

and not to be afraid. Sweet Grass then rose and addressed me in a very sensible manner. He thanked the Queen for sending me; he was glad to have a brother and a friend who would help to lift them up above their present condition. He thanked me for the offer and saw nothing to be afraid of. He therefore accepted gladly, and took my hand to his heart. He said God was looking down on us that day, and had opened a new world to them. Sweet Grass further said, he pitied those who had to live by the buffalo, but that if spared until this time next year, he wanted, this my brother (*i.e.* the Governor), to commence to act for him in protecting the buffalo; for himself he would commence at once to prepare a small piece of land, and his kinsmen would do the same.

Placing one hand over my heart, and the other over his own, he said: "May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white man and red man can stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one; use your utmost to help me and help my children so that they may prosper."

The Chief's speech, of which the foregoing gives a brief outline in his own words, was assented to by the people with a peculiar guttural sound which takes with them the place of the British cheer.

I replied, expressing my satisfaction that they had so unanimously approved of the arrangement I had made with the nation at Carlton, and promised that I would send them next year, as I had said to the Crees of Carlton, copies of the treaty printed on parchment.

I said that I knew that some of the Chiefs were absent, but next year they would receive the present of money as they had done.

The Commissioners then signed the treaty, as did Sweet Grass, eight other Chiefs and those of their Councillors who were present, the Chiefs addressing me before signing. James Senum, Chief of the Crees at White Fish Lake, said that he commenced to cultivate the soil some years ago.

Mr. Christie, then chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, gave him a plough, but it was now broken. He had no cattle when he commenced, but he and his people drew the plough themselves, and made hoes of roots of trees. Mr. Christie also gave him a pit-saw and a grind-stone, and he was still using them. His heart was sore in spring when his children wanted to plough and had no implements. He asked for these as soon as possible, and referring to the Wesleyan mission at that place, he said by following what I have been taught it helps me a great deal.

The Little Hunter, a leading Chief of the Plain Crees, said he was glad from his very heart; he felt in taking the Governor's hand as if it was the Queen's. When I hear her words that she is going to put this country to rights, it is the help of God that put it into her heart. He wished an everlasting grasp of her hand; he was thankful for the children who would prosper. All the children who were settling there, hoped that the Great Spirit would look down upon us as one. Other Chiefs expressed themselves similarly.