

Americans have had their eye on this North-West Territory, was a well known fact, and when Louis Riel was in charge of the Government offers, almost incredible, were held out to him, and certain documents even placed on the table of this House and quite probably there would be men who would wonder how so young and so poor a man as Louis Riel, unless actuated by the strongest patriotism, could ever have resisted the tempting offers, (hear hear). Now, with these facts before us the question arose, what was to be done? It was quite clear that something must be done—something sharp, short and decisive. The time for writing despatches was gone by and the difficulties must be grappled with, and that successfully, or our hold on the North-West might be endangered and an enormous expense of life and money lost; and in dealing with these men it must be remembered we are not about to deal with uncivilized Indians, not with the untutored, and, in many respects, the noble children of the forest as they were in the days of William Penn. In one sense of the term they were just as civilized as we were. They could not read nor write, nor did they pay any attention to religious matters, but in a business sense they were civilized to a greater extent than people imagined. The day had been when a valuable fur could have been purchased from an Indian for a needle, but these days were done, for in the matter of trade they were just as keen and wide awake as the white trader who had to deal with them. In approaching them in the way of treaty we must do so in a business fashion. The old style of treating was a farce, and was so regarded by the Indian himself. About a year and a half ago he saw something of our Indian treaty, and this was the way of it: On the plain around lower Fort Garry were the camps, the squaws formed around the wigwams, and the Chief, over half nude, squatted on the ground playing cards. For the most part the atmosphere was saturated with the steam of pork cooking, the lawn was gravelled over with tea leaves, and the very dogs, ordinarily the very embodiments of starvation, looked sleek and fat. In front of the Fort were squatted the Chiefs solemnly smoking their pipes, and at about ten o'clock the door of the Fort residence opened, and out walked Commissioner Simpson with cocked hat, with a white plume waving gracefully over it; a brilliant scarlet coat, and dazzling gold stripes on his trousers. Behind walked the Governor, also adorned with a cocked hat and plumes, his drummer jacket or Windsor uniform, or whatever you choose to call it. Then followed the Court train, composed of ladies and kid-gloved gentlemen, while in the rear occasionally marched the lofty