

Let me give you a proof it. Years ago there was war between the British and the Americans; there was a great battle; there were two brave Chief warriors on the British side, one wore the red coat, the other dressed as you do, but they fought side by side as brothers; the one was Brock and the other was Tecumseth whose memory will never die; the blood of both watered the ground; the bones of Tecumseth were hid by his friends; the remains of Brock by his, and now a great pile of stone stands up toward heaven in his memory. And now the white man is searching for the remains of Tecumseth, and when found they will build another monument in honour of the Indian.

"I hope the days of fighting are over, but notwithstanding the whites are as much your friends in these days of peace, as in war.

"The many Indians in the place that I have left are happy, prosperous, contented and growing in numbers. A meeting of the Grand Council of the Six Nation Indians was held a month ago; they now number six thousand souls. They met to thank the Queen and to say that they were content, and why are they content? Because many years ago the Queen's Councillors saw that the Indians that would come after, must be cared for, they saw that the means of living were passing away from the Indians, they knew that women and children were sometimes without food; they sent men to speak to the Indians, they said your children must be educated, they must be taught to raise food for themselves. The Indians heard them, the Councillors gave them seed, land, food, taught their children and let them feel that they were of one blood with the whites. Now, what we have found to work so well where I came from we want to have here in our territories, and I am happy to say that my heart is gladdened by the way the Indians have met me.

"We are not here as traders, I do not come as to buy or sell horses or goods, I come to you, children of the Queen, to try to help you; when I say yes, I mean it, and when I say no, I mean it too.