

have established a newspaper to advocate the rights of his kindred. It would have been a glorious work for him to be able to control a newspaper, and to promulgate in print his mission to the world.

Dr. Roy and myself had a second examination of Riel at the Police Barracks, on the evening of the 28th of July. He was closely catechised by Dr. Roy in French, and by me in English. He evaded giving direct answers to our questions, although he knew we were to give evidence for the defense, if his insanity were a fact. He thanked us for our kindly interest in him, but repudiated our plea with scorn. We took that ground to possibly put him off his guard, but in this he was consistent with himself and his record. We elicited little from him except that great developments, of a national character, were near at hand, according to his prophecy, and he was to be the central moving power. The insanity plea was abhorrent to him, and he scorned to take that ground, even to save his life. Friends and foes were convinced of his honesty and candor in his repudiation of this defense. He would rather die as a deliverer than live as a lunatic.

I had a third visit alone with Riel, in his cell, on the 29th of July. He was very much excited, and paced his narrow enclosure like an enraged tiger would, yet in this mood he said nothing. I accused him of hiding his motives to his own hurt, and told him that his friends from Quebec could do nothing for him because of his obstinacy. Suddenly he calmed down and with great self-possession said: "His legal friends had mistaken his mission. At present he was an important State prisoner, and he was suffering, not only for himself, but also for others." He also told me that he wrote a book which was still in existence. In it he clearly proved that he was a great prophet, and as a prophet he *knew* beforehand that a verdict would be given in his favor. I closely questioned him as to why he thought so, but his only reply was in putting his hand over his heart and saying pathetically, "It is revealed to *me*." I informed him that there was a bitter feeling hostile to him outside, and that so far the evidence was strongly against him and that he would probably be hanged as a felon. He smiled cynically at my ignorance, but the alternative did not seem to affect him. I told him the feeling had not subsided for the murder of Scott, in 1870. In reply he said the Northwest Council sentenced Scott to death for treason. He was only one of thirteen. He suddenly broke away from this subject and began to pour out a torrent of vigorous language on the head of Dr. Steultze, of