

him an A. D. C. and a buckboard. He want *Hugh John Macdonald* attached to him as aide-de-camp, only he stipulate that he be attached to *Hugh John* for rations. He says, says he, that the tribe want him to marry the Great Mother's daughter, and he want his Ottawa *Hansard* sent more regularly, so he can follow the Franchise Bill. He says, says he, that the new policy make them all glad, because they are to throw up farming and shooting pale-faces, to become voters."

*Gen.*—"Ask the Chief to state his case fully"

*Inter. (to Weeping Dog.)*—"Yah, see kie yan chuck a luck."

*Weeping Dog (dramatically.)*—"Yah secum est, parlang chummy kole fateeg kumma off te fence, mowat must go, na pic yook, &c."

*Inter.*—"Weeping Dog says, says he, that the Great Spirit above, loaned the poor Indian this earth. One day when the red man met the pale-face on the prairie for the first time, he shook hands and there was no blood. But he says, says he, that the pale-face treat the Indian like a dog, shoot him and steal his property. They began the warfare. After this he says, the pale-face made them sell their hunting ground for a medal and a red coat. They fenced them in on a barren reserve, and they send *Dizzy Brow*, the chief of the pale-faces, around every year to make them cut down their thistles. He says, says he, that before the Indian met the pale-face, the sun shown with happiness, the waters ran merrily, the grass was green and the buffalo filled the land. Now there was nothing to eat—all was hungry desolation for Weeping Dog and his tribe, and on the prairie now there was nothing to be found but hundreds of *Acton Burrows'* crop reports."

*Gen. (very much affected.)*—"What a fate! *Burrows'* crop returns. (*Breaks down and cries.*) Boo-hoo-hoo, (*sobs*), my poor children of the plains. How I do pity you."

*Tableau.*—Indians all cry, the soldiers visibly affected, *Hill* wipes his eyes, interpreter sobs, and the squaw sheds tears in the arms of the A.D.C.

*Inter. (sobbing continues.)*—"And he says, says he, that if Weeping Dog and his tribe only get a little tobacco and flour, they fight no more against the pale-face, and never any more against the Great Mother."

*Gen. (wiping his eyes.)*—"There that will do. Tell him that as long as he keeps the peace, he and his people will always be protected, and I will recommend his appointment as a Justice of the Peace. (*Breaks down again.*) Oh, those crop reports."

*Leath.*—"Be  
eagerly.  
*Omnes*—"Any  
articles,  
knapkin  
jabbering