

Crossing the Plains with a train of loaded carts may be strongly commended by the faculty as a sedative—scarcely as an exhilarant;—nor is it suggestive of anything I am aware of, saving patience, for which quality there is ample room.

The feeling of repose in camp is marred unpleasantly by fear lest the animals should stray off and leave you and your cart in the lurch. There is a constant slow hurry on the road, and if you are behind anything on a windy day, the dust is simply unendurable. This petty attrition of travel mars almost all thoughts of your surroundings—absorbs you completely in its routine.

Not so much, however, did it absorb me, but that as we were about to descend into the valley of the Qu'Appelle, I was keenly conscious of the thrill of delight which moves one when the thousand perfections that make the fair scene meet the eye—the sweeping, graceful lines; the shading hand of Nature which blends and melts her col-