

mile in twenty granted to the Company]. When they were small, the Indians treated them with love and kindness ; now there is no withstanding them, they are first in everything." In the course of this protracted discussion, which was finally ended by Mr. Laird, the Minister of the Interior, assuring the Indians that the Company were right in doing as they had done (which, by the way, they were not, and the Indians were right in what they assumed), Governor Morris asked: "Who made all men? The Manitou. It is not stealing to make use of His gifts." The Indian replied: "True; even I, a child, know that God gives us land in different places, and when we meet together as friends, we ask from each other, and do not quarrel as we do so." I quote the words of the man—his unquestioned assent to the greatest truth, save one, that awaits recognition from mankind. "Even I, a child, know that." This assent on behalf of his people should never be forgotten ; it was the natural concession to the equity of existence, which finds expression in idle, impractical theories on the part of civilized white men, but was here practically and nobly illustrated by his uncivilized red brother. In its reality and instant application, it was the first time I ever saw a grand act simply and perfectly well done.

The whole discussion of course hinged upon the Treaty being made subsequent to the Company's entering upon the fee made their's by transfer, and was the only serious delay to the acceptance of the same terms as had been made at the Lake of the Woods. Being often in the Indian Council Lodge, I heard there much finer speaking than at the grand tent, particularly from one man, an orator indeed, able and apt. The repose, ease, and dignity with which they conducted their deliberations, the absence of fever, assumption, and trick (sometimes called finesse), made it a quiet pleasure to be remembered.

At the close of the proceedings the Indians wished to have the Treaty read to them—a formidable request, which was at once wisely assented to by the Governor handing the bulky-looking document to the interpreter, whose look of dismay and consternation, as he held it out at arm's length in front of him, was immensely amusing. The Governor, with as much good sense as good nature, went to the side of his bewil-

dered ally, and made the task possible for him. In fact, through all the Treaty negotiations, Governor Morris has shown the tact, patience, and friendly inclination so essential to negotiations of this character, without which either no result is arrived at, or else one so marred in its course as to leave a disagreeable impression upon the Indians.

Indian treaties are most often thought of as routine affairs—a form gone through with ; and upon such surmise the pathos and verity of the situation is entirely lost. The simplicity, confidence, and weakness of the Indian, and the irresistible power of those who call him in council, render it not so much a treaty as a demand ; and in so far it seems a matter of very plain sailing. In reality it is not, either in negotiation or sequence ; for underlying all shrewd bargaining and present advantage lieth equity, which is as apparent to his untutored mind as to that of his civilized successors, a disregard of which would lead to grave evils—the lesser, pauperism and vagabondage ; the greater, reprisal and assault—which, though having but one end, would yet entail great loss, nor rid the nation of reproach.

In the future lies the essence and gist of the benefit to the Indian for all he surrenders. His annuity is nothing ; but the clause which restrains him from selling his land, the absence of any rule of inheritance or descent, makes him so entirely the ward of the power which assumes this paternal shape, that in the coming days, when he and his people are making a life struggle in their new conditions, it is to be believed that he can safely appeal for such judicious aid as, while it leaves the healthy stimulus of necessity intact, will yet assure him from the assail of want, attaining surely security and content.

The *per capita* of land reserved for the Indians is 128 acres—average payments not more than ten dollars each. To those, and they are many, who view with dissatisfaction anything at all being given to the Indians, it may be a consolation to know that he would be much better off as Mennonite or Dane than as a Cree or Otchipwe.

Practically, however, the immense domain is now valueless to the Indians ; forsaken by the animals that once afforded profusion to its owners, it stands now waiting the firm hand of the husbandman to garner its riches. State policy, *not* Philanthropy, and that