

My situation was far from pleasant, though after the pipe had been passed I was quite at ease as to their pacific intentions. I understood a little of the Cree language, but could only follow the general drift of the remarks made, interlarded, as they were, by copious signs and gesticulations.

The discourse was quite lengthy, and, as afterwards interpreted to me by Johnny, was to the effect that the white men who had lately come into their country were appearing on the plains, hunting the Indian's buffalo, and that some envoy should be sent by the Good Mother to explain to them what it all meant. I, who was the first Canadian who had visited them under the new order of things, was very welcome, as I acted as a friend and brother. I could kill all the buffalo I required for food, but I was to tell the Great Chiefs on my return home that no more hunters should come to the plains until a message was sent explaining the things that were then dark to them. They hoped I would tell my people these words.

A chorus of "How! How! How!" followed every appeal the medicine man made to the circle of half-naked and battle-scarred warriors. At the close of his oratorical effort he again shook hands with me, sat down with a self-satisfied air, and immediately turned his attention to the contents of the kettles simmering on the fire.

I made them a short speech through my interpreter, explaining that, having been told of their country, I had come to visit them and hunt the buffalo for a season, and strongly advised them to close their ears to the voices of any bad men, who would endeavor to make them believe that the Good Mother would take from them their hunting grounds or send men to run lines about their grounds without first getting their consent and holding treaties with them. I assured them I would faithfully bear their message to the Great Chief at the settlement (Winnepeg), who represented the Good Mother. This promise I honestly kept the following summer, when I had an interview with Lieutenant Governor Morris, at Winnepeg, and at his request made a formal report in writing on the subject.

My words seemed to please the assemblage, for the medicine man, Little Pine, Bent Reed and others stepped up and very solemnly shook hands once more, with grunts of evident satisfaction.

During all this time the steam was issuing from the kettles, and I had become quite curious as to the nature of its contents. My solicitude on this point was, however, soon relieved, for the moment the speech making was at an end the medicine man took the kettles off the fire, and, with much stirring, made ready to transfer what they held to four tin washhand basins, which had been brought forth from some hidden recess and laid before him.

These preparations I viewed with considerable trepidation, that almost amounted to fear, when each basin was filled with strange-looking bones and meat, and my feelings were not at all calmed when from the second kettie, he poured over the meat a thick, reddish-colored stream of sauce, which I at once recognized as boiled dried choke-cherries.

With complete formality a basin was placed before each of the two Metis, Little Pine and myself. Johnny, who was three seats removed from me, looked very uneasy and perplexed, and I asked; him, in a low tone, what this fearful-looking mess was composed of. He answered back, "Dog!"

Horror of horrors! I was in a lather of perspiration in a moment's time.

Could I ever eat it! If it were but a single rib or slice I might stand some chance of getting it down; but a whole quarter of a dog! I turned weak at the very thought.

Johnny whispered: "You must eat it, or they will be greatly insulted and annoyed. I am going to try it."

What was I to do? I was the only white man within the radius of a hundred miles, and did not know what would be the result of a refusal on my part to eat of this, perhaps, sacred bow-wow, over which so much incantation and ceremony had been expended.

Summoning up courage, I lifted the big iron spoon which had been stuck into my dish, took a mouthful of the sauce, and swallowed it. I imagined a lot of steel filings washed down by sugared soup. I thought my throat was in rags. The sharp edges of the sun-dried cherry stones scratched and cut until they arrived at a resting-place in my interior economy. (The cherries, when ripe, are gathered, placed in a skin sack to be mashed with a pounder, stones and all, until they are well broken up, beaten together, when the mass is exposed to the sun to dry, until hard as gravel.)

After that mouthful I inwardly vowed that all the Indians on the plains would not force me to repeat the experience, and, thinking nothing could be worse than the sauce, I seized a piece of the dog meat, and with my teeth, savagely tore off a morsel.

When I explain that the dog had been strangled and the hair singed off its hide, the skin being scorched in the operation, some faint idea may be had of my sensation on discovering that my signal ill-luck had caused me to take some of the burnt skin at this first bite. It was as bitter as gall!

Forcing down the piece after the flinty fragments of choke-cherries, I stole a look at Johnny to see how he was progressing with his share of the trouble. He was the very picture of misery, great beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. His eye meeting mine, he gasped out: "Ah, boy, I'm sick!" I understood exactly what his feelings were, for in a moment I was deadly ill, and quite prepared to fight before I ate another atom of that canine.

In all his experience on the plains, Johnny had never been called upon to eat dog flesh, and in despair he turned to McGillies, the French Metis, (many of the French half-breeds have Scotch names,) who was eating away most unconcernedly, and asked him what was to be done, for we would not eat any more of the mess.

McGillies laughed, and after a short conversation with Little Pine, told us to offer the basins to our next neighbors, with presents. I quickly shoved my dish before Bent Reed, with a plug of tobacco and a bottle of pain-killer. That old fraud, who, I believe, had taken his

seat by my side in anticipation of this action, gracefully accepted the present, and with much chuckling speedily proceeded to devour the dog and cherry sauce, at times bestowing spare ribs on favored neighbors. The bones were handed from one to the other, until they reached the door, where, on the outside, many attendant squaws picked and polished them with a great amount of sucking and smacking of lips.

A little more talk and exchange of compliments and the feast given in my honor, as a peculiar mark of their high esteem, was at an end. I was glad, very much so, and was perfectly sincere when I told them that their kindness on this occasion would never be forgotten by me as long as I lived.

The Indians quietly dropped out one by one, and Johnny and I exchanged words of condolence with each other.

McGillies and Little Pine, having filled their pipes, leaned back on piles of furs and quietly puffed away, having heartily enjoyed their share of the repast.

Being afraid of more complimentary banquets of dog meat, I left the camp early in the morning, amidst a shower of good wishes from my Cree friends.

BURYING THE BONES.

(RED JACKET, BUFFALO, OCT. 9, 1884.)

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

It is half an age since he passed away,
The chief we honored that autumn day.

The day was bright, but what of the deed,
Ah! that depends on the make of the creed.

It is well that his bones find at last,
But what of the wrongs of the silent past?

To judge from the law brought down from the
mount,

It will need much more to square the account.

He spoke for his people, great and small,
But our ears were closed to his plaintive call.

He sued for justice, he sought for right,
But died as he lived without the sight.

We gave no heed to his living tones,
But what of that? We buried his bones.

He plead for his own and we heard him not,
But see the monument he has got.

The stony return from the ages gone:
He asked for bread and they gave him a stone.

BUFFALO, NOV. 7TH, 1884.

Dr. Oronhyatekha addressed a large meeting of the Mohawk Indians at the Council House, Belleville, on Wednesday of last week, explaining to them the provisions of the new Franchise Act as they affected the Indians. He advised them to form an organization and to work harmoniously and unitedly, and they would thus make themselves respected by both parties. The Indians now hold the balance of power in East Hastings. The Doctor was invited to assist them at a meeting to be held for organization two weeks hence.