

tled on principles that are just and fair to all parties. The commission, just appointed, I hope will do good work and true work. I am sorry Mr. W. P. R. Street, one of them, called on Archbishop Tache and received letters from him to Riel and others. For myself—and I think most of the country is with me—I do not want that this Archbishop should have anything to do with it. He had altogether too much to do with the former Rebellion. It is a noteworthy fact that the 10,000 Indians and Half Breeds under the Methodist missions are quiet; so with the other Protestant missions. But the Pagan Indians, and the Half Breeds and Indians under the Catholic authority are the ones in rebellion. There is a lesson for us in this state of things.

In the Bill of Rights put forward by Riel and others there are several points that look suspicious to me. The clause, for instance, that asks grants of lands for church and school purposes. I would like to ask: What church and what kind of schools? Perhaps another clause in this Bill of Rights may give me a cue; that the Dominion Government appropriate \$10,000 or more per year to furnish nuns as teachers. I do hope that the Commission and our Government will do nothing of the kind. Gifts in this direction are not satisfying but appetizing rather.

Well, we have now over 4,000 soldiers gone to settle this trouble. The policy of sending out a good and strong force is a wise one. For, I do not think Riel and the others will fight if they see the Government and country are in earnest. This rebellion, will seriously retard immigration and set the country back; but once over it will tend to consolidate the Dominion. The expression of loyalty from all parts is, in part, a good return for such a set back.

God bless our volunteers, and give peace and prosperity to the North-West.

NORTH-WEST DIFFICULTIES.

BY REV. EGBERT B. YOUNG.

It is not only humiliating to our pride, but very contrary to all our past record that we, of all the nationalities on this American continent, should actually be engaged in a war with the Indians and Half-Breeds. And so men, and women too, are justly asking, why these things should be; and how has it really come about? We, proudly thinking of our past records, still rub our eyes in wonder and amazement, and as we hear the martial tread of armed men, and witness the immense military preparations, and see the departure of the armed hosts towards the land of the setting sun, we stop in bewilderment, and say, is it possible that after all our boastings we have on hand an Indian war? And that, of all times, it should come now, for when these tribes were mighty and could muster their thousands of warriors, we, the subjects of the "Great Mother Across the Waters," were ever welcomed as the trusted brothers, and treated as honored guests in all the tribes, both north and south of the boundary line.

Some of us can vividly recall, with patriotic pride, how that when we were travelling in those western Territories, where float the stars and stripes, when passing through that section of country devastated by the Sioux Indian war of 1833, we were warned and entreated not to go on, as we were assured that our trail led through the regions where the savages still roamed, and that we would surely fall victims to the rapacity and cruelties of those terrible warriors who would certainly kill us all, and take possession of our splendid Can-

adian horses, and every thing else we owned.

Proud of our being British subjects, and of having in our possession a British flag, we straightened ourselves up, and through our spokesman and guide, the honored and still lamented late Rev. Geo. McDougall, said: "We have no fear or doubt but that, with our flag we can pass unharmed through any Indian tribe on the continent." And so it proved, as regarded these Sioux. In the most disturbed parts we hobbled our horses and turned them loose on the prairies as usual; we unrolled our camp beds and lay down and slept, and awoke in safety; we put out no guards or sentinels; we did not even dream of danger from Indians, for on that flag-staff, which was only a whip handle, was there not the flag of that nation which has ever dealt honorably and fairly with the Red men.

But this is all changed and there has been a rude awakening, and we are eagerly scanning our past records and asking what are the causes which have led to this present sad humiliating state of affairs, so contrary to the past and so alien to our inclinations and desires, for we still wish to keep faith with, and live in good fellowship with these Half-Breeds and Indians.

Politicians, in the warmth and zeal of their partizan prejudices, are striving to make "scape goats" and victims out of this one and that one, but while it is evident that some one has blundered, or been too slow, it is still an open question whether any particular individuals should have such vials of indignation poured upon them.

In an article like this, we cannot go into the subject very fully, but we can sum up the whole matter by saying that the cause of the whole trouble is the scarcity of food; or, as an interpreter tersely put it: when a band of Indians met one of the commissioners, and the chief had, with a great deal of pantomime and flourish, delivered what seemed to the great "paleface" a wonderful speech, he, the interpreter, merely said, "All his lingo is this, they are hungry and want grub."

This is the cause of the present humiliating state of affairs. They are hungry, and hungry people are dangerous and desperate.

We cannot disguise the fact, that although we have incorporated those vast regions into our Dominion, and have made treaties with the Indians, and issued script to the Half-Breeds, they are all very much worse off than they were a few years ago. The inroads of the white man, and his improved firearms, have very much lessened the Indians' sources of game. Not many years ago the buffalo roamed over those boundless prairies in millions. They were literally "the cattle of a thousand hills." It is not very many years since they quenched their thirst in the Red River, for on its banks I have frequently picked up their whitened bones. Their flesh was a most nutritious meat, their sinews made the best of thread, their skins made warm clothing and bedding, and when from the hides the hair was scraped off, not only were the Indian tapes or wigwams on the plains made out of them, but also many useful and necessary articles of wearing apparel, such as moccasins, leggings, and hunting shirts.

The great yearly event in the life of the Half-Breed was the grand fall hunt of the buffalo. The crops in the Red River settlement and other places where they lived had been secured. The hot summer was over, and the beautiful autumn weather had come. All is excitement, and there is heard the din of preparation, and the rehearsal of past successes, and the boastful words of what will yet be done. Women and children,

with the necessary "outfits," are huddled into the rude yet capacious Red River carts. The men are mounted on their well tried horses, justly called "buffalo runners." In semi-military array, the long cavalcade, numbering hundreds of persons, sets out for those regions where the scouts report the buffalo are feeding. Every year since the wave of Anglo-Saxon civilization crossed the Mississippi, they have to go farther west to find the buffalo.

The expedition assumed the form of a military organization. There were captains and leaders, and rigid laws, which were sternly enforced. Every night the tents were pitched in a circle, and with the large carts and other things, the whole encampment was made into a perfect zareba of defence. All these precautions were necessary, for the Half-Breeds and many of the wild Indian tribes on the plains were never on the best of terms, and if one caught the other napping—well, somebody suffered.

Often hundreds of buffalo were slaughtered. These the women skinned and skillfully sliced into thin layers of meat. These were then sun and fire-dried. Thousands of pounds were brought back as dried meat, and many thousands more were made up into the far-famed pemmican. A great quantity of buffalo fat was also secured. This was used for candle making, and also various cooking purposes.

Probably in the next issue of TRUTH I will have more to say in regard to the former Indian buffalo hunts, and of the causes of the present troubles.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST—PAST AND PRESENT.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MISSIONARY.

NO. II.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WOOLSEY.

Our arrival in Selkirk, alias Red River Settlement, was, to me, an event long to be remembered, as I began to realize that I was indeed "a stranger in a strange land," though my colleague had been there previously, and, consequently, was quite at home. It was then that I could institute a comparison between a former residence, for ten years in that "vast emporium of the world, the city of London," England, but, in doing so, I became quite a cosmopolitan in regard to life in its varied phases. A travelling companion, of Scotch origin, Mr. James Ross, a gentleman of more than ordinary education, soon introduced us to the Rev. John Black, Presbyterian minister, who gave us a most hearty welcome, and regarded me as his guest during our stay. He soon after favored us with an interview with the Bishop of Rupert's Land, that distinguished prelate giving us the right hand of fellowship in a way and manner purely evangelical.

Our next interview was with Governor McTavish, to whom we presented letters of introduction from Canada. Our reception was the most gratifying, with the assurance that he would, as far as practicable, facilitate our journeyings to the regions beyond. Little did I then think that we had then entered upon a territory three millions of miles in extent, a considerable portion of which was in the hands of the Hon. the Hudson Bay Company, who, by virtue of a charter, granted by Charles II. to Prince Rupert and a body of adventurers, trading into Hudson Bay, had territorial possession, as well as absolute commercial right of such portions of the country as were drained by the Hudson Bay. Like privileges, commercially considered, were also possessed by a

license from the Imperial Government, renewable every twenty-one years, over such portions as were not drained by the aforesaid expanse of waters.

After a very agreeable stay in the Settlement, we crossed to the north shore of Lake Winnipeg, where we had a very hearty reception from the Chief Factor of Norway House. This was the principal depot of the Northern Department of the H. B. Co. A great number of trading boats used to arrive there, en route to York Factory, a distance of 500 miles—a most difficult traverse, as no less than 45 portages had to be crossed, involving considerable delay and expense. Rossville Mission being proximate we had a very delightful but brief sojourn with the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt and family. He was then Chairman of our entire mission work in that land. But the time for voyaging to Edmonton House, nearly 1,000 miles distant, arrived; and we, through the courtesy of Chief Factor Sinclair, became deck passengers. We soon reached the Grand Rapids, near Cedar Lake, when I found that all the merchandise, baggage, etc., had to be carried over a portage, three miles in extent, and that all the boats had, by herculean hands, to be drawn across the carrying place and then launched at the head of the rapids and re-loaded. Then began in reality the rowing or hauling up of the boats along the Saskatchewan River,* involving considerable labor to the men employed; but as soon as we came to good tracking ground, the employees took their respective shoulder straps, secured each to a long rope fastened to the boat and then jumped overboard, waded to shore, and commenced to haul in right good earnest; but, as soon as we got to the end of the tracking ground, the men re-entered the boats and began to row most vigorously. This was repeated several times during the voyage, interspersed with occasional crossing of portages. All this seemed to me "passing strange."

Considerable variety stood connected with visiting Cumberland House, Carlton House, Fort Pitt and other places, prior to reaching Edmonton House. The mails were received with open arms, as only two deliveries were at the command of the residents of forts, etc., each year. Edmonton House was at length reached on the 26th of September, when an enthusiastic reception was given to the missionaries, Indians and whites apparently realizing that

"The noblest type of man is the Christian;
The noblest type of the Christian, the Christian minister;
And the noblest type of the Christian minister, the Christian missionary."

But I must close, though my friend, Mr. John N. Lake, having introduced you readers to the Buffalo region, I am half disposed to take a run. May do so some day.

*Kisiskatchewan, a swift-running river. It is the Cree designation and the meaning thereof.

A Boston Kindergarten for blind children received recently from an unknown person the liberal sum of ten thousand dollars.

A Washington correspondent says that Miss Cleveland thinks her brother will not be in favor of discharging women from the departments.

A gentleman lost a large sum of money recently at baccarat in one of the London clubs. He refused to pay the money, and was sued for it, and he won the suit. Poker is now quite popular in some of the London clubs, and in a few New York drawing-rooms.

The Dean of Westminster, speaking of the long period that had elapsed before Robert Burns was finally honored with a bust in Westminster Abbey, said that for a century and a half Chaucer lay unmarked and unremembered beneath the pavement of the Abbey, and that nearly as long a period went by before any record of Shakespeare found place on its historic walls.